## Horrors of Prison Life on Sakhalin Island

## The Russian Prison Colony and Its Terrible Tragedies.

## DESCRIBED BY A RUSSIAN WRITER

Terrible Cruelty of the Keepers and the Executioners-Methods of Punishment That Stagger Humanity-Dreaded "Knout" and How It Is Applied,

Russian penal system is awakened by in the deep, cold, sticky and viscous the capture of the island of Sakhalin mire. by the Japanese. From time to time during the past quarter of a century hardly escapes your lips when you the civilized world has been shocked to which the Russian convicts in this ing the shaft in their hands, convicts vast prison have been subjected, and are dragging refuse to the sea. the deaths of degradation to which these once human beings have been doing the work of horses. brought. But Russia has been careful that but little of the true picture of the one can see the grimy window panes and newspaper and magazine writers us is the hospital and directly oppoagland, France and the United site the mortuary. States have made repeated attempts to secure authentic descriptions of the is in this great prison land, and of the atrocious cruelties practiced there, but none have ever been fully successful. Much has been fully successful. Much has been guessed at, and the world would scarcely credit these pictures of the imagination.

It has remained for a Russian to give a a practically authentic pic-ture of Sakhalin, and though the picture is tempered by seeing things from the Russian standpoint, it is still a picture that is so horrible that it staggers humanity. This story of the horrors of Sakhalin has been pubtranslated extracts from the book that we can give here:

The First Impression. very wid. I shall certainly never launch came alongside the jetty at Korsakersk. The landing was crowded with men. A few more steps and I was lost in that sea which I so anywhere. Bare benches, filthy straw

the convicts at Sakhalin I could not mangy, lean cat plays among the free wiself from two impressions benches and purrs ingratiatingly. The which held me in thrall, tortured me convicts are fond of animals, for they and oppressed my soul like a heavy alone regard them as human. burden. They still are holding my soul under their ban and still are or rather a tall bench. It is trianguoppressing it. The first of these im- lar in shape, wet and dirty, cov-Our steamer, which trans- cans. ported the convicts from Odessa, reminded me of a huge barge, like those convicts chained to barrows.

The interest of the world in the | ly green, but a step and you sink

The remark about the neatness hear around the corner the rattling of measure at the tales of cruelty chains. Harnessed to a cart, grasp-

What a depressing sight to see men

The road leads past the prison, and island should reach the outside world, behind heavy iron bars. Right above

The Chain Prison The chain prison of Sakhalin is intended for the criminals of the worst kind. Officially it is called the "prison for the testing of convicts," while the "prison for convicts showing signs of reforming," or the "free prison," is used for convicts who have passed the test of the "chain prison."

"Our chain prison is bad, very bad," remarked the inspector. building a new one, but it will take years to get it ready." . . .

"Attention!" calls out a guard. A rattling of chains, and the convicts rise from the benches. On Easter Sunday two of the convicts fled from lished in book form, and it is only the prison, in spite of the fact that the convicts in a body had given their "word of honor" not to attempt an escape. As a punishment, all of First impressions are likely to be them were put in chains. It is moist and close. Not an attempt at ventiforget the moment when our steam lation. No attempt at making the place habitable. No effort to make existence tolerable. Not even the

usual convict chests are to be seen mattresses are bundled together at During the months I passed among the head end of the benches. A

pressions concerns my trip to Sak- ered with bread crumbs and filthy tea

We enter a cell, where we find two used in our sea-coast towns for tow- "Let's see your instrument!"

Among the chained convicts many are captured fugitives, relapsed mur-derers, and many still waiting to be

pected of marder." "And you?" "Suspected of theft." "And you?" "Suspected of murder." Nothing but "suspects!" "And you?" "Killed two men." The reply came frank, sharp and firm. . .

The Female Prison. The prison for women is very small. it consists of one ward which holds ten persons. The women convicts of Sakhalin are punished for their crimes in a special manner. They are given away to settlers as so-called "life mates." Only those are in prison whose cases have not been finally passed upon. Two women arise as we enter. One is an old Tcherkessian from the hills of Caucasus, who does not speak a word of Russian. The other is a young woman. She was banished for life because she had induced her godfather to kill her hus-

"I was married to him against my will, and I loved my godfather. I thought they would send us away together. But they sent him to one place and me to another."

