

THE EDGE OF HAZARD

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BY GEORGE HORTON

Hood's Sarsaparilla

By virtue of its unequalled blood-purifying, nerve-strengthening, stomach-toning, appetite-restoring properties, is the one Great Spring Medicine.

Get it today. In liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.

HAD A PRIVATE MENAGERIE

No Other Explanation for Colonel's Extraordinary Outbreak Seems Possible.

"It's a wonder to me," said the old family servant, "dat de ol' kunnel don't go into de circus business, out an' out—he see so many animies 'long 'bout de Chris'mus time, an' dey does sich funny tricks! Leastways, dat what he say. Only yistiddy de preacher come ter see him, ridin' of his ol' blin' hoss—I mean de hoss what blin' in one eye—an' w'en de kunnel spied him he holler out: 'Git off dem too elephants, an' tu'n dat tiger loose, fo' he bite de life outen you!' An' sho' dem two monkeys off yo' shoulder, an' don't let dat giraffe poke his long neck in my window!" Well, sub, de preacher wuz clear kerflummoxed, he wuz seein' ez dar warn't nuttin' 't all dar but him an' his ol' blin' hoss; but w'en he seen de kunnel grab his ol' war musket an' holler dat he'd shoot dem monkeys off his shoulder, de preacher say: 'Law'd hee him! an' de time dat ol' blin' hoss made gittin' back ter whar he come fum wuz too quick ter be set down in de racin' rickards!'—Atlanta Constitution.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctor prescribed a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease. Hood's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful, and cures Catarrh of the bladder, kidneys, and all mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Name: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Take Hood's Family Pills for constipation.

Successful Fight on Tuberculosis.
The death rate per 10,000 from tuberculosis in Victoria, Australia, has fallen from 14.58 in 1890 to 9.53 in 1907, and in Melbourne and suburbs from 20 in 1890 to 11.6 in 1907. The fall is attributed to the aggressive campaign against this disease, including the registration of tuberculosis cases, the erection of institutions for treatment and the general improvement of sanitary and working conditions.

Petti's Eye Salve for 25c
relieves tired, overworked eyes, stops eye aches, congested, inflamed or sore eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

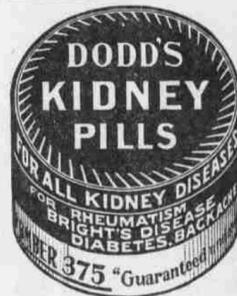
A man's idea of a generous act is having a chance to take all another fellow's money and leaving him some loose change.

DOCTOR YOURSELF
When you feel a cold coming on by taking a few doses of Perry's Pink Pills, it is better than quinine and safer. The large size bottles are the cheapest.

Men astonish themselves far more than they astonish their friends.—John Oliver Hobbes.

Levin's Single Binder de cigar equals in quality most 10c cigars.

Grass widows are as new mown hay to some men.



Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
Small, safe, reliable, and gentle on the liver. Stop after dinner. Pleasant taste. No cathartic. Cure constipation—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature: *Dr. Wood*

FREE A Package of "Paxtine" Will Be Sent Free of Charge to Every Reader of This Paper.

PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC
Gives one a sweet breath; clean, white, germ-free teeth—antiseptically clean mouth and throat—purifies the breath after smoking—dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odors—much appreciated by dainty women. A quick remedy for sore eyes and catarrh.

A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delightful antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleansing, germicidal, and healing power, and absolutely harmless. Try a Sample. 50c a large box at druggists or by mail. THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Makes the hair shine and keeps it from falling out. Try a Sample. 50c a large box at druggists or by mail. PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

Asia's Largest Movable Bridge.
The largest movable bridge yet built in Asia is a double leaf roller lift affair, with an opening 200 feet wide, erected by a Chicago company for a railroad in Burma.

SYNOPSIS.

