

# The Red Symbol

Continued from page 9

"plain how you came to be breaking the law," he asked.

"What law have I broken?" I demanded.

"You were running away."

"I was not. I was running after a droshky."

"Why?"

"Because there was a woman in it—a lady—an Englishwoman or American—who called out to me to help her."

"Who was the woman?"

"How should I know?" I asked blandly. I remembered what Von Eckhardt had told me,—that the police had been on Anne's track for the last three years. If the peril in which she was now placed was from the revolutionists, as it must be, I could not help her by betraying her to the police.

"You say she was English or American? Why do you say so?"

"Because she called out in English. 'Help! Save me!' I heard the words distinctly, and started to run after the droshky. Wouldn't you have done the same in my place? I guess you're just the sort of man who'd be first to help beauty in distress."

"This was sarcasm and sheer insolence. I couldn't help it; he looked such a brutal little beast! But he took it as a compliment, and actually bowed and smirked, twirling his mustache and leaning at me like a satyr.

"You have read me aright, monsieur," he said quite amiably. "So this lady was beautiful."

"Well, I don't say. I didn't really see her; the droshky drove off the very instant she called out. One of the horses had been down, and I was standing to look at it." I explained, responding diplomatically to his more friendly mood. I wanted to get clear as soon as possible, for I knew that every moment was precious.

"I just saw a hat and some dark hair—"

"Dark, eh? Should you know her again?"

"I guess not. I tell you I didn't really see her face."

"How could she know you were an American?"

"I shrug my shoulders. 'Perhaps she can't speak any language but English.'"

"What a wretch!" he held up the handkerchief and sniffed at it.

"I was faintly perfumed. How well I knew that perfume, sweet and elusive as the scent of flowers on a rainy day!"

"A handkerchief. I felt at my feet, and I picked it up before I started to run."

"It is marked A.P. Do you know anyone with those initials?"

"Those heavy eyes of his were fixed on my face, watching my every expression, and I knew that his questions were dictated by some definite purpose."

"Give me time," I said, affecting to rack my brains in an effort of recollection. "I do not think—Why, yes, there was Abigail Parkinson, Job Parkinson's wife, a most respectable old lady I knew in the States—the United States of America, you know."

"His eyes glinted ominously, and he brought his fat bearded hand down on the table with a bang. 'You are trifling with me!'"

"I'm not," I assured him, with an excellent assumption of injured innocence. "You asked me if I knew anyone with those initials, and I'm telling you."

"I am not asking you about old women on the other side of the world. Think again! Right not the initials stand for—Anna Petrovna, for instance?"

"So he had guessed, after all, who she was! 'Anna what? Oh—Petrovna. Why, yes, of course they stand for that; but it's a Russian name, isn't it? And this lady was English, or American.'"

"He was silent for a minute, fingering the handkerchief which I longed to snatch from the contamination of his touch.

"A mistake has been made, as I now perceive, monsieur," he said smoothly at last. "I think your release might be accomplished without much difficulty."

"He paused and looked hard at my pocket-book.

"I guess if you'll hand me that note case it can be accomplished right now," I suggested cheerfully.

"I passed him a note worth about eight dollars, and he grasped and shook my hand effusively as he took it.

"Now we are friends—*hein!*" he exclaimed. "Accept my congratulations at the so happy conclusion of our interview. You understand well that duty must be done, at whatever personal cost and inconvenience. Permit me to restore the rest of your property, monsieur. This only I must retain." He thrust the handkerchief into his desk. "Perhaps—who knows?—we may discover the fair owner and restore it to her."

"His civility was even more loathsome to me than his insolence had been, and I wanted to kick him, but I didn't. I offered him a cigarette instead, and we parted with mutual bows and smiles.

ONCE in the street again, I walked away in the direction opposite to that I should have taken if I had been sure I should not be followed and watched; but I guessed that, for the present at least, I should be kept under strict surveillance, and doubtless at this moment my footsteps were being dogged.

Therefore I made first for the café where I usually lunched, and, a minute after I had seated myself, a man in uniform strolled in and placed himself at a table just opposite, with his back to me; but his face towards a mirror, in

which, as I soon discovered, he was watching my every movement.

"All right, my friend. Forewarned is forearmed. I'll give you the slip directly," I thought, and went on with my meal, affecting to be absorbed in a German newspaper, which I asked the waiter to bring me.

In the ordinary course I should have met people I knew, for the café was frequented by most of the foreign journalists in Petersburg; but the hour was early for breakfast, and the spy and I had the place to ourselves for the present.

I knew that I should communicate the fact that Anne was in Petersburg to Grand Duke Boris as soon as possible, in the hope that he might know or guess who were her captors and where they were taking her, but it was imperative that I should exercise the utmost caution.

