

# LOLA PULASKI;

## The Victim of Circumstantial Evidence.

A Story of Nihilistic Plottings and Crimes.  
BY LEON EDWARDS.

### CHAPTER XVII. THE WOUNDED MAN.

So prominent was General Paul as a soldier, a noble of the empire, and an attaché of the czar, that his attempted assassination spread the greatest alarm and consternation through the capital. "They will not hesitate to strike at the Emperor next," was the exclamation with which the higher classes greeted each other, when they stopped to discuss the news.

When the czar heard that Lola Pulaski was General Paul's assailant he could not credit it.

Either the report was false, or else Count Linwood's story of the General's attachment for the girl was.

Even General Paul himself had declared to the czar that he loved this girl, and it was only reasonable to believe that she knew of this love and returned it.

The pistol had been placed directly against General Paul's heart, and fired. That it would have killed him instantly there cannot be the slightest doubt. At the force of the bullet was checked by a portrait, in a case, of the woman who was supposed to have fired the pistol.

The fact soon became known, and it formed a subject for general comment. As it was, the bullet struck through the breast, and lodged in the muscles, just above the heart.

The shock would have killed most men, but the General was young and strong, and after the bullet was extracted, he regained consciousness, and began to rally.

He had a vivid recollection of everything that happened, up to the moment the shot was fired, but from that time on, till the bullet was removed from his breast, all was a blank.

Whether presently or not, he was told that Lola Pulaski was his assailant.

It was understood by the General's attendants that the czar ordered that this be done.

The General insisted with all the emphasis he was capable of, that it was a man who fired the shot.

He did not attempt to explain why he was found in front of Lola's house, and that she was arrested in the act of bending over him within a minute after the shot was fired.

"It is my wish," he said to the physicians, among whom was Dr. Mulek, "that the Countess be brought here at once."

"My daughter, Elvira, your betrothed!" exclaimed Count Linwood, who happened to be standing near the wounded man.

"No, sir," replied the General. "I want to see the Countess Pulaski."

"The Countess Pulaski!" cried Count Linwood, and the physicians looked from one to the other, as if to indicate that their patient was raving, and echoed:

"The Countess Pulaski!"

"Aye, gentlemen," said the young soldier, "that is as much her title as czar is—that of Alexander the Second, our most gracious sovereign. But, as the name seems to shock you into doubting my sanity, I'll be plainer, if you desire it."

"We do desire it," said Count Linwood.

"General Linwood!"

"Yes, General."

"Pray, by what right do you adopt the royal we? Speak for yourself, sir, and do not ape your master by intimating that you are more than one man."

"I am sorry for it, General; pray calm yourself."

"These men say I may not live; it is my wish to see Lola Pulaski, Countess of Warsaw, before I die. I should also like to see her old father, the noblest and most deeply wronged man in the empire; but I suppose that I, too, will be charged with treason if I ask for too much."

"I shall see that Miss Pulaski is brought here at once," said Count Linwood, leaving the wounded man's room, with wonderful courtesy of manner and malignant bitterness of heart.

That Lola might be conducted with safety, the Count went in his own sleigh for her.

He was Count in rank, but in cunning he was a very prince of shrewdness and foxy craftiness.

He was determined to find out Lola's feelings for the General.

He knew the General's feelings for her only too well.

He was unfortunate in the way he approached Lola in the cell, and as he had seen her stung her into madness.

He determined to be more politic when they got into the sleigh, for at once, with well-feigned sorrow, he began to deplore the misfortunes that had come to the poor girl.

"I am indifferent to your sympathy or your hate," she said, with spirit. "But if you are capable of feeling the pity you profess, go to your master, the czar, and tell him that my father, now within the walls of the Neva prison, is an innocent man. Even if he were capable of thinking treason, the age and infirmities brought on by years of cruel tortures in the mines of Siberia would incapacitate him from raising his hand against the czar."

"Miss Pulaski, I want to help you, and I will promise to see that you and your father are freed on one condition," said the Count, with a manner that showed he did not believe what she had just said.

"What is the one condition?" she asked.

by the battery of eyes that was turned upon her.

The Count left her in a beautiful sitting-room, hung with arms and battle-flags captured from the Turks and Mongols, while he went in to announce her arrival to the General.

She had been sitting there but a few minutes when Dr. Mulek came out and ordered her hand, but she did not appear to see it, though she answered his bow with a cold nod.

"I am sorry for this, Lola," he said, "but you did your work well."

"It is not my work," she replied.

"That's right," he said, "with a knowing laugh, 'stick to that, for I can see that the General recovers he is bound to help you out. I shall see Madame Berger and the fair Elizabeth in the morning. Any message to send?"

