

# The Trail of the Dead:

THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE  
OF DR. ROBERT HARLAND

By B. FLETCHER ROBINSON and J. MALCOLM FRASER

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## CHAPTER XII.

We drew up swiftly—four hundred yards, three hundred yards, one hundred—

And then, with a short, fierce bark of rage, the Pole dragged out his revolver and fired. As he did so, the sharp hum of a bullet, like the buzz of an angry bee, fled over us. I ducked my head at the sound; but I gave myself the credit of saying that I poked it up again the next moment.

"May the fiend grip him, but he has a Mauser pistol!" cried Reski, and I saw that the weapon in his own hand was of the common bulldog make. "At this range I can do nothing against him."

He lashed his horses, and they plunged gallantly forward. I could see that Marnac had stepped his sleigh and was cutting his weapon with a perfect coolness. Even at that distance I seemed to feel the gurgling murder in his eyes.

"Eipi! eipi! He had missed again! Thump! I saw one of the galloping horses stagger, and then his head and shoulders seemed to fall away, as if he had dropped forward into a hole. There was a bumping and a twisting wrench, the snow by the roadside seemed to spring up at me, and the next instant I was struggling in cold, blinding darkness."

I wriggled out from the drift, gasping, with the flakes in my mouth and eyes. The sleigh was twisted across the road, half covering the dead horse. The other two had scrambled to their feet and now stood shivering, with drooping heads. The fall had knocked the heart clean out of them. Reski lay beside them, huddled where he had fallen. Eighty yards away Marnac had stopped and was watching us. He seemed satisfied with what he saw, for presently he turned and, lashing his team, trotted on down the road.

I don't suppose it was more than a couple of minutes before Reski came round, though it seemed long enough to me. He had got a nasty thump on the head, but as a matter of fact his wrist turned out to be the more serious business, being very badly sprained indeed. I made a sling out of a neck wrap and fixed him up as well as I was able. The man had a remarkable vitality, besides brute courage, for the moment I had finished, he walked over and examined the sleigh.

It looked hopeless enough. One of the runners had been torn almost clean away, and the central part was badly cracked. The body of the poor lad Ivan lay on his back in the roadway, staring up at the sky. I threw a rug over it.

"Well, we can't go on, that's certain," I said.

"Not in the sleigh, mein Herr," he answered calmly.

"And how else?"

"There are the horses, one for each. When you have freed them of their harness, I will ask you to assist me to mount."

There was no good arguing with him, and I was ashamed to seem less eager than a man in his crippled condition. With his clasp knife I cut the twisted traces away and freed them of their collars. At his direction I dragged the body of Ivan into the sleigh and left him there decently covered.

Reski mounted the stump of a tree, to which I led the stronger of the pair.

I was a fairly good rider, but I was excessively stiff from my long drive, and not a little shaken by my fall. My beast seemed to have the sharpest knife-edge of a back that Nature ever gave to horseflesh. But, after all, there was nothing to be gained by grumbling. Perhaps I was growing wiser by painful experience.

A curious pair we must have looked that morning. Reski, with his arm in a sling, and the butt of his revolver peeping from his waist belt, would have made as good a stage brigand as need be. For myself, I was in too much of immediate pain from the jolting trot of the brute I rode to carry a formidable appearance. I could never have imagined that a horse lived with such adamantian fetlocks as mine seemed to possess.

I have no exact record of the time, but I should imagine that it was about half an hour later that we sighted Marnac again. He was then a good three-quarters of a mile ahead, but traveling leisurely. Also, I was very glad to notice that we were free of the waste lands, and that the spire of a church was poking out amongst some poplars ahead of him. He would never dare to use his revolver a second time when men were about. Also, we might procure another sleigh and team.

Reski sent his heels into his horse, and we quickened our pace, though the poor brutes were getting very done and drove heavily along with hanging heads. It was about then that I noticed a man behind us.

We were topping a slight rise when I looked round. He was then some distance in our rear, but coming up fast. As far as I could make out, he was in a sort of uniform and well mounted. The possibility of official help was very pleasant.

We were gaining on Marnac, who had not yet noticed us.

With clicks and curses from Reski, and the application of a hazel branch from myself, we had squeezed a lumbering gallop out of our horses. The sleigh was not more than one hundred yards away. Reski gripped his reins in his teeth and drew his revolver.

"Stop, there! Stop, I say, in the name of the law!"

It was the man from behind who halted us, but we rode on.

"Stop, or I fire!"

