

THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

By Ashley Towne
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(Continued from last week)

CHAPTER IV.

THE MEETING AT THE FORGE.

It was characteristic of the meeting at the forge. Gordon that, no matter how great the stress of social or other duties, her mind never lost room for such favorite schemes as were closest to her heart.

It was by reason of this characteristic that, while her busy father was deep in the mysteries and intricacies of the Moscow conference, the subtleties of which increased as the time for separation and departure drew nearer, Frances bethought her of a fitting opportunity to make good a promise she had made to Vladimir Paulpoff, the blacksmith.

During a conversation held several weeks before Vladimir had expressed a desire to study certain books which were apparently beyond his reach, Frances promised to obtain the books, and she did so. These made quite a respectable package, and a drosky was called to convey her to the railway station.

It was nothing new for Frances to travel alone as far as Moscow to Perm, but on this occasion her father, with some sort of premonition, begged her to send the books by messenger. "Oh, no," she said in her quiet manner of insistence. "We are about to return to the east, and I shall not see poor Vladimir for a long time."

"Hang Vladimir!" exclaimed Gordon as he saw his willful young lady step into the drosky.

Having alighted at Perm, she hired another drosky to take her and the precious books to the forge.

The driver was a huge, surly individual, whose face was covered with a thick mass of black hair whose waves, when speaking to one not established as his superior, was heavy and insolent.

Responding to the call of Frances, he swung his heavy drosky in toward the door of her hotel, a police inspector stood near, and the driver saluted in humility.

"I hate women!" he said to himself. "They pay nothing and have things happen to them. I shall get into trouble before I know it."

Frances stepped toward the vehicle, and the driver's mouth opened.

"Such a woman!" muttered the drosky driver. "She must be English or an American. If she was a Russian, she would be a princess."

Frances had had ample experience with his class in all parts of Russia. She calmly stepped into the drosky and handed him a silver coin.

"I want to go to the iron shops of the Paulpoffs, on the South road," she said. "Paulpoff—Michael Paulpoff and his son Vladimir. Do you know them?"

"Yes, I know them. But do you know what has happened?"

"No, has any one been ill?"

"No, but..."

The police inspector came up.

Siberia! And where are his parents? "One in a family taken red handed condemn all. The old people are also on their way to Siberia."

Frances swayed a little. She had studied Russian customs and Russian justice and shuddered as she realized the horrible torture in store for these simple work people who had never, she felt convinced, harbored an evil thought against any man. To her they had always spoken in terms of loyalty and praise of the czar.

"The face of Neslerov was inscrutable. He held the picture loosely and carelessly, and the girl caught a glimpse of the face.

"That is Vladimir's picture," she cried. "What are you doing with it?"

"I am sending it to him," was the reply of Neslerov. "It so happened that I had occasion to visit my chateau near Graslov and rode by here at the time the inspector of police was making the arrest. I remembered what you said to me at Moscow and tried to do what I could for the poor fellow, at first doubting his guilt. But the inspector was certain, and so all that was left to me was to ask Vladimir what favor I could perform for him. He asked me to send him this picture, and I have arranged with the governor of Perm to permit it to be passed along to him."

"It is a beautiful face," said Frances. "Vladimir has the soul of a great artist in him. But in Siberia he..."

"She shuddered and ended her sentence abruptly.

"I have done more for him, for you," continued Neslerov. "There is another picture—be painted from memory. I have arranged to purchase it for a good price, and he shall not lose the money I promised him. It was a beginning to certain steps I had thought of to assist him."

"My own face?" cried Frances in astonishment as Neslerov showed the second picture.

"Yes, and the remarkable part of it is that it took him but a short time. I describe you, and he remembers you, and in a matter of two hours he has managed a very creditable work. I shall cherish this picture while I live."

"My picture?" murmured the girl again, looking at the sweet yet strong young face the blacksmith artist had placed upon the canvas. "And all from memory?"

"Yes, from memory and my description," said Neslerov. "Your face is so indelibly imprinted upon my memory that I could describe each line, each feature, with the most accuracy."

She looked at him in astonishment. He had made frequent attempts to make love to her, but she had always skilfully repulsed him. That this could be true—that this man whose life was one of such suffering should have her face so impressed upon his mind seemed to her incredible.

"But you will befriend him," she said, without answering his remark. "You are powerful in Russia. A large part of Siberia is under your control. You can make the Paulpoffs pleasant there if you wish."

He bowed, and his eyes were hidden from her.

"Believe me, I have already taken steps to befriend them. In Tomsk there is a great need of such workers, and the railroad has gone beyond the Obi, and I have sent my petition to the minister of justice to have them sent to Tomsk. They will not be treated as convicts, but as honorable workers."

"What was the name of the Paulpoffs?" she asked.