In Sakhalin she committed a crime rare in the annals of the island. She had defended her life mate with a gun. He got himself into a fight with the settlers. Nine men surrounded him, and were beating him. She rushed to her hut, grabbed a rifle, and shot into the group. "You must have learned to love

your life mate?" "Of course; would I have fought for him? I might have been killed. He's a good fellow: I hoped I could live with him to the end, and now there's a fine mess to be in."

She dries her tears and sobs si-"Nothing will happen to her." says

the inspector. "She will be convicted and given to some settler in one of the distant settlements. Women in Sakhalin are not punished."

Perhaps some people may consider this impunity. But what greater penalty could there be for a woman who loved well enough to risk her life, and who was sentenced now to be given away" to another man?

What a dreadful custom, reminding one of bygone ages! In the days of serfdom it was customary to give people "away," toying with their life and happiness. Of all the prisons in Rykoffsk this little prison impressed me most sadly. The Executioners.

"Hallo, baby!" "Hallo, uncle!" "Don't you call me nucle, baby, for I am your godfather, or really your life mate's godfather," merrily exclaims Tolstych, the old executioner of Sakhalin. "And how do you come to be his

godfather?" I ask. "Ha, ha, your honor, I knouted

"Have you knouted many people?" Tolstych smiles. "Well, just as many as you see hereabouts, your Tolstych is about 60 years a convict and promising to spare him old. He does not look a day over 40. He is a good-looking man, with a fine mustache and carefully shaved Sakhalin ideas, and is somewhat of were you banished?" "Because of the old woman!" He had killed his wife with a hatchet. "Why did you do it?" She was no good." When he came o Sakhalin he did not lose courage. He soon found out what he was best fitted for. Cruel by nature, strong and agile, he became an executioner. Man is born to be an artist. He makes an art of everything. Give him any instrument, and he will soon use it like a virtuoso. The inspector complained: "With a skilled executioner, it is hard to tell whether he knouts as terribly as it looks and sounds. Apparently he deals a terrible blow. Your heart stands still when he catches hold of the knout. And then, if he wants to, his knout will fall weakly and painlessly. Those rogues now how to do it, and there is no yay to control them."

Tolstych brought the art of knouting to perfection, but he bled the convicts. If he was well paid, the convict arose after a hundred blows with the knout without discomfort. Otherwise woe was in store for him. He was smart enough to do his bustness without fear of detection. The authorities could not find proof against him, and the convicts feared him. But as they could at least bargain with him, they considered him a convenient man in the executioner's honor!"

After the expiration of his penal servitude he became a settler. started a small store and knouted only

"For a year they had no executioner in prison. Many/judgments accumulated, and they called me to fool? Don't you feel pains occasionexecute them. Well, I knouted 50 ally?" men for three rubles." "Say, Tolstych, is it true that you

knouted a convict to death for 15 the imbecile. "Look at me. Don't on them "in accordance with the ver-"This is Sakhalin, 'your

grinned the torturer. An undersized, hairy little man makes

very walk is peculiar, and reminds one of the attitude of a mongrel cur sneaking around the kitchen door and keeping an eye on the windows for fear of boiling water. It is Komleff, the oldest executioner of Sakthat Tumanoff, a tramp, was to be hanged at Alexandroffsk for shooting pective job.

"Nobody can hang as well as L' He had hanged 13 men in Sakhalin, and, being a specialist, hoped to earn the three rubles. In the meanwhile pending the execution, he hired him self out to the wife of a settler to mind her children. Such are the cusoms of Sakhalin.

Komleff came from Kostroms, in entral Russia, where he had studied for the ministry, and was fond of Scriptural texts, particularly from the doctor's office. The executioner stood | rible blows the man had expected. For

to 20 years' hard labor for highway hand. The atmosphere was opposed to him callers play, robbery in broad daylight, and for attempted murder. He fied in 1822 two years fellow, almost a boy, was from Sakhalin, but was caught at the narrowest point of the Tartar the narrowest point of the Tartar straits, having almost crossed over from Caucasus; a Russian who had attempt he escaped from a Siberian prison fol-

Perski "waited" on his puph.

INFLICTING CORPORAL

received 96 lashes with the knout, and lowed the hillsmen. They had all his time was extended another 20 been sentenced to corporal punishment. The verdict was read out loud, those days, and Terski, a famous Sak-halin executioner, needed a helper. followed the doctor's examination and The convicts drew lots, and Komless the investigation of previous corporal the investigation of previous corporal was chosen for the post.