I pulled up. I don't think it was very cowardly when you think of it. Besides, I was anxious to explain.

Reski rode on.

The man who had shouted flashed by me, traveling at an easy gallop. He was dressed in a neat green uniform and carried a drawn revolver.

Reski rode on.

It was all over in a moment. The stranger cried another warning, to which

the Pole answered with a snarl over his shoulder. The next instant there was a sharp report, and Reski's horse pitched forward, throwing his rider clear. He was then scarcely thirty yards from Marnac's sleigh.

The Pole was not hurt apparently, for despite his injured arm he scrambled to his feet in an instant. But he had lost his revolver in his fall and was helpless. He began a furious explanation in his national tongue, dropping the hated language of his Teuton conquerors.

"Speak in German, you Polish dog!" growled his captor, and then turning on me as I rode up—

"Here, you," he said, "dismount and stand by your accomplice. If you resist, I shoot!"

I obeyed. From his manner he was without doubt a policeman. Also I respect the law.

"Now, you," he said, addressing me, "explain if you can, who is that man you shot and left in the broken sleigh down yonder. Remember, it is against your life that you have already tried to escape and refused to surrender."

"There is the murderer, mein Herr!" I cried, pointing to Marnac's sleigh, now rapidly vanishing. "We were chasing him. Go after him at once, or he will get away."

The policeman laughed long and loud. "A pretty tale!" said he. "This dog of a Pole here has been in mischief, without doubt; and you, who are—"

"An Englishman," I said proudly.

"Aha! perhaps you thought you were once murdering the helpless Doer. A Pole and an Englishman! Ah, me! it is no wonder that together they hatched some fiendish contrivance."

It was no use to make a further appeal. Reski had seen that already. Side by side we tramped through the snow, with our captor and his ready pistol behind us. In half an hour we had reached the village we had seen ahead, and were lodged in a cell infamously damp and cold. All communication with our friends was refused till the arrival of some local magistrate.

As eleven o'clock hammered from the steeple outside, Reski raised his head from his chest and glared across at me.

"He will have arrived at Knosen," he said. "There is a great choice of trains."

It was true enough. Marnac had escaped us once again.

(V.—THE ANONYMOUS ARTICLE.)

In my narrative of the pursuit of Prof. Rudolf Marnac, it will have been observed that Fortune had been cold to us. In the incident which I now relate we were to some extent more favored; for though our supreme object was not achieved, we were yet enabled to save the life of her who is dearest to me in all the world.

I have told you of the homicidal mania which fell upon the professor, and of the series of events which caused my cousin, Sir Henry Graden, the eminent scientist and explorer, to be associated with a Heidelberg student, as I then was, in an effort to contrive his capture. How we failed to bring about the murderer's arrest in Poland, through the stupidity of a forest guard, I have already explained. By the time I had obtained my release, Marnac had again disappeared. A linguist well provided with money, and on all points but one perfectly sane, had no difficulty in finding refuge in the cities of Europe.

I have been in some doubt as to the best means of briefly describing the present incident. Miss Mary Weston, with whom I discussed the matter, at once offered to place her diary at my disposal. Upon its perusal I suggested that she should herself extract the necessary items, adding such introduction and explanatory notes as seemed necessary. To this she has very kindly consented; and the first portion of this remarkable story I therefore leave in her hands.

MISS MARY WESTON'S NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was in the winter of 1899 that my father's health began to fail. In the May of the following year I returned from my school near Paris, and instead of entering at Girton, as my father had previously arranged, I became his secretary. I was then just eighteen. I did the very best I could, and in his dear, kind way, he made me forget my miseries at the endless blunders I committed. You see, there were only we two; for my mother died shortly after I was born, and I was their only child. We saw few people at our little house, which was on the Trumpington road, just outside Cambridge. Ladies I met would often pity me for the dull and lonely life I led, and that used to make me very angry. We were never dull or lonely, my dear father and I.

It may seem absurd that so distinguished a man as Dr. Weston, M. A., D. Sc., F. R. S., the Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge, should have relied on the help of a half-educated school girl. But he was always pleased to say that my love and sympathy were worth far more to him in his work than if he had been served by the cleverest woman that ever headed an honor list.

I will remember the appearance of Prof. Marnac's book, "Science and Religion," which was published simultaneously in German and English at the beginning of the June of that year. My father was violently opposed to it, but I was far more concerned over the state into which it threw him than I was about the book, which, as a matter of fact, I never read. He dictated to me a most severe criticism, which at his instructions I sent to the editor of the University Review at 102A, Henrietta street, Covent Garden, London. The article was signed "Cantab," a pseudonym that my father often used, as he had the greatest objection to publicity.

