

# The Rutherfordton Tribune.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOL. II. NO. 20.

RUTHERFORDTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1902.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

**MOTHERHOOD**

The greatest ambition of American men and women is to have homes blessed with children. The woman afflicted with female disease is constantly menaced with becoming a childless wife. No medicine can restore dead organs, but Wine of Cardui can regulate derangements that prevent conception; does prevent miscarriage; does restore weak functions and shattered nerves and does bring babies to homes barren and desolate for years. Wine of Cardui gives women the health and strength to bear healthy children. You can get a dollar bottle of Wine of Cardui from your dealer.

**WINE OF CARDUI**

115 Market Street  
Memphis, Tenn., April 14, 1902.  
In February, 1901, I received a bottle of Wine of Cardui and one package of married women's pills. I had been given birth to a child until I took Wine of Cardui. Now I am mother of a fine baby girl which was born March 25, 1902. The baby weighs fourteen pounds and I feel as well as any person could feel. Now my home is happy and I never will give up Wine of Cardui in my house again.  
Mrs. J. W. C. SMITH  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

For advice and literature, address, giving symptoms, "The Ladies' Advisory Department," The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.

## COMMERCIAL BANK.

Report of the condition of the Commercial Bank of Rutherfordton, at Rutherfordton, N. C., at the close of business on April 30th, 1902.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$21,651.37
Overdrafts	\$12.99
Furniture and fixtures	1,000.00
Due from banks and bankers	4,676.10
Cash on hand	2,481.64
Total	\$30,822.10
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock	\$10,000.00
Surplus	1,000.00
Undivided profits	489.16
Deposits subject to checks	19,072.29
Cashier's checks	65.45
Total	\$30,822.10

J. F. PLACK, Cashier of The Commercial Bank of Rutherfordton, do solemnly swear the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. F. PLACK, Cashier.  
State of N. C., Rutherford County.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 8th day of May, 1902.  
M. O. DICKERSON, C. S. C.  
Correct—Attest:  
T. B. TWITTY, JOHN C. MILLS, M. H. JUSTICE, Directors.

## Notice!

R. C. Carroll, vs. Thomas Carroll and others.

One of the defendants above named, Thomas Carroll, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Rutherford County by the plaintiff to secure and recover from the husband defendant, T. M. Carroll, a reasonable support and subsistence for the plaintiff and her youngest child, on the grounds that the husband defendant had wrongfully abandoned plaintiff and was withdrawn from her all means of support and subsistence.

And the said T. M. Carroll will further take notice that he is required to appear before his Honor, Judge Hoke, at the next term of the Superior Court for Rutherford County, to be held on the first Monday in September, 1902, at the court house in said county in Rutherfordton, N. C., and answer or demur to the complaint in the said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the said complaint.

And the said defendant, Thomas Carroll, is further notified that a motion will be made by the plaintiff before Judge Hoke at Chambers in Morganton, N. C., on June 4th, for an order securing her and her youngest child a reasonable support and subsistence, during the pendency of this action, at which time and place the said defendant can appear and show cause if any he can, why such order should not be granted. This April 16th, 1902.  
M. O. DICKERSON, C. S. C.  
McBryner & Justice, Attorneys.

## Notice!

The undersigned having qualified as administrator of Mrs. Sarah Morrow, deceased, hereby notifies all persons indebted to the said estate to call and settle at once. Also persons having accounts or claims of any nature against the said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly authenticated to the undersigned for payment, on or before the 8th day of April, 1902, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery. This April 7th, 1902.  
A. W. M'AHAN, Adm'r.  
of Sarah Morrow, deceased.  
McBryner & Justice, Attorneys.

## J. G. & L. G. REID, DENTISTS.

Marion and Rutherfordton. All work guaranteed. Our prices reasonable.

## THE SPUR OF FATE

By Ashley Towne

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY CHARLES E. BURRINGTON.

