

meet? Ah, Siberia is large as your States and France and England and Germany all together.

"Our club was not all a club of pleasure. Some died of consumption; others killed themselves, and others went insane. The pipe raved sometimes. It spoke many sad good-byes to wives and children. But the pipe was not often so, for a Revolutionist must smile though the heart be torn. We older ones continually urged the young girls to be strong, for they told us how they were taken out and brutally treated to make them give evidence. A very few broke down, but there were many young girls who endured unshaken months of this brutality.

"From new prisoners we heard cheering news. The fire of our Idea had spread among workmen as well as peasants; in the factories many were arrested, some were imprisoned here and joined our club, but were soon condemned into exile. Still the Idea spread. In 1877 came that tremendous demonstration on the Kazan Square in St. Petersburg. Hundreds were imprisoned; again many joined our club and were condemned, sent us last words of cheer along the pipe, and so were rushed off to Siberia.

"In 1878 we were tried. One hundred had died or gone insane. We one hundred and ninety-three were packed into a little hall. Over half had belonged to our club, and I had a strange shock as I now looked at these clubmates with whom I had daily talked. White, thin, and crippled, but still the same stout hearts! We nerved each other to refuse to be tried, for the trial we knew was to be a farce; the jury allowed us by law was not given us; we had only a jury of seven, of whom but one was a peasant. Our judges had been appointed by the Czar. They divided us into groups of ten or fifteen; the trials lasted half a year. When my turn came, I pro-

tested against this farce; for this I was at once taken out and my prison term lengthened to five years as hard-labor convict in the mines. This is the punishment given to a murderer. My term served, I was a Siberian exile for life.

"Secretly at night, to avoid a demonstration, ten of us were led out. Other tens followed on successive nights. In the street below were eleven 'telegas'—heavy hooded vehicles with three horses each. Into one I was placed, a stout gendarme squeezed in on each side, to remain there two months. Just before my knees sat the driver. We went off at a gallop, and our five-thousand-mile journey began. The Great Siberian Road was feelingly described by Mr. Kennan. A succession of bumps of all sizes; our springless telegas jolted and bounced; my two big gendarmes lurched; our horses continually galloped, for they were changed every few hours; we bounced often a whole week without stopping over ten minutes day or night; we suffered agony from lack of sleep. Our officer ordered the gendarmes never to leave us.

"At times we women held shawls between the gendarmes and our friends. Three wives who had come to share their husbands' exile were treated the same. We were all dressed in convict clothes. The men had also heavy chains on feet and wrists; their heads were partly shaved. Our officer kept the money given him by our anxious friends at home, and gave us each the Government allowance of about five cents a day. For sleep we were placed in the etapes (wayside prisons). Mr. Kennan has well described the cells—reeking, crawling, infected with scurvy, consumption, and typhoid. They had log walls roughly covered with plaster. The air was invariably noisome; the long bench on which we slept had no bed-