A Powerful Story of a Prisoner Unjustly Convicted of Murder Written by the Author of “Anathema,” the Poe of Russia.
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THE MAN WHO FOUND THE TRUTH

By LEONID ANDREEYEV

Second installment of the powerful story of the remarkable experiences and emotions of a prisoner unjustly sentenced to death.

"The Passionate Silent Apathy in Which He Reproduced the Passions."
"THE MAN WHO FOUND THE TRUTH."---LEONID ANDREYEV.

(Continued from preceding page.)

and entirely disposed in my favor, I always
was, and still am, under the spell of a
sensitive and truthful heart. Fortunately I possess a certain acuteness of
understanding, and I have, I may add, a
rather clever disposition, which allows me to
influence people in the desired direction.

I am not a great deal of use to the
women I see in my audience, for I am not
so much the most specific cause, which they do
not quite understand. Shunning abstract dis-
section, I try to come down to my readers on
my own plane, a plane of compassion and kindness, and respond
with the same. Allowing them to love me
and believe in my imputable knowledge of
life, I afford them the happy opportu-
unity to depart at least for a time from
their own problems, from their most
skeptic doubts and questions.

I say openly without any false modesty,
which I despise and abhor, that I have
never attended a lecture at which I felt
myself in a state of extraordinary,
called forth in my audience, especially
of the superficial and the slovenly, of
intense agitation, which turned into hysteri-
ocal laughter and tears. Of course I am
not a prophet, a Christian, a monk, a
thinner, but no one would succeed in
convincing my lady admirers that there
is nothing preposterous in the meaning and significance
in my speeches.

I remember one such lecture which
took place two months ago. The night
before I could not sleep as soundly as I
usually slept; perhaps it was simply be-
cause of the last full moon, with its
sleepy, disturbing and interrupting it.

I vaguely remember the strange
sensation, which I have felt in the
crescent of the moon appeared in my
window and the iron squares it with
outnumbered my lines into small silver squares. * * *

When I started for the lecture I felt
chilled all over, and I thought more
than to conversation; the vision of the
night before disturbed me. But when I
saw in the audience the one who was
hope and ardent for friendly
advise; when I saw before me that Rich
field, already plowing, waiting only for
the good seed, and that in the dark,
to burn with delight, pity, and love.

Avoiding the customary formalities which
accompanied the meetings of people, de-
clining the hands outstretched to greet me,
I turned to the audience which was
agitated at the very sight of me, and
gave them my blessing with a gesture to
know how to lend a personal
majesty. * * *

"Come unto me," I exclaimed; "come
to us, young and old, and
that life. Here, in this quiet abode, un-
der the sacred protection of the
grace, at my heart's content, and you will
find peace and comfort. My be-
loved children, give me your sad souls,
exhausted from suffering, and I shall
clothe it with light. I shall carry it to
those blissful lands where the sun of
eternal truth and love never sets.

"You, dear girl, who came from the
world which calls itself free—what gloomy
shadows lie on your charming and
beautiful face? And you, child of
youth, why are you so pale? Why do I
see, instead of the ecstasy of
victory, the ashen pallor of defeat?
And you, honest mother, tell me, what
wind has made your eyes so red? What
storms have swept over the
face? What snow has whitened your
hair, for it used to be dark?
I am not the only one who has
drowned the end of my speech, and besides, I
admit without feeling ashamed of it.
without the ability to shrug and
simply a word of honor. You will give me
the world of your honoring, will you not?

"And by this you are simply striving
to enter the harmony of the world, where
without your shining, without the
falling of a stone the fulfillment of a
vow, the vow called the law of
grace.

I shall not get into detail about this
conversation and the others that followed.

"Forgive me, madam, but flowers do
not enter into the system of our
prison. I believe that my wife has been
insulted by you, and I am
merely—my attention—I kiss your
hand, Madam," I said, "but I am compelled
in the most charitable way of
the thorny road of self-renunciation, I
must not cast my eyes with the
epithet of lazy, unproductive, consuming,
charming lires and roses. All flowers
perish in our prison, Madam.

I interrupted the speech of the
Portait, with an expression of anger.

"How dare you," I exclaimed, "how
dare you speak of amnesia in our
prison?"

They were silent, and suddenly
Jesus, I thought, was really looking at me.

"Do you know the mysteries of the
heart of Jesus?"

I burst into laughter, and my esteemed
associate, the one who seems to me to
be the true poet, he turned his back on
me.

It turned out that I, a cool and sober
mathematician, possessed a poetic
talent which would seem to me to
compose very interesting com-
edies.

I do not know how all this would have
ended if I, by some subtle plan,
had not opened this great book, drawing
from it strength and courage to be able to
continue my hard path. I would understand
that your liberal gift could not have fallen
into better hands. Henceforth, thanks to
you, the sad solitude of my cell is

"Were you praying?"

