DIED.

FARRELL—Joseph P. Farrell, Dec. 25, at his family residence, 18 Orange avenue. Funeral notice later.

TAYLOR—Died, about 2 a. m., Dec. 25, Phebe M. Taylor, widow of the late Franklin Taylor, at her residence, No. 114 East Washington street, this city. Notice of funeral later.

SEWALL—In this city, Monday, Dec. 23, passed from this life Theodore Lovett Sewall. Funeral services at residence, 343 North Pennsylvania street, at 11 a. m. Thursday. Friends are invited without further notice. Interment private.

DOUGLAS—Chapin Burgess Douglas, son of F. Wayland and Anna L. Douglas, and grandson of the late Dr. C. C. Burgess, aged three years, eleven months and sixteen days, of diphtheria, at 959 Capitol avenue, north, Dec. 25, at 3 p. m. Funeral private; Thursday morning at 10 a. m.

FINANCIAL.

FINANCIAL—Hambletonian.

LOANS—Money on mortgages. C. F. SAYLES, 75 East Market street.

MONEY TO LOAN on Diamonds, Watches, Clothing, etc., at No. 149 East Washington street.

FINANCIAL—Large loans at 5 per cent. on business property. THOS. C. DAY & CO., 72 East Market street.

FINANCIAL—Mortgage loans. Six per cent. money; reasonable fees. C. S. WARBURTON, 26 Lombard Building.

LOANS—Sums of $500 and over. City property and farms. C. E. COFFIN & CO., 90 East Market street.

MONEY—To loan on Indiana farms. Lowest rates, with partial payments. Address C. N. WILLIAMS & CO., Crawfordsville, Ind.

MONEY TO LOAN—On farms at the lowest market rate; privileges for payment before due. We also buy municipal bonds. THOS. C. DAY & CO., 72 East Market street, Indianapolis.

WANTED—AGENTS.

WANTED AGENTS—Hambletonian.

WANTED—Christian man wanted, not employed, acquainted with church people, $18 per week. Write STANDARD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 11 Franklin street, Boston, Mass.

WANTED—MALE HELP.

WANTED—Traveling salesmen and agents can add line on uncovered ground, from prominent manufacturers changing from salaried to commission men. P. O., 1371, New York, N. Y.

WANTED—Salesmen to take orders. We send samples; give exclusive territory; pay good salary and expenses, or liberal commission to proper applicants. Address Postoffice Box 125, New York city.

WANTED—Engineer and machinist for master mechanic and chief engineer of small rolling mill in gas belt. Must be thoroughly competent, temperate and a willing worker. Salary $100 per month. Send age and references to "ROLLING MILL," care Journal office, Indianapolis.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

TAYLOR & SCHNEIDER—Formerly with R. R. Miles, are now at 22 West Circle street.

CLAIRVOYANT.

CLAIRVOYANT—Has returned. Paul Alexander Johnstone, the celebrated palmist. Office, Rooms 3 and 4 Piel Block, 29½ West Ohio street, near Illinois. Note—During the holiday season the story of your entire life as revealed by your palms will be given for 50 cents.

BUILDING AND LOAN.

BUILDING AND LOAN—The very lowest rates on loans can be obtained at the Building and Loan Office, 89 East Market street. HOWARD KIMBALL, Secretary.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ANNOUNCEMENT—How to become lawful physicians. Course by mail. ILL HEALTH UNIVERSITY, Chicago.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Eight-room house, No. 563 East Market street. C. ZIMMERMAN.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS—Hambletonian.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Hambletonian.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Office Board of Directors
Indiana State Prison South.
Jeffersonville, Ind., Dec. 12, 1895.

Sealed proposals for the hire of labor by the day of fifty (50) convicts will be received on Thursday, Jan. 2, 1896, at 10 o'clock a. m., contract to be let for two (2) or more years, with the privilege of renewal, to the highest and best bidder.

Shops and warerooms will be furnished to profitably work the convicts. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids. For specifications address all communications to the warden. By order of the

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

NOTICE.

The board of control of the Central Indiana Hospital for the Insane will receive sealed proposals up to Friday, Dec. 27, at 10 a. m., for furnishing a full line of supplies for the month of January. Requisition book will be on file at Room 45, Statehouse, from and after Monday, Dec. 23, 1895.

By order of the Board of Control.

IOWA'S LEARNED WOMEN.

Bureau of Reciprocity Which Is to Diffuse Knowledge at Low Rates.

New York Sun.

The latest invention of the Iowa woman is a bureau of reciprocity. It is not one of the good old-fashioned kind by virtue of which Mrs. Smith borrowed butter of Mrs. Jones via the back door, with the understanding that Mrs. Jones should borrow coffee or something else of her the next time. This sort of reciprocity still exists in various out-of-the-way parts of Iowa and in certain circles of society, but, generally speaking, borrowing isn't what it used to be, even in the Hawkeye State.

