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1903

Crawford
County s
"Every Other
Daily."

THE DENISON REVIEW

MARKETS	
HOGS.....	6.50
CORN.....	31
WHEAT.....	85c
OATS.....	27c
EGGS.....	14
BUTTER.....	14

VOLUME XXXIX.

DENISON, IOWA, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1903.

NO. 19

The Schuman Pianos are Good Pianos, That's Why CHAMBERLIN Sells Them.

THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

By Ashley Towne

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"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 self-willed young lady step into the drosky.

Having alighted at Perm, she hired another drotsky 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 beard and whose voice, when speaking to one not established as his superior, was heavy and insolent.

Responding to the call of Frances, he swung his heavy drotsky 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 lose her."

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

"Such a woman!" muttered the drotsky 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 drotsky 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. "Any trouble here?" he asked sharply.

"Trouble? Oh, no," replied Frances. "I was just asking the driver some questions."

"Where is it you wish to go?"

"To the ironworkers'—Paulpoff."

A warning look that meant volumes to the initiated shot from the inspector to the driver.

The horses were whipped up, and the vehicle rolled clumsily over the road.

"You said something had happened," said Frances. "Is any one sick at the Paulpoffs?"

"No; it wasn't that," answered the driver. "But the rain yesterday broke up the road. I did not think you would wish to come."

"Nonsense! There must be a safe way to get there."

In truth the way was as safe and comfortable as it had ever been, but the warning look of the inspector had prevented the driver from imparting the knowledge he had of the Paulpoffs.

"Let the police tell their own tales—they are always true then—according to police standards," muttered the driver.

It was a long drive to the forge, and when the drotsky drew near, having passed through the wild and almost unsettled region between it and Perm, Frances was struck with an air of mystery that seemed to have suddenly enveloped the place.

There was no sound of the tremendous blows of Vladimir that sent the ring of steel far into the forest. No smoke came from the chimneys. Old Mamma Paulpoff had been wont to run to her door to see every arrival, but she was not to be seen.

The wolfhound that had been Vladimir's pet sat whining upon the porch and was evidently weak with hunger.

"Old Boris!" cried Frances, leaping from the drotsky. "Where is your handsome master?"

The hound, who remembered her, placed his cold nose in her hand lovingly. He seemed to feel that he had found a friend.

Frances stepped to the door and pushed it open.

possible! Papa Paulpoff and Mamma Paulpoff might die, they were so old, but Vladimir! Impossible! So young and powerful! Nothing but the weapon of an enemy could kill him in this healthy place."

"I spoke as we speak, mademoiselle. The Paulpoffs are not really dead. We speak of a man who is caught in crime and sent off—exiled—as dead. He is dead to his friends and to the world. You understand?"

Frances stood rigid and white, the package of books forgotten in the hands of the drotsky driver. Her nails bit into the tender flesh of her clenched hands. Her eyes studied the face of the governor of Perm.

"Vladimir has not been caught in any crime," she said, with a sort of gasp.

"Impossible! He was so simple and honest! What crime?"

"Conspiracy against his imperial majesty the czar."

"And where is he now?"

"On the way to Siberia."

"Siberia! Vladimir Paulpoff sent to Siberia! And where are his parents?"

"One in a family taken red handed condemns 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—he 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 it took him but a short time. I described you, and he remembered you, and between the two he 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 utmost accuracy."

She looked at him in astonishment. He had made frequent attempts to make love to her, but she had always skillfully repulsed him. That this could be true—that this man whose life was one round of pleasure 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 life of 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 great need of such ironworkers now that 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 crime?" asked Frances. She was very pale, but quite calm.

"Why, it became known to Inspector Jansky of the police that a certain number of men congregated here and seemed to hold secret meetings. He investigated and discovered that this was the headquarters of a circle of nihilists. He arrested them all, but many escaped."

"And the proof?"

"Letters from Vladimir found on them."

