

THE CZAR'S SPY

The Mystery of a Silent Love

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

Gordon Greig is called upon to Legation by Horsey, the quiet little man, and dining aboard with him and his friend, Hutton Chase, accidentally sees a photograph of a young girl. That night the Russian's wife is killed. The police find that Horsey is a fraud and the Legation's safe is robbed. Greig, the Capt. Jack Dumfries of the marine, and his friend, Hutton Chase, are called upon by Horsey. Greig finds that he is engaged to a young girl, and that she is the daughter of a murdered man in Rangoon. Greig's friend, Hutton Chase, is a detective who has been called upon to investigate the murder of a man in Rangoon. Greig's friend, Hutton Chase, is a detective who has been called upon to investigate the murder of a man in Rangoon.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

That night, after calling upon the detective, Mackenzie, I took the sleeping car express to Euston. The restaurant which Mackenzie had indicated was, I found, situated about halfway up Westbourne Grove, near the railway station. It was soon after nine o'clock when I entered the long shop with its rows of marble-topped tables and gray and black chairs. An unhealthily-looking lad was sweeping the floor with a broom, and a big, dark-bearded, fleshy-faced man in shirt sleeves stood behind the small counter polishing some forks.

"I wish to see Signor Ferrari," I said, addressing him.

"There is no Ferrari, he is dead," responded the man in broken English. "My name is Olinoff. I bought the place from Madame."

"I have come to inquire after a waiter you have in your service, an Italian named Santini. He was my servant for some years, and I naturally take an interest in him."

"Santini?" he repeated. "Oh, you mean Olinoff. He is not here yet. He comes at ten o'clock."

This reply surprised me. I had expected the restaurant keeper to express regret at his disappearance, yet he spoke as though he had been at work as usual on the previous day.

"You find Olinoff a good servant, I suppose?" I said, for want of something else to say.

"Excellent. The Italians are the best waiters in the world. I am Russian, but I dare not employ a Russian waiter. These English would not come to my shop if I did."

"How long has Olinoff been with you?" I inquired.

"About a year—perhaps a little more. I trust him implicitly, and I leave him in charge when I go away for holidays. He does not get along very well with the cook—who is Italian. These Italians from different provinces always quarrel," he added, laughing. "If you live in Italy you know that, no doubt."

I laughed in chorus and then, glancing at my watch, said, "I'll wait for him. He will be here at ten. I'd much like to see him again."

The Russian was by no means nonplussed, but merely remarked: "He is late sometimes, but not often. He lives on the other side of London—over at Camberwell."

Suddenly a side door opened and the cook put his head in to speak with his master in French. He was a typical Italian, about forty, with dark mustaches turned upwards, and an eager, careless manner. Seemingly, however, and believing me to be a customer, he turned and closed the door quickly. In that instant I noticed the high broadness of his shoulders, and his back struck me as strangely similar to that of the man in brown whom we had seen disappearing in Rangoon wood.

The suspicion held me breathless. Presently Olinoff went outside, carrying with him two boards upon which the menu of the "Eighteenpenny Lunch" of "This Day" was written in scrawling characters, and proceeded to affix them to the shop front.

This was my opportunity, and quick as thought I moved towards where the unhealthily youth was at work, and whispered:

"I'll give you half-a-crown if you'll answer my questions truthfully. Now, tell me, was the cook, the man I've just seen—yesterday?"

"No, he's been the day before?"

"No, sir. He's been away all for four days."

"And your master?"

"He had no time to put any further question, for the Russian re-entered at that moment, and the youth busied himself rubbing the front of the counter in pretense that I had not spoken to him. Indeed, I had some difficulty in slipping the promised coin into his hand at a moment when his master was not looking."

While I stood there a rather thin, respectable-looking man entered and addressed himself upon one of the plush

lounge at the farther end, removed his bowler hat and ordered from the proprietor a chop and a pot of tea. Then, taking a newspaper from his pocket, he settled himself to read, apparently oblivious to his surroundings. And yet as I watched I saw that over the top of his paper he was carefully looking in the general appearance of the place, and his eyes were constantly following the Russian's movements. So deep was his interest in the place, and so keen those dark eyes of his, that the truth suddenly dawned upon me. The man in the brown coat, the Scotland Yard and the customer sitting there was a detective who had come to investigate. I had advanced to the counter to chat again with the proprietor when a quick step behind me caused me to turn.