About ten days after the August University appeared—that being the number which contained his article—my father received an anonymous letter. It was my duty to open and sort his correspon-

dence, and I was thus able to intercept it. It was addressed to "Cantab," and had been forwarded, unopened, by the editor of the review. The envelope bore a German stamp, but the post-mark had been smudged and was quite unrecognizable. The letter was neatly written in English. It consisted almost entirely of the most violent personal threats against my father. The writer declared that he would soon find out "Cantab's" real name, and would suitably repay him for his slanders against the greatest scientific work of the century. I was very frightened about it, but several friends to whom I showed the letter laughed away my fears, saying it was undoubtedly the work of some madman, and advising me to burn it. This I did. I never mentioned the affair to my father, whose health was giving me great anxiety at the time.

During September my father had taken a cottage on the Cornish coast, and when the end of the Long Vacation came, the doctors forbade his return to Cambridge. I had hard work to persuade him that it was best to obey their orders; but at last he gave in, and we settled down for the winter.

The cottage was built at the foot of a low hill strewn with boulders and torn by the autumn rains. Upon its summit the chimney of an abandoned tin mine rose against the sky like a vast flagpole, with roofless buildings grouped around it in melancholy decay. It was always a depressing spot to me, and I rarely visited it, though the view was splendid. About half a mile before the cottage the moorland ended abruptly in a line of glorious cliffs, two hundred and fifty feet of granite and shining porphyry from brow to breaker. This was my favorite walk. I loved to crawl to the edge, that I might peer over at the reefs that sprang out from the tumbled rocks at the cliff feet like the bones of a giant's hand. I have lain thus for hours watching the great rollers advancing in that stately, inexorable march of theirs, rank following rank, until they burst in thunderous green fountains of foam. Sometimes, when a fierce wind blew from the southwest, the spray they hurled into the air would wet my face, even where I lay so infinitely far above them.

Between the cottage and the cliff the ground dipped into a little glen, or gully, as the country folks called it, shaded with stern-foliated trees and deep with gorse and ferns. Through it ran our cart track, winding down to the fishing village of Polverton, where the tiny, stone-roofed houses clung to a gap in the cliff wall like barnacles on a rock.

Besides my father and myself, Marjory, our cook-housekeeper, who had been with us ever since I could remember, was the only other inhabitant of the cottage. On Tuesdays and Thursdays a red-checked maid, who had quite remarkable powers of breaking crockery, came to help from Polverton.

So were living on Nov. 27. From that date I will chiefly rely upon my diary for the details of my terrible experience. Please do not laugh at the fern in which I wrote it. Mr. Harland has asked me to make no alterations, and so here it is.

(To be continued.)

Cheers for John Bunyan.

Even the unemployed do not begrudge recognition of merit where it is deserved. At least, so it would seem by a story told in the London Daily Mail.

A stalwart Bedford police constable was escorting a small army of men who were out of work, the other day, seeing them safely off the premises, as it were. "This is John Bunyan's house we're coming to," he said.

"Who's 'er?" roared a dozen men from the ranks.

"Wy," ventured one man, "'e wor a tinker, wotn't 'e?"

"Ay," chorused a dozen more.

"Wy, wot's the extry special 'bout being a tinker?" queried a discontented individual. "I be a tinker, too, but nobody's a-comeing around looking at my 'ouse."

"For two good reasons, 'Arry."

"Wot be them?"

"You ain't got no 'ouse to begin with, and you ain't John Bunyan, ayther."

Loud laughter greeted this sally.

"But wot else did this 'ere Bunyan do asides tinkering?"

"Wy, ye chump, 'e wrote a book called 'Pilgrim's Progress,' or summat."

"Wy, then, that be all areet for us. We be pilgrims sure enough, and we be making progress, so three cheers for owd John Bunyan!"

The hundred and fifty of the unemployed burst into ringing cheers and resumed their march.

Not to Be Trusted.

After a wordy argument in which neither scored two Irishmen decided to fight it out. It was agreed that when either said "I've enough" the fight should cease.

After they had been at it for about ten minutes one of them fell and immediately yelled: "Enough! I've enough!"

But his opponent kept on punching him until a man who was watching said:

"Why don't you let him up? He says he's got enough."

"I know he says so," said the victor, between punches, "but he's such a liar you can't believe a word he says."—Washington Post.