The new-fangled bureau of reciprocity has another name. It is an adjunct of the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs, and its headquarters are at Cedar Rapids. The reciprocity element consists in the interchange of "lectures, talks, readings and manuscripts," and, judging from the circular issued by the bureau, the Iowa women are not destined to remain in ignorance of any conceivable subject. Thirteen towns in different parts of the State are represented in the bureau, although others may benefit by it. Seventy-five women in these thirteen towns have prepared a total of 40 "lectures, talks, readings and manuscripts," which they are prepared to lend to women's clubs thirsting for information. These various documents range over every branch of thought, embracing such subjects as "Arabian Caravan Routes," "Women in Politics," "The Beginnings of Aryan Civilization," and "Shall We Teach Our Daughters Specialties?"

The seventy-five women are divided into half a dozen groups. Three of them, who have probably been more abundantly blessed with this world's goods than the others, will visit clubs and read their respective papers free of any charge, even paying their own expenses. These three will probably have a busy season. Perhaps before spring Mrs. Caroline H. Gardner, who is one of the three, will know more than she does now about the object of her paper, "The Prose and Poetry of Poverty." She will probably spend all her substance in railroad fare this winter.

Next to these three free lecturers comes a group of stay-at-homes who will send their manuscrips out on demand. Several members of this group are from Coon Rapids, and they touch on such subjects as "Women in Politics" (fifteen minutes), "The Kindergarten for Mothers" (seven minutes), and "The Ideal Home" (six minutes). It will be noticed that in Coon Rapids it takes fifteen minutes to do justice to woman in politics, while the ideal home is polished off in exactly six minutes.

The next group includes a goodly number of women who will lend their manuscripts, or, if sufficiently urged, will go in person and read their productions. Payment of expenses is considered to be sufficient urging. The next group, somewhat smaller, will not lend their manuscripts, but will go and read them, expenses paid. Next comes a small group of one woman who will read any one of a dozen papers, anywhere in the State of Iowa, for the sum of $25. Another will read a paper on "The Man Who Thinks." But this is considered to have involved so much research and trouble that it is said to be cheap at $25 and expenses. Finally, there is the Treble Clef Concert Company, consisting of three ladies who may be engaged for $40 and expenses.

Here in New York we are very likely to give ourselves airs and think that we are not so wild and woolly as some other people are, "the which, no names being mentioned, no offense will be took." But these Iowa women seem not only to know all about the camel paths across the Desert of Sahara, and all the fields of art and science and literature, but they have also perfected a very excellent method of diffusing their knowledge. Iowa used to be the second State in the Union in point of education. Massachusetts will have to look to her laurels or establish a bureau of reciprocity.

NEW MEN AT THE HELM

MANY CHANGES MADE IN THE MANAGEMENT OF RAILWAYS.

Trunk Line and Central Traffic Associations to Be Continued—Solution of the Car Question.

In conversation recently a railway president said that he knew of no line of business in which so many official changes could be recounted in the last five years as in the railroad service. Said he: "There is hardly an important system of road in this country that has as its head officials the same men it had five years ago. In some cases elderly men have stepped to one side to admit of the promotion of younger men, and in the last five years many an overworked railway official at the head of some important department has passed over to the other side." He then named ten general managers and general superintendents who, at the time of their death, were said to have died from too close attention to business. Many incompetent men who had been placed in position through moneyed influence have been dropped and others have gone into business which was more congenial. As a rule, however, the roads of the country have been operated by upright, honorable men, and at present he was confident most of the lines were in the hands of the most competent men in their history, owing to the fact that practical men who had begun at the bottom round of the ladder were now the general managers and general superintendents, and the finest compliment that has been paid to the competency of men educated on American roads is the large number who are being asked to take high and responsible positions on foreign roads.

Would Solve the Car Question.