Frederick Hardy, a fashionable Boston society man, lost his wealth, was killed by a girl and sent by a friend to take charge of an American Trading Company store in Russia. On his journey through Japan he met Stapleton, a Jew, supposedly an Englishman. They agreed to go together to Russia. Because of suspicious circumstances they were several times molested by the Japanese. Hardy was arrested and found upon his person were papers showing maps of Japan as well as a check-book. On a train he met Alsema Sano, daughter of a Japanese merchant. In Newville's shoes he found pictures of forts, proving him to be a Russian spy. Hardy departed for Russia on a steamer which was wrecked shortly afterward. He was rescued by a Russian steamer. On reaching Vladivostok he was well treated. He started for Siberia, meeting Princess Romanova on the train. Hardy boarded a vessel for Amur. Hardy showed the princess his expertise as a rifle shot. The steamer was stranded. The princess and her maid were attacked by Chinese. Hardy saved their lives. The princess thanked Hardy for his boldness. Manchuria threatened upon the craft. Hardy saved their chief. Burning arrows were hurled upon the Punt-Hardy. An attempt was made to board the vessel. The attacking Chinese were repulsed. Romanoff secured at Hardy's solicitude for the princess. Stanka, a messenger sent for help, was called to a cross on the shore. To put an end to the awful torture Hardy himself put Stanka out of his misery, taking his own life in his hands. Forest fires menaced the vessel. Hardy volunteered to go for help. Refused permission he jumped overboard and started to swim. Hardy was rescued. Hardy journeyed on a raft. Arriving at his destination he took charge of the trading company's business. Hardy received a letter from a social leader in Boston and another from Alsema. Hardy took lessons in Russian of a Jew, thus connecting himself in a way with that race. Hardy received a letter from the princess, thanking him for his bravery. Hardy's teacher was in danger of death. Hardy's teacher was a servant. Hardy went to Moscow, where he was invited to call upon the princess. He started for the palace. Hardy aroused unaccountable jealousy of his Korean boy by announcing that he was going to call on the princess. He engaged a cabman who drove him to a large house on a poorly lighted street. After entering the house Hardy discovered that it was a resort of nihilists who supposed he was Felix Hulin, come to lead them of a powerful explosive he had discovered. The real Hulin arrived and denounced Hardy as an impostor. The nihilists determined to kill Hardy in order to protect themselves. Finding an unloaded revolver in his overcoat pocket, Hardy suddenly appeared and exploded the bomb, which lay on the table, and swore to blow them all up together if they touched him. Holding the nihilists at bay, Hardy started to leave the room when the police were heard at the outer door. Hulin then killed several nihilists, the nihilists fled and Hardy, the Jew, suddenly appeared and shot the nihilists. Hardy conducted Hardy through an underground passage to another house, from which he boldly emerged and returned to his hotel. Hardy visited the princess, contributed to the fund for the relief of the victims of the nihilists. He gave more than Romanoff had. The latter, entering the room, openly insulted Hardy. Hardy shot at Hardy, who challenged him to a duel. The Russian accepted. Preparations for the duel were made. The princess asked Hardy to spare Romanoff's life. Hardy purposely missed Romanoff, but was himself wounded. He was taken to the hospital. He sent his servant to the duel scene for a cuff button of Romanoff's, which he purposely shot off, rather than to violate the princess's wish. This he sent to her. War between Russia and Japan was declared. Prince Romanoff was murdered. Hardy was accused upon the princess. Wang, revealed as Alsema, the Japanese girl, confessed to the princess that she had plotted Romanoff's death. Hardy plotted to slay Hardy. The princess promised help.