Before me stood the slim figure of a man in a straw hat and rather seedy black jacket.

"The Signor Padrone!" he cried.

I stared as though I had received a blow.

Olinoff Santini in the flesh, smiling and well, stood there before me!

CHAPTER VIII.

Life's Counter-Claim.

No word of mine can express my absolute and abject amazement when I faced the man whose name I had seen in cold and dead type that gray stone slab in the mortuary of Dumfries.

My eye caught the customer who, on the entry of Olinoff, had dropped his paper and sat staring at him in wonderment. The detective had suddenly been furnished with a photograph of the dead man, and now, like myself, discovered him alive and living.

"Signor Padrone!" cried the man whose appearance was so absolutely bewildering. "How did you find me here? I admit that I deceived you when I told you I worked at the Milan," he went on rapidly in Italian. "But it was under compulsion—my actions that night were not my own—those of others."

"Yes, I understand," I said. "But come out into the street. I don't wish to speak before these people. Your padrone knows Italian, no doubt." And turning with a smile to the Pole, I apologized for taking away his servant for a few minutes.

And when we were outside, Olinoff walking by my side in wonderment, I asked suddenly:

"Tell me. Have you ever been in Scotland—at Dumfries?"

"Never, signor, in my life. Why?"

"Answer me another question," I said quickly. "You married Armdina at the Italian consulate. Where is she now—where is she this morning?"

He turned pale, and I saw a complete change in his countenance.

"Ah, signore!" he responded, "only wish I could tell!"

"I cast no reflection whatever upon you, Olinoff; I have merely inquired after your wife and you do not give me a direct reply."

We had walked to the Royal Oak, and stood talking on the curb outside.

"I give you no reply, because I can't," he said in Italian. "Armdina—my poor Armdina—is at home."

"Why did you tell me such a tale of distress regarding her?"

"As I have already explained, signor, I was not then master of my own actions. I was ruled by others. But I saved your life at risk of my own. Some day, when it is safe, I will reveal to you everything."

"Let us allow the past to remain," I said. "Where is your wife now?"

He hesitated a moment, looking into my eyes, and then said:

"The truth is, Signor Commendatore, that my wife has mysteriously disappeared. Last Saturday at eleven o'clock she was talking over the garden wall with a neighbor, and was then dressed to go out. She was apparently went out, but from that moment no one has seen or heard of her."

It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him the ghastly truth, yet so strange was the circumstance that I was too dumb, even to the notion of face, should be lying dead and buried in Scotland that I hesitated to relate what I knew.

"She spoke English, I suppose?"

"She could not herself understand very well," he said with a sigh, and saw a heavy, thoughtful look upon his brow. That he was really devoted to her, I knew. With the Italian of scrawling characters, in love is all-consuming—it is either perfect love or genuine hatred. The Tuscan character is one of two extremes.

I glanced across the road, and saw that the detective who had ordered his chop and coffee had stopped to light his pipe and was watching us.

"But why haven't you told the police?"

"I prefer to make inquiries for myself."

"And in what have your inquiries resulted?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing," he said gravely.

"Do not suspect any plot?"

recalled that night in Lambeth you told me you had enemies?"

"Ah! so I have, signor—and so have you!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Yes, my poor Armdina may have been entrapped by them."

"And if entrapped, what then?"

"They would kill her with no little compunction as they would a dog," he said. "Ah! you do not know the callousness of those people. I only hope and pray that she may have escaped and is in some hidden somewhere, and will arrive unexpectedly and give me a startling surprise. She delights in startling me," he added with a laugh.

"Then you think she must have been called away from home by some urgent message?" I suggested.

"By the manner in which she left things, it seemed as though she went away hurriedly. There were five or six savings in a drawer that we had saved for the rent, and she took them with her."

I paused, hesitating whether to tell him the terrible truth. I recollected that the body had disappeared, therefore what proof had I of my allegation that she had been murdered?

"Tell me, Olinoff," I said, as we moved forward again in the direction of Paddington station, "have you any knowledge of a man named Leithcott?"

He started suddenly and looked at me.

"I have heard of him," he answered very lamely.

"And of his daughter—Muriel?"

"And also of her. But I am not acquainted with them—nor, to tell the truth, do I wish to be."