But Komleff still dreamed of freepunishment, and the doctor signed the

dom. In 1889 he again broke jail, was The document was handed to the caught again, and received 15 years convict, who had to certify in advance that he had received the punishment. "Fifty-five years' hard labor," proud-The Russians obeyed and signed the ly exclaims Komleff. Besides, he was papers; the letters which composed sentenced to 45 lashes with the knout. Wassjutin's signature were almost an inch apart, for his hand did not "Well, dear scholar, lay thee down, tremble, but fairly danced over the and I will show thee how to knout," paper. The Caucasians could neither said Terski. And he "showed" him. read nor write, and they did not un-Thirteen years later Komles said to derstand Russian.

me, "I am still rotting." He bared his "Take your shirt off: Off with it!" back. His body looked as if it had The Caucasians failed to understand been seared and branded with hot A volunteer interpreted with many irons. It was terrible to see. Thick gestures, attempting to show them white scars covered a portion of his what was wanted. They stared sulback, and elsewhere instead of skin lenly, suspiciously, and without unwas seen a thin reddish membrane. derstanding. Finally they slowly un-

the comparatively weak, yet cruet, lack account to him child's play.

"Talk about the punishments of to-day," complished the inspector. They

"For the instruction. It was the custom formerly. He had to get up bow down to the ground, and say: Thanks, your honor, for teaching me, a knave and a fool."

"Now things are different. There's no system. It's the fault of the hu-There are many inspectors who can-

not imagine an unwhipped convict. A convict who has never been whipped is in their eyes no convict. One of these inspectors, called the Iron Nose, left a memorable reputa-

In the morning at roll call he used to muster the convicts to see who had escaped the knout longer than it was

healthy for him.
"Well, sonny, why are you standing so disrespectfully? You have one foot an inch shead of the other. Come, now, my son, lie down.'

When the convict behaved himself well-that is stood without seeming to breathe, and perfectly motionless, so that the Iron Nose could find no fault

"Here, you Sunday-school boy, come here. Lie down, my dear. Execution-er, give him a few, but real hot onest" But why, your honor! "You dare to speak? Lie down!"

The only unwhipped convict in the place was his cook, who really understood cooking to perfection. For this reason he was under the particular protection of the inspector's wife. "Don't you dare to touch Gregor, she warned her husband. One day she

went on a prolonged visit, and when she returned her husband looked at her sheepishly. "You had Gregor knouted?" exclaimed the wife, in "Yes, my angel, I had to have him

lashed; don't be angry, my darling!" L. was considered one of the most heartless inspectors in the service When he was sober there was no softer spoken man on the island. He was in the habit of addressing the convicts as "dear boy," "little brother," "angel," and hardly said anything without adding: "The Lord be with you."

He used to beckon a convict with his little finger: "Come here, my dear fellow, lie down; we shall sprinkle

The convict fell at his feet. your honor? Pardon me."

'Tut, tut, my beloved; what are you saying? Am I angry with you? I have nothing against you. Lie down, my good boy. And because you spoke we will add five more." "Mercy, your bonor." "Well, now, my dear boy. This is not at all nice. Your master says: 'Lie down,' and you do not rush to obey. Five more. Lie down, brother."

"Now, that's better, my dear. The Lord be with you. Sprinkle him, Ivan. Slower, harder. Don't hurry. Take your time." And when the convict howled with pain he would add: "Never mind, never mind, hold out. The Lord suffered, too, and we must follow

Former Methods.

"When I used to come to roll call," oasted K., "I was in the habit of saying: 'Good morning, dogs. Good morning, jailbirds.' And they always replied, joyfully: 'Good morning, your been worn generally for close work good humor. If I came and did not the as possible. But if glasses are needcall them dogs they knew that some thing was brewing. When I ordered knouting they fainted with fear. I used to say: "Knouts and spades to dig a grave." I wanted to make them believe that some one would be knouted to death. My assistants pretended that they were calming me. The convicts were wal-lowing in the dust before me, and wept for mercy. But corporal pun-ishment is no good. In my opinion

Worse than knouting. Two weeks of solitary brings them all to their senses. Come, and I will show you." We entered a gangway which was narrow and dark. On both sides were narrow cages, with tiny windows in each door. The air in the gangway made breathing impossible. It smelled like a dog kennel. The moment we entered the gangway blood-curdling oaths and cries were heard on all sides. The convicts howled in frenzy was reminded of a madhouse and of

nothing beats solitary confinement.

