

## Better Have CHAMBERLIN Examine Your Eyes.

### THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

By Ashley Towne

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"That is too much! One of the most celebrated cases in all Russia, and they have not been in the dungeons more than three days! The matter could scarcely have gone beyond Tomsk."

"Nevertheless I spoke truly."  
"Then there is something about it I do not know. When I reflect, it seems of course that this must be the case."



"It is a mystery. First we receive one command, then another."

Else why should we receive secret orders to capture—arrest, if you like—an American and a convict already punished and—well, see that they become lost to the world?"

Princess Olga gave a gasp as she heard this.

"There is one thing about it," said Unseth, who was now getting drunk enough to be independent and indiscreet. "If something is not done soon I shall wash my hands of it. I don't like the looks of it. Of course, one might kill a blacksmith convict and no inquiry would be made, but that American—that is different."

"Keep quiet for a few days. Have you not seen that the governor has a guest?"

"Yes, a beautiful one."  
"That is Princess Olga of the great and powerful Neslerovs. She is distantly related to the governor. And, since you are interested, I will tell you the story as I know it."

"Oh, there is a story, then. I thought so."  
"There is a story, and it is one which the governor would not like to have brought into prominence while the princess is here. The elder brother of Neslerov married Alexandra, a cousin of Princess Olga. This was something like twenty-three or twenty-four years ago. No; I think it must be twenty-five or six. Well, they were well mated, those two. Prince Alexis was the heir to the great estate of Graslov and his hereditary title, besides being Prince Neslerov, was Duke of Graslov. A year or so after this happy marriage a son was born to this couple. He was named Alexis, after his father. He was a fine young fellow, so I have heard, and grew sturdily. When he was a year old, or perhaps two, Prince Alexis died. Now, it so happened that the old Duke of Graslov, who was still living, had had a quarrel with Princess Alexandra. Her branch of the family was not friendly to his, and things did not go right, and they quarreled. Just what that had to do with the story I do not know, but I am telling you what everybody in Perm knew at that time."

"At that time Prince Nicholas, now governor of Tomsk, was fifteen years of age, and was the favorite of his father. It was commonly reported that the duke preferred to see his younger son inherit the title and estate rather than have it go to the son of the princess. Anyway, one day, twenty years ago, the young prince, then about three years old, or perhaps less, was drowned in the Kama. At least that is what was said. The boy wandered away from his nurse and walked to the river. Some of his garments were found on the river bank, and it would seem as though the little fellow had intended to follow the example of the boys of the serfs he had seen and was going to take a river bath. However, the body was never found and the poor princess was broken hearted. In a year she, too, died, and at the time a branch of the Neslerovs charged

foul play. It was openly said they accused the old duke and Prince Nicholas of having murdered her. It was not proved and was not tried. The two branches remained at feud. The old duke died and Prince Nicholas entered into his inheritance, but he has not used the title, probably out of consideration for the feelings of his relatives.

"Now we come down to the present day. It was openly charged by some of the other Neslerovs that the servants of the house of Graslov were involved, and it was thought at one time that certain others not of the household knew something. Among these was the family of an ironworker, Michael Paulpoff, consisting of himself, his wife and a child. But the Paulpoffs disclaimed all knowledge, and were so stupid and innocent looking that they were dropped from consideration. But it seems that an enmity has long existed in their obscure minds against the governor, and they have been secretly working to fasten the murder of Princess Alexandra upon him. Whether they knew anything at the time or whether some one dying told them, I do not know. Certain it is that they have some knowledge they will use against our governor. They were sent to Siberia and were unable to work at the mystery. But this accused American came and was interested. He swore he would fasten this murder upon Neslerov because Neslerov had loved that American girl, daughter of Gordon, the engineer. Now you see why the American, Denton, and the powerful young blacksmith were arrested, and why, even though in the dungeons, nothing more can be done until this princess leaves. Neslerov declares he is innocent, but the power and influence of her family, if joined with the efforts of the American and the Paulpoffs, might destroy him. Am I understood?"

"Yes, perfectly. Neslerov is ours, and we are his. We must be loyal. Let the prisoners remain in the dungeons until we are free to act. Then—well, even now we might forget to send them food."

"That, Unseth, is the very idea. The princess will dance merrily upon this floor while they starve to death on the one below."

The two police officers chuckled, and Olga, having learned enough, crept back to her room. She was passing through the upper corridor when she was startled by a shadow as of a man.

A young officer in command of the palace guard was making his rounds. He stopped short when he saw the princess; then, discreet as all young officers about the palace were, he saluted and was about to pass on. She stopped him. "Lieutenant," she said, "this is my room. I wish to speak to you alone."

