

The Victim of Criminal Evidence.

A Story of Meticulous Plotting and Crime.

BY EDWARD BURKE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.
THE HOME.

Ivan Berger had already learned of the arrest of General Paul. Indeed, all St. Petersburg rang with the news of this arbitrary act.

The citizens spoke about it with suppressed indignation, and even the soldiers set their teeth as they whispered to each other the disgrace that had befallen their chief.

As if all the people could have shamed out their feelings that day, it would have been best for the free and the future of Russia, and it might have made the three of the czar's grace secure by making it more liberal.

But fear struck the people dumb, and an exaggerated confidence in his unlimited power made the sanguine confident.

As Ivan hurried along the streets he suddenly and unexpectedly found himself face to face with his mother and his beautiful sister, Elizabeth.

Even their loving eyes could not see through his masterly disguise, and they would have passed on had he not, with marvelous presence of mind and the skill of a born actor, touched his hat, and said, in the whispering tone which began to suddenly assume:

"Chevy, ladies, come for a pair of crippled soldiers that lost their right hands in the gallant General Berger against the Turcomans in Asia."

The ladies stopped, and Elizabeth asked:

"My poor fellow, did you know General Berger?"

"As well as I know myself; and I knew his son, Ivan. I knew him now. If you promise to make no outcry, I will take you where he is at this moment."

"We shall make no outcry. See, good men, we are very calm," said Madame Berger, composing her agitation with an effort. "I am Ivan Berger's mother; he has provoked the displeasure of the czar, but he is the son of the czar. This young lady is his mother. Tell us where we can find him, without fear, and we will not harm him, we shall pay you to the best of our ability."

"Ivan Berger is forced, for his own protection, to go in disguise; if I should take you to him, you would make an outcry and try to avenge him, so bringing ruin to him and yourselves."

"No, no. We are very calm," said Elizabeth. "Only let us see him, and we shall not even try to speak with him."

"Keep your promises, and you can speak with him."

"We do not see him," said Madame Berger, looking eagerly about her.

"Mother! Sister! I am Ivan! There, he came. See, I am safe. In a few days I may be free. I shall be here at the same time to-morrow. May Heaven guard and bless you, mother and Elizabeth."

With this, spoken in his natural voice, Ivan raised his hat to the ladies, and on the instant turned and walked on in his character of a crippled soldier.

Before he had seen his mother, his strong feelings of humanity so led his detectors of danger that threatened the life of the czar, that he would have saved him if he could.

But now, as he recalled the infamous wrongs his own dear ones had suffered at the hands of the tyrant, as he realized that he was himself a fugitive, with a price set on his head; as he pictured to himself the sufferings of Lola Pulaski, the sanguinary fires of hate in his heart blazed up again with volcanic fierceness, and he hissed between his teeth:

"Come the czar, and curse all the houses of Romanoff! May the brave sons of liberty, who have doomed him to death, be his life, his limb, and with the first blow, the lightning bolts the oak!"

He went to the Novo prison—or rather to a point from which he could look at the gloomy pile, with here and there a little grated window that resembled the embrasures in a fortress—and he wondered, as he walked back and forth, if Lola was in a position from which she could see him.

After a time he went into the little wine vaults under the prison walls, and where, it will be remembered, he met Max in a former occupation.

The proprietor was a nihilist, and knew Ivan.

The place was a favorite rendezvous for the most desperate section of the nihilists; men who delighted to call themselves "The Brotherhood of Death."

"What news, my brother?" asked the proprietor, of the wine vaults, as he drew Ivan into a recess at the further end of the apartment.

"Do you expect news?" was the reply.

"By St. Isaac, yes, and good news, too. Why, I thought you were in the hand that to-day rules Russia of the czar."

"I am not drawn."

"No, but when there is such work as ours, the son of General Berger should be the first to volunteer. Have your nerves weakened now that the czar has come? You are cold; take a glass of brandy, and it will rekindle the fire in your heart, and warm you up," said the man, motioning to the shelf on which he kept his liquors.

