

# THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

By Ashley Towne

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(Continued from last week)

## CHAPTER III.

### VLADIMIR SENT TO SIBERIA.

ATTACHED to the police of the government of Perm was an inspector named Ignatz Jansky. He was a man of middle age and was of that mental and physical caliber that makes a man successful when he bends all his energies, regardless of all scruples, to the attainment of his goal.

Inspector Jansky, having received a message from Prince Neslerov, hastened to obey, for he knew the power of Neslerov, and if there should chance to be promotion in his path at any time Neslerov, as a wealthy noble of Graslov, could further his possibilities.

Inspector Jansky entered the palace of the prince with a humility that would have charmed the poor devil whom his eagerness had sent to Siberia.

"Sit down," said the prince, and the inspector sat down with a suddenness that proved his desire to please his sponsor. "I sent for you."

"You did, your excellency. I received your message and made all haste to obey."

"I trust it did not inconvenience you to a great extent," said the prince, who was quite familiar with the peculiarities of the inspector's nature.

"Not at all, your excellency—that is, not so much but what it gave me pleasure to obey. I am always busy, as you know."

"Yes, you are assiduous. Well, I have news for you. But first I should be pleased to receive from you an answer to a question. What do you wish for the most?"

Jansky hesitated. His servile mind saw far into the future, as a rule, but it could not fathom the meaning of this strange question. What did it matter to the prince what he wanted most unless the prince was disposed to grant it?

"I should like promotion, your excellency. Of course, I make no claim. You have befriended me. You have made me what I am. I have in my humble way endeavored to do as well as I could. I would not ask you for more. But, since you ask my dearest wish, it is promotion."

"It is a possibility," the prince replied. Having said this, he deliberately lighted a cigar, leaving the inspector on nettles, wondering if the possibility were to materialize into a fact.

"As I said before, it is a possibility," said Neslerov and relapsed into silence. "I suppose it is always a possibility to one so powerful as you, your excellency," said Jansky, who had a fine talent for flattery.

"At this particular moment it is more easily accomplished than at any other time."

"If your excellency will explain—if anything is expected of me, I would be glad to do so," broke in the prince. "But I will explain. You are already aware that when you were made inspector of police in Perm the field of police activity extended but little farther east. The Cossack guards and the Tartar cavalry composed the police over the border. But this new railway is revolutionizing all that. In each government through which this line of travel passes or is to pass a department of police is to be established. These will be new cities, and the population of Siberia will increase and, though complex enough at all times, will now present a far greater variety than ever before. The entrance of foreigners, of conspirators, will have to be made less difficult. The escape of a convict will now be almost a mere act of stepping upon a train and saying farewell to his guards."

"It will be, therefore, quite necessary to establish a system of police with officers of more ability and shrewdness than the Cossacks who now command the rule guards who stand sentinels over the czar's great dominion in Asia."

"Such a department of police has already been established in Tobolsk, through which the railway is now completed. It is time now to think of such a department in Tomsk."

"Let me read," said the inspector, while Vladimir still looked on unconcerned at the tragedy that was being played with himself as its center.

The letter simply commanded "Number Three" to attend a meeting of the circle at the shops at that hour.

The name of Vladimir Pauloff was signed. "It is enough," cried Jansky. Pauloff, I make you my prisoner in the name of the czar!"

The young householder could, had he exerted his strength, have thrust the entire shameless crew from the place and crushed their skulls together. But even now he did not realize the enormity of the thing with which he was charged.

"Attend, Pauloffs!" commanded Jansky, while the prince went through the pockets of the other three of the circle. "Oh, have mercy!" cried Papa Pauloff, falling upon his knees and clasping the legs of the prince. "We are innocent, I swear it! Some enemy has done this thing! The name is not in the writing of my son, I am certain! Oh, let me see the letters!"

Neslerov made a movement as if to hand the letters to the old man when he said:

"Wait. Thank me with deeds when you receive. As I said before, there are difficulties. One cannot leap too great a distance at once without a cause. We must find a cause."

"A cause, your excellency?"