AFTER we reached Petersburg, and before he left me, Mishka had, as his master had promised, given me instructions as to how I was to send a private message to the Duke in case of necessity. He took me to a house on a mean street near the Ismailskai Prospekt, not half a mile from the place I was arrested that morning, of which the ground floor was a poor class café frequented chiefly by workmen and students.

"You will go to the place I shall show you," he had informed me beforehand, "and call for a glass of tea, just like anyone else. Then as you pay for it, you drop a coin—so. You will pick it up, or the waiter will; it is all 'one, that—anyone may drop a coin accidentally. Now, if you were just an ordinary customer, nothing would happen; the waiter would keep near your table for a minute or two, and that is all. But if you are on business, you will ask him, 'Is Nicolai Stefanovitch here to-day?' Or you may say any name you think of; a common one is best. He will answer, 'At what hour should he be here?' and you say, 'I do not know when he returns—from his work' or 'from Vilna,' or elsewhere; that is unimportant, like the name. But the questions must be put so, and there must be the pause between the two words 'returns—from' just for one beat of the clock, as it were, or while one blows one's nose, or lights a cigarette. Then he will know you are one of us, and will go away. And presently one will come and sit at the table and say, 'I am so and so,' the name you mentioned. He will drink his tea, and you will go out together, and if it is a note you will pass it to him, so that none shall see, or if it is a message you will tell it him very quietly."

We rehearsed the shibboleth in my room. I did it right the first time, much to Mishka's satisfaction, and when we reached the café he let me be spokesman. Within three minutes a cadaverous-looking workman in a red blouse lounged up to our table, ordered his glass of tea, nodded to me as if I was an old acquaintance, and muttered the formula.

He and I had gone out together, leaving Mishka in the café,—since in Russia three men walking and conversing together are bound to be eyed suspiciously,—and my new acquaintance remarked:

"There is no message, as I know. This is but a trial and you have done well. If there should be a letter, a cigarette, with the tobacco hanging a little loose at each end," he rolled one as he spoke and made a slovenly job of it, "is an excellent envelop and one that we understand."

We had separated at the end of the street, and Mishka rejoined me later at my hotel. But I had not needed to try the shibboleth since, though I had dropped into the café more than once and drank my glass of tea—without dropping a coin. And now the moment had come when I must test the method of communication as speedily as possible!

## CHAPTER XVI. Under Surveillance

I PAID my bill, strolled out, and in the doorway encountered a man I knew slightly, a young officer, with whom I paused to chat, thereby blocking the doorway temporarily, with the result that I found my friend the spy—as I was now convinced he was—at my elbow. My unexpected halt had pulled him up short.

"Pardon," I said with the utmost politeness, stepping aside; so he had to pass out, though I guessed he was angry enough at losing my conversation, for I was telling Lieutenant Mirakoff of my arrest, as a great joke, at which we both laughed uproariously.

"They should have seen that you were a foreigner, and therefore quite mad—and harmless," he cried.

"Now, I ought to call you out for that!" I asserted.

"At your service!" he answered, still laughing, as we separated.

The spy was apparently deeply interested in the contents of a shop window near at hand, and I went off briskly in the other direction; but in a minute or two later, when I paused, ostensibly to compare my watch with a clock I had just passed, I saw, as I glanced back, that he was on my track once more.

This was getting serious, and I adopted a simple expedient to give him the slip for the present. I hailed a droshky and bade the fellow drive to a certain street, not far from that where Mishka's café was situated. We started off at the usual headlong speed, and presently, as we whirled round a corner, I called on the driver to stop, handed him a fare that must have represented a good week's earnings, and ordered him to drive on again as fast as he could and for as long as his horse would hold out.

He grinned, clucked to his horse, and was off

# In Five Minutes You'll Forget That You Were Hurt



WHEN cut or bruised or burned, bothered with chapped hands or anything of the kind, spread Carpenter's Water-Proof Liquid Court Plaster over the sore place—and go about your work or play rejoicing. It is absolute protection from infection, heals rapidly, is almost invisible. And you can't wash it off.



## Carpenter's Water-Proof Liquid Court Plaster

is the original. Contains no collodion, acid or gun cotton; guaranteed under forfeit of \$1,000. It is antiseptic, pliable, applied in a jiffy and stays on. Universally used by physicians and hospitals.

### 10-Cent Pocket-Size Free With Coupon and Purchase

of our 25-cent size, at all drug stores. Handy pocket size on sale for 10 cents also. It should be in the home at all times. It should always be in a man's vest pocket. Cut out coupon now. Take it to your druggist and get two tubes for the price of one. If not honored by druggist when presented before March 1st, send to us. We will see that you are supplied.

Accidents will happen. Be prepared. Get a trial tube, anyway, today.