J. R. Cavanaugh, superintendent of the car service of the Big Four, who has given much study to the problem of how to use freight car equipment to the best advantage, strongly favors the pooling of cars. In conversation yesterday he said: "The only solution of the car situation is a reasonable per diem rate for use of freight cars and a general car pool of the equipment of the country, something after the plan as outlined in the Railway Age of Aug. 22. Railways can build and keep on building cars, and still the situation grows no better; in fact, each year gets worse under present conditions. Per diem and car pool will give the roads all the cars they want for the next four or five years, and there will be no need to build a single car, except to maintain the present number. Did it ever occur to railway managers how much money is spent each year in yard work, delays to shipments at junction points on account of cars being transferred, expense of transferring, wear and tear on cars in switching, spotting, etc? Inquiries of a number of representative men elicited the fact that the lowest estimate was 50,000 cars per day idle from the above causes; the lowest estimate of loss of revenue, $2 per car per day; lowest average cost of transfer, $1 per car, making a total loss of $75,000 per day, or $27,375,000 per annum, making no allowance for switching expenses, etc. Here is an illustration of the result of a car pool as compared with the present method: The American Cereal Company at Chicago receives a car load of machinery from New York in a West Shore car, and receives an order from New Orleans for a car load of 'flakes.' As soon as the West Shore car is made empty, under the present plan, it is switched out and an I. C. car switched in, thus involving double switching. Under the pool, the same car would take the load out without switching, and, in many cases, save switching or trackage charges. Again, the C., M. & St. P. railway receives fifty car loads of westbound freight for Minneapolis in eastern cars. They have no return loading for these Eastern cars. They have loading for Memphis via Kansas City and the 'Scott' route. They are compelled to handle the Eastern cars empty to Chicago, or hold them indefinitely and work the home with loads. They may also have to haul 'Scott' cars or their own cars distances, empty, to care for the Memphis shipments. Under the pooling plan they would use the same cars. It is very difficult to estimate the saving to railroads from decrease of empty mileage. By having the car initials represent class, length and capacity intead of ownership, would effect a great saving in clerical and yard work, telegraphing, etc. In connection with the pooling feature, a good per diem charge should be the basis of settlement, thus compelling all lines to pay alike, uniformity. The courts have decided time and again that $1 per day was a reasonable charge for a freight car between railways and shippers. Why not between railroads themselves? The mistake made by many in figuring an equitable rate of compensation as between roads, they have never taken into consideration the earning capacity per day, simply the mileage at three-fourths or three-fifths cent per mile, so many miles per day, wear and tear and depreciation. Cars are built for 'revenue.'"

Work for Locomotive and Car Works.

The opinion generally with the managers of the locomitive and car works of the country is that by the first of February a majority of the works will be pushed with equipment building, and that some of the largest orders ever placed will be given next month. One well informed on the condition of affairs with Western lines, in conversation with a representative of the Pittsburg Press, said that but very few Western roads have given any extensive orders for locomotives or cars for two or three years, and the heavy grain movement now on not only creates a demand for the extra equipment, but furnishes the means of obtaining the necessary revenue to pay for it. In the East the conditions are almost similar, the only difference being in the fact that the roads needing the cars and locomotives have the money to pay for them. A careful estimate has been made which shows that the following roads will be in the market for cars about February or March, and it also gives the probable number of cars and engines that will be ordered:

Roads.	Cars.	Engines.
Lake Shore	3,000	12
Pennsylvania	4,000	40
Pennsylvania lines	3,500	20
Wabash	3,000	20
Lake Erie & Western	2,000	25
Pittsburg & Lake Erie	1,000	8
New York Central	3,000	35
Other Eastern roads	10,000	150
Western lines	20,000	240
Total	49,500	570

This represents equipment which will be needed at once to handle the heavy grain traffic and enable the lake lines to move the enormous coal and ore business which is expected next spring. Allowing $600 as the average cost of a car, and $9,000 as the cost of a first-class locomotive, we then have $5,130,000 for locomotives and $29,700,000 for cars, or a total of $34,830,000 for new equipment needed at once.

As the Lake Shore has just received twenty new engines only a small number will be ordered by that company during the coming year. In mentioning the Lake Erie & Western all the Brice lines are included, but it is said the lines to be operated by the Brice syndicate will order 3,000 cars before long. The figures here given are furnished by one who has an insight to the condition of the equipment on the various trunk lines, and they will be found to be approximately correct.

The Pennsylvania and the Pennsylvania lines will build nearly all of their own locomotives and 45 per cent. of their new cars, so that not all the money for equipment as stated above will go to outside parties. There is a rumor to the effect that the Baltimore & Ohio and the Erie are figuring on new equipment, and it may be possible that they will be in the market for new cars and engines before spring.

Associations Likely to Be Continued.

An official well up in the ranks says there need not be much fear on the part of officials and employes of the Trunk-line and Central Traffic associations as to the two organizations being continued. The selection of George Blanchard as one of the commissioners of the new association means that the place must be filled. At the meeting Jan. 3 his successor will doubtless be elected. In speaking of the continuance of the two associations named Chairman Hayden, of the board of managers of the Joint Traffic Association, said: "Of course, I cannot speak at the present time as to the work that will be performed by us when we meet in January, but we will undoubtedly discuss the question of continuing the two associations. So far as I am personally concerned I am in favor of their continuance, because there is ample need for them. In the case of the Trunk Line Association the two committees, that is to say, freight and passenger, have always had considerable to do in the matter of regulating and handling through business, and their work has, consequently, grown to considerable importance. There is, and, of course, there would be much more for these bodies in the future, and, as is best known to officials, the necessity for their continuance is highly paramount simply because there will be plenty of work for them to perform. It remains, however, to determine just what their duties shall be, and I am in hopes that the Trunk-line Association and its Western colleague will be continued. I see no reason why Commissioner Goddard should not continue at the head of that organization, but just what will be done is yet a matter of conjecture."

