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True Stories of Experiences in the State. War. Treasury and Postoffice Departments by Col. Jasper Ewing Brady. Late Censor of Telegraphs and Chief Signal Officer. U. S. A., Santiago de Cuba. (Copyright, 1906, by W. G. Chapman.)

Written for the Deseret News.

No. 13.-Outwitting the Russian Government.

ASSING rapidly over the intervening years and reserving some extremely thrilling experiences of Col. Cheney for future telling, we come to '95, '96 and '97, the period just antedating the Spanish-American war, some of Cheney's cases had been for the state department and he stood very high in the estimation of the federal fovernment. He was a man mature in years, rich in experience and as evenly balanced as a perfectly made machine. He was a close and ptense student of current events and while he was an ardent partisan in plitics he never intruded his beliefs to the detriment of his work. His desective service company was all poweful and a potent factor for good. Its ramifications were world wide and its torkings were under the guldance of ramineations were under the guidance of workings were under the guidance of the master mind of Cheney. In 1897 he was 57 years old. Few gray hairs had made their appearance and he really looked like a man of 40. He ways had been. Guthrie, Longr-gen and others had grown up in the business and in 1893 he incor-parated his company and made have two equal partners with him As he expressed it when he pre-ented them their stock, "You see, fel-lers, I haven't a kith or kin to leave anything to when I'm gone and I'd bra I haven't a kith of kin to leave arything to when I'm gone and I'd have to think of this company busting up to I've made you both equal part-ners with me. You've both been my standbys and-why, hang it, I'm near to tears." Which was true. So were the other men.

the other men. Cherey's vision of his younger days whereby he saw a home had faded away as years passed on. They were that dimly apparent now. Somehow just dimly apparent now. Somehow visions of men at 30 are more roseate

close touch with affairs Keeping in national and otherwise Cheney knew that somer or later the United States was going to invite Spain to leave the western hemisphere. The invita-tion would be declined and Spain tion weild be declined and Spain would be driven out. As early as '96 be United States began active, sough unknown to the public, prep-rations to do her part. Several deli-ate governmental missions were en-rusted to Cheney. Trips to Cuba, conferences with the members of the junt, inspections of certain persons of fems Cheney was aware what and firms. Chency was aware what was roing on at all times and when war did come he knew he would be appointed chief of the secret service f the army.

The government awoke to the fact that it had been standing still for purs so far as information as to what r powers were doing was con-It began to send army and ened. and collate matters military, but ere were a number of things civil-ts could get as well as soldiermen sailormen.

cheney received a note from the retary of state's private secretary retary of state's private secretary rly in '96 asking him to come to ashington. Two days later Col. seney walked into the stately old le known as the state, war and navy department. The secretary of state resived him as cordially as his diploand official nature would ad-

"Col. Cheney," he said, "I've sent ome very delicate work for the



PITTSBURG FURNISHES ANOTHER SENSATION.

Pittsburg, the incubator of sensations, offers a new one in the case of Mrs. Frances Walker, of that city, who has brought suit for desertion against Peter McCool, a wealthy oil operator to whom Mrs. Walker avera she was married in 1904. A puzzling twist is being given to the affair by the generally accepted belief that Mrs. Walker is the mysterious "woman in black," who, heavily velled, failed to gain admission to the church in Beaver, Pa., while services were being held over the remains of Senator Mathew S. Quay in April, 1904.

eyed man was above the ordinary. the constrained aid of officialdom. A "After the president has finished will you please come back? I will have and the secretary led the way down "Col. Cheney 'You are assuming I will go, then?" the White House. "Of ourse you'll go-because the president asks it—because you will be serving your country by so doing." Score one for the secretary. He struck Cheney fairly and squarely. Pa-triotism was Cheney's long suit. Many time he had drunk the toast "My ald the calm brown-eyed, smooth-faced man advancing with outstretched hand. "Mr. President," replied Cheney, taking the proferred hand. "Sit down, colonel," said the presi-dent. A cigar was lighted and the at-mosphere soon lacked restraint. Cheney felt the greatness of the president. Sincerity, honesty and intensity of pura time he had drunk the toast, "My country, may she always be right; but right or wrong-my country." He smiled and said: He pose were written all over his face. His manner was democratic yet digni-"Yes, Mr. Secretary, I reckon I'll fied, and from his brown eyes gleamed his very soul. Cheney was not an emo-tional man, and yet if the president had asked him to stand on his head on top of the Washington monument he "Thank you colonel." At two o'clock Cheney appeared at the White House. Evidently he was expected because within a moment of the time his card was taken in a gen-tlemanly secretary came out and said: "This is Col. Cheney?" Cheney noddwould have attempted the feat. They talked for nearly two hours. The president unfolded all his plans and ideas. Information was wanted. Information of government—of the navy—of the army—of everything of interest other nations were doing. ed. The personage's tone softened a bit. "The president will see you in a mo-Be began to realize this calm grey- ment." Cheney was not oppressed by