CARPENTER CHEMICAL COMPANY  
100 State St., Detroit, Michigan



THIS SIZE FREE TUBE COUPON  
TALL DRUG STORES

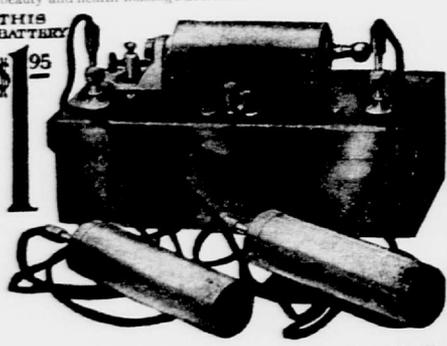
Note to druggist: Please honor this coupon when filled out and presented before March 1st, 1910, for one 10c tube of Carpenter's Water-Proof Liquid Plaster. If present presenting it buys a 25-cent tube at regular price. Under these conditions we will gladly re-issure coupons from you at 10c each in cash when name of your jobber is given.

Buyer's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
CARPENTER CHEMICAL CO.  
100 State St., Detroit, Mich.

## ELECTRICITY BOOK FREE

Profusely Illustrated with Photos from Life. Write for it today.

This splendid book is compiled from the best authorities in the world. Explains how electricity as supplied by inexpensive batteries relieves Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Liver and Kidney Trouble and all nerve affections and diseases due to poor circulation. Explains how to enjoy the famous electric baths and beauty and health massage at home at little cost.



THIS BATTERY \$1.95  
\$24.00, which we send on 10 days' free trial.  
DETROIT MEDICAL BATTERY CO.  
1420 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.  
Write today for our free book.

## "SAVE-THE-HORSE" SPAVIN CURE.



Don't forget, Mr. Man, no matter what your case is, an investment in "Save-The-Horse" means you simply cannot lose if you go at it right. OUR CONTRACT PROTECTS YOU. Simon & Son, Tailors, Richmond, Va., Nov. 20, 1909. Troy Chemical Co., Binghamton, N. Y.: I used "Save-The-Horse" as you directed on the place where the horse was kicked and he recovered entirely. A week after he went lame in hind leg, and he was very lame. I had a doctor examine him and he said he had a blind jack. As I had some "Save-The-Horse" left he advised me to use it. I did, and he is perfectly sound. This jack came on the leg that was sound, for, if you remember, he had a bone spavin on the other leg some time ago. I have had tough luck with this horse, but your remedy has always given him a cure. I thank you for your kindness, always willing to give advice, and I shall always recommend "Save-The-Horse" highly. NATHAN SIMON, Norway, Me., Oct. 19, 1909. I have faith that "Save-The-Horse" will do as you say, because I have seen four cures, one bog spavin, and one enlarged tendon cured by it for other people. Please let me hear from you regarding my horse. Very resp., A. H. STAPLES, D. D. S.

\$5.00 a bottle, with signed guarantee or contract. Send for copy, booklet and letters from business men and trainers, on every kind of case. Permanently cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone (except low), Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Wind-puff, Shoe Blist, Injured Tendons and all Lameness. No scar or loss of hair. Horse works as usual. Dealers or Express Paid. Troy Chemical Co., 111 Commercial Avenue, Binghamton, N. Y.

## Prevent School Colds

When colds, coughs and la grippe are epidemic, let the children take a few Zymole Trokeys with them to school. They will enjoy them, and the antiseptic balsams and gums will keep the mouth and throat pleasantly disinfected so that these annoying and sometimes dangerous troubles can gain no foothold in your family. They are a sure preventive.



are not a candy, but a combination of expensive gums and balsams which soothe, heal and disinfect the mouth, throat and bronchial passages. They contain no opiates or drugs—nothing which could create a habit. Most remedies contain opium or equally harmful drugs. They contain no chlorate of potash, sal ammoniac or anything which could unsettle the most delicate stomach. A whole box may be eaten without harm or discomfort. Professional Singers, Actors and Speakers, Lawyers, Salesmen and all whose success depends on the clearness and resonance of the voice, find Zymole Trokeys a daily necessity. At Your Druggist's 25c for box of 50.

## Try Zymole Trokeys FREE

—A postal mailed to the Zymole Co., New York City, will bring a Trial Package postpaid. (2)

## KOSMEO FACE POWDER

the finest face powder made; three shades, White, Flesh and Brunette. Price 50 cts. at all dealers or by mail. Samples of Kosmeo Powder and Kosmeo Cream together with 64 page booklet on the hair and complexion free. Address Mrs. Gervaise Graham, 1484 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

## TO GROW HAIR

When properly nourished, our Vacuum Cap draws the blood to the hair roots and promotes hair growth. Sent on 60 days free trial under option to buy for \$25 or return. Write for booklet on "Hair and its Growth," mailed free. MODERN VACUUM CAP CO. 102 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

## FRANKLIN EAR PHONE

The deaf can hear instantly with the FRANKLIN EAR PHONE—the most wonderful hearing device in the world. Sent on trial, leaving you to be the judge. Send for booklet and trial blank. FRANKLIN ACOUSTIC COMPANY, 1530 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.