The terms were surprisingly liberal, but they were absolutely impossible under the circumstances. The immunity granted Durban was in itself a sufficient reason why he could give no favorable response. He replied in a calm tone, saying that the nature of the proposal was unexpected to him. In order to secure consideration there must be a guarantee that the Khan, Prince Kilzar and the others named would be treated as prisoners of war, but even so he could give no hope that a surrender would be made. He was proceeding toward certain suggestions of his own when suddenly, to the surprise of everybody, General Faint interrupted him and burst into a violent language, denouncing Kilzar and his associates in unmeasured terms and with epithets that seemed quite foreign to his nature, as his previous speech had disclosed it.

His own officers stared at him in amazement, and Darrell, standing in the darkest shadow to avoid recognition by Getchikoff, knew not what to expect. Then suddenly in the midst of his speech the old general hung up both hands to his forehead and fell across



The old general hung up both hands to his forehead.

the table behind which he had been standing. When they raised him up, he was seen to be beyond the control of reason, raving and muttering in the delirium of fever.

Help was summoned, and he was borne away.

"He will surely die," whispered Durban to Darrell. "It is a pity; a fine old man."

"As the ranking officer of the Russian forces before Gredskov," said Darrell, "I can only repeat what was said by my superior, now unfortunately incapacitated for the further conduct of these negotiations. You have until tomorrow at noon to consider our proposals."

Durban and his suit bowed gravely and withdrew. As they returned to the veranda in Vladikavkaz, and the clouds, announcing the end of the storm.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### DESTRUCTION.

PRINCESS VERA received General Durban's report with a calmness that would have done credit to a veteran of a dozen wars. She was lying on a couch that had been brought down from her military workshop, and she looked pitiably ill. Behind her stood the tall man whom Darrell had seen on the veranda in Vladikavkaz, and the face of the stern and formidable old woman was deeply lined with anxiety.

"This is mere weariness," said Vera. "It is possible that I may have overtaxed my strength. I am resting to prepare me for the work that must come tomorrow. There is plainly but one course for us. Your report makes that certainty doubly sure. We could not surrender our comrades in arms even if our case were ten times more desperate than it is. We must break through their lines."

"We have no alternative," replied Durban. "Heaven prosper us!"

"Our plans are already made," said Prince Kilzar, who was present with several of his most trusted officers. "I wish, however, that we could delay their attack for twenty-four hours."

"There is no possible chance of it," answered General Durban. "We may as well dismiss the thought."

"Your pardon, general," said Darrell. "I have reason to believe that I can accomplish so much at least. I am in a position to exert personal influence upon General Getchikoff."

Kilzar regarded Darrell with a scowl. Since the opening of the siege they had been on terms of armed neutrality.

"What is the nature of that influence?" asked the prince.

"If I disclose it to any one," answered Darrell, "it ceases to be valid. You must take my word in the dark that it exists."

"This does not greatly encourage me," rejoined Kilzar.

"Nevertheless," said Vera, "Mr. Dar-

rell's plan should be tried. If we can prolong the negotiations for a day, we shall have better roads for our march westward, and the enemy will gain nothing."

"I require no more than permission to speak with General Getchikoff alone," said Darrell.

"You will not get it from him," growled Kilzar. "I think we waste time."

Darrell merely bowed. He had caught the eye of General Durban and was satisfied by a glance that he would have no obstacle put in his way when the conference should meet again on the morrow. Vera had seen this by-play, and she also remained silent.

Durban presently withdrew and Darrell with him. They walked together in silence toward a point of the fortifications which commanded what must be the field of their endeavor if they should make the attempt to cut the Russian lines.

There seemed to be a considerable movement of the Russian troops. "They are closing in a bit," said Durban after a long look through his field-glasses. "Upon my word, they are not all dead of fever!"

"General," said Darrell, "you are an old soldier and a good one. Have we a chance?"

"None whatever," replied the general, with impressive calm. "The formation of the country enables the enemy to plant guns beyond our range, yet sweeping every road by which we can move out. There is no way for us to get our own guns into effective action, for they would shoot us off the face of the earth while we were limbering up. Only the merest raps of our army would ever get through, and they could never get together again into an effective military body. A picked force might surround the princess and carry her to safety, but the chances would be against it."

"Do you think that is what Prince Kilzar means to do?"

"I know not," answered Durban. "But this I know—whatever he intends, it is not what he says."

Further than that the general declined to speak, and the two men fell to praising a gorgeously beautiful sunset which might well be the last that they would ever see.