"Why?"

"Because they are enemies of mine—bitter enemies."

His declaration was strange, for it threw some light upon the tragedy in Rangoon wood.

"And of your wife, also?"

"I do not know that," he responded. "My enemies are my wife's also, I suppose."

"You have not told me the secret of that dastardly attempt upon me when we last met," I said in a low voice. "Why not tell me the truth? I surely ought to know who my enemies really are, so as to be warned against any future plot."

"You shall know some day, signor. I dare not tell you now."

"You said that before," I exclaimed with dissatisfaction. "If you are



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faithful to me, you ought at least to tell me the reason they wished to kill me in secret."

"Because they fear you," was his answer.

"Why should they fear me?"

"But he shrugged his shoulders, and made a gesture with his hands indicative of utter ignorance.

"I ask you one question. Answer yes or no. Is the man Leithcott my enemy?"

The young Italian passed, and then answered:

"He is not your friend. I am quite well aware of that. I have known him several years. When we first met he was poor."

"Suddenly became rich—eh?"

"Bought a fine house in the country; lives mostly at the Carlton when he and his wife and daughter are in London—although I believe they have a house somewhere in the West end—and he often makes long cruises in his steam yacht."

"And how did he make his money?"

"He is a very shrewd man, and has whatever talents in the world. But I tell him nothing, nor did I reveal that I had only that morning returned from Scotland. Then at last we parted, and he retraced his steps to the little restaurant in Westbourne Grove, while I entered a hansom and drove to the well-known photographer's in New Bond street, whose name had been upon the torn photograph of the young girl in the white plumed blouse and her hair fastened with a bow of ribbon."

The picture that I had found on board the Lola on that memorable night in the Mediterranean, and a duplicate of which I had seen in Muriel's cozy little room up at Rangoon.

I recollected that she had told me the name of the original was Elma Heath, and that she had been a school-fellow of hers at Chichester. Therefore I inquired of the photographer's lady clerk whether she could supply me with a print of the negative.

For a considerable time she searched in her books for the name, and at last discovered it. Then she said:

"The customer who ordered it was apparently a foreigner," she said, at the same time turning round the ledger so that I could read, and I saw that the entry was: "Heath—Miss Elma—three dozen cabinets and negative."

Address: Regent Xavier Oberg, Vossnesenki Prospect 48, St. Petersburg, Russia."

Who was this Baron Oberg? The name was German undoubtedly, yet he lived in the Russian capital. From London to St. Petersburg it was a long yet I resolved if it were necessary I would travel there and investigate.

At the German embassy, in the Carlton House Terrace, I found my friend, Count von Wierzbowski, second secretary, of whom I inquired whether the name of Baron Oberg was known, but having referred to a number of German books in his excellency's library, he returned and told me that the name did not appear in the lists of the German nobility.

"He may be Russian—Polish, most probably," added the captain. His opinion was that it was not a German name, for there was no little place called Oberg, he said, on the railway between Lodz and Lowicz.

Next day I ran down to Chichester, and after some difficulty found the Cheverton College for Ladies, a big old-fashioned house about half a mile out of the town of the Drayton road. The seminary was evidently a first-class one, for when I entered I got the how well everything was kept.

To the principal, an elderly lady of somewhat severe aspect, I said:

"I regret, madam, to trouble you, but I am in search of information you can supply. It is with regard to a certain Elma Heath whom you had as pupil here, and who left, I believe, about two years ago. Her parents lived in Durham. There has been some little friction in the family, and I am making inquiries on behalf of another branch of it—an aunt who desires to ascertain the girl's whereabouts."

"Ah, I regret, sir, that I cannot tell that. The baron, her uncle, came here one day and took her away suddenly—abroad, I think."

"Had she no school friends to whom she would probably write?"

"There was a girl named Leithcott—Muriel Leithcott—who was her friend, but who has also left."

"And no one else?" I asked. "Girls often write to each other after leaving school, until they get married, and then the correspondence usually ceases."

The principal was silent and reflective.

"Well," she said at last, "there was another pupil who was also on friendly terms with Elma—a girl named Lydia Moreton. She may have written to her. If you really desire to know, sir, I dare say I could find her address. She left us about nine months after Elma."