Frances sighed and turned sadly away.

"You are an American," continued Neslerov, "and cannot understand how a man who appeared to you to be simple and contented with his lot should prove to be an assassin. This same spirit permeates our best society. It comes to the surface even among the relatives of our highest nobles. My own cousin was sent to Siberia. I had no pity for him, because he was rich, educated and had no reason to complain. But the Paulpoffs—now that I know you are interested in them—I will protect them from further harm."

"I thank you," said Frances sadly.

Neslerov slipped a coin into the hand of the drotsky driver, and he immediately had cause to go to his horses, which were standing peacefully enough where he left them.

"I wish to speak one word before we leave here," said the prince, taking the hand of Frances, which she, in her surprise, permitted him to hold a moment.

"I love you. I have loved you ever since the day I saw you first. We have beautiful women in Russia, but none like you. I am rich, powerful and am not offering you an empty name. Will you be my wife, my princess?"

"Prince Neslerov," said Frances gently, but still in a tone of reproof, "you cannot mean, I am sure, to take advantage of my situation, alone and at your mercy. You are a gentleman. Please leave such words for a more fitting occasion."

"All occasions are the same to a man who loves as I do," answered Neslerov. "I asked your father. He treated the matter as of no concern. To me it is my life. Make me happy, the world's yours. Refuse me, you plunge me into deep despair. I do not care to live without you."

"What nonsense!" said Frances. "Everybody has sooner or later to live without a loved one. My father—I—my mother died many years ago. He loved her. He has been true to her memory, but he has lived."

"Ah, but that is not the same thing at all. Had I possessed you for a time and lost you at the command of death, then I could live, happy in the blessed memory. But to love you and lose you to another! Ah, I would kill him!"

"You are mad. Such words do not inspire love in the heart of an American girl. Fools kill their rivals, but it is a poor revenge. I do not love you, prince, and so cannot marry you. Let that end the matter. I must now return to Moscow."

"You shall not go till you are mine!" cried Neslerov, driven to madness by her coldness. He sprang forward and slammed the door, shutting them alone in the unoccupied house. He stepped toward her. His breath came hot upon her cheeks. His arms were outstretched to seize her. There was a look of mad passion in his eyes.

She knew no help was near or possible. The drotsky driver was a Russian and would not fight the prince. She

cried, "Stand back, you insulter!"

might scream, but her voice could not reach within two miles of the nearest house. The threatening lips, the touch of which would be pollution, were near her own. With a quick movement she slipped her hand into her pocket.

"Stand back, you insulter!" she said, with a cold, steel eye.

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 ex-

ecution at short range, and it was aimed in Neslerov's very mouth. He staggered back, taken by surprise.

"You she 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 skull. Half stunned and cursing, he fell back.

Opening the door, Frances walked out. The drotsky 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 into your head."

"Get in," he mumbled. Then to himself he said: "These American women are devils! They are better fighters than the Cossacks!"

CHAPTER V.

THE SUDDEN INTERRUPTION OF A JOURNEY.

M. R. GORDON was beginning to feel anxious. He knew just how long it took to go to Perm and return. Frances had often taken long journeys by herself, but she was now three days overdue, and the engineer was eager to get to the Obi.

"Where can she be?" he asked himself. "She must stop this racing all over the world alone. Something will surely happen to her one of these fine days. I'll stop it."

Frances arrived while he was making the resolve.

"Where have you been?" asked Gordon.

"To Perm."

"To Perm! But you have been away three days longer than was necessary. I do not like this way you have of going off by yourself."

"I fancy I can take care of myself. I've been in Perm the three days."

"With the blacksmith and his people?"

"No. The blacksmith and his people! Vladimir has been sent to Siberia."

"What! Not the ironworker Paulpoff?"

"Vladimir Paulpoff, Mamma Paulpoff and Papa Paulpoff are now on their way to Tomsk."

"The devil!"