sultation on the afternoon of the meni sultation on the afternoon of the mem-orable June day when the shake of a peasant's head caused the downfall of the empire. To the left he saw the road over which came Blucher. The sunken road of chain was outlined: Hougo-mort and Nivelle were there, too, and Waterloo, the greatest field in history! Cheney was much impressed here and also at Brussels, where he walked through the hall in which "there was through the hall in which "there was a sound of revelry by night." Spain was visited, and Cheney noted the entire lack of military pre-paration. He went aboard warships with impunity. The Almirante Oqu-endo, the Cristobol Colon, and Maria Theresa were visited and inspected. Later these ships were reduced to Later these ships were reduced to scrap iron by Sampson's fleet at San-tiago. Portugal was suffering from military dry rot. Italy was full of ac-tivity from end to end. The ever-present controversy between the Vali-can and state was convergent in format can and state was apparently forgot-ten. Military everywhere-and for

ten. Military everywhere—and for what? The answer is still waiting though the activity continues. Austria offered a fair field for in-vestigation. The Austrian army was great on show and parade, but as a practical military machine it wasn't much. The navy of Austria was nit, although Cheney was much impressed with the gondola fleet on the Grand canal in Venice. "Great for pleasure," said Cheney, smillingly to himself as he leaned on the failing of the Grand said Cheney, smillingly to himself as he leaned on the railing of the Grand hotel and watched the plensure laden bonts glide by. After Austria came Russia-Russia, the most despote au-tocratic government in all the world; Russia the home of anarchy, the breeding ground of nihilism; Russia where human life wasn't worth a cracker; Russia the home of the knout and all the horrors of dungeons in dark and dark places; Russia with its Siberia to the eastward where thou-Siberia to the eastward where thou-sands of poor, downtrodden human beings were annually starved and beaten to death because they dared, if only in thought, to oppose the shrty-If only in thought, to oppose the shriv-eled bit of intellectuality called the crar. It was front to address him as the "Little Father." Choney knew his work would not be of easy accom-plishment in Russia; he knew all about the celebrated "third section," or secret police. They had their agents every place in the world--even the United States held many of them. Every foreigner entering Russia is the United States held many of them. Every foreigner entering Russia is under surveillance from the time he enters until he leaves (and numbers of them do not leave). Cheney knew this. He knew all his cunning would be required to outwit this dreaded third section, but he felt equal to it. He knew if he was detected seeking military information his life would pay the forfeit. Mails, telegraphs, railroads, all means of transportation pay the forfelt. Mails, telegraphs, railroads, all means of transportation were under governmental control. Be-fore leaving Venice, Cheney destroyed every scrap of writing he had save his passport and a small letter of credit. He would observe and find out all he could in Russia, but the making of would be done in neutral territory lat-er on. He was just a plain American citizen on a trip. Journalism was a chance profession, to be used as a pleasure more than a livelihood. He was rich (that was true) and fully was rich (that was true), and fully conscious of his danger. Col. Jack Cheney took the Imperial express, a de luxe train, and shortly afterwards he was at the border. The train stop. ped, the cars were opened and inspect-ed by a horde of customs officers. Across a fence was Russia; now they were in Austria. Presently a distin-guished looking individual, respiendent in a green and gold uniform and hung with medals and decorations an-

nounced: "Pardon, ladies and gentlemen; but owing to some unavoidable circum-stances which cannot be controlled, we shall be compelled to detain you a short while. We regret it, but it is unavoidable."