"By the way," said Durban as they were about to separate, "you shall have your chance with Getchikoff tomorrow. Wait do you hope to accomplish a day's delay?"

"I fear I can do little," answered Darrell. "The situation essentially involves defeat, whether in battle or negotiation. Kilzar and his friends are the rock on which my hopes are wrecked."

"There might be a way to get them out of the camp," said Durban, staring gloomily at the black precipices behind the town.

"It would do no good," answered Darrell. "Unless they are delivered up to the Russians will take the city. Sooner or later they will surely take it, and that means massacre. It means the death of the princess, whom you and I would give our lives to save, for rest assured she will not be made prisoner."

"And our sortie tomorrow," said Durban. "Is only the same thing under another name."

"The best we can hope for is a mere postponement," continued Darrell. "I may secure delay from Getchikoff, but no influence can force him to do the impossible. He has no authority to make any terms or even to show mercy, while Kilzar, whom the czar holds to be a traitor utterly beyond pardon, remains a leader of our forces or sheltered within our lines. So there's the situation. What can we make of it?"

"Tomorrow will show," answered Durban, returning Darrell's gesture of farewell.

Darrell spent a part of the evening in searching for Kevski and the balance in hard smoking and harder thinking. Somewhat after midnight he betook himself to bed by the exercise of great determination went to sleep.

He was awakened shortly after daybreak by a hasty summons from the princess. She was dressed in her military uniform, even to sword and dagger, but when she attempted to rise from a chair upon Darrell's entrance she fell back again, lacking the strength to stand. Behind her stood the amazing, hollow-eyed, ghastly pale, the picture of despair that is too proud to be afraid.

Vera looked at Darrell steadily for some seconds and then said with dire brevity: "Prince Kilzar has left Gredskov."

Darrell was stunned.

"In the night?" he cried.

"Yes, in the night," exclaimed Darrell. "It is more than I would have accused him of."

"Let us do him justice," answered Vera, smiling. "He expected me to follow him. I was aroused about an hour ago by one of his most trusted officers, who was the bearer of this message, which I shall read to you. The prince was too prudent to come himself. I would have had him in the parlorhouse, where his messenger now is. Listen to this:

"Vera, our cause is lost. There is treachery among our soldiers. The American, Darrell, is at the head of it. He has used Russian gold to buy our officers. If the force were still loyal, I would cut our way through the enemy, but I cannot attempt to lead traitors."

"Yet you and I may have a destiny as glorious as the one we have planned. There are other riches than gold and silver. We have the treasure of Gredskov is mine, and it is greater than you ever suspected. A part has already been sent out of the city by my secret way. The remainder, in gold and jewels, I take with me. We shall reach the sea, where friends of mine have already made preparations for our escape, and then the world is before us."

"Here follow details of the plan by which I meant to overtake him under the guidance of the officer who brought me the message. The letter closes with a glowing picture of our new life together—mine and Kilzar's. We were to found an empire in Africa, if I remember rightly, and return some day to free Circassia. I am ashamed to have given Kilzar so low an idea of my intelligence. Yet doubtless he counted upon my terror—a woman's weakness—for my friend, this is the end of all of us. This news cannot long be kept from the troops, and then—snare!—the only terms will be the edge of the sword."

"Vera," said Darrell, his face as white as marble, "this is a matter of minutes. I have not even time to tell you what I hope to do. Give me your authority to speak for you with the Russian commander. Durban can be trusted. We will go out under a flag of truce. Let him be ready in an hour."

Have Korna and Varnek among his staff. I need not the trustworthy men that can be found. Remember that I was always absolutely loyal to you; that from the first minute that I ever saw you I was as much constrained to serve you as was the heart in your body. It was a law of nature, and obedience was my only happiness. Goodbye."

He spoke at three yards' distance, and he did not attempt to come nearer except for one instant, when he gave him a signet ring from her finger.

"This is your warrant," she said. "I know not what you will do. I am incapable of thinking. You know that I am fainting with illness. Let that be my excuse. I pray God that you may find a way to save your own life."

"He that findeth his life shall lose it," whispered Darrell in English, and he turned away to Vera, stretching out her arms to him, tried to rise and then sank back into the chair, her eyes wet with sudden childish tears. She was in Paris at the Gorki's house that first strange night. He dared not look at her again.

