

What dangers lurk over the land?
And gathering tempests roar.
And fieldings glances and glances
Along the rocky shore.
What should us distract?
And health's shelter feel secure?
The Press, my friends, the Press!
What rulers fail their faith to keep,
And the secret name of Right?
Their silent voice fails;
What's in your heart, your head,
And stirs to set redress.
Who pleads her cause with Sharpe's voice?
The Press, my friends, the Press!

To keep the bone of our fathers,
The Press, my friends, the Press it speaks
The truth, the truth, the truth.
The truth, the truth, the truth.
A nation's deepest pride—
What's in your heart, your head,
That holds the tyrant in its grasp?
The Press, my friends, the Press!

The Press, my friends, the Press it speaks
The truth, the truth, the truth.
The truth, the truth, the truth.
It speaks, it speaks; it speaks;
Or voices, it thunder rolls!
The truth, the truth, the truth.
The truth, the truth, the truth.
Our champion, advocate, and guide—
The Press, my friends, the Press!

LOLA PULASKI;

The Victim of Circumstantial Evidence.

A Story of Nihilistic Plotting and Crime.

By LEON EDWARDSON.

CHAPTER V.

TERMINOUS CONVERSATION.

The secret police of Russia, ramify the empire, but as they never appear in uniform, they are, in truth, their appearance by which friend or foe can tell them from the ordinary people.

These secret police have often succeeded in joining the Nihilists and in this way have acquainted the authorities with their plots, but such traitors to the conspirators never escape detection, and their fate is invariably the bullet or the dagger, unless, indeed, they accept a bribe and fly the country, but even then they are nearly certain to be overtaken, for under different names the Nihilists are to be found in every civilized land.

It may be said also as an offset to this, that many of the Nihilists with the consent of their comrades become spies in the service of the Czar, the better to carry out their own schemes.

Indeed, there is no knowing where these secret plotters against tyranny are not, nor does the gloomy Autocrat of All the Russias, with all his power over the life of his subjects, know what moment his most trusted servants will rise against him.

Dr. Mulek was a Pole, and was one of the surgeons in the great military hospital situated on "The Grand Canal," as the principal outlet of the Neva is called.

Peter the student had been studying medicine for six years.

In America he would have been a doctor four years before this, but here he had yet a year to serve before the "student" could be taken from his name and the "doctor" placed before it.

He was thought to be poor and he supported himself by assisting Dr. Mulek and the other physicians of the military hospital, caring for the sick and instructing other students.

Dr. Mulek lived in the hospital, and Peter had rooms, no one knew where, perhaps because no one cared to inquire.

The night following the council, the doctor and Peter met in one of those queer, vault-like places that answer for wine cellars in the great metropolis.

"And so you saw Lola this evening," said Dr. Mulek, as he set his glass on the sloping little table between him and his companion, wiped his long beard on his sleeve, and adjusted his spectacles so that he might see as well as hear, for the light in the vault was dim.

"I saw her; walked home with her," concluded Peter the student.

"Quite an honor to escort the queen."

"It will be more of an honor to own her."

"I fear that will never be," said the Doctor, shaking his bushy head and adding, with a sigh: "Ah, love is stronger than patriotism, else why should a man of forty-six, think only of nations, when I go to see her."

"Ivan stands in your way and mine," said Peter, first looking round him, then speaking in a theatrical whisper.

"He does not like us."

"Hal he'd like us less if he knew us better. But I say, Doctor, we can make him serve our ends and get him out of the way."

"I am not a bad hand at a scheme, Peter," said the Doctor, closing one eye and keeping it closed till he had finished his sentence, "but I must confess we cannot see how this thing is to be done."

"Then I'll explain."

"Do so."

"Ivan loves Lola Pulaski?"

"So do others."

"He hates me and he hates you."

"That's his bad taste," growled the Doctor.

"Lola loves General Paul."

"More fool she."

"Yet she will strike the blow."

"I suppose so."

"But she must not be permitted."

"Who is to stop her, Peter?"

"I will."

"Yes."

"Doctor, I will have the blow struck before she can deal it."

"What! Do you mean that like a fool you will strike it yourself?"

"No, but I will madden Ivan Berger, bring him in."

"Madden him?"

"Yes, Doctor, I am to meet him here to-night, and I will show him that if Lola does this it means her death, whether she fail or succeed; then I will propose that he and I draw lots so as to save her. He will scorn my offer."

"Of course he will, Peter. But surely you do not mean to have our friend, the gallant General, put out of the way. Come them all yet he has been our friend," said the Doctor, with a show of feeling.

"And this will give you, Lola, and give me the fair Elizabeth."

"Wait a minute. If I work it to favor with the powers that be, then we can save her."

Mader Berger paid her for time and the Pulaski estates returned.

Oh I see it all through to the end, but we must be careful. Now, hide in the next recess, for it is time for Ivan to be here, and he is ever as prompt as a soldier."

As Peter the student ceased speaking a quick step was heard on the stone floor near the door; the Doctor sprang into another recess and let fall a curtain, and the next instant Ivan Berger appeared.

Peter pretended to be very glad to see him, but the young noble, for such a haughty civility, met him, as he sat down:

"Let us at once proceed to business."

"Will you not first have a glass of wine?" asked Peter, making as if he would top a dirty little bell on the table.