unavoidable." Cheney looked the man over care-fully, and then carelessly lit a cigar. No one was allowed to leave the cars, but gazing out the window he saw several men in plain clothes looking over passports, baggage and individu-als. It was evident some one was be-

ing looked for. "Third section," murmured Che-ney to himself as he smoked and read. n inspector came in and said: "Your passport, monsieur, please?" Without raising his eyes from his book he handed the inspector the lit-tle leather case containing his pass-port. It was carefully read and handed back with a polite "Thank you." Cheney could feel he, too, was being looked over, but never turned a hair. Two hours were consumed—and as Cheney afterwards learned, two men Cheney afterwards learned, two men had been turned back. A few mo-ments more and they were in Russia. That night Cheney stopped in War-saw, but nothing untoward happened there. Poor down-trodden Poland contained no military secrets of note. True, some day the Poles would rise and regain their liberty, but that day was far distant.



whose name afterwards became a synonym of everything that was cruel; Trepoff who afterwards met death at an assassin's hand. He was a distinguished looking gentleman, be-whiskered, be-uniformed and be-medaled. His cordiality was extreme

"Monsieur Bradley, I am honored," "The honor is mine, general," said Cheney, taking the proffered hand and

"I am informed you are a journal-ist, Monsieur Bradley?"

Yes, general." "Yes, general." "And the nature of your visit to Russia at this time is to collect and

ollate articles? 'Yes, general.' Cheney wanted the general to do

"What kind of facts and informa-tion do you want. Mr. Bradley? Per-haps I can belp you get them." "You are most kind, general: but I

wont bother you.' wont bother you." "You are going to write of physical Russia or political Russia?" "Maybe both, general." "What periodicals and papers do you write for, Mr. Bradley?"

Cheney smiled, 'Well, you see, Gen, Trepoff, in America I am what is known as a 'tramp' journalist.' I have no regular connection an article and sell it as I can tion-1 write

an article and sell it as I cao." "Isn't that a precarious living, Mr. Bradley?" The general's question was impertinent and personal, but Cheney knew his ground. "If that was my only living, yes; but I'm not poor, general; I have an independent competency of my own. Manro & Co., No. 7 Rue Scribe, Paris, will be any draft inday for filo.

honor my draft today for £10,-I'm not poor, general." ssuredly not. How long do you

"Assuredly not. How long do you intend staying in Moscow?" "Two or three days. It's an inter-esting place, the Kremlin particularly

"And then-"

"Well, general, I hardly know. St. Petersburg, to be sure. Maybe Odessa Petersburg, to be sure. Maybe Odessa and Sevastopol." The interview ended and three days later Cheney left for St. Petersburg. He was under surveillance and knew it. Moscow didn't yield him any fa-formation whatsoever. St. Petersburg must do better or the Russian visit would be nil. There was military ac-tivity lots of it: Cheney could feel it would be nil. There was military ac-tivity, lots of it: Cheney could feel it tivity, tivity, lots of it: Cheney could feel it in the air; but what was it? He called on the American ambassador, was made welcome, and then tried for his information. Wherever he turned he was watched, he knew it. It was irkwas watched, he knew it. It was irk-some to him, he hated it. Through the instrumentality of one of the un-der secretaries of the American em-bassy Cheney was given the courte-sies of the Imperial club. "Here," thought Cheney, "I will be let alone." Not so, however, because wherever he turned outside he was watched. And turned outside he was watched. And even in the club some of the servants were members of the "Third Sec-

tion. One evening Cheney was sitting in the club smoking his customary clgar, and mentally cursing the people that were keeping him from achieving his were keeping him from achieving his end. All at once he felt a light touch on his shoulder. Quickly turning he found himself gazing into a very frank pair of blue eyes. A friendly hand was outstretched and a pleas-ant smile was on the face of the man. He was a Russian, surely. "M. Bradley, you look lonely." Cheney took the proffered hand and the the schebe seesived a Masonic grip.

