

# LOLA PULASKI;

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The Victim of Circumstantial Evidence.

A Story of Mysterious Plotting and Crime.

BY LEON HOWARD.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

And there on the ground, torn and crushed, lay three of the avengers—Mars, Lanes and George Novak, who, failing to live with the Czar, had succeeded in dying with him.

The trumpets sounded an alarm.

The two friends exchanged frightened glances that did not escape the keen eyes of the officer in charge.

At length the prison was reached, and here the three men answered the customary questions, and were assigned to cells in the gloomiest part of the prison.

By this time it was quite dark. Still great swarms of prisoners were poured into the seemingly limitless cells of the immense prison.

Curiously enough, he gave no thought to the dangers that surrounded him, and threatened his life and liberty.

His heart beat faster, and then, with the instinct of filial and fraternal affection, filled his heart and mind.

Then by impulse and suggestion he recalled Lola Pulaski.

She, like himself, was a prisoner in that building.

As he thought of her, he remembered that she had been condemned to Siberia, and he recalled that the order concerning her to a life of exile was left by the earliest users of movable type.

"Oh, thank God!"

He still stood there, when to his eager ears there came the sound of heavy footstep echoing along the stone floor of the corridor.

He caught the murmur of hoarse voices; then the men outside stopped before his cell door.

A key was inserted in the rusty lock; the creaking door swung open, and Ivan saw before him the dim outline of two men, and the light was sufficient for him to see that the one was the turnkey and that the other was an officer in uniform.

"Ivan Borsig," called out the officer, "approach, I have come to take you before the Imperial Council."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CURTAIN FALLS ON THE LAST ACT.

The Czar was dead! St. Petersburg, as a matter of form, and in many cases, no doubt, as a matter of fact, was in an uproar.

In a great hall of the Winter Palace, the Council, or nominal advisers of the late Czar, sat in solemn deliberation. It was before this august body that Ivan Borsig was conducted, by an aid, to Count Orloff.

Count Orloff was there in person; and when Ivan entered, he was startled and surprised to see in the great chamber, not only his beloved mother and sister, but also the Grand Duke Alexis, seated near General Paul, who, in his turn, was seated next to Lola Pulaski.

Ivan still wore the uniform which he served to disguise him as an old soldier, but his bearing was calm and dignified, and he met the eyes of the officers presiding over this tribunal.

The presiding officer held in one hand an envelope, in the other a letter, which had evidently been taken from the pocket of the man who had just come, he held a heavy hand on his shoulder.

He stopped, turned, and found himself surrounded by a dozen policemen—they are called gendarmerie in St. Petersburg.

"Why do you arrest me?" asked Ivan. "It is not our province to give sentence," said a sergeant, "you must come with me."

"Whither will you take me?"

"To the headquarters of Count Orloff, it will be remembered, who betrayed the brave, the modest and the honest, but for other reasons he did not see fit to claim acquaintance with the young nobleman at this time."

"Who is Count Orloff?" he asked with an admirable assumption of innocence.

"He is the chief of the secret service, and the successor to General Paul," said the sergeant, and he produced a pair of handcuffs, but seeing that his prisoner had only one arm, he scratched his head with the manacles, looked sheepish, and led the way down the street.

They found a swarm of men around the headquarters of the chief of the secret service, and squads of police were everywhere, in every minute with prisoners of every age, sex and condition of life in their midst.

Some of these people—the most innocent-looking, Ivan knew to be Nihilists, but the majority were unknown to the secret order.

With a feeling of secret joy Ivan saw among the prisoners Dr. Mulek and his companion in infamy, Peter the student.

All the captives were placed in an ante-room adjoining Count Orloff's office.

They were taken before the chief in his chair, and directed to sit in the chair, after a proper examination.

It chanced that Ivan, Dr. Mulek and Peter the student were in one batch.

The former was the first to be examined.

Count Orloff's handsome face looked pale and troubled.

"Search this man," he said, pointing to Ivan, "and then we shall see what he knows."

Two officers stepped forward to search Ivan, but before they could touch him he advanced, and, throwing off his disguise, he said, with amazing calmness:

"I am the fugitive, Ivan Borsig."

"Ivan Borsig!" repeated the Count.

Ivan Borsig! Dr. Mulek and Peter the student, who now recalled the many times they had seen this man, without penetrating his disguise.

"This is my name, and I stand ready to prove my innocence in this matter, provided you give me a hearing before an impartial tribunal," said Ivan, resolutely.

Moving however from their surprise, the police began to search Ivan, the only one of the men found in his possession was a letter addressed to a familiar hand to "Colonel Michael Orloff, of the Imperial Artillery."

Count Orloff took possession of this letter, and then caused Ivan to be taken to the Novo prison, for apart from any connection with the assassination of the Czar he was a notorious fugitive with a price on his head.

But Ivan did not go alone; while the officers were preparing to guard him to the dreaded prison, he was joined by Dr. Mulek and Peter the student, who were consigned by Count Orloff to the same place.

As they walked on in the midst of a group of police who had to do their duty, yet through the crowded streets with their short swords, the bells began to toll, this time solemn and slow, and so the news went through St. Petersburg that the Czar Alexander had died.

Neither Dr. Mulek nor Peter the student pretended to see Ivan.

They imagined that it would be fatal for them to recognize him, as he was well known as a desperate character.

He now thought their motives with that knowledge that distinguished him in everything.

"What?" Dr. Mulek and Peter the student, "he said, with adopted eyes

and a smile, "you refuse to know your old friend and fellow-Nihilist, Ivan Borsig?"

"We do not know you," gasped Mulek.

"Never saw you before," murmured Peter.

"Well, my noble friends, if I cannot prove that you had a hand in to-day's bloody work, then I shall cheerfully give up my life to the executioners," said Ivan.

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## THE LINOTYPE MACHINE

IT WILL ACCOMPLISH THE WORK OF THREE PRINTERS.

An Illustrated Description of the Most Marvelous Type-setting Machine Yet Invented—It is Now Used by the New York Tribune.

VEE 160 patents relative to type-setting and type-distributing mechanisms have been issued from the Patent Office at Washington. All such devices have thus far, however, met with but little success, and they have not been employed in any practical work to a sufficient extent to have any appreciable effect in this most important branch of the printing business. Printing processes have been improved almost beyond comparison with those of the earlier days of the craft—when only about 200 impressions were made per hour in small forms, as against now more than 20,000 copies per hour of our largest newspapers, but the type-setting part of the making of books and newspapers has remained substantially where it was left by the earliest users of movable type.

"How far this machine may be considered a practical success for general use, in the way of superseding typesetting by hand in the old way, it is perhaps too early to give a definite answer. It is obvious that it is designed for work requiring different varieties of type, as in an early edition, it is seen, of the *New York Tribune*, where the type bars, it is said, are of different widths and heights, and the type is set in a different manner from that used in the old way of working.

"The accompanying illustrations from the *Scientific American*, representing the latest, and in many respects the most remarkable, of the numerous machines which inventors and mechanics have devised in their long-continued efforts to

invent a type-setting machine which will enable him steadily to maintain his speed, as he has done in using his hands, is a good illustration of the progress which has been made in this direction. The machine is a large class of work, especially in regard to which this objection would not be very material. The actual performance of the machine, however, for a number of years past, is equal to that of three ordinary compositors, and it requires but a short time for an operator to attain an efficiency which will enable him steadily to maintain his speed, as he has done in using his hands.

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