

The CZAR'S SPY
The Mystery of a Silent Love
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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

I stood before him open-mouthed. Who in Russia had not heard of that mysterious unknown person who had directed a hundred conspiracies against the imperial autocrat, and yet the identity of whom the police had always failed to discover. It was believed that Kampf had once been professor of chemistry at Moscow university, and that he had invented that most terrible and destructive explosive used by the revolutionists. The ingredients of the powerful compound and the mode of firing it were the secret of the nihilists alone—and Otto Kampf, the mysterious leader, whose personality was unknown even to the conspirators themselves, directed those constant attempts which held the emperor and his government in such hourly terror.

Rewards without number had been offered by the ministry of the interior for the betrayal and arrest of the unseen man whose power in Russia, permeating every class, was greater than that of the emperor himself—at whose word one day the people would rise in a body and destroy their oppressors.

"You are surprised," the old man laughed, noticing my amazement. "Well, you are not one of us, yet I need not impress upon you the absolute necessity, for mademoiselle's sake, to preserve the secret of my existence. It is because you are not a member of 'The Will of the People' that you have never heard of 'The Red Priest'—red because I wrote my ultimatum to the czar in the blood of one of his victims knotted in the fortress of Peter and Paul, and priest because I preach the gospel of freedom and justice."

"I shall say nothing," I said, gazing at the strangely striking figure before me—the unknown man who directed the great upheaval that was to revolutionize Russia. "My only desire is to save Mademoiselle Heath."

"Are you prepared to do so at the risk of your own liberty—your own life? Ah! you said you love her. Would not this be a test of your affection?"

"I am prepared for any test, as long as she escapes the trap which her enemies have set for her. I succeeded in saving her from Kajana, and I intend to save her now."

"Was it you who actually entered Kajana and snatched her from that tomb?" he exclaimed, and he took my hand enthusiastically, adding—"I have no further need to doubt you." And turning to the table he wrote upon a slip of paper, saying, "Take mademoiselle there. She will find a safe place of concealment. But go quickly, for every moment places you both in more deadly peril. Hide yourself there also."

I thanked him and left at once. I found Elma in her room, ready dressed to go out, wearing a long traveling cloak, and in her hand was a small dressing case. She was pale and full of anxiety until I showed her the slip of paper which Otto Kampf had given me with the address written upon it, and then together we hurried forth.

The house to which we drove was, we discovered, a large one facing the Fontanka canal, one of the best quarters of the town, and on descending I asked the liveried doorman for Mademoiselle Zurloff, the name which the "Red Priest" had written.

"You mean the Princess Zurloff," remarked the man through his red beard. "Who shall I say desires to see her?"

"Take that," I said, handing to him the piece of paper, which, besides the address, bore a curious cipher mark like three triangles joined. He closed the door, leaving us in the wide, carpeted hall, the statuary in which showed us that it was a richly furnished place, and when a few minutes later he returned, he conducted us upstairs to a fine, gilded salon, where an elderly, gray haired lady in black stood gravely to receive us.

"Allow me to present Mademoiselle Elma Heath, princess," I said, speaking in French and bowing, and afterwards telling her my own name.

Our hostess welcomed my love in a graceful speech, but I said: "Mademoiselle, unfortunately, suffers a terrible affliction. She is deaf and dumb."

"Ah, how very sad!" she exclaimed sympathetically. "Poor girl! Poor girl!" and she placed her hand tenderly upon Elma's shoulder and looked into her eyes. Then, turning to me, she said: "So the Red Priest has sent you both to me! You are in danger of arrest, I suppose—you wish me to conceal you here?"

"I would only ask sanctuary for mademoiselle," was my reply. "For myself I have no fear. I am English, and therefore not a member of the Party."

"Well," exclaimed the gray-haired lady smiling, leading my love across the luxurious room, the atmosphere of which was filled with the scent of flowers, and taking off her cloak with her own hands, "you are safe here, my poor child. If spies have not followed you, then you shall remain my guest as long as you desire."

