

I know a bad place to be; but I have no place to go. I have given up all hope; I'm the scoundrel, and he loves me, but I don't care. And you don't know.

He asked a question once of me. So soft and low: "What is the name of this place? By virtue of Leo's magic spell, but what I said I never told, and you don't know."

When I was talking, that comes again. Ring out and leave. When grass grows and trees bear fruit, we trust in you, and when we're dead, we leave it to you. Do you not care?"

Rock Hill, W. Va.

THE END OF ALL.

BY W. W. LEON.

When you are talking her from me, God is in the world. But when you are gone, when I leave it to you, for a brief time together, there'll be no one—God! all alone.

Leave us in the world. You dead in the world, when you have given up your presence. Come to me.

You will? Well, come, come, rest in my arms, this time, when you have given up your presence. Come to me.

Closes the 100—The gypsies are all sold, WHEELING, W. Va.

LOLA PULASKI;

The Victim of Circumstantial Evidence.

A Story of Meticulous Plotting and Crime.

BY LIMA EDWARD.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER BURNING OF THE BUILDING.

The night following the attack on General Paul, and at a time when the authorities were exercising more than ordinary vigilance to detect the meeting places of the Nihilists, a band of these conspirators met in the secret hall to which the reader was introduced on a former occasion.

As before, all the people—men and women—wore black gowns, and their faces were concealed by means of black masks.

The same soldierly figure occupied the position of presiding officer, and all these present fastened the bits of pasteboard, containing the figure by which he or she was to be known that night, to the top of the mask.

A curious thing about this meeting was that there was no writing to do and no documents to sign.

The conspirators, gaudily arrayed, to the hall were to announce the coming of the police, the disguises would vanish like a flash, and like magic the assembly would be transformed into an audience, listening to a lecture on some scientific subject.

There was a solemnity in the air tonight that was wanting on the occasions of the meeting to celebrate the new year, and to draw lots to see which of their number should strike down General Paul.

After a painful silence, the presiding officer rose, and said:

"Sisters and brothers, children of liberty, when last we met a faithful hand was chosen to strike down the tool of the tyrant, I am to-night informed that General Paul is dead, and that the widow and her son, Lola Pulaski, is in New York, charged with the offense, though she surely deserves it."

The speaker paused, and a murmur of applause, and a great shuffling of feet, and nervous couplings came from the audience.

"It is even thus," continued the leader, "that our faithful friends carry out their trust."

"I am relieved—indeed that the plot is now in the hands of those who are to carry it out."

"The selected numbers, and those only, will meet in our private room at the Cafe d'Amérique, so soon as this council is over."

Soon after this the meeting adjourned, and Doctor Mulek and Peter went out arm in arm.

"Well, Peter," said the Doctor, speaking in low tones as they walked along, "what do you think of this man?

"He is a scoundrel," said Peter.

"Where can he be hiding?"

"He must be at the hotel."

"Yes, and if we give him a chance, he will be at the hotel."

"Peter, I am to-night in charge. It is for me to see whether we shall brave the terror of the Nihilists or the minions of the Czar."

"I will not let you, Peter."

"And now, Peter, you are going to leave?"

"He told me he was going to do what that might force him to leave."

"Does Peter know if Ivan Berger did that act?"

"I know that the act is done, but know not who did it," replied Peter.

Another murmur of applause showed that the people understood very well the act to which Peter referred.

"In this case, the brother should have died," said the leader, "without notifying a friend of his purpose."

"Ivan Berger did not die," said a tall figure, rising to his feet, and pointing to the figure Twenty on top of his mask.

"How does our brother know?" asked the leader.

"Because Ivan Berger was seen in St. Petersburg to-day."

"By whom?"

"Did Twenty speak with him?"

"I heard him speak," replied Twenty.

"Do you object to telling what you heard?"

"He denied that he or Lola Pulaski had any hand in the slaying of General Paul," said Twenty in a ringing voice.

The leader evidently felt uncomfortable at this announcement, for he coughed, and asked in a voice that had in it an anxious tremor:

"What else did he say?"