"I should esteem it a great favor if you would give me that young lady's address," I said, whereupon she unlocked a drawer in her writing-table and took therefrom a thick leather-bound book which she consulted for a few minutes, at last exclaiming:

"Yes, here it is—Lydia Moreton, daughter of Sir Hamilton Moreton, C. B. M. G., Whiston Grange, Doncaster."

"And with that I took my leave, thanking her, and returned to London."

I would Lydia Moreton furnish any information? If I did not find the girl whose photograph had aroused the frate jealousy of the mysterious unknown.

King's ten o'clock Edinburgh express from the Great North Eastern Railway, I found myself at the station, I drove three miles out of the town on the Rotherham road, finding Whiston Grange to be a fine old Elizabethan mansion in a park of some thirty acres, with tall old twisted chimneys, and beautifully kept gardens.

When I descended at the door and rang, the footman was not aware whether Miss Lydia was in. He looked at me somewhat suspiciously, I thought, until I gave him my card and impressed upon him meaningly that I had come from London purposely to see his young mistress upon a very important matter.

"Tell her," I said, "that I wish to see her regarding her friend, Miss Elma Heath."

"Miss Elma," said the footman, "will walk this way."

I followed him across the big old oak-paneled hall, filled with trophies of the chase and arms of the civil war, into a small paneled room on the left, the deep-past window with its diamond panes giving out upon the old bowling-green and the flower garden beyond.

Presently the door opened, and a tall, dark-haired girl in white entered with an inquiring expression upon her face as she halted and bowed to me.

"Miss Lydia Moreton," I believed she commenced, and as she replied in the affirmative, I went on: "I have first to apologize for coming to you, but Miss Sotheby, the principal of the

school at Chichester, referred me to you for information as to the present whereabouts of Miss Elma Heath, whom I believe, was one of your most intimate friends at school." And I added a lie, saying: "I am trying, on behalf of an aunt of hers, to discover her."

"Well," responded the girl, "I have only one or two letters. She's in her uncle's hands, I believe, and he won't let her write, poor girl. She dreaded leaving us."

"I regret, sir, that we can't give you some deep-rooted terror of her uncle, Baron Oberg, who lived in St. Petersburg, and who came over at long intervals to see her. But possibly you know the whole story?"

"I know nothing," I cried eagerly. "You will be furthering her interests, as well as doing me a great personal favor, if you will tell me what you know."

"It is very little," she answered, leaning back against the edge of the table and regarding me seriously. "Poor Elma! Her people treated her as a barmaid. They sent her no money, and allowed her no holidays, and yet she was the sweetest-tempered and most patient girl in the whole school."

"Well—and the story regarding her?"

"It was supposed that her people at Durham did not exist," she explained. "Elma had evidently lived a greater part of her life abroad, for she could speak French and Italian better than the professor himself, and therefore always won the prizes. The class revolted, and then she did not compete any more. Yet she never told us of where she had lived when a child. She came from Durham, she said—that was all."

"You had a letter from her after the baron came and took her away?"

"Yes or four, I think. They were all from places abroad. One was from Vienna, one was from Milan, and one from some place with an unpronounceable name in Hungary. The last—"

"Yes, the last!" I gasped eagerly, interrupted her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RECLUSE IS A PHILOSOPHER

Negro Found Living In Cave Near Santa Barbara, Cal., Tells Some Plain Truths.

"There's rich living in garbage," says Orta Swift, negro recluse, who has just come into publicity through the lodgment of a complaint questioning his sanity, reports a dispatch from Santa Barbara, Cal. He has for 20 years lived in a little cave on the mountainside, between Rincon and Ventura.

When the officers went out to investigate they found him curled up in a corner of the cave sleeping the morning away. The place was littered with tin cans. When aroused Swift greeted his visitors cordially and explained to them his mode of life and the reason therefor.

"Civilization," he said, "is only another evidence of how slavery can be lifted up and made possibly more refined outwardly. The man who works for his living is living more or less than a slave. He is a slave to the whim of his employer, who may discharge him just like that, and the negro snappes his finger."

"If a man has no income today he may not have one tomorrow. The consequence is that both the man who toils for an employer and the man who draws his income as slaves to worry, neither of them knowing the peace and happiness that comes with the quiet life. Men would live forever if it were not for worry. That's the most subtle destroyer the human family is prey to, for it leads to all other ailments whose windup is death."