I do not remember what I answered.
(Closed in Next Sunday's Times.)
SYNOPSIS

The Man Who Found the Truth

The Man Who Found the Truth

After years of heart-breaking effort and reflection, he arrived at a state of contentment with his fate. After he had absorbed all his own experiences of life, he realized that no one else was a prisoner as deeply and as intensely as his own cell. Although the administration supplied him with a daily meal, he found the food unpalatable. He was able to escape from the prison, but the Man Who Found the Truth explains to him the futility of his efforts. He shows the old man a group of people who are busy building a new cell. The old man comes to him for advice and consultation, confiding his problems to him and listening, in turn, to the wisdom which he imparts to him from time to time.

By Leonid Andreyev

A Powerful Story by the Poe of Russia Telling the Experiences and Emotions of a Prisoner Unjustly Sentenced for Murder.

What is the cost of life? The stern question of life and death, to be answered by the author, is answered, not by the scientific method of calculation, but by the method of reflection and introspection. Life is not a series of calculations, but a series of decisions. The choice between life and death is a question of life and death, not of calculation.

The man who found the truth...

Chopin's piano music, the moonlight on the silted-up river, the smell of old books...all these things are a part of the man who found the truth.

I saw the ghost of my father.

I saw the ghost of my father.

The man who found the truth...

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"THE MAN WHO FOUND THE TRUTH"—LEONID ANDREYEV

(Continued from Preceding Page)

This relatively, not forgetting that certain
shrimplings are natural in old age. Of
course, I have met quite a number of
most worthy people, absolutely truthful,
sincere, and courageous: I am proud
to admit that I found among them also a
proper estimate of my personality
and the support of these friends of mine
I hope to complete successfully my
struggle for truth and justice. I am suffi-
ciently strong for my sixty years, and, it
seems, there is no power that could
crack my iron will.

At times I am seized with fatigue.
Owing to their absurd mode of life, I have
not the proper rest even at night.
The consciousness that while going to
bed I may absent-mindedly have forgot-
ten to lock my bedroom door compels me
to jump from my bed dozens of times
and to feel the lock with a quiver of
horror.

Not long ago it happened that I looked
my door and bid the key under my
nose; perfectly confident that my room
was locked, when suddenly I heard a
knock, then the door opened, and my
servant entered with a smile on his face.
You, dear reader, will easily understand
the horror I experienced at this unexpected
visit—It seemed to me that some one had
entered my soul. And though I had
absolutely nothing to conceal, this break-
ing into my room seems to me indecent,
to say the least.

I caught a cold a few days ago—there
is a terrible draught in their windows—and
my servant to watch me at night.

In the morning I asked him, "I said:
"Well, did I talk much in my sleep?"

"No, you didn't talk at all.

"I had a terrible dream, and I re-
member I even cried."

It turned out that "the charming
stranger" who wore a dark veil, and
who came to me so mysteriously three
times, was no one else than Mme. N. N.,
my former fiancée, my love, my dream,
and my suffering.

But order! order! May my indulgent
reader forgive the involuntary inco-
hesence of the preceding lines, but I am 60
years old, and my strength is beginning
to fail me. My strength is beginning
to fail me, and I am alone. My unknown
reader, be my friend at this moment, for
I am not of iron, and my strength is
beginning to fail me. Listen, my friend; I
depend on you to tell me all that you
have heard. You must understand that
which my tongue may omit.

I was sitting, engage upon the prepara-
tion of my lecture, secretly carried away
by the absorbing work, when my servant
announced that the strange lady in the
black veil was there again, and that she
wished to see me. I confess I was so irri-
tated that I was ready to decline to see
her, but my curiosity, coupled with my
desire not to offend her, led me to receive
the unexpected guest. Assuming the ex-
pression of majestic nobleness with which
I usually meet my visitors, and softening
that expression somewhat by a smile in
view of the romantic character of the
affair, I ordered the servant to open the
doors.

"Please be seated, my dear guest," I
said politely to the stranger, who stood
at a distance from me, still keeping the veil
on her face.

She sat down.

"Although I respect all secrecy," I con-
tinued, "I would, nevertheless, ask you
to remove this gloomy veil which disfigures
you. Does the human face need a mask?"

The stranger declared, in a state
of agitation.

"Very well, I'll take it off, but not
now—later. First I want to see you well.

The pleasant voice of the stranger did
not call forth any recollections in me,
Concluding Installment of a Remarkable Study by
the Noted Russian Author of a Prisoner
Falsely Convicted of Murder.

SYNOPSES.

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published in 1910 by the noted Russian author Leonid
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