"I am sure it is very good of you, princess," I said gratefully. "Miss Heath is the victim of a vile and dastardly conspiracy. When I tell you that she has been afflicted as she is by her enemies—that an operation was performed upon her in Italy while she was unconscious—you will readily see in what deadly peril she is."

"What!" she cried. "Have her enemies actually done this? Horrible!" "She will perhaps tell you of the strange romance that surrounds her—a mystery which I have not yet been able to fathom. She is a Russian subject, although she has been educated in England. Baron Oberg himself is, I believe, her worst and most bitter enemy."

"Ah! the Strangler!" she exclaimed with a quick flash in her dark eyes. "But his end is near. The movement is active in Helsingfors. At any moment now we may strike our blow for freedom."

"Who is this man Martin Woodroffe, of whom she speaks?" asked the princess presently, turning to me.

"I have met him twice—only twice," I replied, "and under strange circumstances." Then, continuing, I told her something concerning the incidents of the yacht Lolo.

"He may be in love with her, and desires to force her into marriage," she suggested, expressing amazement at the curious narrative I had related.

"I think not, for several reasons. One is because I know she holds some secret concerning him, and another because he is engaged to an English girl named Muriel Leithcourt."

"Leithcourt? Leithcourt?" repeated the princess, knitting her brows with a puzzled air. "Do you happen to know her father's name?"

"I was telling the story of the Leithcourts when the long, white doors of the handsome salon were thrown open and there entered a man whose hair fell over the collar of his heavy overcoat, but whom, in an instant I recognized as Otto Kampf."

"I come, princess, in order to explain to you," he said. "Mademoiselle fears arrest, and the only house in Petersburg that the police never suspect is this. Therefore I send her to you, knowing that with your generosity you will help her in her distress."

"It is all arranged," was her highness' response. "She will remain here, poor girl, until it is safe for her to go out of Russia." Then, after some further conversation, and after my well-beloved had made signs of heartfelt gratitude to the man known from end to end of the Russian empire as "The Red Priest," the princess turned to me, saying:

"I would much like to know what occurred before the Leithcourts left Scotland. The Leithcourts!" exclaimed Kampf in utter surprise. "Do you know the Leithcourts—and the English officer Durnford?"

I looked into his eyes in amazement. What connection could Jack Durnford of the marines have with the adventurer, Philip Leithcourt? I, however, recollected Jack's word, when I described the visit of the Lolo to Leghorn, and further I recollected that very shortly he would be back in London from his term of Mediterranean service.

"Well," I said after a pause, "I happen to know Captain Durnford well, but I had no idea that he was friendly with Leithcourt."

The Red Priest smiled, stroking his white beard. "Explain to her highness what she desires to know, and I will tell you." My eyes met Elma's, and I saw how intensely eager and interested she was, watching the movement of my lips and trying to make out what words I uttered.

"Well," I said, "a mysterious tragedy occurred on the edge of a wood near the house rented by Leithcourt—a tragedy which has puzzled the police to this day. An Italian named Santini and his wife were found murdered."

"Santini!" gasped Kampf, starting up. "But surely he is not dead?"

"No. That's the curious part of the affair. The man who was killed was a man disguised to represent the Italian, while the woman was actually the waiter's wife herself. I happen to know the man Santini well, for both he and his wife were for some years in my employ."

The princess and the director of the Russian revolutionary movement exchanged glances. It was as though her highness implored Kampf to reveal to me the truth, while he, on his part, was averse to doing so.

"And upon whom does suspicion rest?" asked her highness.

"As far as I can make out, the police have no clue whatever, except one. At the spot was found a tiny miniature cross of one of the Russian orders of chivalry—the cross of St. Anne."

"There is no suspicion upon Leithcourt?" she asked with some undue anxiety, I thought.

"No."

"Then why did the Leithcourts disappear so suddenly?"

"Because of the appearance of the man Chater," I replied. "It is evident that they feared him, for they took every precaution against being followed. In fact, they fled, leaving a big party of friends in the house. The man Woodroffe, now at the Hotel de Paris, is a friend of Leithcourt as well as of Chater."

"He was not a guest of Leithcourt when this man representing Santini was assassinated?" asked Kampf, again stroking his beard.