"Third Section" men-what of them? Almosi every day Cheney was sum-moned before the prefect, and that day he had learned Gen. Trepoff had come to St. Petersburg. Cheney made up his mind to a bold move. His engagement with Count Yarmoleff was for 11 the next morning. At 10:15 he stopped at the government police affice on the Nevsky Prospect. He sent his card to Gen. Trepoff and was received imme-diately. diately. "Ah, my dear Mr. Bradley, I am glad

"Ab, my dear Mr. Bradley, I am glad to see you. It is an honor." "Thank you general. I came today before I was sent for. Ever since I landed in Russia I have been under the surveillance of your men and every day I've come up like a lackey and reported to your minions, either here or at Mos-cow. Now seneral I'm sick and tired cow. Now, general, I'm sick and tired of it. Everywhere I go one of your men follows me! It must cease right now

or I shall go to the American ambassa-dor and claim the protection of my government. Do I make myself clear, "Perfectly, Mr. Bradley," said the

general, rising. Both men stood facing each other and the situation was tense. The Russian bear was being bearded n his own lair. "In these times, Mr. Bradley, we

watch every one-and we do more than that on occessions."

that on occasions." "Oh. yes, I know general. Siberia and all that; but I am not intimidated. At II I have an appointment with Count Yarmoleff. If the surveillance continues I shall ask him to accom-pany me to my embassy and then to the forcies office. the foreign office. At the mention of Yarmeloff's name

At the mention of farmed. Yarmeloff was a noble, a man of note, and Tre-poff was a sycophantic man. If this American was a friend of Count Yar-meloff's it might be well to draw in.

meloff's it might he well to draw in. "I am sorry Mr. Bradley, that you have been troubled. I will see that it ceases instantly. You will understand, I am sure, that extreme care is neces-sary." More profuse apologies, and Cheney left. The surveillatice did cease and thereafter Cheney's prox-ress was unimpeded. He saw the re-view of the Tenth Imperial Hussars' he saw Cossacks and Guards regiments galore, and after the review was over Yarmeleff presented him to a number of notables. of notables.

Yarmeleft presented him to a humper of notables. That evening while dining with the count. Cheney judiciously put a few questions, intended to draw informa-tion milliary. Yarmoleff had had sev-eral glasses of wine and was mellow with affection for Bradley; you must come down to my estates near Yar-oslav. Next week I have quite a dis-tinguished party there. Grand Duke Vladmir will be one and others of note. You will enjoy yourself. You will come? Yes?" "Thank you, count, I will come. Maybe I can get a good descriptive story out of this: I am a writer, you know." "Yes, you may, but I fear not. You

'Yes, you may, but I fear not. You

"Yee, you may, but I fear not. You see all of these gentlemen will be mill-tary men, but while the council meets you can enjoy yourself on the place. We will start tomorrow." Cheney saw the American ambassa-dor that evening and the next day went with his friend to Yarsolav. The es-tates were magnificent—the castle grand and everything was done for Cheney's comfort. Vladimir and the other generals arrived. Makaroff and Rojestvensky for the navy came also. Cheney smoked many clears, read a few books and kept his eyes and ears open. He learned all. It was only '97, mind you, but even then Japan was be-ing discussed. Troops in great num-bers were being rushed across Siberla into Manchuria. Port Arthur was bebers were being rushed across Siberia into Manchuria. Port Arthur was be-ing strengthened. Japan was not held in very high esteem by Russia, and the great bear would crush the little yellow man by sheer force of numbers. Cheney secured all the information necessary and reluctantly he bade his host good-by, promising to return later on. Odessa was 1,000 miles away, and Cheney made for that point by easy cheney made for that point by easy stages. Again came the ugly survell-lance of the "Third Section." His steps were dogged continuously. Three days must he wait for a steamer to take him to Constantinople. On the second day the air of Odessa became oppressive. Cheney's hunch becan working overtime

and he scented trouble. He sat in his and he scented trouble. He sat in his room overlooking the quay, siriving to evolve some plan whereby he could get out of Odessa without waiting for the regular boat. Men were watching him from every side. Looking up, he saw a large white-hulled man-o'-war glid-ing into the harbor. From her gaff flew the Stars and Strips



BRIGHT'S DISEASE AND DIAB TES CAN NOW BE CURED.