He hesitated. He knew that she was the Princess Olga. He knew she would not seek his presence for pleasure. He feared the displeasure of Neslerov, but the winning beauty of Olga conquered, and he slipped into her room.

"What is your name?" she asked, her manner turning at once to that of the stern woman of business.

"Michael Dermisky, princess."  
"Your position?"

"Lieutenant of the guard."  
"How would you like to be a major of cavalry?"

"Major of cavalry! Such a promotion at my age—from a lieutenant?"

"It is possible—even more is possible. But you must obey me."

"You are the Princess Olga, but I must obey the governor of Tomsk."

"Wait," she said, and from a secret receptacle she took a folded paper upon which were a few words and a great seal. She held it for him to read. He dropped to his knees.

"The seal of his majesty the czar?" he said in an awestricken voice. "I obey—command me—I obey."

"Rise. When will you be relieved?"

"Soon."  
"Come to me and say nothing to any one."

"I obey; I will be dumb."  
Quickly, though she was weary, Olga sat down and wrote a letter. It was scarcely more than finished when the officer returned.

"Is there not a train to Tobolsk this morning?"

"There is. The train your highness came on returns today."

"Take this letter to Tobolsk. Give it into no other hand but that of Count de Muloff, governor general of western Siberia. Do you understand?"

"I do. And if the governor should?"

"Remain at Tobolsk. I have arranged for that in the letter. You need never fear the present governor of Tomsk."

He bowed, placed the letter in his bosom and retired. With a sigh of weariness and of relief the princess threw herself upon her bed and was soon asleep.

#### CHAPTER XIII. A TERRIBLE SITUATION.

THE palace of the governor of Tomsk was brilliantly lighted, and carriages crowded the plaza before it. Gayly uniformed officers and fashionably attired ladies passed from them into the spacious rooms. The governor himself was at his best and was proud of the beautiful relative for whom he had given this suddenly arranged reception.

Princess Olga, who had slept much of the day after her wearying experiences of the night before, showed no effects of her exhaustion, but received the guests with that calmness, that queenly style, which was all her own.

The garrison band blared its Russian music, and the atmosphere in the rooms was laden with perfume. It was a strange and motley gathering, but Olga, who had traveled much in strange places, as well as in centers of civilization, looked upon the crowd with complacency.

A colonel of cavalry, with his handsome wife, when they came to greet her was followed by a Cossack chief clad in the barbaric splendor of his rank. A Manchurian mandarin, with a long sword on one side and a short one on the other, wearing his native dress, marched with the crowd, a distinctive figure. He had come to Tomsk to confer for his government with Neslerov concerning the crossing of the border into Manchuria. The new railway brought to Tomsk mighty men from places never before heard of by many who lived in Tomsk.

A Persian prince who had but the day before arrived from Tobolsk, where he had spent a week studying the convict system—a system impossible to his country—added his gorgeousness to the throng.

If Olga was surprised that at so short a notice so great a gathering could be summoned in that Siberian capital, she gave no sign. She accepted the homage as one who was born to it.

Young officers vied with one another to be near her. Grizzled veterans looked at her and smiled, for it made them glad to see so lovely a princess at Tomsk. By far the most distinguished looking man in the throng was the colonel of cavalry, whose wife had long been a semi-invalid. He found time to devote some attention to the princess while his wife rested from the weariness the excitement brought upon her.

Olga, whose travels had given her a clear insight to human character, singled Colonel Barakoff out at once as a man of sterling integrity and a fearless soldier. To him she was extremely gracious, and encouraged him to talk, and he was proud of her attention. When the dancing began, the crowd scattered through the palace, and it was not long before Colonel Barakoff and Olga found themselves sitting in a retired spot with the colonel's wife.

"It is the first time in my experience," said the colonel, "and that has not been a short one, that one of our noble ladies has condescended to visit our capital. And now one of the powerful house of Neslerov is here. It causes wonder that she would forsake the pleasures and gayeties of St. Petersburg for this dismal place."

"I have seen enough of St. Petersburg gayeties to last for a time," answered Olga. "My life is not all spent in pleasure. I am not yet your age, colonel, but I have learned that to be happy and to be contented with oneself one must find some work to do, and do it well."

"You are very young," said the colonel slowly, "and very wealthy to have found that out. I, of course, learned it long ago, but my age is three times yours. You say you have found pleasure in work. Would it be presumptuous to ask what work has found favor in your eyes?"

