

here two hours since, going towards the Monastery." When the convent gates are well-nigh reached the direction is suddenly changed, and as they follow this strange chase up one street and down another, at every turn the question is repeated until, of a sudden, the General hears: "Your Excellency stopped about two hours ago, at yonder large gray stone house, the third on the right." At these words His Excellency's eyes lose their look of stony calm, and—like a hunter who scents his prey close at hand—the nostrils dilate, while a tense expression tells that the interest is becoming very keen.

"I entered the third house on the right; did I come out again?"

The man's face is a positive study as he answers, "Not that I saw, my General. Yet it is evident—"

"No matter about what is evident!" interrupted His Excellency, shortly; "answer only the questions you are asked. What became of my equipage?"

"It went on immediately and turned the corner, so Your Excellency may have left by another—"

But the man turned an ashen hue as the General interrupted, sternly: "No suppositions, do you hear! And now—" Here followed some swiftly spoken, low-voiced instructions that were inaudible to Serge, and as the policeman turned and hurried away, the General stepped from the sleigh beckoning Pallen to alight.

As Serge followed the General into the house that had been pointed out to them by the policeman, he noticed the look of bewilderment upon the Schvetzar's face, and in reply to the General's query: "Do I live here?" heard the man stammer, "Yes General; third floor, to the left!" The General, still followed by Serge mounted to the story indicated and pressed the electric bell at the door on his left, long and firmly.

A maid servant, who was evidently expecting a summons, opened the door almost immediately; but, as she caught sight of the General, her lower jaw dropped, and she stood with eyes and

mouth agape, staring at him. When asked: "Do I live here?" she nodded frantically, and when her interrogator continued, "Which is my room?" She gave a terrified gasp, and started hastily backward down the corridor. Her outstretched right hand soon touched the framework of a door, and stopping, she remained pointing speechlessly toward the entrance.

With scant ceremony His Excellency caught the handle, and the next moment stood in a good sized room, lighted by two windows looking out upon the street.

Pallen, whose nerves were now strung to their intensest pitch, saw, with something like a shudder, seated at a large round table, his back toward them, a man with close cut black hair, who was busily sorting or counting a sufficiently imposing pile of bank-notes. A gray wig was thrown in a little heap on the table beside him, and he was in his shirt-sleeves, while the uniform which he had just discarded lay at full length—identically the same as that worn by the General—upon the bed.

He had not moved as the door had opened, but, on the contrary, had exclaimed, with some impatience: "How is it you are so late Paul Dmitrieff?" And as His Excellency's hand now fell heavily upon his shoulder, he sprang to his feet with a hoarse cry.

"There is no escape for you" said the General slowly, "this house is surrounded by my men. I have been upon your tracks for some time, my friend but your audacity of to-day will put an end to your escapades, I can assure you.

With what relief Serge Georjevitch Pallen handed the money over that same afternoon to the persons appointed to receive it—for the telegram had been a part of the plot, and the gentlemen of the committee had arrived that morning in St. Petersburg—may be better imagined than described, and the proprietor of the Northern Hotel was treated to a bottle of his own finest champagne in return for the kindly advice he had given the young tchinoynik.