"They were very pale, but quite calm."

"Why, it became known to Inspector Jansky of the police that a certain number of men congregated here and secured the books and pictures, and he immediately discovered that this was the headquarters of a circle of nihilists. He arrested them all, but many escaped."



"Stand back, you insolent!"

with a cool, steady voice.

The shining barrel of a revolver was thrust into his face. It was not a large weapon and was ornamented with silver, but it was large enough to do execution at short range, and it was all most in Neslerov's very mouth. He staggered back, taken by surprise.

"You see the devil!" he cried.

With an upward motion he made as if to knock the revolver from her hand. She bent the barrel downward, the contact with his hand exploded one cartridge. The flash blinded him. There was a red mark on his forehead where the bullet grazed the skin. Half stunned and cursing, he fell back.

Opening the door, Frances walked out. The drosky driver was waiting. He had heard the shot.

"Do you see this?" she demanded, pointing the revolver at his head.

"Yes," he stammered.

"I have just shot Prince Neslerov. If you do not take me to the railway station at Perm and get me there before he overtakes us, I will empty the other four bullets in your head."

"Oh, no!" he mumbled. Then to himself he said: "These American women are devils! They are better fighters than the Cossacks!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRANSPLANTED TREES.

Why They Frequently Remain Dormant a Whole Season.

Certain kinds of trees frequently remain dormant all summer, following spring transplanting. To all appearances they are dead, and they are an eyesore to the owner till removed.

The writer of this has seen wistaria, horse chestnuts, ashes and tulip trees remain perfectly dormant all summer and come out safely into leaf the following spring. It seems contrary to nature that trees should live without the leaves, which we learn are their lungs and essential for evaporation and assimilation of food in the growing season.

Explanation of this peculiar action is had by studying for a moment the conditions that probably exist. The roots of such trees have been disturbed and their feeding powers suddenly checked. They are called upon to support the tops and formative organs for the time being in a gone. A struggle is going on. The tops make a feeble effort to put forth buds and draw on the roots for nourishment with poor success. The roots yield of their stored food, but are too weak or are in a position to make new feeding fibers. If the tops have not been pruned, the drain is so much the greater. Where leaves are forth, transpiration would be more than the trees could stand, and they would gradually die away.—Mechanix Monthly.

A Hard Luck Tale With a Sting.

It was not a new hard luck tale to the man to whom it was told. The young man, neatly dressed and dapper looking, was not out of work, and he had not lost his purse, was not peppered at all, but he had come down from Rye to go over to Newark and in changing his clothes had forgotten to transfer his pocketbook to the trousers he had on.

"I hate to ask the favor of a stranger," the young man said, "but really it would save me much embarrassment if you could let me have a couple of dollars until tomorrow."

ADVOCATING REMOVAL OF CANAL BRIDGES

One of the next subjects which will engage the attention of our borough fathers will be the removal of the bridges across the canal in the borough. The Pennsylvania Canal Company some time ago made a proposition to property owners on whose lands the bridges occur, looking to a removal of the structures. A number of farmers above and below town have acted upon the proposition and removal of the bridges.

At the last meeting of Council much regret was expressed among the members by instead of ordering a new iron bridge at a heavy cost for Mahoning Creek at Center street the borough had not removed one of its own iron bridges from the canal to that point. Allowing for the cost of removal and the construction of a culvert to replace the bridge it was argued that the measure would have resulted in the saving of many hundred dollars for the borough.

The question is pertinently asked why any of the canal bridges in town are tolerated, if no longer necessary. Each of them is accompanied by a steep grade which makes crossing difficult with a heavy load. The borough has no use for the bridges elsewhere they might be sold to the county, while the culverts or structures of what ever form are needed to replace them could be economically built on a level that would make travel easy.

Looking down Mill street the unsightly elevation at the canal intercepts as an obstacle to shut out much of the view of the lower thoroughfare and it does not require a great imagination to picture what an improvement would be effected should the street there be cut down to the general level.

It is true, that while the abandoned canal in many places is a nuisance it is not so in all places. In times of flood it harmoniously carries the excess of water which breaks over the river bank above town. This fact is not lost sight of by those who advocate the removal of the canal bridges. All that is necessary would be in replacing the bridges to construct the culvert of sufficient capacity to meet the problem of high water.

Civil Cases on Trial List.

The Commissioners of Montour county have received from the State Department, at Harrisburg, a copy of the official ballot to be voted at the November election. It will be one of the largest ever known in the state as it contains nine columns, eight of which will be taken up by nominations and one left blank for the insertion of names by the voter, if he so desires.