"What I mean is some potent reason or this great promotion. The chief of the Tomsk police will have a palace, a large income and will be second only to myself in power. To obtain that we must do something worthy."

"Oh, if I could but win that distinction!"

"I think it even now within your power."

"You have discovered something?"

quietly. Jansky turned white, whether from surprise or horror at the devilish plot he scented we do not know. But he sat there waiting. The police of Tomsk needed a chief. The chief would have a palace and a large salary.

"Yes," continued Neslerov, "this Pauloff, as I accidentally discovered, is the leader of a band of nihilists who meet there in the shops. I chanced to pass yesterday and overheard a bit of conversation between the son and the old man. It seems there is to be a meeting in a few nights."

"A meeting of nihilists in the shops of Pauloff?"

"Yes. Now, it has long been suspected that there were many nihilists at Perm, but the police have not been able to discover them. Let me advise you. Keep this to yourself—a secret between you and me. We will go to the forge and arrest these Pauloffs. If we find proof that they are nihilists, we will go across the border and you will be promoted for promotion. Then the opportunity will come to me to speak to the minister of justice for you, and undoubtedly you will be given to me as the chief of the Tomsk police!"

Jansky nodded. It was not for him to ask questions now.

"I am ready," he said.

"Then tomorrow, I will make still further investigations in my own way, and we shall be ready to act. We must both go to Perm from here."

Jansky, not being asked to remain longer, took his departure. And then suddenly from his repose the prince became a man of quick action. He called from his estate four men in whom he knew he could place the most implicit confidence. He spent some time at his desk writing. To each of the four he gave a letter, unsealed, unstamped, but addressed to each and apparently having been delivered by the hand of a private messenger.

"Go with me, do what I bid you, and you will have gold rubles for a year's pleasure," he said.

Inspector Jansky, happy and yet agitated at the result of the conference with the prince, sat in his office in Perm on the following afternoon. It was a gloomy late, and he had looked long for Prince Neslerov.

"He was mistaken or he has failed," he said. "It would have come if there was a possibility of success."

As he spoke the prince's horse galloped to the door.

"Good! The success is possible!" said Jansky, grasping the hand of his noble benefactor.

"Possible! It is certain. Come with me."

Jansky's horse was soon by the side of the steed ridden by the prince.

"I made it my business to ride past the shops of Pauloff," said the prince. "I met there, just leaving, a man who was, to say the least, disreputable in appearance. I spoke to him, and he was frightened. I saw him crumple a paper in his hand. I snatched it from him. It was a message addressed to 'Number Five' of some mysterious circle, calling upon the person bearing the name to come to the shops at a certain hour tonight. We shall be in time. Let us ride."

It had so chanced that a number of accidents to horses had taken place that day on the forest road. When the inspector and Neslerov appeared, four men were waiting at their horses standing outside, and they were apparently in the greatest eagerness to have their horses shod. Papa Pauloff was visibly disturbed by this sudden influx of the horseshoeing business, but the gentleman who preceded him refused a request if he could help a human being, was beginning to make the shoes. The men did not apparently know one another, and each grew cold continually at the others for being there.

Neslerov, upon arriving at the shop, whispered to the inspector, and both stepped from their horses.

"Seize the old man and the son!" said Neslerov. "I will search these fellows."

Four old Papa Pauloff turned white and sank in horror to the ground, suspecting what was coming, but Vladimir, in whose innocent mind there was no suspicion, stood gaping at the newcomers.

"It is the prince!" he exclaimed. "What have these poor men done, your excellency?"

Neslerov did not answer him. He turned to the nearest of the four, wrestled with him a short time, while the others showed evidence of terror, and then pulled from his pocket a letter.

"We have here the five constituting the circle," he said.

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"Wait. Thank me with deeds when you receive. As I said before, there are difficulties. One cannot leap too great a distance at once without a cause. We must find a cause."

"The letters! The proof is gone!" howled Jansky. "It is enough," said Neslerov calmly.

At this point Mesima Pauloff came in. In consternation and helplessness she saw her husband in the grasp of an inspector of police.