"Not by you," she replied.

"And have you no word to send to Peter?"

"None, save that I wish he and all like him were under the ice of the Neva."

"You are angry?"

She did not reply, for at that moment Count Linwood appeared at the door and motioned for her to follow him.

So far Lola had been wonderfully cool, but now, as she was about to come face to face with General Paul, her steps became unsteady and her lips grew ashen.

When she first read of General Paul's engagement to Elvira, the daughter of Count Linwood, Lola felt that she could strike dead at her feet the man who had won her heart and cruelly cast her aside; but now, in his weakness, all the old love surged into her soul with the force of a returning tide, and for the moment her brain reeled and the walls bent and floated like flexible things before her distorted vision.

She would have fallen had not Count Linwood touched her arm and said, in his only voice:

"Miss Pulaski, here is General Paul."

But another voice thrilled her heart and restored her to reason.

"Lola, Lola, I am here!"

It was the voice of General Paul, weaker than when she last heard it, but sweeter to her than all the music of earth.

Suppressing the cry that rose to her lips, she sprang forward, and seizing his extended hand, she exclaimed:

"Oh, say that it was not I who did this foul deed!"

"I have said it, Lola," he replied; "and in the presence of these witnesses, and before heaven, I reiterate, you are innocent."

Then turning his face to Count Linwood, and the attending physicians and nurses, the General continued:

"Please to leave me alone with this young lady for a few minutes."

The people in the room obeyed him, and Lola drew a chair closer to the bed and let him hold her hand.

For some seconds neither could speak; the gallant soldier was more unnerved than ever he had been on the battle-field.

He began in a low voice by telling her, not of his wound or his faith in her innocence, or even by asking her how she came to be found so close to him when the officers discovered him, but of his connection with the Countess Elvira Linwood.

He declared that the published announcement of his betrothal to that lady was as great a surprise to himself as it seemed to be to the world.

"Do not, could not love her, Lola," he said, with suppressed passion, "after I had given my heart to you."

"Love and marriage do not necessarily go together among the nobles of Russia," she replied.

"But they shall go together in my case, for I am determined to wed you at once. Do not stop me, Lola," said the General, restraining her.

"The doctors say it is very doubtful if I recover."

"Oh, I pray heaven they may be mistaken!" she cried, and then added, with much of her old calmness, "But no more of this subject of marriage."

"But I must speak of what is uppermost in my mind. Should I die, I want you to reap all the security the widow of the Prince of Moskva should have under the empire. Should I live, life will be what it never was before, perfected by an unselfish love."

"No," she replied, "it cannot be. You are the son of the man who so wronged my father. I cannot help loving you, but I can help marrying."

"I do not know, but I should not be surprised if a search discovered them at their old quarters."

"See here, Dr. Mulek," said Colonel Orloff, speaking like a man who is giving utterance to something that he has been deliberating over for some time, "you are one of the physicians attending on General Paul?"

"I am; I have to take two hours with him every night," replied the Doctor.

"I need not tell you that certain people do not pray for the General's recovery."

"I am well aware of that."

"You administer medicine to the General?"

"I do."

"And while in attendance, you hold his life in your hands?"

"Yes, Colonel."

"Then if this man lives you will be false to your oath," said Colonel Orloff, striking the table.

Doctor Mulek gasped and looked from one to the other of his companions, as if he did not comprehend the full import of the words he had just heard. At length he managed to say:

"I—I fully comprehend you, and I thank you for the suggestion."

"But will you act on it?" asked the Colonel, reaching out his hand.

"I will," replied the Doctor, with emphasis.

After this they spoke in low tones about Ivan Berger, and the Colonel but little knew that his wish was already complied with when he said:

"I would give my left hand if that fellow were dead or in prison."

Then followed a discussion of their plans for the assassination of the czar which Colonel Orloff had perfected, but which he seemed reluctant to take direct part in.

Colonel Orloff hated the czar, not because he hated tyranny, for at heart he was himself a tyrant, but because the Emperor had decided that certain estates that were in litigation belonged to Count Orloff, the Colonel's cousin.

But these plotters well knew that there were scores of desperate men in St. Petersburg ready to kill the czar, if cooler men only provided them with the certain means, and showed them the opportunity.

Dr. Mulek and Peter left Colonel Orloff in the Cafe d'Amérique, and walked together to Madame Berger's. Peter had not yet given up the hope of securing the hand, if not the love, of Lola Pulaski; but if he failed he was prepared to crush her through his associates, the nihilists, in the event of her escaping from the meshes Count Linwood's carefully weaving about her.