From Kansas City Journal. Diseases heretofore believed incural are yielding one by one to modern s ence. The control of Bright's Dises and Diabetes are probably the most in portant recent accomplishments. The diseases were considered fatal. Fre

discuss were considered fatal. Fre recent developments in San Francis and from confirming facts in this city is evident that not alone relief but permanent cure of both these dread complaints can now be effected. The new formula was first put to t test in this city by a prominent ho-man who had exhausted local media skill in a long baffle with a severe ca-of Diabetes. He got such results the he spread the news among his frien about town, and it would astonish to public to know the number, charact and prominence of the patients now r covering in Kansas City. To ascertain if permanent relief h

To ascertain if permanent relief h been effected by the new treatment, i most all of the local cases that has been treated are of comparatively rece date, the following wire was sent California, where the new diuretic h been in use for the past year or two: Kansas City, Jan. 15, 1906. R. A. Crothers, Proprietor Bulletin, San Francisco, Cal. Several prominent citizens of Kans

City report wonderful recoveries fro Bright's Disease and Diabotes by u of Fulton's Compound. Kindly advius if successful and permanent result have been accomplished in your city. THE JOURNAL COMPANY.

THE JOURNAL COMPANY. In reply the following wire was r evived from the Evening Bulletin: San Francisco, Jan. 16, 1206. Kansas City Journal: Permauent results here. Know a do

Permauent results here. Know a do tor who acknowledges absolute recover from Diabetes. Many authentic cur-of Bright's Disease. A. R. CROTHERS. One of the most wonderful recoverli in this city is that of Dr. J. M. Gues of 240 West Third street. His case + Diabetes was of long standing and i serious that he was advised to go Florida. During his absence in the South the hotel man spoken of abov hearing of the case, informed the do tor's while that he was recovering fro-the same disease and that her husbar could recover, and on his return be in mediately took up the new preparation. The doctor now states that he soon by gan to get relief. Normal gleep was re-stored, strength returned and he no weighs more than for the last twent weighs more than for the last twent years, when the Diabetes first made i appearance. The doctor has very nu urally been the means of other case using the new specifics and reports that ractically the same results were o

tained. The experience of the hotel man an seems conclusive. He states that he ha had Diabetes for years and believed i incurable till a Western traveling me called his attention to the recovering that were being made in San Francisco The results were, if anything, more delinite them in the case of Dr. Guest, fo upon his discovery he passed for life in surance. He likewise has been th means of others here taking it with lik

Other late cases reported include tw recoveries from Bright's Disease, bot the patients being prominent in lees mercantile circles.—Kansas City Jour nal

If anyone having knowledge of a cas If anyone having knowledge of a cas of Bright's Disease or Diabetes wi send us the name and address we wi see that they are sent full details d this important discovery. We send fo the treatment and have it in stock. F. J. Hill Drug Co., Salt Lake City.

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Abroad?" asked Cheney. You anticipate me; yes, abroad," splied the secretary. There was a such touch of asperity in his tone. Retetaries of state do not like to be uticipated. Cheney morely smiled utid murmured, "pardon me." He was tot awed one bit by the greatness of the personage in whose presence he

was standing "The president wants to see you at o'clock today. Two o'clock, Col.

-sharp! 'sharp' was unnecessary, Mr. Secretary. I served some time in the army and promptness has always been strong point with me. Good morn-

nent, colonel, please." The



Loading in boats for transportation down the river

The Montezuma Orange and Banana Co. has purchased 1250 acres of land in the Republic of Maxico, near the Guif of Mexico. The soil is especially well adapted to the growth and development of oranges and bananas. The climate is the finest in the world and the company's plantation. pantation is situated on the Tamesi River, a navigable stream which takes its cargo to Tampico, where they are loaded on to Ocean Steam-ers, giving unsurpassed facilities for transporting the fruit to market. The company has issued a book giving valuable information about this industry which has every indication of being a remarkably lucra-tive business. It can be had for the asking by calling at the company's effector sending a nostal card.