"What is this?" she cried.

"It is nothing, mother," said Vladimir. "These are the letters found some letters, but I did not write them. Have peace. We shall soon get ourselves free."

The three men were thrust into a dimly lit room and the inspector told the governor—clear, firm, convincing—the story of Perm. The word of a prince and governor and of an inspector of police was not to be doubted. There was no trial, no hearing, no making out a report to the minister of justice at St. Petersburg.

In three days the Pauloffs—old man, old woman and the unresisting Vladimir—were on the way to Siberia on the railway which Gordon had helped to build.

## FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

### The Woman's Den.

Any wife or mother who tries to write a letter only to find that the children have used her note paper in her absence for drawing purposes, that her ink has dried up and that her pens have vanished; who has tried to tie down for a few minutes only to have her rest broken in upon by the demand, "Did you order the steak for dinner?" or the inquiry, "Where is my clean apron?" who has tried to snatch a moment to devote to the latest book about which every one is talking only to be confronted with two or three children demanding to be amused; any one who has tried to have a second bath with such results will appreciate the comforts and pleasures of a den as fully, you may be sure, as the man who has been busy all day.

A small room, an alcove, den, or one corner of the sitting room screened and curtained off in which she can put her couch, desk, bookcase, etc., will answer the purpose. Let it have a sunny window where plants may grow and blossom; let the couch be a thoroughly comfortable one, well stocked with pretty pillows in wash colors; let her desk be absolutely free from invasion by any member of the family; let her bookcase be regarded as sacred property and no books to be had from it unless lent by the owner herself; let the walls be hung with pictures of personal interest—college pictures, the photographs taken in the blissful summer of their courtship, the snapshots of the first charming dish party given in their new home as well as those taken during the summer of idleness before the children came with, of course, cherished pictures of husband and babies. Then let it be understood that this sanctum is not to be invaded when mother is in it or out of it, that here she is ruler and that this her own private and private kingdom—Good Housekeeping.

### The Trolley Garbage Can.

The trolley garbage can invented by John M. Hutton of Los Angeles, La., is so simple as a practical time and labor saving device, its use being also recommended on sanitary grounds, as it removes the garbage can farther from the dwelling than the housekeeper would be likely to place it if a trip to it were necessary every day. It is a refuse bin to be disposed of, in this arrangement a large can is stationed as far as possible from the house, with a wire strung tightly from a post above the can to a bracket secured to the wall near the kitchen door or other small receptacle, with a cord wound on a reel to control its journeys to and from the larger receptacle in the yard. The small can has a hinged lid which is ordinarily closed and held in position by a latch, but as the can slides down the inclined wire this latch comes in contact with the tripping rod above the receiving car, when the weight of the garbage immediately depresses the bottom and allows the can to empty itself. The bottom is then automatically closed by a spring contained in the hinge, and the delivery can is ready to be drawn back to the house as soon as it is needed again.

### How Girls Can Help Their Mothers.

Every girl, if she be not thoroughly selfish, is anxious to lift some of the burden of household management from her mother's shoulders or to her own, but unfortunately many girls walk to the shops to do things instead of being constantly on the lookout for little duties which they are capable of doing.

If you would be of any real use in the home, you must be quick to notice what is wanted—the room that requires dusting, the flowers which require rearranging, the curtain which has lost a ring and is therefore drooping. And then you must not only be willing to do what is needed, but willing to do it pleasantly, without making people feel that you are being martyred.

It is almost useless to take up any household duties unless you do them regularly. If you do a thing one day and not the next, you can never be depended on, and if some one else has to be constantly reminding you of and supervising your work it probably gives that person more trouble than doing it herself would cause.

### Cucumber Salad.

Here is a fine recipe for cucumber salad: Slice two Spanish onions (small size) as thinly as possible into rings, slice two fresh chilis across and remove the seeds. Place the sliced onions and chilis in a soup plate, sprinkle with a teaspoonful of salt and a heaping saltspoonful of white pepper freshly ground, add two tablespoonfuls of white wine vinegar, cover closely and set on the ice for three hours. Then add a cucumber which has been carefully pared, very thinly sliced and soaked in ice water for fifteen minutes. Drain well from the water before adding to the onion mixture.

