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which grips your throat and chest, and a hacking cough which feels like a dry burning of the tissues, will receive instantaneous relief by a dose of

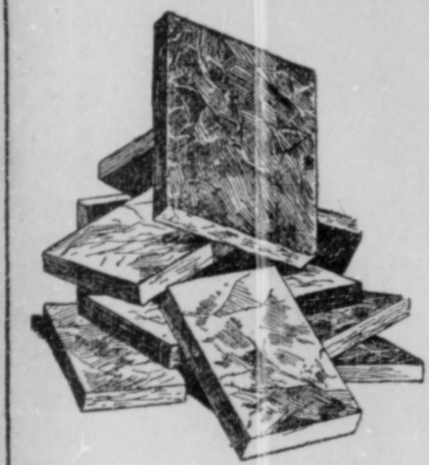
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"A fearful thing has happened," he began the instant his head was in the room. "Heaven only knows what it means! I went over to the lodging we took for the student to see that he hadn't escaped, and so on, and—" "Don't say he has escaped!" I said. "It would mean that he had lied all through."

"He's dead!" muttered Percy. "Murdered! He's lying there at this moment with the knife in his heart—a fearful sight! I thought I'd better come on here and tell you about it at once."

### CHAPTER XXXII

THE COUNT'S RELEASE DEMANDED. The chief of police entered the room at this moment. He glanced keenly at Percy.

"Who is this?" he asked. It was Borofsky who told him the news; as for me, I could not have spoken. There was a horrid kind of paralysis—the spell of horror—upon my tongue. I could have yelled aloud, but to speak quietly and sanely would have been impossible to me.

"What!" exclaimed the chief, when Borofsky had explained, in a sentence or two, the position of affairs. "The informer? He whom our friend here has desired to screen; who laid information of the railway affair?"

"The same," said Borofsky. "Man proposes, excellence, but it is God who disposes in the end!" "Ha!" said the chief, "it looks like business. Moreover, my young friend, matters seem to work in your favor. Come, you shall show me this student. When we return, there may be news from Bootief!"

"I am sure the reader will excuse if I beg to be allowed to pass lightly over the sight we found awaiting us at the little lodging hired for the use of our ill-fated informer."

It was a plain, barely furnished bedroom, with a tiny kitchen attached. Upon the bed lay the student, dead, as Percy had reported, and obviously murdered, perhaps while asleep. The knife I saw at once, to my horror, was a Circassian silver handled dagger belonging to my father. Andre might at least have used a knife of his own. I re-acted. Strangely enough, it never for one moment occurred to me that the murderer could be other than Andre, and yet doubtless the society to which both he and the victim belonged must have contained many desperadoes quite capable of such an act.

The chief directed one of the two subordinates he had brought with him to search the dead man's pockets. These did not contain much, but among the few papers discovered were my two checks for 5,000 rubles each.

"Ah!" said the chief. "Then it is an execution."

"Could the count—real or impostor—have learned that this unfortunate had informed upon him?" he added, looking from me to Borofsky and then



The best thing with which a mother can crown her daughter is a common sense knowledge of the distinctly feminine physiology. Every woman should thoroughly understand her own nature. Every woman should understand the supreme importance of keeping herself well and strong in a womanly way. Nearly all of the pains and aches, nearly all the weakness and sickness and suffering of women is due to disorders of disease of the organs distinctly feminine.

A woman who suffers in this way is unfitted for wifehood and motherhood. Maternity is a menace of death. Thousands of women suffer in this way because their innate modesty will not permit them to submit to the disgusting examinations and local treatment insisted upon by the average physician. These ordeals are unnecessary. Dr. K. W. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., has discovered a wonderful remedy with which women may treat and speedily cure themselves in the privacy of their own homes. This medicine is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned. It makes them well and strong. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and rests the tortured nerves. Taken during the critical period, it banishes the usual discomforts and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. Thousands of women who were once weak, sickly, nervous, fretful invalids, are now happy, healthy wives, because of this medicine. It is sold by all good medicine dealers and no honest dealer will advise a substitute.