"Presumptuous? Not at all, colonel. I am always pleased to talk with one who is able to appreciate it. I have become thoroughly convinced that there are faults in our social system. I am neither a nihilist nor a socialist, but I do think that the wealthy nobles of Russia are not doing their full duty to those who, it is true, are dependent upon them, but upon whom also they are dependent."

"It is a bold stand for a young woman to take. Men have been sent to Siberia for those sentiments."

"And the sentiment sent me to Siberia, but not under sentence. I have

come partly to visit the governor, who is a relative, and more than that, to study the convict system as worked out under his rule in Tomsk."

The colonel became cautious. "You will find plenty to study," he answered, "but I fancy you will not proceed rapidly. Our system—well, it is the same, I suppose, as that in vogue at Tobolsk."

"Perhaps it will prove so. I am acquainted with Count de Muloff, governor general, and I know that, while he is a stern man, he is just. When he can be merciful without lending an apparent aid to the unworthy, he does not hesitate to show leniency. I hope I shall find the same spirit prevailing here."

The colonel smiled grimly. "Shall you, then, write a book upon the penal system?"

"I may do so, although that is not yet one of my plans. I may tell you in confidence, however, that I have the entire confidence of the czar and that he is interested in the outcome of my studies."

"In my youthful days we did not hear of such things," said the colonel. "A young woman who at your age and with your wealth and position took



"The key never leaves the pocket of the superintendent of police."

upon herself so great a task would be sent forthwith to a lonely castle and kept a sempiternus."

"I fear that some of that same spirit dominates our society today."

"I think it will prevail for a time."

"Where would you advise me to go to study the convict system at its worst?"

"Its worst? Do you not wish to see it at its best?"

"I understand it at its best."

"Well, it is a serious matter to advise, yet if you are working under the protection of the czar we must help you. I should say Tivolofsky."

"I shall go there. Where are your prisons?"

The colonel rubbed his grizzled mustache. "We have guardhouses in all settlements."

"Dungeons?"

"Not many dungeons. There are dungeons under this very palace, but they are obsolete. I do not think they have been used in years."

"Then they could be inspected."

"I see no reason why they should not. But that would be for the governor to say. Shall I ask him?"

"No; since they are under his palace I shall have an opportunity later. I suppose they are entered by way of a secret door."

"There was a door at the end of the police offices," replied the colonel. "Of course, being a soldier, I know scarcely anything about them. They are wholly in charge of the police."

"But you formerly had no police in Siberia save the Cossack guards."

devoted to police affairs a small apartment, the door of which was closed. Turning, to see that Neslerov was not in the hall—she did not care for the guests—she entered. Sitting there in lonely state was a man. He was not particularly agreeable looking and seemed to be of a stupid order.

"Are you not being feasted with the others?" asked the princess.

"No; they forget poor Itzig," was the reply.

"What is your duty here?"

"To guard the door to the passage yonder. Stupid! No one could enter. The key never leaves the pocket of the superintendent of police."

Jansky had been constant in his attendance at the bottle and already showed the effect of his heavy potations.

"You shall not be overlooked," said Olga. "I will send you some refreshments."

She first went to her room and returned to the banquet hall. She ordered one of the servants to open a fresh bottle of wine, which was done. Then a tray was prepared, and she ordered it taken to Itzig. Quickly, without a second's delay, a small vial in her hand was emptied into the wine.

"Take this also," she said.

When she returned to the throng, the guests were leaving. They came in throngs to bid her adieu, and she saw the last one leave. Jansky, Neslerov and the servants were left.

"I am exhausted," said Neslerov. "I feel completely worn out. And you, cousin, must be weary also."

"I am," she answered. "I shall not be long getting to sleep."

"Nor I. I hope you enjoyed your ball."

"Very much. I thank you for the kind attention. And now good night."

"Good night."

"I'm going, but I shall first make a round of inspection," said Jansky. "There being no guard this morning, it will do no harm. It will not be daylight for two hours."

They parted, and Olga went to her room, but not to sleep. Therese was asleep in a chair, waiting for her mistress.

"Therese!" said Olga.

"Oh, pardon me! I was asleep!" said Therese, starting up.

"Hush! I do not wish any one to hear us. I have work for us both to do."

"I am ready. Command me, princess."

"I know, faithful Therese, but this is work that will require all your nerve. Listen. The ball is over and the guests have gone. Chance has favored us tonight. It has enabled me to plot and plan for what we are to do. Neslerov dismissed the guard, and there will be in a short time no one awake in the palace. The superintendent of police carries the key to the dungeons, and he is now half drunk. The door to the dungeons is guarded by a stupid fool named Itzig. I found him at his post, and sent him a bottle of wine and tray of food. Into the wine I poured that vial of toothache medicine I obtained from you. It is enough to make any one sleep for hours. Where Jansky sleeps I do not know; but we must find him. We must wait—it is too soon—but in half an hour it will be safe to descend. Jansky said it would not be daylight for two hours. That will give us an hour and a half to work."