### Steamed Graham Bread.

To make steamed graham bread take two and a half cups graham flour, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon salt, two-thirds cup molasses, two teaspoons baking powder and two tablespoonfuls of white wine vinegar, cover closely and set on the ice for three hours. Then add a cucumber which has been carefully pared, very thinly sliced and soaked in ice water for fifteen minutes. Drain well from the water before adding to the onion mixture.

### Prospect for Male Trade.

Dealers are looking for a good southern demand for male leather in the season. A good many are wanted in the farming districts, lumbermen need some, and government work in the Mississippi will take a good many. Probably the lack of an export demand will not be felt so much as was feared earlier in the season. Good male leathers are selling well right along for city use and are comparatively scarce.

### Missed Opportunity's Knock.

"Opportunity knocks at every man's door," said the sage. "I know," responded the impetuous individual, "but when it knocked at my door I thought it was the installment man and was afraid to open."—Philadelphia Record.

## DOLLARS AND CENTS TO THE VOTERS

Every County Receives More Than It Pays Into the Treasury.

### RESULT OF REPUBLICAN RULE

Figures From Official Sources Which Cannot Be Denied—The Corporation Taxes Help Every Township and Village in the State Under the Republican System of Finances.

Harrisburg, Oct. 14.—Here is a statement that is at once startling and striking. It comes from official sources: "There is not a single county in Pennsylvania which does not get directly back from the state treasury more money than the state collects from all its citizens, excepting so far as some of them may be indirectly taxed as stockholders in banks, railroads and other corporations. The largest excess repaid to the counties goes to the less wealthy ones having the smallest proportion of property subject to state tax in relation to their population."

### SOME REPUBLICAN FACTS.

This is a sample of what the Republican party has done and is doing for the people of Pennsylvania. It is only one reason why Judge Penningback should be elected and the Democrats defeated, because they left a state debt of \$14,000,000 to be paid off by the other fellows.

The following figures are taken from official records here in Harrisburg. They are given for the purpose of exhibiting more clearly the fact that the people get back more than they pay into the state treasury. How is it done? The corporations pay the taxes. What the individual citizen pays into the state treasury is for liquor license, mercantile tax, tax on money at interest, etc.

The first column in the following table represents the total amount paid into the state treasury from each county from all sources, including personal property tax, tax on municipal bonds, collateral inheritances, fees of public officers, writs, wills, deeds, etc., mercantile, liquor, bliard room, book, peddlers and other kind of taxes. The second column includes the money returned to each county from the state in the shape of salary of judges, appropriations for hospitals and other institutions and for schools. The figures are for the year 1900.

