

ARE YOU GOING TO THE FAIR?

If so now is the time to decide what you intend Wearing!

We have tried to anticipate your needs and we believe that an examination of our stock will convince you that we have succeeded. For the next month we have decided to place on sale seasonable merchandise at prices that you can't afford to overlook. This month's bargain story will be one to interest every buyer of Dry Goods and wearing apparel. With the closing day of May the Spring season ended. We are determined to close out all Spring stock in order to be ready for the Summer campaign, which opens with the early days of June. Examine carefully the following:

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT

Oxfords for waists, worth 15c, at..... 12 1/2c
 Poplin Rayee for waists, worth 25c, at..... 20c
 French Flaked suiting, worth 50c, at..... 40c
 French Flaked Suiting, worth 40c, at..... 30c
 Pongee Silk, worth 85c, at..... 75c
 Ladies' Waists, carried from last season, slightly damaged, worth 50c, 60c and 75c, at..... 25c
 Ladies' Waists, carried from last season, slightly damaged, worth 75c to \$1.50, at..... 65c
 25 per cent off on all dress trimmings.
 25 per cent off on all Torchon and Valenciennes Lace-Ladies' Collars, worth 50c and 60c, at..... 40c
 Ladies' Collars, worth 35c, at..... 25c



GROCERY DEPARTMENT

Be sure to look over the following prices in groceries:
 Clipper Corn at..... \$2.15 case
 Meadow Corn at..... 2.30 "
 Apples, 1 gal. can..... 30c
 Peaches, 1 gal. can..... 30c
 E. J. Peas, 3 cans for..... 25c
 2 lb cans Ochre and Tomatoes 3 cans for..... 25c
 Uwanta Tomatoes, 3 cans for..... 25c
 3 cans of all kinds of California fruits for..... 50c
 18 lbs Y. C. Sugar, the best, for..... \$1.00
 Dry Salt Bacon, per lb..... 9c
 Grape Nuts, 2 packages for..... 25c
 Sioux Soap, 7 bars for..... 25c
 Remember, these prices are for June only.

WRIGHT, GAMBLE & COMPANY.

THE MYSTERY OF GRASLOV

By Ashley Towne

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CHAPTER XVI.

MAMMA PAULPOFF AVENGED.

It was midnight in Tomsk, and the palace of the governor was still. Jansky and Unsethoph had ridden away to overtake Denton at Tivoloffsky, Itzig was at his post in the guardhouse and the new lieutenant of the palace guard paced his measures through the deserted corridors.

But Neslerov was not asleep. Feverish and impatient, he sat in his room, awaiting the return of his police with the American, whose liberty was a menace to the life of Neslerov. He drank deeply from time to time from a bottle that stood on his table. If he spoke, he did it with a loud voice, but no one was near. His thoughts were spoken thus, as with a man half mad with fear.

"Heavens!" he said as he drank again. "If he reaches Perm, and the truth is known, I shall—what will become of me?"

He started as a light footstep sounded on the hard floor, and his haggard face grew paler as Princess Olga entered.

"Why are you awake?" he asked harshly. He was too excited to think of phrases.

"I could not sleep, and I knew you were not in bed," she answered. "I came to talk."

He stared at her. In his eyes she was as beautiful even as Frances Gordon, but his danger made him think her a tigress seeking to devour him. Yet he dared not show it.

"Why are you alone?" asked Olga. "You usually have Jansky, the superintendent of police, with you?"

"Jansky! away. A noted prisoner has escaped and the superintendent has gone to retake him."

"I heard a commotion. I supposed it was something of that kind. Was it a Russian?"

"Yes—a nihilist."

"I hope they will capture him."

"They will! They must!" said Neslerov fiercely.

Olga's eyes were veiled—they did not betray her thoughts.

"There is much concerning this system that is new to me, and it will take long for me to learn it all. I am al-

ready weary with the little I have done."

"Better leave it alone. It is a business for men, not princesses," said Neslerov.

"The study has made me wakeful. Bring me some wine."

He opened a bottle.

"It has puzzled me why you do not marry," he said, trying to hide his fear of her as he poured out a glass of wine.

"Why should I?" she asked. "I have not yet found among the nobles of Russia the man I would marry."

"What sort of man must he be to please you, cousin?"

He was sparring for time. Any hour might bring Jansky back with Denton. Then he could play his part in safety. But with Denton at liberty he dared not act.