"And that work?"

"To release the American and Vladimir from the dungeons and send them to old Paulpoff to get him to safety. He must not be harmed, for we want his testimony."

"Good!" said Therese, with a shiver. "It is grand—but dangerous."

Olga opened a traveling bag and took therefrom a silver mounted revolver.

"I do not wish to kill," she said; "but if we are discovered there will be trouble, and I must succeed. Come now, for the honor of the Neslerovs and the house of Graslov!"

The princess opened her door and peered into the corridor. The lights were still burning as brightly as during the ball, but no one was in sight. "Come—all is silent as the grave," she said. "Even if we meet some one, it will not cause suspicion."

### GUSTAVUS F. SWIFT DEAD

Pioneer Packer Passes Away at His Home in Chicago.

BUSY LIFE ENDS AT SIXTY-THREE

Death Results From Internal Hemorrhages Following Surgical Operation and Was Entirely Unexpected—President of Big Concern Leaves Millions.

Chicago, March 30.—Gustavus Franklin Swift, president of the Swift Packing company, died at his home, 4848 Ellis avenue, of internal hemorrhages, resulting from a surgical operation performed several days ago. Mr. Swift was sixty-three years old.

The hemorrhage which caused Mr. Swift's death resulted from an operation for an infection of the gall bladder, performed March 22. His death was entirely unexpected, both by Mr. Swift's family and his physicians. He had given every indication of recovery and all danger was considered passed. No arrangements for the funeral have yet been made.

Gustavus Franklin Swift began his business career as a butcher and died leaving a fortune estimated at from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000. This fortune was made in the course of forty-five years. He was born at Sandwich, Mass., in June, 1839. He opened a small butcher shop in his native town. He removed to Boston when he was less than thirty years old. He remained in Boston until 1875, when he came to Chicago. In this city he engaged in the same business which he had left in Massachusetts and developed the department of shipping live cattle to eastern markets. In 1877 he evolved plans for the first refrigerating car and dressed meats, instead of live animals, were shipped to eastern cities. Mr. Swift was not only the oldest "packer" at the time of his death, but he was the originator of the method that has made many large fortunes. From the small plant started in 1877 has developed a great corporation, with branches in St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, St. Paul and Fort Worth, and with distributing offices in every important city and town in the United States and with representatives in the leading cities of Europe, Asia and Africa. His employees number 22,607.

Mr. Swift was the father of eleven children, nine of whom survive him: Louis F., Edward L., George H., Ruth M., wife of Ernest E. Evers; Gustavus Franklin, Jr., and Harold H., all of whom live in Chicago.

Mr. Swift trained all of his sons in the packing business. His oldest son, Louis F. Swift, is vice president of the company, and all the other sons hold responsible positions in it.

J. Ogden Armour, when told of Mr. Swift's death, said: "I am very sorry to hear it. Mr. Swift was a great man, a great organizer, and had great ability. He left a business of tremendous proportions, but left it in good shape, so that it can not be hurt by his death. His sons are fully competent to manage it, in fact, have been doing so for some time. Over a year ago Mr. Swift began to turn the reins over to them, as though preparing for this."

MacDonald to Be Buried in Scotland. London, March 30.—The dispatch of the remains of Major General Hector MacDonald, who committed suicide in Paris, to Scotland by train, was the occasion for a remarkable demonstration, owing to the fact that his widow has decided that the burial shall take place at 6 o'clock in the morning. Immediately after the arrival of the body at Edinburgh. Hundreds of Scotchmen gathered at the railway station here. Most of the Scotchmen wore their national costumes, wreaths were placed on the coffin in the name of the different clans and the pipers played national dirges as the body was entreated.

To Ratify Treaty by Cable. Washington, March 30.—Although somewhat out of the regular order, the expectation is that informal exchanges of ratification of the Cuban treaty will be made tomorrow by telegraph, so as to meet the requirements that ratification shall be had by the 31st of the present month, when the limit of time expires. Formal ratification by the usual method will be had later. Minister Squiers has notified Secretary Hay of the action of the Cuban senate in ratifying the treaty without the time-limit amendment.

Missoula, Mont., March 30.—A delegation of Indians left for Washington to lay before the president a complaint against the taxation of their cattle at \$1 a head.