It was the belief of these men that Ivan Berger had fled from St. Petersburg after the last meeting of the nihilists, but they were certain that, even if he were in the city, he would not or could not interfere with their schemes.

Lecca, the patient attendant at the house, was surprised when they asked for Lola and her father.

She had not heard of their release.

She believed they were still in the Neva prison, and she wept at the thought.

"Yes," she said, in reply to Dr. Mulek's question, "Madam Berger and Miss Elizabeth are home—they are always home. But, heaven help them, the fact that Mr. Ivan is a fugitive is crushing them into the grave."

"I will see them, and I think I can cheer them up," said the Doctor.

As neither Lola nor her father was in the house, Peter declined to go up, so his companion went alone.

Of late Dr. Mulek had not attempted to conceal his love for the fair Elizabeth.

He made it a point to talk of his lonely life and of his own ability to care for a wife every time he saw her.

He found Madam Berger and Elizabeth with red eyes, that spoke of recent tears, and pale faces that told of a deeper anguish, still bending over their sewing.

They met the Doctor with what to him seemed warmth, so eager were they to learn if he knew anything of Ivan.

With a mysterious manner he told them that Ivan was in secure hiding in the city, and that his friends would soon send him to a place of safety, but before doing so the mother and daughter would have a chance to see him.

This vague information had an exhilarating effect on the madam and Elizabeth, for they could imagine no reason for the man's lying.

Having placed them in better spirits, the Doctor, with consummate skill, presented his own suit.

Elizabeth nervously parried him, till at length he dropped all diplomacy and asked her boldly to become his wife.

"I cannot, I cannot!" she replied.

"But why not?"

"It is impossible!"

"Why should a thing so natural as marriage be impossible?" asked Dr. Mulek, trying to take her hand.

Elizabeth drew back, but did not answer.

From behind a curtain a man's voice thundered out:

"Because, you dog, that lady is my betrothed!"

With the words the man leaped out, and Dr. Mulek was felled to the floor.

He looked up and saw the heroic form of Count Orloff towering above him.

### [TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Brief But Significant.



Farmer (to Sportsman)—"Did you shoot my nule?"

Sportsman—"I—I—yes.—Most unfortunate accident!"

Farmer—"Two hundred dollars."

Sportsman—"Nonsense; fifty's enough—and, besides, that won't leave me any money to get home."

Farmer—"Two hundred dollars, young man, or you won't need any fare home!"—Pack.

### The Orinoco Hut-Dwellers.

The Guaharibo Indians, who live on the Orinoco River, South America, are a peculiar race of beings. Their huts



HUTS OF THE GUAHARIBO INDIANS.

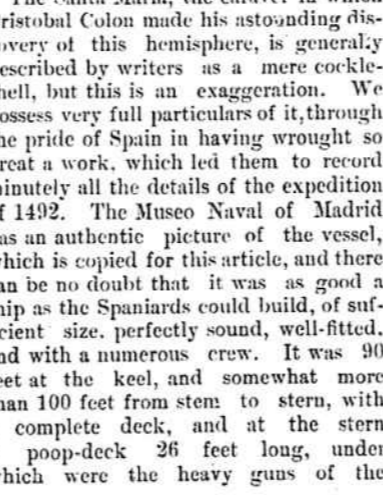
are rude shelters of leafy canes tied at the top; they are arranged in a circle around a central fire, and the Indians squat under their huts, thus making themselves very comfortable.

# IN COLUMBUS' TIME.

## HOW WAR AND OTHER SHIPS WERE CONSTRUCTED.

The Santa Maria, in Which Columbus Visited This Hemisphere—Roman Triremes Manned by Galley Slaves.

The Santa Maria, the caravel in which Cristobal Colon made his astounding discovery of this hemisphere, is generally described by writers as a mere cockleshell, but this is an exaggeration. We possess very full particulars of it, through the pride of Spain in having wrought so great a work, which led them to record minutely all the details of the expedition of 1492. The Museo Naval of Madrid has an authentic picture of the vessel, which is copied for this article, and there can be no doubt that it was as good a ship as the Spaniards could build, of sufficient size, perfectly sound, well-fitted, and with a numerous crew. It was 90 feet at the keel, and somewhat more than 100 feet from stem to stern, with a complete deck, and at the stern a poop-deck 26 feet long, under which were the heavy guns of the



SHIP OF COLUMBUS.

period. Forward there was a small platform on which were smaller pieces, falcons and shakers, for the discharge of grape-shot and small stones. There were four masts, two of which were rigged with square sails and two with sails shaped like a swallow's wing. These are still used in the Mediterranean and bear the name of lateen sails, from the belief that they are similar to those used by the ancient Latin peoples. It will be seen that the navigators of that period had partly seized the true idea of how to utilize the winds from almost every point of the compass save those from its very eye, which is done now by square sails aided by stay sails, and the latter are the old lateen sails so modified as to offer no obstruction to the other canvas. The Santa Maria, in fact, a traditional vessel, built at a time when the influence of Roman traditions was beginning to yield to the necessities of ocean voyages.