### SOME IMPRESSIVE FIGURES.

Adams	\$16,676.87	\$86,130.39
Allentown	1,027,209.29	1,331,641.29
Armstrong	22,660.55	117,598.53
Beverly	27,512.59	129,983.73
Berks	129,719.11	355,498.09
Blair	39,636.35	189,574.58
Bradford	29,316.57	164,732.32
Bucks	79,917.77	123,301.47
Butler	27,233.49	134,749.09
Camblin	42,891.21	169,121.64
Champron	57,512.59	129,983.73
Centre	12,291.56	107,991.19
Chester	77,329.74	249,993.55
Clarion	12,158.25	109,262.60
Clearfield	21,366.62	167,284.31
Clinton	15,743.49	69,342.25
Columbia	18,981.29	96,990.46
Crawford	33,422.23	182,102.40
Dauphin	72,759.82	235,952.39
Delaware	90,158.95	175,911.73
Elk	10,694.28	66,569.10
Erie	74,833.41	225,631.87
Fayette	59,833.10	210,650.74
Forest	2,779.63	26,646.13
Ferry	12,792.32	71,792.32
Fulton	2,252.21	27,262.71
Greene	12,999.98	83,834.53
Huntingdon	12,000.45	88,100.52
Indiana	11,599.44	108,212.42
Jefferson	16,982.20	112,228.55
Juniata	5,323.40	38,398.90
Lackawanna	11,599.44	357,651.13
Lancaster	17,477.01	137,357.30
Lawrence	32,394.11	86,594.82
Lebanon	36,797.92	128,714.82
Lehigh	79,706.12	205,527.87
Luzerne	17,927.59	494,321.67
Lycoming	46,564.47	181,448.87
McKean	31,769.35	114,880.33
Merch	12,779.82	137,357.30
Mifflin	17,556.66	41,392.41
Monroe	11,696.66	59,998.72
Montgomery	162,266.74	314,449.92
Montour	7,666.67	38,419.44
Northampton	69,503.85	176,961.00
Northumberland	56,503.85	176,961.00
Perry	12,779.82	137,357.30
Philadelphia	3,229,760.01	66,111.50
Pike	3,518.06	26,876.09
Potter	6,565.68	76,829.87
Schuylkill	115,014.71	389,308.68
Snyder	4,896.63	44,869.39
Somerset	16,927.08	107,593.00
Tioga	17,556.66	34,544.94
Susquehanna	17,586.65	137,357.30
Tioga	17,698.56	137,357.30
Union	10,639.48	49,159.46
Venango	25,277.20	122,321.80
Warren	15,001.57	101,310.52
Washington	62,212.86	204,451.91
Wayne	14,872.58	83,486.39
Westmoreland	72,714.82	235,952.35
Wyoming	9,417.96	47,392.24
York	81,312.63	292,037.59

### THE APPLE CROP.

Reports respecting apples are favorable from New England, Michigan, Kansas, Oklahoma and portions of Illinois, Ohio and Virginia, and the outlook in Wisconsin is improved, while in Missouri the prospects are less favorable, and variable reports are received from New York. Elsewhere a light crop is indicated.—United States Weather Bureau.

### Steam in the Dairy.

Since the advent of the cream separator, which is usually driven by steam power, steam has been used to clean all the utensils in the dairy. Not only is it efficient for this purpose, but as a germ destroyer there is nothing better because it penetrates to the bottom of the seams and heats the metal to such a degree as to kill dangerous germs.

### Accidental Notes.

The Maine station finds it easy to raise blueberries from seed. Finely sponging with Bordeaux for blight saved the cucumber picket crop on the extensive fields of a farm this season.

The value of the broom corn crop averages about \$80 per ton, or \$23 an acre, and farmers in New England think there is more profit in other crops.

A cranberry crop below the average in quality and quantity is the general estimate. Why not keep the farm neat? One "keep" clean is worth more and far easier than two or three "make" ones.

Discard outdoor shoes and wear the hardy white outdoor shoes some of the growers.

### Dr. King's New Discovery.

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness and give you a good digestion. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation and biliousness. Gently laxative. All druggists.

Want your mouth clean and your whiskers black? Use the BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers.

### Too Gorgeous Books.

The author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," writing on the "Giving of Books" in the Century, says: "The book is given solely to the spirit should never be editions de luxe. Of what use is a book to me, however much I may want to read it, if it is so gorgeous that it must not be taken anywhere where rain might fall on it, or where it may get muddy, or where a headless gnat, caught by the quick turning of a leaf, might leave its legs in the page, angering the owner of the defiled book, who does not want its legs, almost as much as it is itself angered by having to go on being a gnat without them? I can no more take an over-gorgeous book to my heart than I can fold my child in my arms when it is dressed for a party."

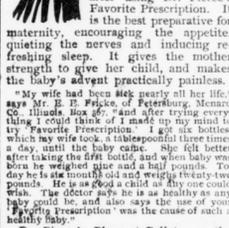
### Missed Opportunity's Knock.

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## BARGAIN BABIES.

If babies were for sale the most inveterate big-game-hunting woman in the world would not look for a bargain baby. She would want the best baby that could be bought, regardless of price.

Every woman naturally craves a healthy, handsome child, and her craving can be gratified if she will but remember that the child's health is her own gift, and to give health she must



Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best and safest laxative for the use of delicate women.

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