Rival News Interest.

Towne—So Greathead is dying, eh? Is he resigned?

Browne—Yes, he is now, but the excitement over the San Francisco disaster had him worried for a time.

Towne—Why, how?

Browne—It occupied so much space in the newspapers he was afraid his obituary would be slighted.—Philadelphia Press.

No Pretense.

"So you want to work?"

"Please don't misunderstand me. I don't want to work, but I've got to."—Philadelphia Ledger.

# JUAN FERNANDEZ LOST



Some of Alexander Selkirk's Harmsworth perpetually confused with Dale or which Dale is the

aval, they fled, leaving behind the black man who reappears in story as Crusoe's man Friday. The English vessel, the Cinque Ports, arrived in 1704, having for mate Alexander Selkirk, the original of Robinson Crusoe. No need to go into the familiar story of his adventures, nor to question how closely the novelist adheres to fact in what is undoubtedly the most fascinating story of adventure ever written.

The narrow ridge where Selkirk watched is now called The Saddle, because at either end of it a big rocky hummock rises like a pommel. Boys and girls of two or four generations ago will recall very readily those lines of Cowper on the life of Alexander Selkirk, beginning as follows:

I am monarch of all I survey;  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the center all round to the sea,  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

O solitude! where are the charms  
That ages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.

On one of these rocky hummocks there had been placed a large tablet with inscriptions commemorating Alexander Selkirk's long and lonely stay. It was placed there in 1808 by the officers of the British ship Topaze and reads as follows:

In Memory of Alexander Selkirk,  
Mariner.

A Native of Largo, in the County of Fife, Scotland.

Who Lived on This Island in Complete Solitude for Four Years and Four Months.

He Was Landed from the Cinque Ports, Galley, 96 tons, 16 guns, A. D. 1704, and was taken off in The Duke Privateer, 12th Feb., 1709.

He Died Lieutenant of H. M. S. Weymouth, A. D. 1723, aged 47 years.

This Tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout by Commodore Powell and the officers of the H. M. S. Topaze, A. D. 1868.

All boys, old as well as young, were deeply interested in a report concerning the fate of that romantic spot in the south Pacific Ocean known as the Island of Juan Fernandez, where dear, delightful old Robinson Crusoe made imperishable fame for himself, largely because there were no theaters or fraternal organizations to distract his attention. At least, that is what many believe, though a few who profess to know stoutly aver that Crusoe never existed except in the vivid imagination of Daniel Defoe, author of the story, who based his yarn on events in the life of Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who spent several years in the solitude of this rocky protuberance in the vast Pacific, 400 miles off the coast of Chile.

During the recent quake that shook up Valparaiso it is said the Island of Juan Fernandez disappeared, leaving neither track, trace nor semblance of the romantic spot. What a pity! It must have made the water bubble when it went under, for it was about six miles broad by eighteen in length and covered with rocky peaks, the highest having an elevation of about 4,000 feet.

The Island of Juan Fernandez was discovered in the sixteenth century by the companion of Pizarro, for whom it is named. It was once a nest of pirates, then a fortified Spanish station, later became a Chilean convict station, and of late has had over a score of peaceful inhabitants clustered in a valley hamlet.

Sharp, the English buccaner, made it the station from which he and his men sallied forth to ravage the Chilean coast. Pursued by a Spanish car-

ploded with terrible force. Thirty people were killed and thirty were injured. M. Stolypin escaped unhurt, but his daughter and little son were badly injured, the girl having had both of her legs shattered. Among the killed were a prince, a general, a colonel, a captain and two court officials. Of the four terrorists three were killed and the fourth was promptly arrested.

This attempt upon the life of Premier

TERRORISM IN RUSSIA.

The Frenzy of the Attack Made on Premier Stolypin's Life.

The desperate frenzy which fills the minds of the Russian revolutionary party, leading it to any extreme in order to visit punishment upon those whom it accuses of obstructing the attainment of political rights and a fuller measure of freedom, is well illustrated in the recent attempt upon the life of

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of France during its revolutionary outburst in the eighteenth century, has such a reign of terror prevailed as now reigns in Russia.

BEAVER FARM NO IDLERS' HOME.  
Furry Colonists Drive off Those Who Will Not Work.