"Oh," said Olga, "to please me a man must be honorable, strong and wise. He must not be bound by custom, nor yet must he scorn it. There are ways—in the world we live in there are ways—of being great without being eccentric and without following the lead of others. A man whom I love must be patient and must not use his strength against the weak."

A sarcastic smile crossed his lips.

"You must look outside of Russia," he said.

"Perhaps," she answered. "But you have not pledged me. Must I drink alone?"

His eyes snapped with the remembrance that Olga and Itzig had been drugged. But she was so handsome, so smiling, that no sign of evil intent was in her face.

"From your hand," he answered, with a show of gallantry.

She poured him a glass of wine, and they drank. For a moment he waited, as if half expecting to fall asleep. But the wine had no ill effect, and they chatted on. But Neslerov grew more impatient as the night wore on. Why did this girl persist in staying up and talking to him? What was in her mind? Was there another plot? He paced to and fro in the room as he spoke. When his back was turned, she made a quick movement and dropped something—not into the wine bottle.

out into the bottle of liquor from which Neslerov drank.

"I think I will retire," said the princess. "It is late, and perhaps I can sleep now."

"I hope you will find rest," he said. She went out. Neslerov watched her with a dark, saturnine face. What did she mean? He poured out a liberal dose of liquor. The wine was too weak for him. He needed something to steady his shaken nerves. He drank it. In five minutes he was staring blankly at himself in a glass.

"What is this—this feeling?" he muttered. "That she devil! I am poisoned! What trick is this? Help! Guard! Lieutenant of the guard!"

The young officer heard, and ran to him.

"Your excellency called," he said.

"Yes—quick—I am poisoned—I am drowsy—bring Princess Olga—quick!"

The lieutenant, wild with apprehension, rushed to Olga's room.

"His excellency the governor wants you," he panted. "He is poisoned."

"He is not poisoned," answered Olga calmly. "He is merely going to sleep. I want you to stay away from him, and I want you to keep quiet."

The officer stared.

"What do you mean? He is ill! The governor called me and sent for you."

"I am going to him, but you must not."

"But I must. It is my duty!"

"Whom do you obey?"

"Neslerov, governor of Tomsk."

"Then from this moment you obey me. Read this!"

She placed before him the same paper she had shown Dermsky, his fellow officer. His eyes started from his head.

"The seal of the czar!" he cried, and he, like Dermsky, fell to his knees. "I obey—command me!" he exclaimed.

"Remain quiet. I did not come to Tomsk for nothing. This night we'll mean much to Russia. Work will be done that will right a terrible wrong."

All you need do is to remain quiet and do not attempt to interfere."

"I dare not!" he said. "You have the seal of the czar! It commands all to obey you! I obey!"

She left him, staring and wondering, and went to Neslerov. The governor was drooping. He opened his eyes as she entered.

"You!" he hissed as he tried to regain his strength. He would have killed her.

"Yes, I!" she answered quietly. "You will sleep. It will not be long."

"What will you do?" he asked, with a curse.

"My work," she answered. "I shall release him—Vladimir."

and my prisoner escaped."

"True," said Olga. "And now the other. You were with Jansky and the governor when they visited him. You know where he is."

"I know not," grumbled Itzig.

"That is false. I heard them speak of you to Unsethoph. Will you guide me to his dungeon? Open the door!"

"I cannot. The key is with Jansky. It is never out of his hands."

"Oh, heaven!" cried Olga. "Have I made this terrible mistake?"

"The key is Jansky's," said Itzig. "No one goes to the dungeon save by his orders."

"Break down the door."

"Impossible! It is heavy oak. I have no ax."

She turned from him and fled to the stairs.

"Lieutenant!"

The young officer, with visions of mines and the knout and wondering where this complication would end, answered her.

"Come here," she said. "I want this door opened."

He looked at the door and at Itzig.

"Jansky has the key, and he is gone," said Itzig.

"We must open it, if the princess says so," said the officer.

"What! You disloyal to Neslerov?"

The officer smiled and looked at Olga.

"We must take off the hinges," he said. "I will get the tools."

He was gone but a moment, and when he returned he attacked the screws that held the great iron hinges.

"I will alarm the governor!" cried Itzig, leaping upon him.

"Stand back! Keep your hands off!" ordered Olga, aiming her revolver at him. "I have commanded, and I will be obeyed!"

"You have no authority!" said Itzig, covering before the pistol.

"I have this."

She showed him the paper. His face grew white, and he sank shivering to the floor.