"When I commenced using Dr. Pierce's medicine some three years ago," writes Mrs. Ella J. Fox, care of W. C. Fox, of Eldorado, Seline Co., Ill. "I was the picture of death. I had no heart to take anything. My weight was 125. My husband had been to see five different doctors about my trouble (female weakness). I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's medicine, also wrote to him for advice. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and one vial of his 'Pleasant Pills,' and am now a well woman."

at Percy. "It so, this murder assumes a significance which"—

"Most assuredly the scoundrel knew all about it, for he compelled me by means of personal violence to disclose the source of the information I held," said Borofsky.

"When was this?" "Only last night."

"Ha! He did not lose much time, then. How did he know where to find the student?"

"We brought the poor wretch to these quarters last night. He must have shadowed us."

"Good! And the knife?" "It is my father's," I said. "He brought it out of my father's study to do his devil's work for him."

"Well, I fancy you shall have him presently, whether he be your father or the other," said the chief. "He will not get far."

"Whether he be my father!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean, excellence, that you are not satisfied this scoundrel is the man we assert him to be—Andre, or Kornilof, and not my father?"

"Nothing is proved, excepting that the student is dead with your father's knife in his heart!" said the chief. "We can jump to no conclusions in such cases, though I think matters tend in favor of your point of view."

Borofsky nudged me. "Don't be afraid," he whispered; "the officials must make a pretense of believing themselves infallible. He does not really think your father could possibly have done such a deed as this. He would not be such a fool."

"Heaven forbid! I would not have even a blundering policeman believe it!" I said.

Meanwhile our friend, the chief, bade us prepare to follow him back to the chancellery of the department. It might be that news had come, by this time, from Bootief. Much would depend upon this news, he said, for if it should turn out that the student's story about the mining of the railway were true, then it would be fair to assume that his testimony to the identity of Andre was true also, and perhaps the whole story of the substitution of my innocent father for the guilty party on the fateful day of the arrest.

On our return to the chancellery exciting news awaited us. Though we had been away scarcely an hour, a reply had already come from Bootief that instantly on receipt of the message from headquarters a squad of mounted gendarmes had been sent down the line two miles, to the point indicated.

This was easily effected, because the gendarmes and soldiers were already massed in all towns along the route to be taken by the czar, in readiness to line the railway 24 hours before the imperial train should pass along it. This precaution was constantly taken at the time of these events, in consequence of the activity of the enemies of order, who nevertheless contrived occasionally to make their preparations in spite of the thin cordon of protectors stretched for hundreds of miles through the country.

The squad of gendarmes had, in this case, ridden straight to the spot described by our informant and detailed in the telegram from headquarters. Here they had surprised a woodman taking his midday meal within his hut. On their inviting this individual to show them, where the entrance to the excavations which he had assisted to make was to be found he had fired a revolver in their faces, wounding two men before being himself overpowered. They had then removed his bed—a mere straw mattress on the floor of the hut—and discovered a neat tunnel starting thence and running underneath the line, 15 or 20 yards away; a beautifully constructed thing and eminently adapted for carrying out the purpose for which it was made—namely, to blow up the permanent way and with it any train that might happen to be passing along the rails at the moment of the explosion.

The chief crossed himself as he read the telegram and muttered something which sounded like a line out of the litany.

"Your little rascal spoke the truth," he said. "Upon my word, he deserved to enjoy the fruits of virtue. It will be interesting now to catch this other."

"Don't wait to catch him, excellence, before handing us—what we have surely deserved at your hands—Count Landrinof's release."

The chief reflected. "It is most unusual," he said, "to do anything of the kind. How can we let the one go before we have the other to put in his place?"