"No. As soon as Woodroffe recognized me as a visitor he left—for Hamburg."

"He was afraid to face you because of the ransacking of the British consul's safe at Leghorn," remarked the princess, who, at the same moment, took Elma's hand tenderly in her own and looked at her. Then, turning to me, she said: "What you have told us tonight, Mr. Gregg, throws a new light upon certain incidents that had hitherto puzzled us. The mystery of it all is a great and inscrutable one—the mystery of this poor, unfortunate"

girl, greatest of all. But both of us will endeavor to help you to elucidate it; we will help poor Elma to crush her enemies—these cowardly villains who have maimed her."

"Ah, princess!" I cried. "If you will only help and protect her, you will be doing an act of mercy to a defenseless woman. I love her—I admit it. I have done my utmost; I have striven to solve the dark mystery, but up to the present I have been unsuccessful, and have only remained, even till today, the victim of circumstance."

"Let her stay with me," the kindly woman answered, smiling tenderly upon my love. "She will be safe here, and in the morning we will endeavor to discover the real and actual truth."

And in response I took the princess' hand and pressed it fervently.

I scribbled a few hasty words upon paper and handed it to Elma. And for answer she smiled contentedly, looking into my eyes with an expression of trust, devotion and love.

CHAPTER XV. Just Off the Strand. A week had gone by. The Nord express had brought me posthaste

performed a surgical operation. So, naturally, being of sound though pessimistic mind, I preferred to suffer in silence during the longer period necessary to get old Doc Bitters here than to call in young Doctor Prisy and learn the answer to my inquiry from ocular demonstration."—Kansas City Star.

Business an End in Itself. What had he thus far learned from making bedsteads? Had he ever considered there was anything to be learned from that occupation? The uncouth figure of his father began to grow before him, gauging at him accusingly from under shaggy brows. Was it possible, then, that business was in a sense an end in itself, aside from the gaining of money? Was it the overcoming of obstacles; the sharpening of character against routine; the winning in competition; the waiting for unseen ends—that kept the world at the daily treadmill? Yet keen eyed and eager? In that moment it came to him it was so.—From "Dalhousie's Lady of the Morning," by David Gray in the Saturday Evening Post.

across Europe from Petersburg to Calais, and I was again in London. It was a cold but dry November night and I sat dining with Jack Durnford at a small table in the big-well-lit room of the Junior United Service club. Easy-going and merry as of old, my friend was bubbling over with good spirits, delighted to be back again in town after three years' sailing up and down the Mediterranean, from Gib. to Smyrna, maneuvering always, yet with never a chance of a fight.

"Glad to be back!" he exclaimed, as he helped himself to a "peg." "I should rather think so, old chap. You know how awfully wearying the life becomes out there. Lots going on down at Palermo, Malta, Monte Carlo, or over at Algiers, and yet we can never get a chance of it."

Dinner finished, we went across to the Empire, where we spent the evening in the grand circle, meeting many men we knew and having a rather pleasant time among old acquaintances.

After the theater I induced him to come round to the Cecil, and in the wicker chairs in the big portico before the entrance we sat to smoke our final cigars. And there, in a carefully careless way, I told him the story of the Leithcourts.

"You seem a bit down in the mouth, Jack," I said presently, after we had been watching the cabs coming up, depositing the home-coming revelers from the Savoy or the Carlton.

"Yes," he sighed. "And surely I have enough to cause me—after what I've heard from you."

"What! Did the facts convey any bad news to you?" I inquired with pretended ignorance.

"Yes," he said hoarsely, after a brief pause. Then he added: "And Martin Woodroffe is engaged to Muriel Leithcourt. Are you certain of this?"

"Yes, quite certain."

"For some time Jack Durnford smoked in silence, and I could just distinguish his white, hard face in the faint light, for it was now late, and the big electric lamps had been turned out and we were in semidarkness.

"That fellow shall never marry Muriel," he declared in a fierce, hoarse voice. "What you have just told me reveals the truth. Did you meet Chater?"