served me in any way. He was very brave, and would have saved me himself, but he was not there—which certainly was not Mr. Hardy's fault. On the Amur we were again attacked by brigands, and Mr. Hardy, as well as my cousin, fought like a brave man. In my house in Moscow my cousin, who was of a violent nature, insulted the American by offering him money, and when Mr. Hardy indignantly refused and knocked his check-book out of his hand, struck him in the face. A duel was fought, at which Mr. Hardy, at my request, spared my cousin's life, though he was himself severely wounded. He has wonderful skill with the pistol, and he shot a cuff button from my cousin's sleeve, which he sent me as proof that he had complied with my request. My cousin was boastful of having wounded Mr. Hardy, and I gave him the cuff button and told him its story. He became transported with rage and swore that he would not rest till he had rid the earth of this man. He conceived it his duty to avenge the outraged honor of the Romanoff family, as he expressed it. He thought he must kill this man for other reasons,—"here the princess halted and blushed. "Go on," said the czar, kindly and much interested, "this is a most remarkable story! In it this Mr. Hardy appears as a hero!" "Sire, in Mr. Hardy's employ was a young Korean boy whose devotion to his master surpassed anything I have ever before heard of. It was more like that of a woman for the man she loves when a woman really loves. This boy—I am ashamed to tell it, sire—but now your majesty will understand why I have wished to confide in you alone—this boy heard my cousin plotting to kill Mr. Hardy. Your majesty will understand that my cousin was no longer a sane man; that rage and—and—jealousy, perhaps, had rendered him for the moment irresponsible. The boy, fearing for his master's safety and believing that a Russian nobleman had the power to do anything he wished, stole into my cousin's compartment at night and killed him!" "Wonderful! wonderful!" said the czar in a musing tone; "and are you sure of all this?" "Absolutely. I give you my word as a Romanoff princess that it is true." "And the boy? Do you know where he is? He can be given up to justice." "The boy," replied the princess, solemnly, "no longer exists. Overwhelmed with horror at what he had done, and feeling sure that the police would find and punish him, he has made away with himself. He told me that it was his intention to do away with himself, and he has disappeared!" "At this moment Pypine entered with Hardy's record. At the czar's command he read it, rapidly and in a matter-of-fact, singsong tone. It contained nearly every act of Hardy's life, except what had actually happened within the four walls of his sleeping chamber, since he had set foot on Russian soil. He was accused of sympathizing with the Japanese, of having affiliated with Jews, of having insulted the authorities at Vladivostok, by requesting that the imperial government use its influence to get him a clean towel in the hotel there, with having worn an overcoat similar to the one found in the nihilists' den on the evening of the explosion of the Frenchman's famous pill. Furthermore, he had fought a duel with the Prince Romanoff, in which he had been wounded. This fact furnished the motive for his alleged crime, which, coupled with his suspicious record, left little room, in the Russian official mind, for doubt of his guilt. Most of these points had already been covered by the story told by the princess. "As for the overcoat," she remarked, "if he continued to wear it he could not have left it, and your majesty would soon discover, if your majesty would stop for some time incognito in Vladivostok, that the power of the imperial government is by no means belittled when it is asked to use its influence in the procuring of a clean towel!" The emperor arose and pressed his hand to his brow as though he were suffering with headache. Romanova, "Little Father," said, my honor, there are features in the case which, if it is tried, do not reflect credit on my dead cousin's name. Grant my prayers. Let Mr. Hardy be freed, and the report given out that the police have secret proof of his innocence, but are on the track of the real culprit—and she sank again on her knees. "Rise, daughter," said the czar kindly. "We have already decided on this course. It's a relief to know that he is innocent, the American ambassador is so troublesome. Pypine, see that this is done. Tell the proper authorities that it is our will."



"Rise, Daughter," said the Czar Kindly.

ing through Stryetensk, breaks into Manchuria. On a river in trans-Balkala that runs for many miles parallel with this mighty anti-trail, a sledge was flying eastward, drawn by three horses, all abeast. The river was frozen to a very heart and snows, drifting over it, had swept and polished its surface till it was smooth as glass. Wrapped in furs and his head shrouded in a thick cap, the driver sat on the forward seat, partly protected by the high-curving dash, and behind him were a man and a woman, also wrapped deep in robes of fur, while a third woman sat silent in the bottom of the sledge. Somewhere behind them the rails had spread and the road had given out and the trains were halted while repairs were made. There Frederick Courtland Hardy, on his way to Stryetensk, had overtaken the princess, hastening to the front, undergoing all hardships, entirely forgetful of self, that she might employ her strength, her fortune and her high courage and example in the relief of her wounded and suffering countrymen. She greeted Hardy with frank friendliness, explained her mission and told him that he had arrived just in time to help her carry out a plan of hers. "We can take sledges down the river," she said, "to Petrovsk-Zavod, where I have no doubt we shall be able to catch an outgoing train. I should have started before, but I was deterred by the fact that—that—in fact, I was afraid. Now, with my gallant defender of the Amur, I shall have no hesitation in going. Will you come with us—with my maid and me?" "Yes," he replied gravely, "I will go. I am overwhelmed by my good fortune. It was too great an honor to be hoped for—that I should ever be of service to your highness again." The mere presence of this woman transformed him from the merchant into the courtier and polished gentleman. "You forget," she said, while the ghost of one of her merry smiles lighted up her beautiful features, "that such things are to be said in French." The maid, Hardy scarcely noticed. She came out with a fur hood that almost entirely obscured her face, and took her place in the bottom of the sledge. There were long desolate stretches of snow, with here and there a house, the roof covered with snow, nestling among the white hills. They passed occasional patches of forest, the limbs etched very black and distinct against the background of snow. They had left the town about two o'clock and it was half-past three now. "There must be a farm-house somewhere near," observed Hardy, "if your highness feels cold. I saw a large dog running among the trees a moment ago." Just then the driver pointed with the whip toward the woods and crossed himself. The princess also made the sign of the cross, and said quietly: "Those are wolves! May the holy Virgin protect us!" Two large, gray animals with bushy tails, that were dogs and yet not dogs, were seen flitting among the trees. Their tongues hung out of their mouths, and as they glanced from time to time at the sledge and its occupants, their teeth could be plainly seen. "Have no fear," said Hardy, "they

