The CZAR'S SPY and cound to my surprise that although he made long detours in various direc-tions, yet he always arrived at the same spot at the same hour—five The Mystery of a Silent Love Chevalier WILLIAM LL QUEUX AUTHOR OF "THE CLOSED BOOK," ETC. ILLUSTRATIONS OF C.D.RHODES CORPORATE BY THE SHARTS SET PUBLISHED CO W W W W

SYNOPSIS.

GYNOPSIS.

District of the control of the contr "Clethcourt and he are evidently most initimate friends."

"Clethcourt and he are evidently most initimate friends."

"Oh, quite inseparable!" he laughed. "And the other man who is always with them is that short, store the reserved to the fellow man the strategy of the fellow strategy of the strategy of the fellow strategy of the fellow strategy of the fellow strategy of the strategy of the fellow strategy of the strategy of the fellow strategy of the strate

sought to tearh and I could regarding the new people at the castle.

"They are taken up everywhere," declared my aunt when I questioned her. "Of course, we knew very little of them, except that they had a shoot up near Fort William two years ago, and that they have a town house in Green street. They are evidently rather smart folks. Don't you think sof"
"Judging from their house party, res," I responded. "They are about as gay a crowd as one could find north of Carlisle just at present."
"Exactly. There are some well-known people among them, too," said my aunt. "Tre asked them over to-morrow afternoon, and they're accepted."

my aunt. It's assect them to the comportion atternoon, and they've accepted a comportion of the compor

uornood and a band from Dumfries, my aunt's grounds presented a gay and animated seened.

As I expected, Woodroffs did not accompany the part's, Mrs. Leithcourt, a slightly assess, explaining that he had been recalled to London suddenly a few days before, but was returning to Rannoch again at the end of the week, "We couldn't afford to lose him," she declared to my aunt. "He is so awfully humorous—his droll sayings and antics keep is in a perfect roar each night at dinner. He's such a perfect frost mint."

At turned away and strolled with Latel, peding an excuse to show her my unders beautiful grounds, not a whit less picturesque them.

each might at uniter. However, a per fact mimic. way and strolled with 'Ariel, playding an excuse to show her my unders beautiful grounds, not a whit less picturesque than those of the castle, and perhaps rather better heart.

In both her words and her hearing a curious apathy—a want of the real enthusiasm of affection. Woodroffe, much her sentor, was her father's riend, and it therefore seemed to me more than likely that Letthcourt was pressing a matrimonial alliance upon his daughter for some ulterior motive. She was perplexed; she longed to confide and seek advice of someone, yet by reason of some hidden and untoward circumstance her lips were sealed.

I tried to question her further regarding Woodroffe, of what profession he followed and of his past, but she cridently suspected me, for I had unfortunately mentioned the Lola.

Martin Woodroffe did not rejoin the louse party at Rannoch. Although I remained the susset of my uncle much longer than the susset of my uncle several to watch the Letthcourt, ret as far as we could judge they were extremely well-bred people and very nospitable. We exchanged a good many visits and dinners, and while my uncle several times invited Leithcourt and his friends to his shoot with all fresco. I luncheon, which the ladies joined, the tenant of Rannoch always invited us back. In return.

Thus I gained many opportunities of talking with Muriel, and of watching her closely. I had the reputation of being a confirmed bachelor, and on action that it seemed that he was in no way averas to my companies and in no way averas to my companies and in no way averas to my companies and in the anium "that of their lururious foliage." Her tather, on the other hand, seemed to view me with considerable the castle, and perhaps rather better kept.

"I only heard yesterday of your engagement, Miss Leithcourt," I romarked presently when we were alone. "Allow me to offer my best congratulations. When you introduced me to law, woodroffe the other day I had not Miss that he was to be your husband." She glancod, at me quickly, and I sook. Then she finished slightly, and laughing unceasily said, in a blank, hard voice:
"It's very good of you, Mr. Greg, to wish me all sorts of such pleasant things."

amme spot at the same hour—five of clock.

The place where he halted was on a the edge of a dark wood on the brow of a hill about three miles from Ran-noch. Leithqurit never went-there direct, but always so timed his walks that he arrived just at five, and remained there smoking cigarettes until half-past, as though awaiting the arrival of some person he expected.