Dante's Inferno. "Let Gussoff out," commanded the

The guard approached his From the cell arose a maddened roar: "Don't come near, don't come near; "Well, perhaps you'd better leave

The inspector counted: "Twenty-"Don't you see now that this is more effective than knouting? Knouting is nothing."

W. DORASHEVITSCH.

Senseless Display. Sensible Americans are disposed to laugh when they read that King Edward of England has thrown the world of extreme fashion—those who live for tailors and dressmakers-into a turmoil by changing the crease in his trousers, but they will be disposed to applaud Queen Alexandra if her latest example prove the vogue. The vulgarity of the display of diamonds and other gewgaws has become out-rageous in England: Therefore the queen is frowning upon the barbarous display and is setting the example and the fashion by wearing studiously simple ornaments, such as a little brooch or small collar. These mo est ornaments shine conspicuously by contrast with the coronets, ropes, sunbursts and "tararas." Let us hope, says the Philadelphia Ledger, that the fashion of simplicity will go so far that the prevailing habit in America a nong

Didn't Seem Impossible. "Do you think you could learn to love me?" he asked the lady, as he looked into her trembling orbs. "Well," she said, archly, "popular education has advanced with such rapid

thing in these days!"-Stray Stories.

OPECAL APPECTIONS.

ne Valuable Information and Acvice on the Causes and Treatment of Faulty Visual Organs.

In a recent number of the Journal of the American Medical association, Dr. Lewis S. Dixon, of Boston, makes some interesting observations in regard to the above-named topic. He calls attention to the fact that the eye has always been studied simply as a part of the hody, under physiology, and contends that it needed to be studied as an optical instrument, under optics, a branch of science in which our knowledge is mathematically accurate. The usual explanation that eyes are naturally weak and may be rested by an avoidance of work is declared to be erroneous, and the conviction is expressed that no organ of the body should fail to perform its arm explanation or show diffiown particular function or show difficulty in its performance unless something is out of order. The proper thing to do, according to Dr. Dixon, is not to give up its use, but to find the trouble,

to correct it if possible, and to restore the organ to unsfulness.

The writer informs us that the eye varies as much as everything else in the human body. "Each person," he states, "is here with his own pair of eyes; sometimes they are correct, oftener not so. Often they are not alike and cannot work together properly." Vision is corrected by the ciliary muscles, which are made to work; but when they are overtaxed, they are liable to exhaustion and this, in turn, gives rise to serious consequences. It is found to be an actual fact that eye-strain is often the principal factor producing nervous de-bility, hysteria, melancholia, vertigo, nausea, insomnia, nervous dyspepsia, palpitation of the heart, general nervousness, irritability, faintness, weariness, headaches, constipation and

dozens of other annoying conditions. Eye-strain, the author maintains, is a permanent waste of nervous energy in correcting the slight congenital and permanent errors in the shape of the eyes. This waste is not felt by a strong, healthy system, but is ready to become a decided tax whenever the system gets below par, and its effects are intensified immensely by continued close work.

Wehn once the muscles have been taxed to the point of exhaustion, and nervous reflexes or disturbances set up elsewhere, then any effort to force the eyes to continue their work may cause actual physical damage requiring a long time to repair. It is like the breakdown that comes from overwork in any other way-repair is slow and sometimes never perfect.

Now that the cause of eye-strain is known, we have the choice of two methods of relief-we may remove the conditions that make it a burden, or we may correct, but not remove, the cause.

Theoretically, the doctor insists, glasses should be worn constantly since the errors are fixed, but if the eyes can once learn how to rest, they are usually able to bear their overwork a fair share of the time without bad results; but they must have rest, and at frequent inter-Vals.

The dislike to wearing glasses is so great and universal, the reason for wearing them so little understood, and the temptation to the oculist to avoid forcing such an unpleasant remedy on his patients is so strong, that they have ed at all they are really more beneficial when worn for resting or distant vision than for close work: but that is exactly opposite, the author tells us, to what people wish to do or find agreeable. Too many people decide to follow their own inclination, but are sure to find later that the cost of so doing is much greater

than they had expected Glasses do not do a bit of the work the eyes ought to do; they simply correct imperfections. In conclusion Dr. Dixon. states that, contrary to the general idea. sharp, clear sight, so highly prized and the boast of many, is not the proof or the test of a good eye; for many who have the keenest vision cannot use their eyes much or with any comfort. Easy vision, he maintains, vision that can be used and enjoyed freely, without thought or fatigue, is the proper test of

CITIES' DISTINCTIVE SMELL Odd Effluvia Which Greet the Nostrils in the Capitals of Europe.