On the farm of the Rev. W. E. Christmas, a few miles from this town, exists one of the few beaver farms of Canada, says a New York Post writer at Oxbow, Sask. Within the limits of the farm are five large dams, peopled by some 200 beavers. The banks of the farm are fringed with poplar trees, supplying the beaver with the best of building material and also with flax daily bread. According to a law passed in 1896, it is illegal to kill beavers until the fall of 1906, consequently this colony is waxing strong and multiplying very rapidly. Having been protected from the trappers for the past ten years, they are becoming very tame and do not seem to mind a casual on-looker, although they do most of their work by moonlight. One night these beavers cut down fifty-two trees, according to the Rev. Mr. Christmas, who takes a great deal of interest in his little tenants and watches carefully to see no harm comes to them.

These beavers are very industrious, and have no use for one of their number who refuses to do his share of the work. When such a member of the flock is noticed the others drive him away to live in solitude, and when such a beaver is found by a trapper they are known as bachelors. It takes the beavers but a short time to fell a large-sized tree, and they are able to throw it in any direction desired. When once felled the tree is quickly cut up into lengths for houses, dams, or food, as may be required. The house of the beaver is built on the bank of the river, with its entrance under water. Once having built the entrance the rest of the house is started, the whole colony working at the house until it is finished, and when completed it is warm, dry and cosy. Although it is impossible for beavers to live for long under distance, the entrance is built for some distance under the water, and then there is a long tunnel connecting the house with the water.

A beaver family usually consists of four or five, and comes into the world with its eyes wide open. The young ones live with their parents for two years and then they are made to shift for themselves. The full-grown beaver measures about two feet in length, with a tail some ten inches long, which he can use as a spade or a trowel as well as a paddle. The average age is 15 years, although some have been known to be as old as 20, but such cases are said to be rare. When the animal is 9 years of age its pelt is at its prime, and will fetch from \$10 to \$12 in Minneapolis.

The Parson's Run.

One of the traditional stories of the town of Fairfield, Conn., recounts a wild dash from the pulpit made by a worthy and beloved pastor of the Episcopal flock, Dr. Labaree.

It was on a Sunday more than a hundred years ago. The service had been read, the prayers said, the hymns sung, and the parson began his sermon. As he proceeded his gestures became very energetic. He brought his right hand down with great force. Then he turned pale, cleared the pulpit stairs at a bound, dashed out the church door and ran toward the pond a short distance away.

The congregation followed in bewildered pursuit, and saw their venerable pastor with flying robe rush into the water until it came to his neck. Then turning round, he faced his astonished audience and said:

"Dear beloved brethren, I am not crazy, as no doubt many of you think, but yesterday at the drug store I bought a bottle of nitric acid, and carelessly left it in my pocket to-day.

"My last gesture broke the bottle. I knew the suffering the acid would cause when it penetrated my clothing, and rushed for the water to save myself pain."

He drew several pieces of glass from his pocket in witness of the tale. Then he dismissed the company and hurried home.

"By a Neck."

In the lower Amazon country the temperature ranges about eighty-seven degrees in the shade all the year round, says the author of "Ten Thousand Miles in a Yacht." At Manaus, one thousand miles up the river, the temperature is six or eight degrees higher.

Thermometers are little used in that country, and little understood. So when a yachtsman returned down-river and was asked by an official at Para, "How is the temperature at Manaus?" his reply, "Eight degrees hotter than here," elicited a stare of non-comprehension.

"At Manaus," said the yachtsman in explanation, "I used to only wear six collars a day. Here in Para I wear only three a day."

This was perfectly clear to the Brazilian, whose face lighted with understanding.

Her Position.

"Do you think your latest matrimonial venture will be for the better of the worse?"

"I can't say," answered the sensational actress with a look of resignation. "Everything is now in the hands of my press agent."—Washington Star.

The first three lines of a wedding notice, stating who married whom, is all the information there is in the item.

Ever notice that "funny" looking people have "funny" looking company?



INSIDE OF THE VILLA AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

Premier Stolypin. For daring recklessness this attempt has few parallels, even in Russia.

M. Stolypin was holding a reception at St. Petersburg in his summer residence in Apothecary Island, a wooden building. The guests had assembled, when there arrived four men, to all appearances ordinary visitors. But, as the list of intending visitors had been closed, the servants would not allow them to enter. They thereupon attempted to force an entry into a room adjoining that in which the guests were assembled. In the struggle one of the men let fall a bomb, which ex-

ploded with terrible force. Thirty people were killed and thirty were injured. M. Stolypin escaped unhurt, but his daughter and little son were badly injured, the girl having had both of her legs shattered. Among the killed were a prince, a general, a colonel, a captain and two court officials. Of the four terrorists three were killed and the fourth was promptly arrested.

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