For a long time mechanically inclined people puzzled themselves extremely over the Roman war-ships, which were called triremes, and this was understood to mean vessels fitted with three banks of oars, one over the other. Practical seamen said that this was a physical impossibility, and, between them and the scholarly,

drove out the detested royal family and released the prisoners chained to the benches of the galleys. For under that horrible dynasty of the Neapolitan Bourbons almost all the galley slaves were political offenders, men who had written or printed something in favor of free institutions, or had criticized too openly the unwisdom of the Papal authorities. In France the system had been abandoned because it was a glaring absurdity, an utter anachronism of which that enlightenment was ashamed. But in Italy the galleys were abolished because they had been made the instrument of the vilest oppression. It was notorious that on the detested benches of those modern triremes there were chained two classes only, murderers of the foulest type and the purest and noblest patriots. Not for centuries will the black shadow which the galleys cast upon thousands of families pass away from southern Italy.



ROMAN TRIREME.

there was an active war of argument, which was decided by the discovery of Roman medals on which were figured triremes. This made it evident that the banks of oars were not placed in tiers above each other, but that they were behind each other. The first tier was of comparatively small oars, the second tier was raised higher than the first and aft of it, and the third tier higher still, and on the poop, which word is of pure Latin origin. This system gave to the triremes inordinate length, and they were in comparison to the vessels of commerce what the six-oar shell of a college crew is to the broad, comfortable, safe-looking wherry in which young ladies at Mount Desert and elsewhere act as boat-steerers without any undue excitation of the nervous system. For this reason the Romans called all their war-ships "long ships." The triremes had no masts nor

sails of any kind, their motive power being the arms and backs of slaves generally captured in war.

Obviously the galleys of the French, Spanish, and Italian nations were a survival of the Roman trireme. In some of these there were sails, but in others there were clean decks, as in the days when the Liburnian triremes of Octavianus won the great victory of Actium.

To American readers there can be no interest in the minute differences between the galleon, the galley, and the galera of Spain and Italy, and the golette and galere of France, for they were all modifications of the Roman long ship.

The benches of the oarsmen were manned by prisoners condemned to serve in the King's galleys for different periods of time, and this will explain to the readers of Moliere, and La Sage, and other French writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries innumerable allusions to the galleys. At the French revolution the system was abandoned forever, and it ceased under the Napoleonic regime in Spain, nor was it renewed when Joseph Bonaparte was expelled, and the rightful King, Ferdinand, came back to Aranjuez and the Escorial. But it subsisted in the two Sicilies until Garibaldi



A MEDITERRANEAN GALLEY.

# WORDS OF WISDOM.

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.

When you're right you can't be too radical, and when you're wrong you can't be too conservative.

The true reply to the question, Is life worth living? It all depends on the kind of life you live.

Never let a day pass without thinking seriously, if only for a moment, of death. It will rob it of more than half its terrors.

To be able to endure honest and kind criticism requires quite as much wisdom as to be able to make honest and wise criticism.

The individual right needs no label, for it exists in the consciousness of doing right, thus proving that the only method one can determine what right is, is by doing right himself.

Wherever the most individual liberty is recognized, in the same proportion greater progress takes place and greater security to life; also the pursuit of happiness is less depending.

The persons depending upon external appearance for their respectability would doubtless dispute the importance of being honest, but for the fact that their position can only be maintained by deception.

Anguish of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall of the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

He Did Whip the Grizzly.

Colonel Thomas F. Barr, Assistant Advocate-General of the Army, arrived at the Grand Pacific last evening, says the Chicago Tribune. He is going out with General Crook to investigate the Leavenworth prison, but when he met the General in the rotunda of the hotel the trip was dismissed with a word and the evening passed in discussion of bear hunting.

"I see," said Colonel Barr, by way of opening the conversation, "that you say no man ever engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with a grizzly bear and got away alive."

"Yes, sir, I said that," the General replied with emphasis. "And I will even go further. I will state that I don't believe there would be enough left of a man who would do that to build a tombstone over."

Colonel Barr smiled and said: "General did you ever meet Tom Selkirk in the Bad Lands?"