Mr. Hayden explained that an important factor in electing George R. Blanchard to the office of commissioner was his intimate knowledge of east and west-bound business. At no time, Mr. Hayden added, was there ever any thought of naming more than one commissioner simply because there was no necessity for it.

No Receiver for the B. & O.

Alexander Shaw, chairman of the finance committee of the Baltimore & Ohio railway, last night positively denied the newly revived statement that a receivership for the road is contemplated. "Several questions will have to be settled," he said, "before we are ready to select a successor to Mr. Mayer. You may say positively that no man has as yet been agreed upon. You may also deny specifically that the January interest on the bonds of the company will be passed; that a receivership, either friendly or otherwise, is contemplated; that the Baltimore & Ohio and the Southern railway systems are to be consolidated. You may also deny in the most positive terms the statement that there has been an irregularity in the manner of keeping the books of the company."

Personal, Local and General Notes.

The aldermen of Peoria want annual passes from all the roads entering that city.

Those who are on the inside say that the Southern Pacific will, in 1896, build to San Diego.

The general baggage agents will hold their fifteenth annual convention, Jan. 15, in San Antonio, Tex.

George Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central, spent Christmas at his old home, Elgin, Ill.

George W. Parker, president and general manager of the Cairo Short-line, is arranging for a European trip of several weeks.

The Chesapeake & Ohio has handled this year 1,316,266 tons of coal and coke, 188,322 more tons than in the corresponding period of 1894.

The general superintendent of the Wabash lines, on the day before Christmas, sent checks to the employes who gained prizes under the annual inspection of the entire system.

The Illinois Central, on Sunday last, put in effect a new time schedule between Chicago and Sioux City and Chicago and Dubuque, materially shortening the running time in both cases.

E. O. Faulkner will, on Jan. 1, become vice president and general manager of the Pecos Valley road, which, in a few years, will be an important connecting link of a direct line between St. Louis and the City of Mexico.

The Seaboard Air-line has given the sixty days' notice required of its withdrawal from the Southern States Freight Association. There is a dead-lock over the selection of arbitrators proposed when the association was reorganized.

The officials of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, have made arrangements with the city authorities of Bridgeport, Connecticut, which will enable the company to lay its four-track main line through that city, an improvement which will cost the company $3,000,000.

Under the terms of agreement between the officials of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas and the International & Great Northern the former company will, on Jan. 1, begin to run its trains from St. Louis to Galveston over the tracks of the International & Great Northern.

In the thirty-six hours ending at midnight Monday sixty-four sections of freight were handled on the Pittsburg division of the Panhandle lines. On Sunday sixty carloads of dressed meats and one hundred carloads of live stock were turned over to the Pennsylvania at Pittsburg for the East.

An Eastern financial paper says that the Baltimore & Ohio railway management contemplates, sooner or later, considerable extensions of its system, and that the recent Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton purchase of the Indiana, Decatur & Western is more or less in the interest of the Baltimore & Ohio.

When the new Joint Traffic Association becomes operative it is believed there will be a gradual falling off in the income of tourist agencies as well as that of scalpers. According to the new agreement there will be little or no occasion for tourist agents or scalpers, because the managers and other officials of the new organization will see that the various lines maintain their share of business. Solicitors agents will be used to make up shortages and the creation of joint agencies will obviate the necessity of keeping independent offices on freight and ticket business. Still it becomes an important question whether the tourist agencies are to be recognized, and the future of the scalper, so far as the Joint Traffic territory is concerned, is in serious danger. The scalper, regarded as the pirate of the railroad business, has been treated, fostered and sustained by it, even though ignored in the official gaze, and he has done much in the past to swell the earnings of differential lines. He has come to be regarded as a necessary evil.

DECKS CLEARED FOR KOSZTA.

An Instance of American Grit in the Navy Fifty Years Ago.

Washington Star.

Among the Hungarians banished with Kossuth for defying Austria was a man named Martin Koszta, who came to the United States and soon afterward declared his intention of becoming an American citizen. But before he had in fact become a citizen private business called him abroad, and July, 1853, found him at Smyrna, in Turkish territory. While there he was recognized by the Austrian consul, was seized by some toughs employed for the work by this consul and hurried aboard an Austrian war ship lying at anchor in the roads and there ironed. Koszta appealed to the American consul at Smyrna, who at once took up his case. The Austrian consul held that Koszta was still a subject of that kingdom; that he had violated his promise in returning from the United States, made, it was claimed, at the time of his expulsion from Austria, and that Austria's jurisdiction over him was complete. Koszta not only insisted upon his right to American protection, but pointed out that he was not, while in Smyrna, on Austrian soil, and that, moreover, he had not come from the United States on any political or revolutionary errand.

