

her own bosom the pistol with which her martyr had taken his great life, she could hardly believe it herself even now. He seemed too grand for death. And Russia without him?

The deep fresh-fallen snow was getting trampled down by this time under the desecrating feet of men and horses. There was bustle in the streets. People came and went hurriedly. Madame Mireff called a sleigh, one of the quick little cabs that ply for hire on runners, and, scarcely knowing what she did, bade the man drive—faster, faster, to the Frenchified Hôtel de l'Impératrice, in the modern quarter, where her maid was stopping. Her own boxes were there, and her private belongings; for she had occupied the room in the Rue du Bazar Slav as a place to look out for Ruric Brassoff only. Of course, she couldn't return to that hateful house in such a crisis as this. The police were in possession of Fomenko's rooms, and would be busily engaged by now in ransacking everything.

Tinkle-tinkle went the bells in the keen crisp air, as the sleigh hurried along—faster, faster, faster—over the smooth virgin snow toward the modern quarter. But Madame Mireff's thoughts were very different from their tone. She was reflecting how she came to miss Ruric Brassoff.

It was a horrible mischance, yet unavoidable, wholly. For three weeks she had occupied a room on the ground-floor of the house where Fomenko lodged, nominally to act as a spy for the Government on Ruric Brassoff's arrival; really, to warn her Chief when he came against impending danger. Of Fomenko himself she knew nothing—not even his name. She had only been told by Alexis Selistoff to watch that house, as Ruric Brassoff was likely to come there on his arrival in Moscow; and in her anxiety to save the great leader's life, she didn't care to risk discovery of her complicity in the plot by making too minute inquiries about the possible subordinate he might be expected to visit. But on the very morning of Ruric Brassoff's arrest she had left her front room for a few minutes only when he presented himself at the door; and she knew nothing of his arrest till, half an