In my youth I had sat many a quiet hour there in the darkening gloom and knew the wood well, and was able to watch the tenant of Rannech from points, where he least suspected the presence of another. Once, when I was alone with Murlel, I mentioned her father's capacity for walking a lione whereupon she said:

"Oh, yes, he was always fond of wulking. He used to take me with him when we first came eree, but he always went so far that I rejused to got my mar of ar that I rejused to got my mar of the proof of the control "And you will probably spend a good deal of time yachting?" I suggested, my eyes fixed upon her in order to watch the result of my pointed remark. But she controlled berself perfectly.
"Mr. Woodroffe has gone up to town

"Mr. Woodroffe has gone up to town, your mother says."
"Yes. He received a wire, and had to leave immediately. It was an awful bore, for we had arranged to go for a picnic to Dundrennan abbay yesterday."
"But he'll, be back here again, won't

go any more."

She never once mentioned Woodroffe. I allowed her plenty of opportunity for doing so, chaffing are
ther forthcoming merriage and order that
she might ugained purpose to him. But
understood that he had gone abroad—
that was all.

ly and handed me my cup, exclaiming as she looked at me:
"Oh, Mr. Gregg! What a state you are in!"
"Yes, I was after snipe, and slipped into a bog," I laughed. "But it was carly this morning, and the mud has dried."

carly this morning, and the mud has dried."
"Come with me, and I'll get you a brush." she urged. And I'll get you a brush." she urged. All I followed ber through the long corridors and unstains to a small sittingroom which was her own little sancum, where she with two queen the worked and read—south with two queen with the colosal wall and a floor of polished to the worked and read black beams above. As my eyes candend rell upon an object which considered around the room they suddenly fell upon an object which conducted and the start with profit of the pro

board the Lota!

The merry eyes laughed out at m
as I stood staring at it in sheer be The Picture Was That of a Young Girl.

wilderment.
"What a pretty girl!" I exclaimed
quickly, concealing my surprise. "Who
is she?"
My companion was silent a moment,

"Sale" companion was elient a moment, and dark eye meeting mine with a strange look of inquiry.

"Yea," she laughed, "everyone admires her. She was a schoolfellow of mine—Elim Reath!" I echoed. "Where was she at school with you?"

"At Chichester."

"Long ago?"

"A little over two pears ago."

"She's very beautiful!" I declared, taking up the photograph and discovering that it here the name of the same well-known photographer in New Bond street as that I had found on the carpet of the Lola in the Mediterranean.
"Yes. She's really-pretter than her

"Yes. She's really prettler than he photograph. It hardly does her just

photograph. It hardly does her justice."
"And where is she now?"
"Why are you so very inquisitive,
Mr. Gregg?" laughed the bandsome
ell. "Have you actualty fallen in love
with her from her picture?"
"I'm hardly given to that kind of
thing, Miss Leithcourt," I answered
with muck servity, "I don't think even
my worst enemy could call me a fift,
could she?"
"No. I will give you your due," she
declared, "You never do filt. That

could she?"
"No. I will give you your due," she declared. "You never do flirt. That is why I like you."
"Thanks for your candor, Miss Leith-court," I said.
"Only," she added, "you seem smitten with Elma's charms."

"Only," she added, "you seem smit-ten with Elma's charms."
"I think she's extremely pretty," I remarked, with the photograph still in my hand. "Do you ever see her now?".
"Nover," she replied. "Since the day I left school we have never met. She was several years younger than myself, and I heard that a week after I left Chichester her people came and took her away. Where she is now I have no idea. Her people lived some-where in Durham. Her father was a doctor."

she'd be most gratified—or at least, cry—that single word of reproach—she ought to be."

At which | smiled, preferring that she should adopt that theory in pref-ruthlessly after an exchange of angry

she'd be most gratified—or at least.

she ought to be."

At which I smiled, preferring that

she should adopt that theory to prefcreated a control of the control of the control

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de moor full of tre

over a wide moor full of treacherous to boss and pittalis or the tunwary.

The state of the stat

ently kept his disappointed type, and ing approached it from within the wood.

The sound alarmed me, and yet it meeter an explosion of the arms mer a startling cry for help.

One word reached me in the darkness—one single word of bitter and withering repreach.

Heedless of the risk I ran and the peril to which I exposed myself, I dashed forward with a resolve to penetrate the mystery, until I came to the gap in the rough stone wall where I-Leithcourt's habit was to halt each day at sundown.

There, in the falling darkness, the sight that met my crea at the spot held me right, spealed, stupeded.

In that instant I realized the truthat ruth that was surely the strangest ever revealed to any man.