Some sensitive essayist should take the smell of place as subject, says the London Chronicle. Paris, for example, is highly pervaded with the odor of burning charcoal and, coming from Paris to London, one is newly assailed by the appeal of soot. Cologne has a reputation, long undeserved, for smells other than that of its famous "water," and it has been said that in years of old a blind man could find his way about Cologne by following his nose. Moscow has an odd perfume of its own. It suggests cranberries of peculiar pungency. And it never leaves the nose. that greets the stranger who lands at Calais. But the most curious of the smells of place is that of St. Peters-burg. The present writer had often wondered what it was, having detected it even between the sheets of his bed at the most exorbitant hotel. On his third visit he was driven in a drosky from the station with a fresh young English girl, who had never been away from Kent before. "Now, do you smell anything?" he asked. "Yes," said the girl. "Old boots." That is the smell of St. Petersburg. Centenarian shoe

The Boy's View of It. "I had a young friend," said Kate Upson Clark, of Brooklyn, "who was his little sister Lucy was left at home. the millionaires of carrying a sund with them a whole jewelry shop and of being robbed of their wares continuously will fall into desuetude.

On departure two toy balloons were purchased, one for him and one for sister Eucy. The father was carrying them above the heads of the crowd, floating at the ends of their long expression. Then a look of stole over his countenance, and he remarked: 'It's too bad Lucy's balloon's spoiled, isn't it?" -- Philadelphia strides that one can almost learn any-



ing the refuse and dumping it into sea. And these convict stations and settlements seemed to me like monstrous dumping grounds.

It made me sad to think that down in the prison settlements and all 100 pounds, is welded to the chain around me all traces of the human around the convict's ankles. which may have remained in this refuse were irretrievably doomed to ed to the handcuffs, but now the for-

Sakhalin itself.

My first steps on the island apparently took me back at least 50 years in the history of Russia. The grievous compulsory toil, the cringing servility and doffing of caps and many other signs brought to my mind the serfdom.

first impression of Korsak is distinctly pleasant. There ling at the first glance to reou of the galleys. It is a neat for officials are located on of a rather steep hill. The prison is a long way up the mounes not command the view nor intrude itself upon the observer.

House of settlers line both sides of
the hil. Nothing harrible, sothing er is revealed at first sight. You ined to rejoice over the ap-

chains rattle, and the men attached to the barrow show us the implement of torture.

At one time the barrows were weldmer is the more usual method. No

burden. He even sleeps with it on a "How long is he condemned to be chained to the barrow?" I asked.

vears." I approached the "bed." The head

The punishment is very cruel, and would be intolerable if the convicts at a guard. And now he came from did not ease their burdens now and his settlement to apply for the prosthen. It is impossible to chain the the help of their mates sometimes they grease the chains with soap and take off their burden at night under incredible agonies. But still for a few

The fusty barrow squeaks, the The barrow, which weighs about

The second impression concerned matter where the convict may turn, he drags with him the unwelcome

> "For two years; and the convict before him had slept in this bed for three

end of the bench is worn out with the friction of the chain. The wood had rubbed up against the iron for lace. Two rows of pretty little five years. "Even the wood wears halin, but now retired. He heard out," grumbles the convict.

iving up the road to Korayou smile and think: "Well,
very neat, kery neat indeed."
Watt! Sahalin is a swamp,
face of which is covered by
The glances are cold, hard, somber

with rods, and Komleff was called chin. He is wealthy, according to upon to administer the punishment. a dude. Tolstych wears a coat, top knout. I will show you what can be punishments became visible. boots, and even a leather cap, which is the acme of Sakhalin fashions. He always jokes and is full of fun. "Why left was child's play to Komleff's re
"I stood near the doctor, whose face is rotting yet. What he did to Komalways jokes and is full of fun. "Why

left was child's play to Komleff's re"Ivan Wassjutin." Ivan neared the "According to the law of Moses

lested the fiend, "eye for eye, tooth for tooth. I can knout. I was taught he grasped the meaning of the words. how on my own carcass." Convict Gubar, who had attempted to escape, and who was sentenced to be knouted for cannibalism, had to be taken to the hospital after 45

in consideration.