I stamped my foot. What did I care 'or the high mightiness of this official? "I will go to the czar himself!" I raged. "I will tell him that the same police who blundered in July to the ruin of my innocent father have now blundered again, allowing a party of

miscreants to undermine the railway over which he will presently travel. I will tell the whole story. The czar shall see who is right and who is wrong, if the police cannot or will not!"

"Come," said the chief, "there is no need of raised voices and angry words. I will telegraph to the penal settlement in which the count, if he it be, is now living. Tell me something by which he may be recognized, and if such distinguishing mark is to be found upon him he shall be set free on the instant. Think now. Has he a mole, a scar—anything. I only desire to do the right. If we have blundered, as you say, we shall rectify our mistake. But we must not blunder again!"

### CHAPTER XXXIII

THE CAPTURE OF ANDRE. There was no difficulty in obliging the chief on this point. My father had once broken his right leg below the knee and carried an unmistakable memento of the experience in the shape of a huge scar on his shin. I mentioned this fact to the chief, who forthwith declared that this should be amply sufficient for identification, and that he would have my father's whereabouts ascertained and a telegram sent without delay to the governor of his prison.

I fancy, but I will not absolutely assert it to be the case, that my threat to take care the czar should hear of the blunders of his police force quickened at any rate the desire of his excellence to see justice done. Perhaps I am wrong, but I cannot help feeling that the chief's tenure of his high office would not long have survived the discovery by the czar of so well advanced a plot to assassinate him. As a matter of fact the secret of this conspiracy never leaked out, and it is practically certain that the czar never heard of it.

So we three young men returned home that afternoon well enough pleased with our day's work.

What had we accomplished? I sat in my own private study, adjoining my bedroom, before retiring for the night and counted up my gains. I was in a fair way to get father restored to freedom. There could be but one result to the chief's telegram. He must be identified at once and allowed to go free. That was the first and best point of all. Then we were rid of Andre. It was exceedingly unlikely that he would ever favor us with his presence again—nay, it was probable that the police would put it out of the question by laying hands upon him before he could escape very far. If they did so, they would not let him go again, poor wretch! This time his departure for the east would be final.

(To be Continued.)

# Dr. A. W. CHASE

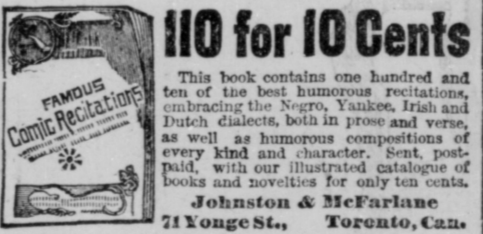
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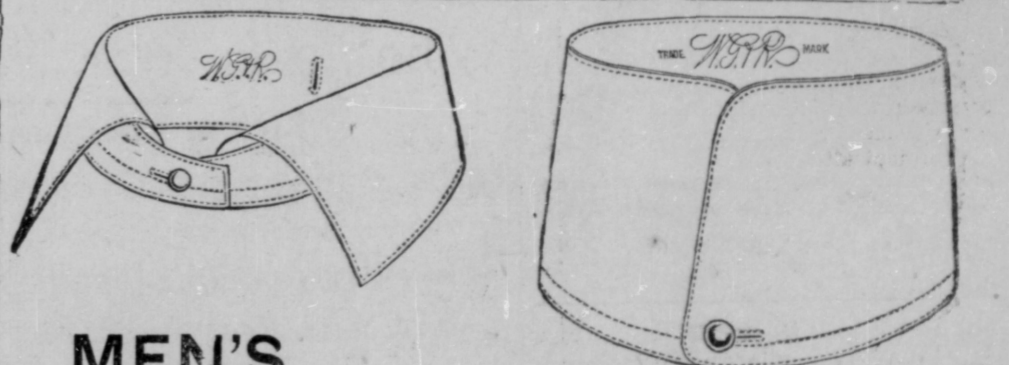
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