"He appeared suddenly at Rannoch, and the Leithcourts fled precipitately and have not since been heard of."

"Ah, no wonder!" he remarked with a dry laugh. "No wonder! But look here, Gordon, I'm not going to stand by and let that scoundrel Woodroffe marry Muriel."

"You love her, perhaps?" I hazarded.

"Yes, I do love her," he admitted. "And by heaven!" he cried, "I will tell the truth and crush the whole of their ingenious plot. Have you met Elma Heath?" he asked.

"Yes," I said in quick anxiety.

"Then listen," he said in a low, earnest voice. "Listen, and I'll tell you something."

"There is a greater mystery surrounding that yacht, the Lolo, than you have ever imagined, my dear old chap," declared Jack Durnford, looking me straight in the face. "When you told me about it on the quarter-deck that day outside Leghorn I was half a mind to tell you what I knew. Only one fact prevented me—my disinclination to reveal my own secrets. I loved Muriel Leithcourt, yet, afraid as I was, I could never see her—I could not obtain from her own lips the explanation I desired. Yet I would not prejudice her—no, and I won't now!" he added with fierce resolution.



That Fellow Shall Never Marry Muriel.

suffering she had kept her promise to him, and that the secret was still safe. "Exactly. And now the fellow fears that as you are so actively searching out the truth, she may yield to your demands and explain. He therefore intends to silence her."

"What! to kill her, you mean?" I gasped, in quick apprehension.

"Well, he might do so, in order to save himself, you see," Jack replied. "I tried to get from him all that he knew concerning Elma, but he seemed, for some reason, disinclined to tell. All I could gather was that Leithcourt was in league with Chater and Woodroffe, and that Muriel had acted as an entirely innocent agent."

"We must find Muriel," he declared, when I pressed him to tell me everything he knew. "There are facts you have told me which negative my own theories, and only from her can we obtain the real truth."

"But surely you know where she is? She writes to you," I said.

"The last letter, which I received at Gib. ten days ago, was from the Hotel Bristol, at Botzen, in the Tyrol, yet Bartlett says she has been seen down at Eastbourne."

"But you have an address where you always write to her, I suppose?"

"Yes, a secret one. I have written and made an appointment, but she has not kept it. She has been prevented, of course. She may be with her parents, and unable to come to London."

"You did not know that they had fled, and were in hiding?"

"Of course not. What I've heard tonight is news to me—amazing news."

"And does it not convey to you the truth?"

"It does—a ghastly truth concerning Elma Heath," he answered in a low voice, as though speaking to himself.

"Tell me. What? I'm dying, Jack, to know everything concerning her. Who is that fellow Oberg?"

"Her enemy. She, by mere accident, learned his secret and Woodroffe's, and they now both live in deadly fear of her."

NEWS and GOSSIP OF WASHINGTON

National Museum Gets Copy of Old Mosaic Map

WASHINGTON.—One of the oldest maps in the form of mosaic has recently been installed on the second floor of the new building of the National museum. It is a reduced reproduction in colors of a mosaic map of Palestine and part of Egypt, which has been presented to the museum by S. W. Woodward of Washington.

The original mosaic formed the floor of an old church in Medeba, a town in the former territory of Moab, situated almost directly east of Bethlehem. The mosaic itself, dating from the sixth century A. D., was discovered in 1827, when the site of the old church was being cleared for the erection of a new church building.

Unfortunately the mosaic floor was much damaged by ignorant workmen before it was saved by the scientists. The part of the map saved from destruction extends from Nablus, the Biblical Shechem, in the north, to the Nile delta of Egypt in the south.

Unlike modern maps, the Medeba map is orientated not toward the north, but toward the east. Cities and towns are represented by buildings, sometimes surrounded by palm trees. The Jordan is shown as a comparatively broad stream, which falls into the Dead sea, and the latter is agitated by currents represented by thick black streaks. The banks of the Jordan are connected by two bridges, while on the surface of the Dead sea two vessels are depicted.

The mountains are designated in various tints to indicate their several strata. In the desert east of the Jordan a gazelle is represented as being pursued by some animal, possibly a lion or a panther.