The decisions handed down last week at Harrisburg in the Union party and other contested election cases enabled the state authorities to complete their arrangements and send the ballot to the commissioners of the different counties. The nominations will appear on the ballot in this order: Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, Socialist-Labor, Socialist, Citizens, Anti-Machine and Ballot Reform. The Montour county ballot, for the county officers, will contain Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, and Independent Republican nominations, the latter being made necessary by an independent candidate for County Commissioner.

Two Were Killed Under an Engine.

Yardmaster Samuel Ruch, of Lykens, and Fireman Warren E. Keiger, of Sunbury, were killed Monday afternoon by being caught under an engine which jumped the track and rolled down an embankment. John Fox, the engineer, was badly scalded, and Harry Sarvis, a brakeman, was seriously injured. The homes of all are in Sunbury and the family of Yardmaster Ruch resides there.

The engine, which took an extra work train to Lykens, jumped the track and fell down the bank, carrying the four men with it. All are well-known railroad men. Yardmaster Ruch was formerly stationed at Sunbury but was promoted several years ago and transferred to Lykens. The conductor of the train was William Wetzel, also of Sunbury.

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Nothing could be more liberal. Few physicians have such confidence in their remedies. There is no reason why all afflicted persons should not avail themselves of this exceedingly liberal offer, as they may never have another such opportunity. No death comes so suddenly as that from heart disease.

Mrs. A. Kronic, of Huntington, Ind., was cured after thirty physicians failed. Mrs. Flora Grator, of Riverton, O., after twenty-two; Jas. R. Waite, the noted actor, after a severe lead poisoning him incurable; Mrs. Frank Smith, of Chicago, after five leading physicians had given her up; Mr. Julius Keister, of Chicago, after ten; Mrs. R. Parker, after sixteen failed.

WHEN LIFE'S AT STAKE

The most timid man will take any chance of escape. The slender rope dropped down the precipice, the slippery log over the abyss, anything that offers a chance of life, is eagerly snatched at. The end the man seeks is safety. He cares nothing for the means to that end.

There are thousands of men and women whose lives are at stake, who are hindered from accepting the one means of safety by foolish prejudice.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been the means of restoring health to many men and women whose blood-clogged lungs, emaciation and weakness seemed to warrant the statement of local physicians—"There is no cure possible."

Why should prejudice against a put-up medicine hinder you from trying what has cured thousands of suffering men and women?

Only Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I think I would be in my grave to-day were it not for this medicine. I had a cough that would not stop at night and was compelled to give up work. I expect my lungs so that I coughed all the time, both day and night. My friends all thought I had consumption. My wife had taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it had helped her so much she insisted on my trying his Golden Medical Discovery, which I did. I have taken four bottles and am now a well man. I feel like a new man. Thanks to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains, you lose.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

In planting the orchard care should be taken to allow each tree plenty of room.

A layer of charcoal in the bottom of a flower bed is very beneficial in keeping the soil fresh.

In planting in the orchard always turn the furrow toward the tree, and be careful not to injure the fine, fibrous roots.

The life of an apple tree is often shortened because it grows in a poor, exhausted soil or is not properly drained.

When ill or ailing, handle the flowers little or wear gloves. Delicate plants are sensitive to human magnetism.

The roots of the strawberry often reach out five feet from the main stem; hence the plants should not be set too thickly.

An apple or cherry tree is much more valuable if it shows out low trim from the top, as this will cause the lower branches to grow out.

Land that has been too rough for plowing may yet be sufficiently rough to grow fruit trees and is better than land that has been exhausted by cropping.

The Trifling Brother.

"Very Jenkins, you so trifled" that I believe of you was printed for me good or bad. I am not a trifler, but I am a doer. I do not do what I do not do, but I do what I do do. I do not do what I do not do, but I do what I do do. I do not do what I do not do, but I do what I do do.

W. L. & W. RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Corrected to May 1, 1901.

New York, AM, PM

Barry St., AM, PM

Brooklyn, AM, PM

Jersey City, AM, PM

Paterson, AM, PM

Elizabeth, AM, PM

Camden, AM, PM

Philadelphia, AM, PM

Washington, AM, PM

Richmond, AM, PM

Roanoke, AM, PM

Richmond, AM, PM

Washington, AM, PM

Richmond, AM, PM

Washington, AM, PM

Richmond, AM, PM

D. L. & W. RAILROAD TIME TABLE

Corrected to May 1, 1901.

New York, AM, PM

Barry St., AM, PM

Brooklyn, AM, PM

Jersey City, AM, PM

Paterson, AM, PM

Elizabeth, AM, PM

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Washington, AM, PM

Richmond, AM, PM

Roanoke, AM, PM

Richmond, AM, PM

Washington, AM, PM

Richmond, AM, PM

Washington, AM, PM

Richmond, AM, PM

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For Washington 11:20 a. m.

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344 Ferry Street.

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