"Thanks; I never drink," said Ivan. "Ah, I forgot that. Drinking is a habit which all doctors preach against and most doctors practice. But let us to business, as you say."

Peter laid his hands on the table and bent over, so as to bring his face closer to Ivan's, and then he began to unfold his plan.

He managed the matter with wonderful adroitness.

From the very outset he made his companion believe that he, Peter, was indeed the man.

With the skill of a surgeon handling a scalpel, he traced out all the young man's sore nerves, and played upon his feelings, until at length Ivan struck the table with his clenched fist and hissed out, while his white teeth gleamed between his thin lips, like the fangs of a dagger blade:

"This, sir, is my work!"

"No. I'll draw lots with you for it. I know that I am only one of the common people, yet I have dared to work."

"I will hear no more!" said Ivan, rising.

"Patience, patience, kind friend! If you insist, I will yield at my place, but it is on one condition."

"You have no place to yield. Yet to show you that I am not insensible to the sacrifice you would make," said Ivan, softening, "I will show you your royal pleasure."

"It is that the work be done before forty-eight hours," said Peter, reaching out his hand.

"It will be done by that time, if General Paul appears on the streets of St. Petersburg."

Ivan shook the fellow's hand, and buttoning up his coat, it was none of the newest, he left the wine cellar.

"I should be called Paul," Dr. Mulek's intimation when he appeared, after Ivan had gone out of hearing.

"You would hardly expect me to be St. Peter, and keep such company," laughed the student, as he tapped the bell for more wine.

The men drank their wine, and soon after went out.

Although it had been dark for some hours it was still early in the night, for the midwinter days are very short in the regions of north latitude sixty degrees.

The streets were ablaze with light, and the crisp air thrilled to the music of bells and the laughter of merry sleighing parties.

Mounted guards rode hither and thither, and there were evidences of every day and that the ordinary life goes on in a great city were going on.

A muffled figure followed Dr. Mulek and Peter from the wine vault, keeping in the shadows till the two men parted, when it kept on after the student.

Peter did not walk like a conspirator who is afraid of being followed, but with a long, whistling stride he kept straight on, whistling the while as if he were the happiest man in the world.

He went straight to the Winter Palace, where the chief of the secret service had his official quarters, so as to "see the sacred person of the Czar."

He was followed by a guard to whom he showed a written pass, and he entered the palace without further molestation.

In the Hall of Knights, as it is called from the scores of life-size figures that line its marble walls, an official halted Peter, and demanded his object.

"I come to see his Excellency Prince Paul," was the reply.

"Who are you?"

Peter showed his pass and whispered something into the man's ear.

The pass and the word had a magic effect, for he was conducted up a grand flight of stairs into another hall, in which a brilliant roof blazed lights that looked like diamonds far off as the stars in an Arctic light.

Other guards were met and other challenges given, and at length Peter the student, bare-headed and somewhat armed, stood in the presence of General Paul.

"What brings you here, sir?" demanded the handsome soldier, with something like contempt in his manner.

"Danger to your Excellency," was the reply, accompanied by an abrupt bow.

"That is not news," said the General, turning with a smile to a number of his staff who was standing near.

"Excellency," stammered Peter, "I can only talk to you alone."

"So let it be; come with me."

The General spoke something to one of his officers, then led Peter into another room and closed the door; then throwing himself into a chair he said:

"If you are ready to speak, I am prepared to listen."

Peter couched: the pictures, all around seemed to have living eyes, and when he had, for a dozen arms, soldiers looked down from the lofty walls.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Czar.

Peter the student delivered his message, or warning, the details of which we shall pass over for the present, and General Paul dismissed him.

If the story of impending danger made any impression on the gallant young soldier it was not visible in his face.

He attended to some official duties, and was about to leave his office, when a messenger, dressed as a courier of the Czar, entered and handed him a note.

"From the Emperor!" exclaimed General Paul. Then in his ordinary tones he added: "Announce that I shall seek his Majesty's presence at once."

Saying that General Paul remained silent, the Czar looked quickly up and asked:

"What say you to that, my cousin?"

"Simply, sir, that Count Linwold has struck the key note to my objection," replied the General, with a cynical arching of his white brows, "the Czar's affectionate regards."

Saying that General Paul remained silent, the Czar looked quickly up and asked:

"What say you to that, my cousin?"

"Simply, sir, that Count Linwold has struck the key note to my objection," replied the General, with a cynical arching of his white brows, "the Czar's affectionate regards."

"I suppose so."

"But she must not be permitted."

"Who is to stop her, Peter?"

"I will."

"Yes."

"Doctor, I will have the blow struck before she can deal it."

"What! Do you mean that like a fool you will strike it yourself?"

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"Let us at once proceed to business."

"Will you not first have a glass of wine?" asked Peter, making as if he would top a dirty little bell on the table.

seen the beautiful Lola of late? By the way, Paul, I fear you and I might have had trouble about her, but as you are about to wed, at least for a time—"

At that instant the gentleman in waiting called to the General that the Czar was ready to see him, and so he could only bow to the Grand Duke Alexius, whose soft words had made him smile and brought a smiling and untroubled heart to his lips.

Spurred by a desire to please the Czar, he traced out all the young man's sore nerves, and played upon his feelings, until at length Ivan struck the table with his clenched fist and hissed out, while his white teeth gleamed between his thin lips, like the fangs of a dagger blade:

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