"He said there were traitors; black, cowardly traitors, in this council, replied Twenty.

"The two people present, coupled on hearing this, and the other half raised their hands, threateningly and leaped to their feet, but Twenty still stood calm and unmoved.

"That is a serious charge!" said the leader.

"And a false one!" thundered Dr. Mulek, whose German accent betrayed him, though he was designated as number Ten.

"It is a charge," retorted Twenty, "that Ivan Berger declared he stood ready to prove, provided he was permitted to select a committee of men and women from this council whom he knew to be loyal to come here in person and prove: the charges before traitors would be to lay himself open to betrayal by the spies of the Czar who are now within hearing of my voice."

Twenty was on his feet, Dr. Mulek, whose German accent betrayed him, though he was designated as number Ten.

"I do not," replied Peter.

"It may be Ivan Berger."

"It is not his voice."

"But you know," said the Doctor, "he has the most astonishing command of language and voice; he is a wonderful actor."

When number Twenty ceased speaking, the leader, who now seemed to have regained his calmness, said:

"When Ivan Berger appears here

long in this position, for the police of St. Petersburg are both vigilant and suspicious.

He again resumed his walking, and with the quick, decided gait of a man who had a fixed destination in view.

One might think that Ivan Berger would have a horror of prisons, for if he had been suspected he would certainly be incarcerated, but now he hastened toward the place where Lola and her father were in durance.

"It is dangerous work to do, place my number in the bag and let it be drawn with my name on it."

"But how am I to know how to find you if you do not know me?"

"I shall find you. But that you may be responsible, I shall take you, on one condition."

"What is the condition?"

"That you do not look at it for three minutes after my leaving this room?"

"I agree," said the leader.

Twenty advanced, laid a card on the table, and then strode out of the room.

So eager were the people to hear the man that before the three minutes were half up they began calling out:

"Give us the name! Give us the name!"

The leader held the bit of white pasteboard to the light, and his hand trembled, as did his voice, when he called out:

"The card bears the name of Ivan Berger, student at the Royal Institute."

"Ivan Berger!" cried the people.

And Dr. Mulek and Peter put their heads together, and asked:

"What does this mean?" but neither attempted to answer the question.

After a time, the leader succeeded in obtaining order, and he then proceeded to stifle his ears out of all memory of Ivan Berger, by saying:

"The time has come, my friends, when we must strike at higher game. So far we have destroyed the servants of the Czar, now let us destroy the tyrant himself."

An audible gasp, as the people were taken with a sudden shuddering of breath, followed this proposition. Then came a murmur of applause.

At some length the audacious leader went to explain the methods by which the Czar of all the Russias could be slain, and the number of people necessary to do the work effectually.

Like a man discussing the most ordinary scientific topic, he spoke of the uncertainty and inaccuracy of the dagger and pistol, and of the utter impossibility of using poison in the food of his Majesty, though some of his cooks were Nihilists.

The destructive power of dynamite, when confined in glass bottles, was learnedly commented on; and the leader said in conclusion—or rather prior to the end of the six people, who were decided, would be necessary for the work:

"These bombs can be thrown from many points as there are thrown, and in the confusion that must necessarily follow, the death of the tyrant and the minimization of those by whom he is surrounded will be easily effected."

"Then, for God's sake, tell me!" exclaimed Ivan, leaning forward in his chair and resting one hand on his comrade's shoulder.

"I cast; at least not now," said Ivan, who did the deed," said Lance, striking his ponderous thigh with a blow that would have staggered an ox.

"Then, for God's sake, tell me!"

"Because there is a strong case against her. She was born beside the murdered man, and she has in her possession his revolver and other change discharged. Oh, I tell you it will go hard with her," sighed Lance, as he drained his glass and laid it down on the little table between them with a bang.

"I shall see her now," said Ivan, resolutely. "I will save her!"

"The Fraudulent Press.

An old fellow called on the manager of the Western bureau of press clipping.

"Look here," said he, "some time ago I heard of your institution thinking that it must be a good thing I joined it."

"What is your name?"

"Elie W. Botts."

"Yes, I remember, we have your name."

"I am a man of great importance—

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