Ce or sending a postal card. This company has a paid up capital of \$100,000.00. That it will car. This company has a paid up capital of \$100,000.00. That it will car-ty out its contract is assured from the fact that the following well snown business men stand at its head: H. L. Griffin, President; Ellas & Kimball, Vice-President; A. H. Snow, Secretary; A. H. Peabody, Treasurer; D. N. Straup, Director; Lewis A. Merrill, Director. The investments should be as follows: Cost of one acre of bananas, \$250.00. The second year should produce 300 bunches at 50 cents, or \$150.00, less expense \$25.00, Net \$125.00; The third year and after, 500 bunches at 50 oranges; \$350.00. The third year should produce 350 boxes at \$1.00 or \$39.09, less expense \$25.00, net \$225.00. Oranges: Cost one acre \$39.09, less expense \$25.00, net \$200.00. Increasing each year thereafter. \$350.00. The third year should produce 350 boxes at \$1.00

BANANAS Cost one acre Bananas	ORANCES. ORANCES. Cost one acre Oranges\$350.00 The third year should pro- duce 350 boxes at \$1.00, or. 350.00 Less Expense
Net, \$225.00	Increasing each year thereafter
R. L. GRIFFIN, President. A. H. SNOW, Secretary. D. N. STRAUP, Director. EBII Pail Cap MONTEZUMA ODANCE	

interest other nations were doing. "Particularly, Col. Cheney," said the president in closing, "do I want infor-mation of Russia. That's a big coun-try and there is a great feeling of un-rest there. It is rumored the army is disloyal, the navy ready to rebel and the peasantry ready to rise in their wrath. And I fancy you will have the greatest difficulty in obtain-ing this information in Russia, because they are so strict with foreigners, esthey are so strict with foreigners, es-pecially Americans. But I think you an do it.

"Mr. President." said Cheney quietly but earnestly, "T'll find out what you want or die trying," and he meant every word of It.

"Look out for their "Third section." I've heard it's pretty alert, colonel." "All right sir, I'll keep my eyes and ears open."

and ears open." A short time later Col. Cheney again stood in the presence of the august sec-retary of state. The secretaries of war and navy were also there by ap-pointment. It was after dark, and the clerks had left the old building when the conference broke up. Cheney had all his passports, financial papers and instructions. The instructions were verbal; his passport was made out in the name of James E. Bradley, journal-ist. At certain places in Europe and At certain places in Europe and United States ambassadors and Asia. consuls would have funds for him. He was to spare neither time nor expense-the government wanted information-especially from Russia. Cheney had a week in which to settle his affairs in this country. A day later he was in Chicago and confided only to Guthrie and Lonergan, where he was going. They were to run the business absolute-ly while he was gone; and three days later he disappeared as if the earth bad swillowed him

had swallowed him. A swift steamer salling from New York carried Cheney on his first trip abroad. Duty and pleasure were to be combined, but duty would come first. Six days later he landed in Southampton and was soon in London. At this time the relations between England and the United States were very cordial and there was no need of concealment or disguise, and Chen-ey's seven days in the English metro-poils were very pleasant. He was en-tertained at the St. George's and Ser-vice clubs, and made thoroughly at home in Scotland Yard. His fame as a detective had preceded him, and MacKenzie and others made his stay enjoyable. But when Cheney sailed from Dover to Calais his name became "Bradley" and again until he again set foot in the United States he retained that nome de guerre-because it was war. France held not much startling military information; St. startling military information; St. Cyr, the French military academy, was behind West Point. Germany was full of advanced military ideas, and very careful did Cheney inspect the German machine. He saw a review of 30,000 troops, and the kaiser was present. Cheney's report from Germany was full of meat. He stood on top of the Mont. St. Jean on the field of Waterloo, and gazed down over the plain to a point where the emperor and Ney had a con-

Moscow was Cheney's next stop, and here the trouble began. He had hard-ly been in the Angla-Russ hotel 10 minutes before there was a knock on

minutes before there was a knock on the door of his room. "Come in," he said. In came M. Dobrowsky, as shown by the card. Dobrowsky looked like a Parisian fashion plate. "You are Mr. Bradley?" "Yes, sir," replied Cheney. "Won't you sit down?" "Thank you," said M. Dobrowsky.

you sit down?" "Thank you," said M. Dobrowsky, sitting on the edge of a chair, holding his slik hat over his knees. "Mr. Bradley," he continued, in perfect English, "Gen. Trepoff, whose office I represent, has asked me to interview

"Is Gen. Trepoft an editor?" smil-ingly asked Cheney. He knew he

wasn't. "No; ah! no, Mr. Bradley, Gen. Trepoff is military governor here in Moscow." Cheney knew he was a

Moscow." Cheney knew he was a prefect of police as well. "Oh," said Cheney, with the same inscrutable smile on his face. "and what does Gen. Trepoff want of me?" "Merely wants to know, Mr. Bradley, what you are doing here. That's all."