For the next hour Darrell sought for Kevski throughout the camp, but without result except that he heard a rumor of the man's desertion to the enemy. A woman who had known Kevski said that he had stolen out of the city only the previous morning.

Darrell joined General Durban, and his suit at the northern gate, and the party advanced under a flag of truce, proceeding according to the regulations agreed upon when arrangements for a conference were first made between the armies.

Some distance from the tent where the previous meeting had taken place they were met by a staff officer attended by half a dozen crazy Cossack troopers. Darrell looked at these savages and thought upon the taking of Gredskov.

The staff officer advanced and exchanged the customary salutations with scant courtesy.

"General Getchikoff," said he, "desires me to say that unless you have come with a proposal for surrender without conditions a conference will be needless."

"This seems unusual," responded Darrell. "We had been given twenty-four hours to consider certain terms."

"Those terms are now impossible," replied the Russian curtly. "We shall resume active operations at noon."

"It will readily be understood what 'active operations' would mean to the force in Gredskov, deserted by its most important military leader and a dozen other officers of high rank. Durban's face had a grayish pallor, but his voice was perfectly calm as he said:

"We have not come to propose unconditional surrender, but to continue negotiations of great importance to both sides."

"I regret to say," responded the officer, "that all possibility of negotiations has ceased and that our attack begins at noon."

"There remains, then, nothing to be done," said Darrell, "except to transmit this communication to General Getchikoff."

He gave the officer a sealed note written by Darrell, and at a signal one of the Cossacks came forward and

took it, galloping back to the Russian lines. There was a delay of perhaps a quarter of an hour, and then General Getchikoff appeared, attended only by three members of his staff. He rode to the conference and, dismounting, stepped within. The others remained outside. Then the Cossack who had carried the note returned with his report.

"This is your warrant," she said.

"I am not a man to be trifled with," said Darrell. "I am well informed about it. You worked your 'pull,' as we say in America, with the chief of the secret police, and then you organized a fake court which condemned me and left no record of its proceedings. When we get back to Stavropol, your father will not thank you for the international complications that will result from your crimes against me."

"We," said Getchikoff, "will never get back to Stavropol. Only one of us is going. You will remain."

And he pointed down to the ground. "You may kill me and bury me," answered Darrell, "but the American consul in Stavropol is another proposition."

"My dear sir," retorted Getchikoff, "I don't believe he knows anything about it or will ever learn anything."

"My excellent friend," said Darrell, "he has already learned everything. Glance at this note from him to me. I

"General Getchikoff condescends to hear what Colonel Darrell has to communicate," said the officer.

A minute later Darrell and Getchikoff were face to face in the tent alone, and the real battle of Gredskov opened with an exchange of keen and searching glances.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE REAL BATTLE OF GREDSKOV.

GETCHIKOFF sat behind a table on which lay a revolver ready to his hand.

"I did not understand your communication," said Getchikoff, "but if you have any idea to make—"

"If you had not understood what I wrote," replied Darrell, interrupting, "I should not be here. I told you that the American consul in Stavropol was fully informed as to the circumstances of my trial in that city and my presence here and that if you were anxious to avoid an international complication which would make matters exceedingly hot for you it would be well for you to hear what I had to say. I mentioned also that I had a private proposition to make regarding the surrender of Motman Khan."

"I am not prepared to treat for the delivery of that prince into my hands today," answered Getchikoff.

"Because you feel sure of taking him?"

Getchikoff nodded.

"You may not be aware," said Darrell, "that there is a secret path from Gredskov to the mountains."

"The Russian interrupted him, smiling. 'We know all about the secret road,' he said. 'It is fully guarded.'"

"That is what I wanted to know," rejoined Darrell. "It was fairly sure of it, but it is a pleasure to hear you say so. The secret was put into your hands last evening by a man named Kevski."

Getchikoff started.

"Did you arrange this?" he cried. "I did not," responded Darrell. "I have wished to do so, but as Prince Kilzar is in a certain sense my companion in arms I remained. It was the private hatred of so insignificant a creature as an ex-turkey in a prison that overrode all the shrewd schemes of Kilzar and doubtless has cost him his life—with the Gredskov treasure, which he values almost equally. You captured the whole party, I suppose?"

