

iniquity existed in the world, or that men could fight a defenceless woman with such double-dealing and cruel ingenuity. Ah! the tortures I endured in Kajana are beyond human conception. Yet surely Oberg and Woodroffe will obtain their well-merited deserts—if not in this world, then in the world to come. Are we not taught by holy writ to forgive our enemies? Therefore, let us forgive.”

There my silent love's strange story ended. A bald, straightforward narrative that held us all for some moments absolutely speechless—one of the strangest and most startling stories ever revealed.

She watched every expression of my countenance, and then, when I had finished reading and placed my arm tenderly about her slim waist, she raised her beautiful face to mine to receive the hot, passionate kiss I imprinted upon those soft full lips.

“This, of course, makes everything plain,” exclaimed Jack when he, in turn, had kissed Muricl, who now stood in his embrace. “Polovstoff was a very liberal-minded and upright official who was greatly in the favour of the Czar, and a serious rival to Oberg, whose drastic and merciless methods in Finland were not exactly approved of by the Emperor. The Baron was well aware of all this, and by ingeniously enticing him on board the *Aris* he succeeded by handing that small bomb concealed in a cigar—a Nihilist contrivance that had probably been seized by his police in Finland—in freeing himself from the rival who was destined to occupy his post.”