"No, my friend, I won't be stupefied. I do not know why I came here, unless it was in hopes that you might have seen some of the turkeys, and that you might be able to tell me in what part of the prison Lola Pulaski is."

"Which is the stronger impulse—love or revenge? You have done desperate things in that prison, my friend, and you would do still more desperate things to free her. But it is impossible."

"Then you have learned something about her?" said Ivan, eagerly.

"I have."

"What is it?"

"Lola Pulaski and General Paul are now in the quarters of the czar."

"In the quarters of the czar?" repeated Ivan.

"Yes."

"Then they are condemned to Siberia."

"My God!"

"Condemned to Siberia," continued the man. "Count Lisowick has drawn up the order; of this I have positive information from our friends in the Count's office."

"But the czar has not signed the order."

"He has not, my brother; but, should he live to reach his palace, that will be enough for his fate. Now you understand the situation?"

"I do," groaned Ivan.

"Both sides—What do you mean?"

"I mean, my brother, that if the czar

had not, and will, intense earnestness."

"Why do you think so?"
Because it has ever been a custom in Russia to release all political prisoners whose sentences have not been signed by the royal hand, whenever an Emperor dies. It was so when Nicholas went to his grave, and Alexander succeeded him.

"Nicholas was bad, but he had a heart; this man has neither brain nor heart. But do not carry here! If you would strike the blow, now is your time, for the opportunity will never come again!" said the keeper of the wine vaults, and he motioned Ivan to the door.

With a shuddering of savage desperation in his heart, Ivan ran out, and at once reached the steps, so far the point where he had left the company.

He blushed himself for his timidity. He hurried on, he made up his mind to find Max, and to procure from him a number of the fatal bombs.

As he was crossing a street, a sleigh, that was being rapidly driven, had run over him and had not the driver pulled suddenly up.

The occupant of the sleigh was the Countess Elvira Lisowick.

She saw and recognized the unarmed soldier. She called him to her. "You are the man," she said, when Ivan appeared, had in hand, beside the sleigh, the one who was the man who once bore me a note."

"I had that honor, my lady."

"And you know Colonel Michael Crutch."

"I do, my lady."

"Could you lend him this evening?"

"It is very late, my lady."

"I do desire it." She produced a small and gold coin, and, handing both to Ivan, she continued: "Keep the money, and give Colonel Orloff the note."

"I shall do so, my lady."

"And you will be sure not to hand him the note in the presence of another?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Good; do this work faithfully, and in the future you shall want for neither money nor employment."

Ivan bowed obsequiously, and the lady motioned to the astonished driver, who at once started his horses off at that desecrating,reckless speed that is one of the many privileges of Russian nobility.

There was that in the manner of Countess Elvira Lisowick that led Ivan to believe that the plotter which he had intrusted to him was of more than usual importance.

He knew that Colonel Orloff was this woman's lover.

He further knew that Colonel Orloff was a nihilist, who had joined the order to seek revenge on the few rather than to work for the liberty of the many.

Ivan had never liked Colonel Orloff; so he hated him, and something told him that the letter which in his possession contained some damning proof of the man's treason and perfidy, and that the daughter of Count Lisowick was associated with him in his villainies.

"I shall light the devil with fire, and I won't deliver the letter at present; this is how men reasoned as he hurried on.

The Flock Law.

A few days ago George Cecil, who resides five miles north of Muncie, was arrested on the charge of having in his possession a scine, and using the same for retarding. The case was set for trial before Squire J. C. Eller, one of the best judges of law in Eastern Indiana. Cecil's attorneys, Ororo N. Granor, a member of the late Legislature, and J. R. McMahen, moved to quash the complaint on account of the status under which it was made conflicting with Section 19 of Article 4 of the Constitution of the State, which says every act shall embrace but one subject.

While an unknown boy was attempting to rob a bird's nest in a tree projecting over the Wabash River at Logansport, the limb broke, precipitating him into the raging stream. His body has not been recovered.

The building that was used for years by the Waveland Collegiate Institute has been sold to a man who will convert the same into a stable. For several years the institution was a flourishing condition.