and drifted obliquely down on the ice. Some ran beside the sledge, a couple of rods away, while those in the rear came up closer. Though the maddened horses were going at their utmost speed, their hoofs making a confused and incredibly rapid clatter on the ice, the fierce, wild dogs simply drifted, drifted along, without the least seeming effort. The pack was evidently nearly complete now, though an occasional gray form would flit out from among the trees, stand and look with lifted head, and then join the chase with a long, easy lunge. The little maid, crouched in the bottom of the sledge and bundled in furs still remained motionless, speechless, as though paralyzed with terror. The princess sat erect, looking straight ahead, the seal of a sublime courage set on her pale, noble brow. The blood of the Romanoff did not fear to die. She turned to the man at her side and smiled sweetly—more sweetly than he had ever seen woman smile before. "Forgive me, my friend," she said, "for bringing you into this fearful danger." "I thank God," cried Hardy, "that I am here and nowhere else." His voice rang out with sudden fervor, with a sob of joy. "Thank you, my friend," said the princess simply. "May I shoot now?" asked Hardy. Several of the wolves were close to one of the horses, and were looking up at the animal's throat. This was the horse that was running free; he was crowded against the other two of the team in his terror. "Not yet, not quite yet," replied the princess. "They become maddened when they smell blood." A moment later a wolf darted suddenly in and leaped at the throat of the horse, which reared, snorted with terror, and then bounded ahead with a sudden burst of incredible speed. Hardy arose, and leaning against the driver's seat, took quick aim and fired at this particular wolf, the one that had begun the attack in earnest. He fell kicking and writhing on the ice and instantly the entire pack huddled above and about him snarling, snapping, scrambling, tearing—an indiscriminate mass of fur and fury, teeth and hunger. "There are 11 shots in the magazine, and five in the revolver," said Hardy, who saw a ray of hope in this action of the wolves. "With care, they should last us to Petrovka. How far is it yet to Petrovka, Ivan?" he shouted. "About 20 versts," replied Ivan, "we should reach it in—"

Hardy glanced behind. The struggling, snarling mass was still there on the ice, but already several members of the pack had left it and were taking up the chase again. He stood watching them as they came on in a line, leaving the carcass one by one. In less than five minutes they were all back by the sledge again, and the low gun was shining on a white pile of bones, that could be distinctly seen, far back on the river. "It doesn't take long," muttered Hardy, "if it must come." Then he thought of the princess, shuddered and breathed a prayer. And still the horses ran on and on; the sledge was light and they were winged with terror. Again and again, Hardy shot—shot as never before, and seldom missed. The fire of battle was in his veins, that fierce and deadly mastery of self that exalts a brave man when he both hunts and is hunted. "Have courage," he cried, "we shall reach Petrovka yet!" But now the chase took on a new and more dangerous feature. When a wolf was killed, not all of the pack dropped behind to devour him. One, more bold than the others, sprang up at the back of the sledge as if to leap in, and Hardy, firing into the open mouth, fairly blew the fierce creature's head off. The flash and explosion for a moment terrified the following pack and caused it to drop back. He turned and aimed at an animal that was snapping at one of the horses, but when he pulled the trigger, no report ensued. His face blanched as he dropped the weapon, and drew his revolver. The shots in the magazine of the rifle were all expended; in this moment's delay a wolf succeeded in fastening its fangs in the horse's flank, and hung there, snarling. The unfortunate steed leaped forward with such violence that the traces parted, and instantly all the wolves were tearing at him, pulling him down. "God have mercy! God have mercy!" she groaned. "Have courage," cried Hardy, "he will soon be out of his agony, and I think his death has saved our lives." The two remaining horses did not seem to notice the loss of their companion, as the sledge glided easily over the smooth ice. They still ran nobly on, though they were reeking with steam. The sledge came to a bend in the river, and for a moment its occupants lost sight of the wolves. "Perhaps they have given up the chase," said Hardy; "perhaps, too, they are satisfied with the horse." But the princess shook her head. "They will never give up the chase," she said, and at that moment, a gray form fitted around the bend in the river; two, three, half a dozen, and soon 20 or 30 of the pack were again about the sledge, leaping at it and at the horses with sharp, short yelps and snarls, their red tongues lolling, their jaws flecked with blood and foam. "There! there!" cried the ivosochik, pointing down the river with the handle of his whip. "Petrovka! Petrovka! Bless the Virgin!" The rays of the setting sun fell full