The American sloop of war St. Louis came into the roads at Smyrna while the case was up. Captain Ingraham, a South Carolinian of courage and address, was in command, and the American consul invited him into the management of Koszta's case. Captain Ingraham not only responded, but espoused Koszta's cause with enthusiasm, and in company with the American consul went aboard the Austrian vessel and joined in the demand that Koszta be turned over to the protection of the French consul at Smyrna pending a report home and a thorough examination of the whole question. But the Austrian commander and the Austrian consul held back, and after Captain Ingraham had returned to his ship he got an intimation that Koszta was to be smuggled off that night into Austrian territory.

The American commander met the emergency instantly and like a man. He sent word to the Austrian commander that Koszta must be delivered on shore to the French consul by 4 o'clock or he (Ingraham) would lay his ship alongside and take him by force. Four o'clock came, but no response, when Captain Ingraham, true to his word, drew up to the Austrian, with his guns shotted and his decks cleared for action, and Koszta was unironed and sent ashore. The St. Louis was not at all formidable in herself. She probably would not have lived an hour before the guns of the other fellow. But the quiet but unmistakable air of business about her transaction, the American flag at the masthead and the grit of the American sailor, who was sand to the center, carried the day.

There was, of course, a great outcry by Austria. The same Mr. Huseimann who had appeared for Austria in the Dudley Mann affair appeared here to repeat his diffuse and characterizing Captain Ingraham's action as tantamount to a declaration of war and an outrage, demanded that it be disavowed by this government. William L. Marcy, the Secretary of State, replied in a long note, a model of its kind, going over the whole case, supporting Koszta upon his bare declaration of an intention to become an American citizen and commending, rather than disavowing, the course of Captain Ingraham. Even Congress took a hand, for it approved of the conduct of the American commander by formal resolution and presented a medal to him. In addition to this he was made chief of the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography of the Navy Department, and enjoyed distinguished attention as long as he remained in the service.

If you want a cup of good Cocoa or Chocolate you should use Huyler's. All grocers.

The Czar's Diamond

"What does the Princess Prozorovska think of the diamond?"

"It is magnificent, worthy to adorn an Emperor."

"Such is the proud position for which it is destined."

As the man speaks he turns the glittering bauble this way and that between his fingers, until, catching the rays from the swinging lamp, its every facet reflects the light in a thousand flashes of prismatic fire.

"Indeed," the Princess responds, watching the play of color in the stone, "then why do you seek this interview with me?"

"The Princess," he answers,' "will pardon my presumption, but I have promised the Brotherhood to fulfill their mission, and I must perform my duty."

"The Brotherhood? What Brotherhood? Are you a Nihilist, that you so glibly speak the argot?"

"A Nihilist!" he cries in alarm. "Do you desire to ruin me? To breathe the word Nihilism is to court death. Is it likely that I, a prosperous diamond merchant of St. Petersburg, would be in league with the enemies of the Czar? No. The Brotherhood of which I speak is simply our union of jewelers in St. Petersburg, and they, knowing that I have always had the honor of the Princess Prozorovska's patronage—for which accept my ever grateful thanks—commissioned me to fulfill their loyal wishes."

"And those wishes are?"

"To beg the Czar's acceptance from us, the native jewelers of St. Petersburg, of this gold and diamond buckle for his cloak."

"What disinterested patriotism," she remarks, and then, with an almost imperceptible sneer, continues: "But surely it is not for the mere purpose of enriching our Czar that you wish to give him so costly a jewel; is there not some favor you seek in return—some boon you have to crave at his Imperial Majesty's most bounteous hand?"

"Your Highness knows that St. Petersburg, the city whose trade should belong to the Russians alone, is invaded by foreign artificers, who compete with us in our own streets, and undersell us in our own market places—Frenchmen who lure the patronage of our nation from us with their temptingly dressed shops, and we, the native jewelers, therefore ask our master to grant us his protection by accepting this gift from the patriotic citizens of our Queen of Cities, for where the Czar shows favor fortune needs must smile."

"Yes, yes," exclaims the Princess, "but why not go to the Czar himself? Why come to me on such a mission? Go to our father, and his clemency will be, as it always is to those who merit it, extended towards you."

The man hesitates for a moment, and then, in an apologetic tone, replies:

"We cannot but know, Princess, that you hold power in this city second only to that of the Czar himself, and we feel that a gift coming through your hands will prove all the more acceptable to his Imperial Majesty."

A momentary flash of satisfaction illuminates her features, a look which is reflected in the face of her flatterer, as he realizes that his mission will succeed.

"Well, so let it be," she replies at length; leave the clasp. I will present it myself to the Czar, together with your many loyal wishes, and I can but hope that the whole of St. Petersburg will follow in his train, and by patronizing only our worthy native jewelers, help to fill their coffers to repletion."

With fervent expressions of gratitude, the man places the jewel-case upon the table and bows himself from the apartment.