"At present, Mr.-er-Monsieur Dobrowsky, I am doing nothing at all. I only arrived yesterday,"

"But how long are you going to stay?" "That's a question, sir. I don't

know.

"Yes, thank you." said M. Dobrow-sky, bowing himself out. Carefully Cheney looked out of the window. He saw his visitor leave and, in passing a man standing across the street, he made an almost imperceptible

sign. "Watched." muttered "Well, let's see who wins out." Cheney.

"Well, let's see who wins out." A little while later he took a walk, going up to look at the Kremiin. A mirror cleverly arranged in the end of his walking stick revealed the fact that he was followed by three men. "They must think I'm damned im-portant," he mused. When he returned to the hotel he found his suit case had been transact.

when he returned to the note: he found his suit case had been inspect-ed. Everything had been replaced, but his trained eye noted at once one or two slight discrepancies. "So that's their game," he thought.

"So that's their game." he thought. His sleep was undisturbed that night and next morning he again took a stroll and drive around the city. Multitudes of sentinels forbade his finding out anything about ports, troops or military matters. He reached his hotel about 12 o'clock and found his friend Dobrowsky's men had shadowed him all morning. "Again, Monsieur Bradley, I greet you."

you. "So I see," said Cheney dryly,

"Howdy?" "Gen. Trepoff would feel honored if you will call on him this afternoon at

three." Cheney was about to tell Dobrow-sky if Gen. Trepoff wanted to see him he could come to the hotel, but his better judgment, indicated it would not be well to antagonize the general. "The honor is mine, Mr. Dobrowsky. Say to the general I'll be there." Cheney was there, and was ushered into the presence of Trepoff. Trepoff.

In the shake received a Masonic grip. Masonry in Russia is without the pale of the government, and Cheney was not sure but what the grip was given by mistake; but again it was given, and this time more pronounced. At last here was a friend.

here was a friend. "I am Count Yarmoleff, Mr. Bradley. For several days I have noticed you. Particularly have I noticed your gold watch charm. Sh-yes, I am a Mason. It's tabcoed here, but in England, where

It's tabcoed here, but in England, where I was an attache, I took my degrees-only three of them, but enough to ap-preciate the beauties of Masonry." "Well, I am glad to meet you, count," replied Cheney, with an easy grace. "I was lonely-damned lonely, if you will pardon the ultra American avpression" expression.'

The meeting was most opportune, At first Cheney thought Yarmoleff might be a "Third Section" man, but subsequent events proved he was not. He was just a royal good fellow, who He was just a royal good lenow, who was first attracted by Cheney's watch charm and later by his strong person-ality. An inquiry at the desk revealed the name "Bradley:" the Masonic hall did the rest. The count was more than cordial and in course of the evening

"You must see the review of my reg-

"You must see the review of my reg-iment tomorrow. Bradley." "Your what?" said Cheney. "My regiment, the Tenth Imperial Hussars. I'm colonel of it, and the czar reviews it tomorrow."

"Why, count, I shall be delighted." Here was a chance! Yarmoleff as col-onel of the Imperial Hussars was a member of the military council; mili-tary information could be obtained as The stars of luck were shining brightly. But there were those

ing into the harbor. From her gaff flew the Stars and Stripes. "An American man-of-war." said Cheney. Thank God for that!" After the salutes had been fired he saw a launch put off from the ship and head for the shore. His suitcase was all packed and when the launch was about to land he threw open the door, and there was a man waiting for him! It was no time for parley. Cheney dropped his suit case and quick as a finsh his right arm flew out. It was a clean upper-cut and one portion of the "Third Section" went down in a heap. With a bound Cheney was over him and out on the street. It was all done so quickly the men on watch were quickly the men on watch were their guard. Cheney was on the wharf as the launch came in. and young ensign was in command, Cheney in a very few words told him who he was. In 15 minutes Col. Cheney was aboard Uncle Sam's good ship and Russia had been outwitted.



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