This interesting reproduction was acquired by Mr. Woodward in Jerusalem while he was on a tour around the world in the interest of the Christian missions in 1899.

Uncle Sam Is Trying to Make News Print Paper

UNCLE SAM is trying to make newspapers. That statement is literally true, for he really is trying—not to print them, mind you—but to make them. To be more explicit, he is trying to devise a way to make the paper for them. A new bulletin is to be issued within a few months stating the results of extensive tests, extending over three years, and including forty different kinds of wood, looking to the manufacture from a new source of paper that will do on which to print newspapers.

Uncle Sam's chief ambition is to issue—not a "red paper," a "blue paper," or any other colored "scrap of paper"—but bona fide white paper. The rub with all the paper made so far is that it is not white but gray. Now, this gray paper, made from the western hemlocks, lodgepole pine, red fir, and other substitutes for the spruce ground wood as now used, is durable and excellent paper in every way. The trouble is with its color. And there Uncle Sam confronted the first problem of the newspaper publisher—circulation. He ran amuck of the much-discussed "psychology of the newspaper reader."

For newspaper editors told him that gray paper never would do for printing newspapers because newspaper readers will not buy papers printed on anything else but pristine and simon-pure white paper. The more snowlike the paper the greater the rejoicing of the circulation manager.

The government experts did not go about their work in an academic sort of way. When they evolved paper which they believed would stand the test of the great presses of the modern newspapers they "tried it on the dog," meaning they had New York and St. Louis publishers print regular editions of their papers on the government production. In every respect the substitutes met the test, until they reached the eyes of the circulation manager. These came the objection to the color.

The experiments, if successful, will be of greatest benefit, it is stated, in the middle West, in Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Milwaukee. Those cities, it is expected, soon will feel the pinch of greatly increased cost of print paper. Timber men state that already the end of the spruce forests in those great states is in sight. Therefore, the need of a substitute for the spruce ground wood.

Many Secret Service Men Needed in Washington

CONGRESS is likely to be called on to increase the force of secret agents at the disposal of the government. This means not alone to increase the secret service of the treasury department, but also the department of Justice force. Since the European war began this government has found itself much hampered because of the need of more competent secret agents. Cranks, spies and others whose activities are questionable, have caused no end of trouble, and the small secret agent force has been unable to cover all the ground.

Since Frank Holt's attempt to blow up the capitol, the guards have been increased at all office buildings. At the state, war and navy department building the force of uniformed watchmen has been increased. No one without a pass is allowed to enter the building after office hours. The object of this is to guard against the theft of valuable papers.

Naval secrets have disappeared from time to time and it is hinted that the papers were abstracted through the efforts of agents of foreign powers. The additional safeguarding of the public buildings does not, of course, meet the needs as to more secret agents. But it shows the situation is worrying high officials.

In some quarters it is suspected that Germany has a number of underground workers in this country. It is likely some of the other European countries also have spies here.

The passport frauds and the supposed efforts to transmit military information by wireless have required the services of a large number of government agents. However, it is also true that the efforts of the British to enlist recruits here, and some of the other activities of the allies have also required close watching.

At the time of the Civil war this government developed one of the best secret service systems in the world. Plenty of good material for valuable secret agents is available if congress will provide the money.

National Capital Proves an Ideal Summer Resort

NEW YORK having uttered loud boasts that she is the ideal summer resort among cities of the East, it becomes necessary for Washington to produce the official records proving the national capital enjoys that distinction, and has New York and other big towns backed up into a corner and yelling for ice water.

Washington has more hours of sunshine, more cooling breezes, and less cloudiness than any city hereabouts.

The records demonstrate that its weather is more nearly ideal than that of any large city in the New England, southern or Atlantic coast states.

The temperature here is moderate, New York press agents to the contrary notwithstanding. Day in and day out a fellow can keep as cool in this city as in any big town this side of the Mississippi. The capital's sunshine record is near par, and gloom and cloudiness are infrequent visitors. So say the records.