In all cold, proud and haughty Russia there existed no woman to compare with the Princess Prozorovska, and scarcely one man who could boast that he had seen a smile dimple for a moment the calm disdain of her habitual composure. Once, and only once, had she loved, and that in the past, so long ago that it seemed to be blurred almost to oblivion, except, perhaps, at times, when the ghost of what had been rose up before her, moments of sentimental weakness, when, even at the very steps of the throne, she would have forsaken all for that one man who disappeared suddenly years ago—so suddenly, so quietly, that his friends scarce dared breathe his name. He had gone, and—as is best in Russia—was forgotten.

Unmindful of the past, of Ivan, her lover in the days long gone by, and of Siberia alike, the thoughts of the Princess are only with the present.

"So, then," she muses, "St. Petersburg has noticed the preference which has been evinced for me, and I may yet live to occupy the proudest position of all women of Russia."

Smiling complacently, she surveys herself in the mirrors of the apartment and shrugs her noble shoulders with evident satisfaction at the reflection of her regal beauty, her splendid head so proudly poised upon her slender throat, and almost fancies she can catch the sparkle of the imperial coronet nestling amid those raven tresses.

A sharp click, as of a fastening being forced, interrupts her reverie, and, turning, she walks to the window, and throws back the heavy curtains, only to cluthch them again, as she sees a man's white face pressed against the glass. An icy blast rushes into the room as the intruder suddenly thrusts the window wide open, and, springing through, swiftly draws the hangings together again and faces her.

"You, Ivan! You, risen from the dead!"

"No, not from the dead—from a living death. Have you no word of welcome, or are you like the rest, afraid to breathe the same air with the outcast—the escaped from Siberia?"

"From Siberia?"

"Yes, Siberia, the hell where Nihilism is engendered, where each man swears, if he but sets foot in civilized land again, for every blow and every indignity he has endured he will be avenged a thousandfold. Yes, Siberia, where every bowed and prematurely withered victim is a conspirator with but one aim, one object—escape, and then revenge."

"Revenge! Upon whom?"

"The Czar, the head of the vilest system of government in the world; the man who, to the disgrace of paternal solicitude, is styled the Father of his People. As I swore it, so shall it be. Even to those dreary wastes the news shall fly like the wind, and the broken and decrepit wretches there will laugh with joy as the tidings reach them that yet another Czar has been done to death, for they will know that I, Ivan Novikoff, have kept my oath."

Olga Prozorovska stands motionless as this torrent of words bursts forth, and with her fingers buried deeply in the silken hangings, still clings to them for support.

"Is this your greeting?" she asks at length. "You, who left me with words of love; left me to dream of the morrow when I should see you again. Is this your greeting?"

"Olga, do not speak of that time; it is gone."

"I thought that love had led you onward," she whispers; "had conquered all obstacles and brought you back to me. I see I was but flattering myself. It is hatred and revenge."

"Yes, it is hatred, for love cannot live in that earthly hell where I have been imprisoned. At first, on that long, pitiless journey, it was love that kept me alive; love that buoyed up hope within my heart; love that held one ever on the alert for any chance of escape; but there was none. Then the bitter, sullen Siberian winter came down upon us half-way on our journey. The biting wind crept to my heart, and love departed, leaving but one desire in life—vengeance, insatiable vengeance."

The Princess, nervously clasping her hands, stands before him with downcast eyes. The great passion that she had thought dead is risen again, and now ambition, glory, the throne itself, are forgotten; she loves him, and perhaps all the more since he has put her from him.

"Why have you come to me, Ivan, if I am nothing to you?"

"Why?" he mutters. "Ah, why? Perhaps I wished to see if my loss had been much to you; but no," he continued bitterly, "women bear these things so well."

"Ivan!"

"Perhaps because I loved you once; perhaps because I love you now; who can tell? I am so little time from civilization I should not know the feeling."

"Ivan, cast these thoughts from you; hope for better times. You were happy once; we were happy together; who knows but what that time may come again?"

"Never!"

"You loved me then. Renounce your thirst for vengeance; throw aside your hatred; give these up for me, and I for you will give up all."

"It cannot be."

"It must and shall be. Am I, a princess, to be so disdained? You plighted once your troth to me, and now I hold you to that pledge."

With her loveliness, heightened by her smile, she extends her hand.

"I hold you to your pledge. Must I sue upon my bended knee for such an honor?"

His stern expression relaxes; who can frown when the most beautiful woman in Russia, with love animating her features, pleads? As Ivan was once, so he is again; love reigns supreme, and vengeance is forgotten.

"Then you will do as I say," she whispers; leave Russia for England, and then when you are ready I will—"

"No, Olga, never; we must part. I dare not take you from Russia."

"You dare not take me, so be it; you shall not, I will follow you."

Ivan is mechanically playing with the jewel case upon the table, and starts with amazement as the lid springs open and the Czar's diamond blazes as the light falls upon it.

"A present to his Imperial Majesty the Czar," the Princess explains, "from the jewelers of St. Petersburg."

"A present to the Czar; then will I spoil the spoiler. It is worth a king's ransom. He has seized all that I had; he has subjected me to the cruelest persecution——"

"Forget it, Ivan, forget it. Believe me, it is not our Czar himself who is at fault, but the system of absolute monarchy."