"We have them all," answered Getchikoff, "and the treasure."

"Since the incident has occurred," said Darrell, "I intend to use it for my own purposes."

"I will not allow you to make of it," returned Getchikoff. "It is true that these men fell into our hands in the manner you mention, but how that can help you or the force in Gredskov is more than I can see."

"General," interrupted Darrell, "you were prepared yesterday to make terms. You had, as I believe, the direct authorization of the Russian government to show mercy, even to promise a general amnesty under conditions very favorable to the Circassians. All you required was the surrender of certain persons and, of course, the usual laying down of arms, upon which the Circassian soldiers were to return to safety to their homes. By a singular trick of fate all the persons named by you, with one exception—the khan—have fallen into your power. You have decided, therefore, to enhance your own military glory by securing an unconditional surrender of this city. It would be an achievement for so young a general, especially because it would have been done in spite of the weather, which, by the way, you owe much to personally, since it has laid all your superiors flat on their backs in the delirium of fever and has left you at the head of affairs. Yes, you owe much to the rain, and I bless it with equal fervor."

"Why, may I ask?" inquired Getchikoff, not without a tremor of apprehension.

"Because it enables me to deal with you," said Darrell.

"What authority have you to deal with anybody?" demanded Getchikoff.

"Behold the signet of the khan," rejoined Darrell, displaying the ring which he had put upon the little finger of his right hand.

"Taking your word that it is a valid warrant," said Getchikoff, "what then?"

"I propose the terms mentioned yesterday," said Darrell.

"You are mad," retorted Getchikoff. "I will take this city without conditions."

"After which glorious deed," responded Darrell, "you will return to Stavropol and later to Paris, where you will marry a beautiful widow worth many millions."

"Even as you say," answered Getchikoff.

"Let us see about that," retorted Darrell. "In the first place, what will happen when you get to Stavropol? You will face the wrath of your father for your conduct in putting me out of the way. Oh, I am well informed about it. You worked your 'pull,' as we say in America, with the chief of the secret police, and then you organized a fake court which condemned me and left no record of its proceedings. When we get back to Stavropol, your father will not thank you for the international complications that will result from your crimes against me."

"We," said Getchikoff, "will never get back to Stavropol. Only one of us is going. You will remain."

And he pointed down to the ground. "You may kill me and bury me," answered Darrell, "but the American consul in Stavropol is another proposition."

replied fully by counter, but Consul Lagard will not proceed upon the information until my return."

Getchikoff read the consul's note, and he snapped his jaws together like an angry boar.

"I will take my chances," he said at last.

"Perhaps you do not fully comprehend," said Darrell gently. "Your troubles will also include a charge of forgery."

Getchikoff laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword.

"Be calm," said Darrell. "Let us reason upon the matter and see exactly how you stand. Your private affairs are at this moment of far more consequence than the strength of these defending armies. I have had considerable time since we parted to meditate upon your case. Ladislov has been let sure in prison. I have decided that you are a thoroughly selfish man; that your chief terror is your father; that your chief desire is to quit the army, Stavropol, everything of your old life, and live in wealth and luxury in Paris. Your marriage will make that possible. Am I right in these matters?"

"I shall do the things you name," answered Getchikoff. "Send a dead man buried in the Caucasus mountains will not prevent me."

"You are what we call in America a bluffer," said Darrell. "At this present moment you are shaking in your boots, and the cause is that one word 'forgery.' Oh, I have reasoned this thing all out. Who tore up the document found beside the body of Ladislov in Paris? Ladislov himself; the thing is certain. Why did he attempt to destroy it? My friend Gordon answers the question from Paris. Here is a copy of the telegram."

And he gave it to Getchikoff, whose brow dripped as he read.

"That was a warrant for the Princess Vera Shevaloff," continued Darrell. "It was the sort of document that is sometimes furnished in blank to certain officials, including the governors-general of provinces. It bore the czar's name and was apparently countersigned by your father. Of course such documents possess no validity as warrants outside of Russian domains, but creatures like Ladislov, the spy, occasionally have to exhibit them when making kidnapping arrests that are winked at by the police of continental cities, and in any case the warrants have to be shown when the prisoners reach the Russian frontier."

