

It would be impossible to visualize more telling example of villainy than those two personifications of frightfulness presented.

Trotsky displayed a wild, unkempt crop of hair and wretched apology for a mustache. His co-assassin, Lenin, possessed a different type of face, if anything more cruel than that of his colleague.

It was obvious that neither ever troubled to wash.

A decided atmosphere of red pervaded the room. The wall paper was red. The chairs were upholstered in bright red cloth. Red flags were everywhere. Even the light globes were of ruby glass, and red ink was used exclusively. The only article of furniture not entirely red was the carpet and even that, when I think of it, was nearly, if not altogether, red. Where the original pattern did not show the prevailing color, bloodstains supplied the omission.

CHAPTER II.

A VISITOR.

"**H**AS Lopemoff reported yet, Nick?" Trotsky inquired of his comrade.

"Not yet, Trot," replied Lenine, at the same time reaching for the vodka bottle.

"Oh, there he comes!" announced Trot, as a heavy footstep was heard approaching along the corridor.

A huge, bearded man, with blood-shot eyes and, of course, a red tie, entered.

"Morning, Lop," said Lenine. "What luck today, old sport?"

"Good," replied the other, with a wicked leer, as he fumbled at the blood-stained knife which hung by his side with his bloody and dirt-begrimed paws.

"Get them?" interrogated Nick.

"Sure thing," he said. "Caught them nicely."

"The proof?" suggested Trot.

"There you are!" Lop triumphantly announced, as he pulled from his pocket a couple of human noses and laid them on the table before the arch-villians.