"Well, then, I will forget it; but as he has robbed me, so will I rob him. This jewel shall provide for my safety and our future."

"Steal it?"

"Yes, steal it; steal as he has stolen from others. Would that I could take all from him, as he has taken all from me."

"You forget, Ivan, that suspicion would rest upon me; they would think that I—I, a princess had been a thief."

"Long before inquiry is made we shall be happy in another land, and then he shall know I have but taken back my own and left him—his life."

"It is madness! I have money, use that, but do not leave Russia branded as a thief."

"I steal but from the greatest thief of all."

Disregarding her pleadings and expostulations, he closes the case and places it in his pocket, and then lingers with his arm around her, whispering of his new-born joy.

"Go, Ivan, go," she murmurs at length. "Remember your danger; shun every one and leave the country at once."

"I shall start early to-morrow morning," he replies. "Even in St. Petersburg I have found friends, and I shall leave unsuspected; for how can the police track a man who is dead, a man they know escaped, but think he only chose a swifter way to death?"

"Then leave me now; when you are in safety, I shall follow. A week hence I will be in Paris, and there await your message."

He clasped her to his breast again.

"Until then, Olga, farewell."

"And to-night, Ivan?"

"To-night I shall be——" He glances swiftly around, and then whispers an address in the most dangerous quarter of the city.

Embracing her once more, he lingers, loath to leave.

"For a week only, Olga."

"Only a week," she replies, her lips pressed to his, and then, throwing back her head and gazing into his eyes: "A week, who knows? Perhaps it may be even less."

And he is gone.

* * * * * * *

Tergislof, the Chief of the Third Section, is perturbed. He sits with his head resting upon his hand and reads over and over again the last secret dispatch from his spies. A startling document this dispatch, one so strange that, used as he is to plots and villainies, he cannot bring himself to believe that this last reported conspiracy against the Czar's life is possible. It implicates the highest in the land. The document is no tangled skein, no mass of loose and broken ends, but a clear, concise statement of deliberate assertion, couched in the language of emphatic knowledge. Dare he follow the thread, the end of which must mean, if the statement is true, disgrace, ay, even death, to the Princess Prozorovska; if false, then like measure to himself.

Again he reads the report.

"Within the next few days," it says, "his Imperial Majesty the Czar will be presented by the Princess Prozorovska with a diamond clasp, purporting to be a gift from the jewelers of St. Petersburg, but, in reality, the manufacture of Nihilists, with whom she is secretly working. The stone itself, although resembling a diamond, is an explosive of the most powerful type, but so excellent is the imitation that a technical eye would scarcely discern the deception. It is fastened but loosely in the claws of the clasp, so that the first time it is worn the least jar will dislodge it, and cause it to fall to the ground, when his imperial Majesty the Czar and the whole court of St. Petersburg will cease to exist. The clasp is now in the possession of the Princess Prozorovska, who only awaits the signal to present it."

A few minutes' more deliberation and the chief, used to rapid action, to almost instant decision, has determined on his course. In the service of his master the Czar, though it should mean death itself, he must—he will—fulfill his duty.

Accompanied by several trusted agents, he makes his way swiftly to the residence of the Princess, and, desiring to proceed at first with caution, requests "a private audience."

It is denied him; the aristocrats of Russia reasoning, as they may, the power of the Third Section as a whole, do not hesitate to evince their contempt for the individuals who form that department of the government service.

Tergslof is not, however, a man to be beaten. He has occupied his position too long to give way at the outset of a battle, while, greater incentive still, his honor, his office, perhaps even his life, depend upon the issue. He presses his suit, and, pleading urgent state reasons, is at length admitted.

The Princess, scarcely recovered from her interview with Ivan, is seated at her writing cabinet when Tergslof enters the apartment, and simulates a composure that she is far from feeling as she placidly writes on, ignoring, while evidently aware of, his presence. At length she ceases writing, and scarcely deigning to raise her eyes from the contemplation of her unfinished letter, says, "Well?"

Tergslof knows the advantage of the first shot; he has seen its deadly effect so often. Watching her keenly, he says: "I have ventured to call on behalf of his Imperial Majesty, the Czar, to take the diamond clasp with me, lest"—and his voice takes an insidious inflection—"it should explode and cause hurt to his Majesty's subjects."

But the first shot misses. The Princess is playing idly with a quill, brushing the feather across her delicately tinted nails, and seems far from impressed by, even if she has quite caught the meaning of, the words that have been spoken.

"Do you," says Tergslof, with, if possible, greater calmness in his tone, "deny that you have a diamond clasp which you purpose presenting to the Czar?"

"Deny? I deny nothing except your right to question!"