on the dome of a Greek church, but it was a conspicuous object and far away. A wolf was hanging to the neck of one of the horses. Him Hardy shot, and, leaning over the curved dash, discharged his weapon into the body of another that was clinging to the other horse. "Elizabetha," he said, turning to the princess, his face white but glorified, "that is the last shot. If there were one more, we might reach Petrovka. Here, with Death for a witness, I tell you that I love you. In the presence of Death, there is no rank, there are no princesses, no merchants, I love you, dear." She arose and threw herself on his breast. For a long minute they stood thus, clasped in each other's arms, lip to lip, forgetful even of death itself. The wolves came on again. They ran snarling up to the rear of the sledge, for the last attack. Then the little maid, seated on the floor, arose from her bundle of furs and tore the hood from her head. The rays of the setting sun were shining in her face. "Look into my eyes once more," she cried; "oh, let me look on your face again—one long, last look!" Hardy raised his head. "Alsema! Wang!" he gasped in wonder and could say no more. "Farewell, my beloved!" and her voice sounded like the voice of a priestess, chanting, "I give you to hbr and to happiness—I, who have loved you to the most!" and she leaped among the wolves. A path beaten in the snow led up to the river bank, into the outskirts of Petrovka, and up this the tired horses dashed, their noble run at an end. Several of the wolves followed even to the top of the bank, glanced at the houses and the villagers swarming from them, and slunk away. One of the horses, his strong heart bursting, fell dead beside his mate. With tears streaming down his cheeks, Hardy stood erect in the sledge, holding the swooning princess in his arms. THE END.

One Comfort.
Dick was a very clean little boy, and dirt disgusted him. One day he found a poor little starved kitten crouching in a ditch at the roadside and he brought the wet, muddy little waif home with him. He took it to the hydrant and carefully rinsed off all the mud, but the shock was too great for the sick kitty and the breath of life departed. Dick brought her to his mother, who exclaimed at the sight of the wet, drooping kitten, "Why, Dick, what have you done?" "She was all mud and I washed her," Dick replied. "Oh, Dick," his mother said, sorrowfully, "I'm afraid she's dead." Dick looked shocked and grieved for a moment, then his face lighted up with a gleam of comfort as he exclaimed: "Well, she died clean, anyway."—The Delineator.

Was He Right?
An automobile stood at the curb in front of a theater. It was an imposing machine of burnished brass and crimson leather, and as its owner came out of the theater and was getting aboard one of a couple of children asked with the confidence—or maybe impudence—that goes with innocence and bare legs: "Say, mister, drive us around the square, won't you? We ain't never been in a nautymobile." The man paid no attention and whizzed away. Of course, children are a nuisance, but it would have been worth while, maybe, to give two small girls a memory to last them a lifetime— And, maybe, again, got himself arrested for kidnapping. You never can tell.—Washington Star.

A Quaint Tract.
A quaint tract entitled "Woe to Drunkards," being a sermon by Samuel Wald, preacher, of Ipswich, was printed in London in 1627. The preacher based his remarks upon Proverbs xxiii, 29-32 ("Look not thou upon the wine when it is red," etc.), and illustrated his arguments by examples from various parts of the kingdom of "God's judgments on drunkards." Among other instances he quotes the following one from Tenby: "At Tenby, in Pembrokeshire, a drunkard being exceedingly drunk broke himself all to pieces off an high and steep rock in most fearful manner, and yet the occasion and circumstances of his fall so ridiculous as I think not fit to relate, lest in so serious a judgement I should move laughter of the Reader."