Komleff's blows. He died three days later without regaining consciousness. Komleff had been bribed to do this by convicts who hated Chruspel, the executioner, looked like Gubar. Corporal Punishment.

er jested with another. But soon Ter-

Terski was sentenced to 200 blows

lashes with the knout for giving an offense, was brought into the office of the doctor at the Sakhalin prison. "Your name?" "Ivan Grusdeff." The doctor throws a glance at the

documents, and gasps. "Merciful Heaven! Eighty lashes!" "The devil!" exclaims the in-

"Eighty." repeats the assistant like an echo. "Eighty," whisper the clerks. Every one looks curiously at the man who is about to receive 80 lashes with the knout. The doctor examines the con-

physician shrugs his shoulders. "Are you well?" "Yes, sir, quite well, your "Quite well, you say?" "Yes, sir. "Have you no pains around the

vict. The minutes pass very slowly. The

He heart?" "Do you know where your heart is you idiot? No pains in the side? Never? Don't you understand me, you

> "No. sir. never." The physician looks wrathfully at one after another. He used the knout you ever cough? Cough?" "No, sir; I never cough!"

The doctor is beside himself with anger. He throws a look of hatred his way cautiously under the windows at the convict. His glance seems to of the prison office at Alexandroffsk. His say: "Lie, you devil, lie, why don't But the convict cannot see through it. "No, sir; never."

The doctor sits down and calmly enters: "Heart failure." In his anger he breaks the pen. The inspector looks at the doctor's certificate. "Exempt from corporal punishment. Take him Everybody heaves a sigh of relief. "The damned idiot!" said the doctor later to me in confidence. "I had a hard time to save him. He was as sound as a bell. But what could I do? Eighty lashes mean sure death. What the devil do they mean by sen-

tencing a man to such punishment? The corporal punishment was administered at five o'clock. We accompanied the physician to the office. "horse" stood in the gangway; two bundles of rods carefully tied together and about six feet long, lay alongside the "horse." Seven men were lined up against the wall of the

The punishment must have been some- | dressed. The doctor approached one thing dreadful. Thus one execution- of them with a tube and an asculatation hammer, but the Caucasians ski was detected taking a bribe from jumped back terrified. Finally the doctor gave up in despair. It was Bardunoff's turn. "Were you ever punished before?" "No, sir!"

GROVELING BEFORE AN OFFICIAL

off's body with a cloth; the skin red-"You taught me to handle the dened, and clear traces of former

"Rub him!" A guard rubbed Bardun

"Off with all clothes," said the executioner. It was a long while before

"Lie down." Wassjutin mounted the "horse" astride. "Take your hands off, lie down: put your arms around the horse." Wassjutin embraced the "horse." It was humiliating, horribly humiliating, to see a naked man stretched on that "horse" and awaiting the cruel lash.

a dog into the inspector's face. "Thirty rods." Chruspel picked up Ivan Grusdeff; sentenced to 80 a bundle of rods, drew one out of the bundle with astonishing agility. retired a step, and waited. "Go ahead!" The rod whistled

through the air once or twice before the inspector counted one. Then another whistling sound, and a red stripe was seen on the quaking body. "Two, three, four, five." Chruspel threw the rod away, and took up another. He walked over to

the other side of the horse. Five more blows fell on the other side of the body. Every five blows required another rod, and Chruspel changed his position for each rod. The sound of the rod whistling through the air almost broke one's heart, and the interval between

nine, thirty." Wassjutin rose on the horse and sat astride. His eyes were filled with

"Two and a half minutes," said the

two blows seemed like an eternity.

I thought it had lasted an hour. Then came the Caucasians' turn. Chruspel laid them down on the horse dict." A look at the inspector explained to Chruspel what he was to do. He grasped the knout in the

middle, which is the punishment of

the "half knout."

Bardunoff trembled and shivered He looked helpless like a hunted rabbit, and attempted to smile. Chruspel poked him in the ribs. "Lie down." Bardunoff convulsively clasped the horse and pulled himself together. Chruspel swung the knout with an ominous movement. This was not a punishment "in accordance with the verdict of the court;" this was a private transaction, according to the customs of the Sakhalin prison inspectors.

The room was perfectly still; not a reath was heard. Chruspel gazed inquiringly at the

for a moment in confusion, glanced at the doctor and me, and finally made a sign to the executioner. Chruspel grasped the "half knout." A sigh of relief was heard from everyone in the room. Bardunoff's body trembled convulsively. Heaven knows what ter-