Even while she speaks like a lightning-flash there rushes through her mind the awful fear that, perhaps, she has been made the innocent accessory to a diabolical plot. It may be so; perhaps, even now the diamond that Ivan has taken has done its fatal work, or if not yet, an hour, a minute, nay, even a few seconds hence, and the end may come sudden and awful. With a stony look upon her face she sits, grave and silent as the Sphinx itself. This cold haughtiness, without a trace of conscious fear, puzzles the chief. What if he has erred, and insulted this woman above every other in Russia? What then?

The Princess, a sudden inspiration coming to her, interrupts his thoughts.

"Yes, I have a clasp. What then?"

"You confess?"

"Pardon me. Not quite so fast. You say you have called for it. Very well, you shall have it. You shall take it yourself to the Czar."

Tergslof makes an almost imperceptible sign to a figure concealed in the entrance.

She rises from her seat, and crossing to her jewel safe selects the case containing her own finest diamond clasp, wondering whether Tergslof, blinded by his seeming success, will recognize it, yet daring all for Ivan's sake.

Before she has time to unfasten the case she is suddenly seized from behind and her elbows held closely to her sides, while the chief, his face flushed with triumph, loosens her fingers and carefully lays the unopened casket upon the table. At a nod from him the agent releases her, and Tergslof speaks.

"Princess Olga Prozorovska, I arrest you as a dangerous Nihilist and for conspiring against the sacred life of his Imperial Majesty the Czar."

With eyes blazing like fire she turns upon him and hisses, "Fool! Fool! Are you mad, Tergslof?" then instantly recovering her cold, haughty manner, shrugs those splendid shoulders and sinks upon a lounge, yawning, as languidly as though the subject were of but the slightest moment, "Pray, speak a little plainer. A plot against the Czar's life, I think you said? And I, above every one, in the conspiracy? How was the attempt to be made?"

"Ah, Princess," exclaimed Tergslof, almost carried away with enthusiasm at her calmness, "you act magnificently! Of course, you do not know the diamond in that clasp is but a sham; is, in reality, a bomb of the most deadly type; you do not know that the claws are so constructed that the stone is bound to fall to the ground, and, exploding, blow the Czar and all the court into a thousand atoms!"

The Princess indifferent to the words of Tergslof, Olga's thoughts again fly to Ivan, and the chief, apparently reading them, says, "An hour ago you were visited by your lover, Ivan Novikoff. He has journeyed from Siberia to see you—you shall go back together."

The Princess shudders as the horror of those vast Siberian wastes that Ivan had so terribly depicted an hour ago fills her mind. Was it only an hour? It seems a lifetime.

Still, after all, there is no proof against her. Let her but be cool and determined and even the faintest suspicion will be disarmed. Suddenly she starts to her feet, crosses the apartment, and catching the jewel-case in her hands, wrenches it open, and holds the diamond flashing high above her head.

"Come," she cries, "you say this is a bomb. Surely the brave men of the Third Section will welcome death in their master's cause. I do not fear it. See!"

With a soft rippling laugh she lifts the scintillating jewel still higher, then crying, "Catch," hurls it at the feet of the chief, who watches its flight like one fascinated. It falls harmlessly by his side, bounces against the wall, then drops and lies almost hidden in the thick pile of the carpet.

"For once the Third Section has overreached itself," she says; "or it was acting upon the advice of a madman. Tergslof, you shall pay dearly for this. Go!"

Baffled, Tergslof hesitates but for a moment; and then, as she still confronts him, draws himself up, and answering only with a military salute, turns on his heel and departs.

Nervous and trembling now that the ordeal is over, the Princess rapidly changes her costume, and, passing by a side door into the courtyard, from thence gains the street.

"Is there yet time?" she gasps, as she fights her way against the boisterous wind. "Time to reach Ivan, to warn him and fly with him before the police arrive? Or at all hazards to save him from the awful death that lurks in that seemingly innocent jewel?"

Contesting with the cruel wind, keeping within the shadow of the houses, and creeping closely to the wall, as the footsteps of some belated traveler reach her ear, she struggles on, and at last reaches the street the name of which Ivan had whispered to her. With difficulty she discovers the right house; a figure is just passing out, and pushing by she hurries breathlessly up the steep and narrow staircase.

Without hesitation she thrusts open the door of the only chamber upon the top floor, and flings herself into the arms of a man, who rises with a start as she enters.

"Olga!" he cries. "Olga! What has happened?" and clasps her in his embrace.

"You are safe, Ivan? You are safe?"

"Safe? Yes, my dearest. I told you there was no question as to my safety. I am dead. The police, if they think of me at all, think of me only as dead."

"No, no; they know you are alive, and in St. Petersburg. They are tracking you now; perhaps even I have led them here. Where is the diamond—the Czar's diamond?"

"Here," and he takes the case from his pocket.

"Give it to me, Ivan, give it to me; or, better still, come with me now and throw it far into the Neva."

"No, no, my dearest; you are overwrought. Let us fly together, but not destroy the only valuable we have,