Trustees of the Madison city schools have re-elected John H. Martin superintendent, John A. Carnagey principal of the high school, George C. Hubbard principal of the lower seminary, and all of last year's teachers.

—Clay County reports considerable damage to crops from high water. The block coal mine at Pratt was also flooded, and the Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad, near Salina City, was badly damaged.

A man named Campbell, living ten miles northwest of Princeton, was whipping out one of the barrels of a shotgun when the other barrel discharged. The load entered the right jaw, killing him instantly.

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—There are twelve steam stone quarries at and near Bedford.

M. M. Furtach, well-known citizen of Bicknell, dropped dead.

Grant County farmers are complaining of snut in their wheat.

—Scottsburg has organized a fair association and will hold a meeting this fall.

—Clark County's poor farm reports the cost of keeping paupers at 55 cents a week.

Squirrels are reported to be more plentiful in Clark County this season than ever before.

—Michigan City's Mayor proposes to punish saloon-keepers who sell liquor to persons already drunk.

—William Capp, a farmer living near Columbia City, was run over and killed by a Wabash freight train.

—The residence of Jacob Reisinger, at Hanover, was destroyed by fire, caused by mice gnawing at matches.

—A little daughter of John Bruce fell from a wagon and was killed while returning from a circus at Richmond.

—Miss Mary E. Hanna, sister of Hon. B. W. Hanna, minister to the Argentine Republic, died at her home, near Crawfordsville.

—The State Geologist will be asked to make an examination of ore lands discovered on the farm of Samuel Gray, in Madison County.

—The Standard Oil Company has purchased ten acres of ground at Terre Haute, and will erect a thirty-five-hundred-barrel tank.

—Richard Nightingale has been arrested at Goshen, charged with abducting a boy named Charles Boyer from Beaverville, Mich.

—Chief of Police Diehl, of Fort Wayne, resigned because his salary was reduced, and Lieutenant Wilkinson was elected in his place.

—Representative Haublitz, of Harrison County, is making a quilt of 22,176 pieces, two of which were furnished by the wife of President Harrison.

—Lincoln City has found a four foot vein of coal of good quality, near the surface, and close to the Cannelton branch of the Air-line railway.

—Willie Phillips and Charles Gandy, of the Wurts Orphan Home, near Richmond, are missing, and are supposed to have been drowned.

—Curtis Cook, a little son of Chris Cook, living at Columbus, was coaxed by other boys to jump from a straw-stack last week, and was fatally injured.

—The next quarterly missionary convention of the Christian Church of the counties of Boone, Montgomery and Clinton, will be held at New Ross.

—Charles F. Brown, Wm. Boyer and Thos. J. Armstrong, of Wilkinsburg, have received notice and a bundle of switches, supposed to be the work of White-caps.

—No one can tell what he thought; the world does not know how he acted.

—Lyman and Monroe, the men, and the women, too, of the house of Rommoff have ever been but it was never truthfully said that even the meanness of them was a physical want.

—The explosion of the bomb thrown by Max dashed the Czar from the sleigh to the hard, snow-covered road, but in an instant he was on his feet, with his fur mantle thrown aside, and his hand on the jeweled hilt of his sword.

—"Beck, traitors! murderers!" he shouted, and with his tall form drawn up, and his cold eyes ablaze, he looked for the instant like a hero.

But more daring and desperate than the Czar and all his followers were the men now pressing forward to take his life.

—He had struck one blow, a thousand, and a thousand more could not a whit to their advantage.

—Quick as the lightning's flash, every Nihilist threw aside his disguise and formed between the Czar and his guards.

—"Oh, merciless tyrant!" shouted old George Novak, "thy end has come!" Pass from this world, but we shall be with thee as seers and witnesses to thy crimes before the great white throne!"

—"Liberty for the people!" shouted Lene.

—"To death with all kings!"

—Brothers in Siberia, we avenge you!"

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—"Yes."

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ON THE GREEN DIAMOND

PROGRESS OF THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

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