"The seal of the czar! Oh, princess, I did not know! I obey! I will do anything!"

"Help open the door."

The hinges were soon off and the door was opened. The iron gate resisted the united efforts of the two, but they sawed out the lock.

"Take the lantern!" commanded the princess.

Trembling in every fiber, Itzig lighted a lantern.

"Lead the way to the dungeon where Vladimir is concealed."

"I obey."

"And I will guard you, princess," said the officer.

Thus they descended the stairs, Itzig leading with the lantern, Olga following and the officer close behind her ready to protect her. Potent was the seal of the czar.

They found the giant blacksmith in his chains. The hunger he felt had not yet sapped his strength. The key the

princess had taken from its peg soon released him.

"Come!" she said.

"But who are you, and what does this mean?" he demanded.

"Come! We have no time to waste with words. Tonight you have the work of your life to do. Come!"

The four ascended, and Itzig extinguished his lantern. The eyes of Vladimir blinked as he entered the great hall, which was kept lighted all night.

"You are Vladimir," said the princess. "I am Olga of the Neslerovs. Do you know the story of the picture?"

"The little picture," cried Vladimir eagerly—"the little one that Papa Paulpoff said he found? Yes; he told it to me and to the American one day in the hut at Tivoloffsky."

"Then you know the truth. The American was to go to Perm and start the investigation."

"Yes, but he was brought here."

"I released him last night. He went from here to Tivoloffsky to bring Papa Paulpoff to tell his story before the governor general, who has not yet arrived. Jansky, the superintendent of police, and Unsethoph have gone to fetch him. They will kill him; they will not risk taking him alive. It is your duty to ride to Tivoloffsky—ride as for your own life—and save the American and Papa Paulpoff. Bring them here. Do you understand?"

"Yes; but a horse."

"Lieutenant, in the name of the czar, the fleetest horse in the stables for Vladimir."

"I obey—the fleetest horse."

"Will you eat?"

"Eat! With the American and Papa Paulpoff in danger! No; but a drink of wine."

He watched her as she stepped into Neslerov's room. He saw the governor.

"Neslerov!" he said. "Is he dead?"

"No. I drugged his liquor. Here is wine. It is not drugged. I drank of it myself."

He drained the glass, and the officer entered.

streets. Right when he knew the way to the hut where Mamma Paulpoff was murdered. Two horses stood before the door. His own dashed up and whinnied. They were from the governor's stables. Like a madman he leaped from the saddle to the ground. He heard shouts, a pistol shot.

It was something like a demon that Jansky and Unsethoph saw coming in like a whirlwind. In a corner crouched Papa Paulpoff, trembling and white with terror. On the floor lay Denton, unconscious, with the mark of a bullet in his forehead and the blood streaming over his upturned face. Jansky was bending over him.

"Who is this?" cried Unsethoph as Vladimir entered.

The blazing eyes of the avenger took in the whole scene. A small lantern stood on the floor.

"I am your master!" cried the blacksmith, and the words were as if roared by a lion.

With a leap he landed between the two. Jansky's pistol and Unsethoph's knife were drawn. Vladimir's right hand closed on Unsethoph's neck. His left shot toward Jansky, and the superintendent of police was powerless in that terrible grasp.

"Now pray to heaven," cried Vladimir. "For this hour is to be your last! In this house you killed that poor old woman who had loved me. Here you have come to kill the American and Papa Paulpoff. Die like the dogs of murder that you are! For your crimes take this! And this!"

With his muscles of iron he brought their heads together with a crash.

"And this!" repeated Vladimir, swinging them apart and then together again.

Flinging Jansky from him with a curse, he stooped quickly, seized Unsethoph by the legs and swung him in the air. He brought his head against the rude wooden wall, and the blood spouted from his mouth. Jansky, with chattering teeth, tried to get his pistol aimed at the giant's head, but Vladimir caught it round the waist and sent him, as an Indian throws a spear, into the corner of the room, where he lay motionless with a broken neck.

"Come, Papa Paulpoff," ordered Vladimir. "You are not injured. You are needed at Tomsk at once. But first I must get this poor fellow to a priest."

He picked up the bleeding and unconscious Denton and set off with him to a nearby cottage. The priest admitted him, knowing his voice.

"What is your burden?" cried the priest. "What terrible thing has been done in Tivoloffsky tonight?"

"Nothing much," said Vladimir calmly. "I have killed two wolves."

[To Be Continued.]

The St. Louis Republic and Canyon City News both one year for \$1.80.