"My friend Gordon telegraphs that the document is a forgery. He means that your father's countersign as governor-general of Stavropol, the province to which the prisoner was to be taken, is a forgery."

"The czar was undoubtedly genuine. You observe that my friend says so. Was, then, filled in this document fraudulently and signed your father's name?"

"I don't know," exclaimed Getchikoff, with a dry throat. "You cannot prove that I did it."

"My dear general, you were seen to do it," answered Darrell. "You filed that document out in the French cafe the day I refused to lend you my pen. Gordon knows it and has his witnesses."

He continued, making his story the stranger as he saw the other's terror increase. "Let us be just to you. You were drunk when you did it—carefully intoxicated to the right point by your good friend, Captain Ladislov. We will consider Ladislov for a moment. He was in the pay of the Gorki family, who are Stavropol people, and they desired revenge upon the Princess Vera for the death of their relative. In some way they contrived to have this blank warrant abstracted from your father's papers and even the method of accounting for his possession and use of it. Your father, believing that the Getchikoffs had injured Vera's family enough, had refused to aid in her capture."

"You can't know all these things!" exclaimed Getchikoff.

"Why, man, you told me that yourself," rejoined Darrell. "You mentioned your father's sentiments to me while we were riding down from Paris to Stavropol—while you were plotting to have me suppressed on my arrival—and it was the only sincere thing you said to me. He was away from the city during these events, which made matters easier. But let us return to Ladislov. The man who could forge your father's hand, if you should do it, Ladislov figured that your father should be impossible to keep Vera's arrest from his knowledge, would not dare to punish those concerned in it because you were the chief sinner. It is no small thing, my friend, to tamper with a document bearing the czar's signature. It bars you, for you lie's sake, from Stavropol. You have said that only one of us can return. You are not the one!"

Getchikoff reached out his hand for a pitcher of water that stood on the table and in clapping it broke off the handle and upset the vessel upon the floor.

"Be calm," said Darrell. "Remember that these facts are known to Gordon in Paris and most of them to our consul in Stavropol. I alone can suppress them. Well, we have now barred you from your native land. How about Paris? Gordon says Ladislov helped you with your matrimonial venture. Of course he did; he had to win you. He had the usual wide knowledge possessed by foreign spies. It was comparatively easy to find a rich woman who would marry so presentable a man as yourself, and he knew that a rich wife was what you wanted—a rich Parisian."

"Now, what became of Ladislov? He was killed. By whom? By the owner of a revolver which I sent from a station in France to Gordon in Paris, a revolver which I abstracted from your traveling bag, Getchikoff. I was playing detective and playing the game hard. Did you miss the weapon?"

"I don't believe he knows anything about it or will ever learn anything."

"My excellent friend," said Darrell, "he has already learned everything. Glance at this note from him to me. I

replied fully by counter, but Consul Lagard will not proceed upon the information until my return."

Getchikoff read the consul's note, and he snapped his jaws together like an angry boar.

"I will take my chances," he said at last.

"Perhaps you do not fully comprehend," said Darrell gently. "Your troubles will also include a charge of forgery."

Getchikoff laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword.

"Be calm," said Darrell. "Let us reason upon the matter and see exactly how you stand. Your private affairs are at this moment of far more consequence than the strength of these defending armies. I have had considerable time since we parted to meditate upon your case. Ladislov has been let sure in prison. I have decided that you are a thoroughly selfish man; that your chief terror is your father; that your chief desire is to quit the army, Stavropol, everything of your old life, and live in wealth and luxury in Paris. Your marriage will make that possible. Am I right in these matters?"

"I shall do the things you name," answered Getchikoff. "Send a dead man buried in the Caucasus mountains will not prevent me."

"You are what we call in America a bluffer," said Darrell. "At this present moment you are shaking in your boots, and the cause is that one word 'forgery.' Oh, I have reasoned this thing all out. Who tore up the document found beside the body of Ladislov in Paris? Ladislov himself; the thing is certain. Why did he attempt to destroy it? My friend Gordon answers the question from Paris. Here is a copy of the telegram."

And he gave it to Getchikoff, whose brow dripped as he read.