"Yes, the devil! That is just the individual who did it."

"What is his other name?"

"Prince Neslerov."

"What! Neslerov sent Paulpoff to—Come, tell me what you mean."

"A man like Neslerov can do anything he likes in Russia except marry an American girl. Tell me just what conversation you had with the prince a few days ago."

"A few days ago! Oh, two weeks ago!"

"I don't know when it was, but he asked you for my hand, did he not?"

"Yes."

"You never told me."

Gordon laughed.

"I haven't told you the names of half the men who have asked me that."

"But in Russia we should know, because there are tricks. Now, what was it? Did he say much?"

"No, not much; said he was rich and powerful and wanted you as an ornamental wife or something to that effect."

"He told me the same thing."

"Told you! Where?"

"In Paulpoff's house."

FLEETS END BLOCKADE

Allied Ships Withdraw from Venezuelan Coast.

PEOPLE ARE WILD WITH JOY.

Commander of British Cruiser Receives Instructions From London. Claims of Unallied Powers Now to Be Taken Up.

LaGuayra, Venezuela, Feb. 16.—The blockade has been officially raised. The commander of the British cruiser Tribune, the only British warship here, sent an officer ashore yesterday morning with the announcement that the Tribune would leave in the afternoon for Trinidad. The populace is wild with joy.

Since Saturday morning the Venezuelans were awaiting impatiently the official information that the blockade had been raised. They knew that the blockade was to be raised, but no notification came. The government was puzzled until 11 o'clock, when news reached Caracas that the captain of the Tribune had notified the authorities at LaGuayra that the blockade was raised. At 3 p. m. the Tribune left for Trinidad. The news from all the Venezuelan ports, except Coro and Higuerote, is that the foreign warships sailed away yesterday. The government, immediately on receiving the news that the blockade had been raised, took military measures and sent troops in all directions to crush the revolution without giving the rebels a moment's respite.

Willemstad, Curacao, Feb. 16.—There is great rejoicing among all classes here at the end of the Venezuelan blockade. Many sailing vessels that are lying in this port with cargoes for Venezuelan ports will leave today. A number of steamers are loading for the same destination. A great amount of coffee is awaiting transportation from Venezuela to the United States. No one apparently is more glad at the raising of the blockade than those on board the blockading squadrons.

OTHER NATIONS HAVE INNING.

Claims of Unallied Powers Now to Be Considered at Washington.

Washington, Feb. 16.—Minister Bowen expects to begin immediately the preparation of the protocols with the representatives of the unallied powers for the settlement of the claims of the citizens of those nations who have suffered as a result of the troubles in Venezuela. There are eight of these claimant nations, including the United States. The drawing up of the protocol with this government will be the first undertaken. Solicitor Penfield of the state department will represent the United States in these negotiations with Mr. Bowen.

The suggestion has been made that as the unallied nations naturally are opposed to any preferential treatment to Germany, Great Britain and Italy, that in all probability Venezuela, the United States and France will be lined up as representing the eight unallied nations at The Hague as opposed to the three allies.

Mr. Bowen continues to receive numerous congratulatory telegrams from Venezuela on the satisfactory outcome of his work here.

PORTE PREPARES FOR WAR.

Relieved by Powers' Assurances, Still Makes Ready to Mass Militia Men.

Constantinople, Feb. 16.—In official circles it is asserted that the porte has received from the powers assurances regarding Bulgaria's pacific intentions and that it has been greatly relieved thereby. The military council has completed the plans for the mobilization of the Second and Third army corps and has decided that in the event of it becoming necessary to take the field in Macedonia Marshal Edham Pasha, the generalissimo in the Greco-Turkish war, will have the supreme command of a million of men who would be available there.

London, Feb. 16.—The correspondent of the Daily Mail at Vienna says that in spite of denials, he learns that Austria has mobilized two army corps and has concentrated an extra 40,000 men on the Balkan border. Military men, adds the correspondent, believe that an armed intervention is inevitable. Field Marshal Rindlander will command the force.