Nothing is lacking within the boundaries of the District, except salt water, to make this an ideal summer resort. And at its very door Washington has Chesapeake Beach, Colonial Beach, and other resorts admirably equipped to provide this want.

All this is not a mere press agent's dream. The assertions are based on actual facts and figures furnished by the United States weather bureau. New York, not content with burning its Broadway lights brightly at the expense of out-of-town visitors all winter, recently has stepped into the arena, blantly proclaiming itself the ideal city summer resort.

Weather bureau facts knock into a cocked hat New York's assumption that it is the most sunny city on the Atlantic coast, and a number of other claims it has put forth.



RIGHTS OF SERENADING CATS

Seems That One May Throw Boot-jacks at Them, But You Mustn't Shoot Them.

There is a widespread impression that a squalling cat which keeps a law-abiding citizen awake at night is a nuisance, and that to end its cries quickly and painlessly makes a man a public benefactor. But a Trenton (N. J.) resident, who tried that sort of treatment on a neighbor's pet singer, has been sent to jail because of his refusal to pay the fine which was assessed on him by a local judge. He considers himself a martyr and says he will live on bread and water sooner than admit that he has done any wrong.

This brings up an issue which will interest sleepless men and women the world over. There does not seem to be any question as to the right of the distressed person to say "scat!" to the serenading cats. Indeed, his time-honored privilege of hurling bootjacks, hair brushes, cakes of soap, slippers and other articles of wearing apparel

and personal adornment at the offending tabbies and tomnies remains unimpaired. The real point at stake is his right to shoot cats that disturb his slumber.

Most cats may be shot with impunity, but not all cats. In this, as in many other mooted questions, it all depends upon whose cat you shoot.

"Use a Fork?" He Asked Surgeon. "The last time I had a spell of sickness," stated J. Fuller Gloom, "I made the folks send for old Doc Bitters, who lives seven miles away and is a moss-grown bungler who hasn't learned anything worth mentioning of young Doctor Prisy, who resides right around the corner and graduated last year with high honors and is really a very bright young man and a highly competent physician. You see, noticing the latter's correct civil engineer whiskers, his profound respect for the dignity of his profession, and his persistent insistence on being addressed as 'Doctor,' with the accent on both syllables, I was so unwise as to ask him a few days before my attack, if he used a fork with his knife when he

performed a surgical operation. So, naturally, being of sound though pessimistic mind, I preferred to suffer in silence during the longer period necessary to get old Doc Bitters here than to call in young Doctor Prisy and learn the answer to my inquiry from ocular demonstration."—Kansas City Star.

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ODD "CURES" FOR MALADIES

Superstitious Remedies That in Ancient Times Were Thoroughly Believed In.

For sore eyes a touch from an old gold wedding ring is a popular remedy, and many an old woman's ring has earned for itself a great name as an eye healer. Apparently reliable authorities can be found who assert that they have been cured by a touch of this description. Borlase asserts as a fact that a halter with which anyone has been hanged will cure headache instantly if tied around the head, and he adds, "Moss growing upon a human skull, if dried and powdered and taken as a snuff, is no less efficacious."

Brand tells of several superstitious remedies or charms: "Hollow stones are hung up in stables at night to prevent nightmares, or epilepsies. They are usually called in the north of England 'holy stones.' The chips of galloons and places of execution are used as amulets against agues. For warts we rub our hands before the moon and commit any maculated part to the

touch of the dead. Rev. Mr. Shaw, in his history of the Province of Moravia, says that in hectic or consumptive diseases they pare the nails of the fingers and toes of the patients, put these parings into a rag cut from his clothes, then wave the hand with the rag thrice round the head crying 'Deas Soll.' After this they bury the rag in some unknown place. He tells us he has seen this done, and Pliny, in his 'Natural History,' mentions it as practiced by the magicians or Druids of his time."

Advance in Australia. The expansion of the post office business in South Australia has necessitated increased provision for the requirements of the public in many places throughout the state. Included in the amount provided in the federal estimates to be expended on public works in South Australia during the current financial year is \$100,000 for additions to existing and the erection of new post office buildings. A large proportion of this expenditure will be incurred on works in various country towns.

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