CHAPTER V.

the state of the point introduced me to the first point of the color of the other day I had no the attum tints of their luxurious the the the attum tints of their luxurious the the attum tints of their luxurious the attum tints of their luxu Charley's Compliment.
Little Charley was saying goodnight After thissing bis grandmother.
unde and father, he came to his main
min. "Why do you kiss the last" she
min. "Oh, well." said the little fei
you, "you see! don't wart your kiss
ito come off."

pountage in my ears, and it seemed plain that she had been strick down ruthlessly after an exchange of angry words.

I felt in my pocket for my restage that unfortunately my how as an empty. Yet just at that moment as an empty. Yet just at that moment as a straight of the sound of of

Was it Leithcourt imber which is had surprised?
That idea somehow became impressed upon me, and I suddenly resolved to go boldly across to Rannoch and ascertain for myself. Therefore, with the accuse that I was belated on with the excuse that I was belated on my walk home, I turned back, down the glen, and half an hour afterward entered the great well-lighted hall of the castle where the guests, ready dressed, were assembling prior to din-

ner.

I was welcomed warmly, and just then Leithcourt himself joined his guests, ready dressed in his dinner jacket, having just descended from his room.

Jacket, having just descended from his room.
"Hulloa, Gregg!" he exclaimed heart-lip, holding out his hand. "Had a long day of it, eridently. Good sport with Carmichael—h?"
"Very fair." I said. "I remained longer with him than I ought to have done, and have got belaied on my way home, so looked in for a refresher." "Quite right," he laughed merily. "Yeu're always welcome, you know. Pd have been annoyed if I knew you had passed without coming in.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BROUGHT ACTION TO AN END

Appearance of the "Deceased" in Chancery Court a Blow to Army of Lawyers.

Chancery Court a Blow to Army of Lawyers.

It was a suit in chancery, and there was a great gathering of the deceased's family, quarreling, as relatives will, over the division of the spoils. The lawyers engaged chuckled, for the suit seemed likely to be prolonged and complicated.

There were many lawyers, too, and the ludge made and and family as slik and stuff rose in rapid succession. Broducing themselves with the usystic toducing themselves with the usystic formula: "And I, my lord, am for the nephews, or nicese, or fifteenth coustins removed, as the case may be, of the deceased." The procession seemed interminable, but at last it came to an end. Then a small voice was heard timidly saying from the back of the court, "May 1 be allowed to speak, my lord."

There was dead silence as his lord-ship adjusted his spectacles and asked, range of the court, "And I, and I, and

agiey."

Japanese.

The brightest, best tempered and most polite people in the world are the Japanese. They absolutely do not know what it is to quarrel, and it is said that if you throw a stone at is dog or cat in Japan, the animal stands and stares at you, in amazement—tt actually doesn't know what cruelty means. The Japa are a joily people and fond of a Joke, and they are generous and trustful to a marked degree. They also have a strong sensor of prife, and travelers relates a peculiar instance of this trait. If a traveler tender of the stands of the st

MRS. MABEN **WAS MADE WELL**

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegtable Compound and Wants Other Suffering Women To Know It.

To Know It.

Murfreesbore, Tenn. "I have wanted to write to you for long time wanted to write to you for long time to the your what our beautiful to the your what our wanted to write to was a sufferer from I was a sufferer from I was a sufferer from and I would have usuch tired, worn cut and I would have such tired, worn cut feelings, sick head-sches and dizzy geels. Doctors did men on good so tirted men or years when the world was a such tired, worn cut a strong and con do not you for the feelings of the world was a such that was a such tired, when the world was a such tired. The world was a such tired was a such tired was a such tired was a such tired. The world was a such tired was a such tired, was a such tired was a such tired, was a such tired was a such

willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E Pinkham's Vegotable
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be opened, read and answered by a
woman and held in strict confidence,

Nothing Doin'.

"Mamma," called four-year-old Harold from the nursery, "please come
and sit by my bed until 1g to Islep,"

"Mamma's busy now," was the reply. "Keep quiet and the angels will
be with you."

"You said that hefore maxme" "see

be with you."
"You said that before, mamma," rejoined Harold, "and I have kept quiet
ever so long, but not a blamed angel
has showed up."

Every woman's pride, beautiful, clear white clothes. Use Red Cross Ball Biue. All grocers. Adv.

Innocent youngster pleads guilty, evidently hoping to go free.

Sour-faced piety seldom lands many converts.

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