"The Scotch Indian trapper?"

"Yes."

"I did."

"Strong man, eh?"

"Strong, indeed."

"He whipped a bear single handed."

"Don't believe a word of it."

"But he did."

"Now, Colonel, I've been hunting bear for twenty-five years, and you ought to know better than to tell me that."

"How did he do it?"

"Choked it to death."

General Crook arose and frowned.

"Colonel Barr," he said, "I have always esteemed you a gentleman and an officer," and walked away. Colonel Barr sat still and galked. The General walked around the hotel for two or three laps, then came back, and with his hands buried deep in his pockets stood in front of the Colonel.

"Barr," he said, "as man to man. How old was that bear?"

"About two months, I reckon."

The General took the Colonel's arm without a word and executed a right face. The pair marched due south twenty-five feet, wheeled, and moved west until they were lost behind the red cedar partition, and shortly thereafter this conversation floated over the partition:

"Well, General."

"Colonel."

And then there was deep silence.

### A Mathematical Prodigy.

Sam Summers, the colored prodigy, was in Shelbyville yesterday, and, as usual, entertained a large crowd, who were testing him with all kinds of mathematical problems. Summers is a colored man, thirty-four years old, without the slightest education. He cannot read or write, and does not know one figure from another. He is a farm-hand, and, to look at him and watch his actions, he seems to be about half-witted, but his quick and invariably correct answer to any example in arithmetic, no matter how difficult, is simply wonderful. With the hundreds of tests that he has submitted to, not a single time has he failed to give the correct answer in every instance.

Some examples given him on yesterday were: How much gold can be bought for \$792 in greenbacks if gold is worth \$1 65? Multiply 597,312 by 13 1/2. If a grain of wheat produces seven grains, and these be sown the second year, each yielding the same increase, how many bushels will be produced at this rate in twelve years, if 1000 grains make a pint? If the velocity of sound is 1142 feet per second, the pulsation of the heart seventy per minute, after seeing a flash of lightning there are twenty pulsations counted before you hear its thunder, what distance is the cloud from the earth, and what is the time after seeing the flash of lightning until you hear the thunder? A commission merchant received seventy bags of wheat, each containing three bushels, three pecks and three quarts; how many bushels did he receive? And so on.

With Robinson's Rays and other higher arithmetics before them, those who have tested him as yet have been unable to find any example that with a few moments' thought on his part he is not able to correctly answer.—Louisville Commercial.

### Painting With Sand.

Parisians have lately been entertained by a remarkable artist, who displays wonderful skill in her peculiar form of painting. With plates of various colored sand before her she takes the sand in her right hand and causes it to fall in beautiful designs upon a table. A bunch of grapes is pictured with natural sand, a leaf with green sand, the stalk with brown sand, and relief and shadows by other sands; when the work is brushed away a bouquet of roses and other objects are represented with the same dexterity and delicacy.

### Octogenarians.

In a recent essay Professor Max Muller declares his belief that for practical work a man of thirty is a better man than a man of eighty, and that the sooner men of eighty learn that less the better for themselves and the country they profess to serve. The brilliant exceptions which exist at the present moment, both in England and in Germany, he believes are apt to become precedents hereafter and to prove extremely dangerous in less exceptional cases.—Philadelphia Times.

# SABBATH SCHOOL.

## INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JANUARY 12.

Lesson Text: "The Song of Mary." Luke I, 46-55—Golden Text: Luke I, 46-47—Commentary.

46. "And Mary said: My soul doth magnify the Lord. Hannah said in her prayer: 'My heart rejoiceth in the Lord.' and David said: 'I will magnify the Lord in all my heart.' (1 Sam. i, 1; Ps. xxvii, 3). The spirit of Antichrist is to 'magnify one self above all else,' but the spirit of Christ will cause one to magnify the Lord. 'Christ is not magnified in our bodies, whether by life or by death.' (Dan. xi, 36, 37; Ph. i, 20). Mary had submitted herself cheerfully and wholly to the will of God, and in these ways, too, joyfully magnified Him. It does not seem difficult, and yet who does it perfectly. Since God is truth and love, let us heartily believe all He says and cheerfully accept His will in all things.

47. "And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." The only way to be full of joy is to believe God, even as it is written, 'I have believed, and therefore have peace.' (Rom. viii, 16). Notice that Mary says 'My soul,' 'My spirit'; her whole being rejoiced in God, her whole heart believed Him; it was not outward, formal, or hypocritical joy. But she adds, 'I have rejoiced believing.' (Rom. xv, 13). Notice that Mary says 'My soul,' 'My spirit'; her whole being rejoiced