Wants Many Crimes.

Guthrie, Okla., Feb. 16.—E. V. Smith has been placed under arrest at Potts, Okla., at the request of Waco (Tex.) authorities, where it is charged he is under thirty-seven indictments for various crimes. It is alleged that he skipped his bond. He is being held pending the arrival of requisition papers.

MILES TELLS OF HIS TRIP

Lieutenant General of American Army Returns Home.

MONARCHS EXTEND COURTESIES

Distinguished Tourist Graciously Received at Court of St. James—Party Makes a Five Months' Trip Around the World.

New York, Feb. 16.—Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the United States army, his wife and party arrived here yesterday on the Lucania. General Miles, who has been abroad five months, has in that time been around the world.

To his interviewers, General Miles said: "I have been abroad for five months. On the 1st of October we sailed on the transport Thomas. We stopped at Honolulu, the Sandwich islands, and then sailed for Guam. We touched at the island, then continued to the Philippines. We spent a month there. I examined the military situation and visited the principal stations and forts and inspected the troops. There were no serious hostilities at that time. The 20,000 troops there were in fine condition."

Continuing, the General said the party went from Japan to Port Arthur and thence to Peking. "I remained there a short time. We have there a small detachment of troops—the legation guard at the capital. Everything there is quiet. We were accorded an audience by the emperor and the dowager empress. They received us with a great deal of courtesy and attention. We saw the troops of the Chinese army and the troops of the allied forces which are still there."

General Miles' party went through northern China to Siberia, passing through Manchuria enroute, and on to Moscow and St. Petersburg.

"I paid a very pleasant visit to King Edward when we reached England and was most graciously received."

Regarding the story that Mrs. Miles was overlooked in the invitation which the general received from King Edward, General Miles said:

"Mrs. Miles was not invited to Windsor through an oversight. It was not known that she was with me, or the invitation would have been extended to her also."

SHEEP AND CATTLE PERISH.

Blizzard Causes Heavy Loss to Stockmen in Western States.

Salt Lake, Feb. 16.—The heavy fall of snow during the past week and a continuance of zero weather throughout this section has cost the stock and sheep men of northern Utah, southern Wyoming and Idaho thousands of dollars in the loss of stock. If the weather does not moderate soon the losses will be enormous, according to men conversant with existing conditions. This morning the mercury hugged the zero mark and the predictions are for continued cold. Where it is possible sheep and stock men are hauling feed to their starving herds, but in most cases this cannot be done. Word was received in this city that cattle men in the Shoshone district of Idaho, being unable to feed their isolated herds, and in order to prevent a total loss, have been compelled to shoot the stock, the carcasses being stripped of the hide.

Worst Storm of the Winter.

Guthrie, Okla., Feb. 16.—The worst storm of the winter struck Oklahoma about midnight and has been raging with terrific fierceness ever since. Sleet and rain was followed by a driving snowstorm, a cold norther accompanying. On account of their good condition, no damage to cattle or wheat is expected. The rain was preceded by a dense fog, the only one known to present residents of the territory.

Rain, Sleet and Snow at St. Louis.

St. Louis, Feb. 16.—Rain, sleet, snow and decidedly colder weather have followed in rapid succession during the past twenty-four hours and the temperature dropped to near the zero point. While no great damage resulted, railroad and street car traffic was somewhat impeded and telegraph and telephone lines were prostrated, but not enough to interrupt business seriously.

Work of Dynamiters.

Warsaw, Ind., Feb. 16.—Dynamiters attempted to destroy the toll line cables of the Commercial Telephone company here yesterday. The men selected a cable box at the top of a pole where the cables center and lead in to the exchange office. The top of the pole was blown off and several windows in buildings nearby were shattered. The wreckers escaped.



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Continued next Tuesday.