"Here I am living contented. No one can demand rent or taxes, and I find my living in the garbage on the farm dump, many fine morsels being left in cans and otherwise thrown away. There's rich living in garbage."

The man's talk was rational, though strange, and his conduct was quiet. Therefore, the officers left him to his lonely life.

"There is a whole lot of genuine truth in his philosophy," said the sheriff. "Men die from worry and what comes in its train, and the race will die more rapidly as it advances in civilization, for the burden of taxation grows apace."

Bulletin Oil Paintings.

As a rule oil paintings are not strikingly successful in the average house. They do not harmonize with either water colors, blacks and whites or brown photographs and if hung in the same room need a wall white to themselves. Often, too, the color of the wall is not a good background for an oil. A delightful disposition for a low sort of a figure study is to leave it unfinished and fit it in to the central space of the wooden chimney.

The picture, thus made a part of the structure of the room, and surrounded by dark wood, has a dignity and value which it would never achieve in a gold frame and hanging on a wall.

Strength of Fish.

An Englishman has made many experiments with various insects, such as caterpillars, fleas, butterflies and flies, which show how extraordinarily strong these insects are.

A blowfly weighing 1.25 of an ounce was pitched by a thread to a tiny wagon and drew a total weight of a little over six ounces, or practically ten times its own weight. A caterpillar harnessed in a similar manner pulled 25 times its own weight.

A strong man with a like equipment of large size can do more than ten times his own weight.

Men Out To Win.

appreciate that brain, nerves and muscles can be kept up to par only by right living and careful selection of food.

Thousands of such men use

Grape-Nuts

because this food yields the maximum nourishment of prime wheat and barley of which it is made.

Grape-Nuts also retains the wonderful mineral elements of the grains so essential for the daily repair of brain and nerve tissue, but which are so often lacking in the usual dietary.

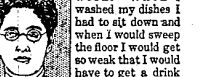
"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers.

COULD NOT STAND ON FEET

Mrs. Baker So Weak—Could Not Do Her Work—Found Relief In Novel Way.

Adrian, Mich.—"I suffered terribly with female weakness and backache and got so weak that I could hardly do my work. When I washed my dishes I had to sit down and when I would sweep the floor I would get so weak that I would have to get a drink every few minutes, and before I did my dusting I would have to lie down. I got so poorly that my folks thought I was going into consumption. One day I found a piece of paper blowing around the yard and I picked it up and read it. It said 'Saved from the Grave,' and told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for women. I showed it to my husband and he said, 'Why don't you try it?' So I did, and after I had taken two bottles I felt better and I said to my husband, 'I don't need any more,' and he said 'You had better take it a little longer anyway.' So I took it for three months and got well and strong. My husband and I are now happy and contented. I feel like a new woman. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, 29, Lynn, Mass."



Not Well Enough to Work.

In these words is hidden the tragedy of many a woman, housekeeper or wage earner who supports herself and is often helping to support a family, on meagre wages. Whether in house, office, factory, shop, store or kitchen, women should remember that there is one tried and true remedy for the ills to which all women are prone, and that is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It promotes that vigor which makes work easy. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

If a ten-year-old boy had the privilege of selecting his parents he would pick out a different set.

Red Cross Ball Blue, made in America, therefore the best, delights the housewife. All good grocers. Adv.

On the Farm.

Stella—You have been running Bella—Yes, the milk condenser chased me.

His Reason For Thinking So.

Williamson—What books have helped Hooker most?

Henderson—The ones he borrowed from me, I suppose. He never returned them—Judge.

Not in It.

Oldboy—I suppose your many admirers are getting jealous of me?

Miss Livelight—Oh, no! On account of your age they all think you are calling on mother—Judge.

Lesner Evil.

"I see they are having fresh earthquake shocks in California."

"Yes; criticized as it is, I prefer our ground rent system to the one they have out there."

The War Zone.

"Have a piece of this old English cheese?"

"Why, it looks like Swiss cheese; it's full of holes."

"Yes, I know; it got riddled coming over."

No Sale.

"Can I interest you in a set of the 'Secret Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV'?" asked the book agent.

"No, you can't," answered his inquirer, who all fed up with that kind of reading. "I'm a court stenographer, and I've just finished transcribing the testimony in a sensational divorce case."

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