Brought Her Own Potatoes.
A young German girl who has recently come to live with relatives in America, amused them exceedingly by bringing with her a large box filled full of potatoes, because she is particularly partial to them, and was told that in this country we had only the variety known as "sweet," which did not sound to her nice at all. As her potatoes sprouted on the journey, showing a decided inclination to convert themselves into flourishing vines, she was greatly comforted to find that her relatives could supply the deficiency. This German girl is astonished that, though we seem to value the potato, we do not, as in the case in her country, erect statues to Sir Walter Raleigh, who introduced the plant into Europe.

Asia's Largest Movable Bridge.
The largest movable bridge yet built in Asia is a double leaf roller lift affair, with an opening 200 feet wide, erected by a Chicago company for a railroad in Burma.

CHAPTER XLII.—Continued.

"It is sad," continued his majesty, "very sad, but be assured that, although the case is a somewhat difficult one, full justice shall be done. The American minister has already inquired about the matter, and has demanded that the fullest investigation be made. These Americans are very meddling. I am informed, however, by the minister of foreign affairs that there will be little difficulty in establishing this Hardy's guilt, as he is a dangerous character and has a bad record." The princess turned pale as she repeated: "A dangerous character? A bad record? Will you send for this record, sire, that I may hear it in your majesty's presence? For I come not to speak against this Hardy, who is accused of murdering my cousin, but to plead for his release, to pray that justice may be done!" "You—to plead for him?" "Yes, sire, for he did not kill my cousin. Will your majesty grant me the favor that I may hear this record read in your majesty's presence? For I know this Mr. Hardy, and I know much that is good of him, and nothing bad." The czar rang a bell and commanded a servant to send a confidential secretary to him. Five minutes later an old man entered, a stoop-shouldered old man with a clean-shaven face, whose eyes denoted infinite shrewdness, his manner infinite severity. "Pypine," said his majesty, "can you bring to us immediately the record of the American, Hardy, concerning whom the minister of foreign affairs was speaking to us the other day?" "Yes, sire," replied Pypine, "a copy was ordered from the chief of police of Moscow and is now in his excellency's possession." "Bring it," said the czar, "immediately." Pypine disappeared. "While he is gone you may tell us what you know of this American Hardy, and why you think he did not assassinate your cousin?" "I know that he is a gentleman of high connections in his own country, who has come here to engage in commerce and retrieve his fortunes. My cousin first met him in Japan. This part of the story I have from Boris's own lips. Boris, being hard pressed by the police, put his teltale papers in Mr. Hardy's overcoat pocket and tried to throw the guilt on him. The plan did not succeed, and Boris suffered many hardships, for which he unjustly blamed Mr. Hardy. I first met him on the Amur river, where I was captured by Chinese brigands. He came to the rescue and saved me from a terrible fate. This still further enraged my cousin, who loved me and was jealous of any one who

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Gift of Alsema.
Not more than ten minutes in all could have elapsed since the appearance of the first wolf, and they had already gathered in terrifying numbers. "How far is it yet to Petrovka?" asked Hardy. "About 20 versts," replied the man, "we can make it in an hour if the horses hold out." "But this is the same answer that he gave before!" said Hardy. "He means that it is a long way," explained the princess. "Twenty versts—about 20 versts! I fear the horses can not run so far!" "But the wolves?" asked Hardy; "will they not also tire?" "They are very hungry," replied the princess; "they could run for ever!" At this moment the entire pack wheeled as if at a word of command,

CHAPTER XLII.

Gray Ghosts.
That part of Siberia which lies east of the great inland sea, Lake Balkal, and west of the mighty Amur, which here turns abruptly and bends northward, is known as trans-Balkala. The Stanovol range of mountains, continuing to the south, divides it nearly in halves, forming a watershed that feeds the lake on one side and the Amur and its tributaries on the other. The trans-Siberian railway, the great artery through which the blood of Russia flowed uninterceptedly from Alexander to Vladivostok and Port Arthur, pierces these mountains at an advantageous point, and, pass-

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