

The CZAR'S SPY

The Mystery of a Silent Love

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SYNOPSIS.

Gordon Gregg is called upon in Leghorn by his yacht owner, and dining aboard with him and his friend, Hyton Chater, accidentally sees a torn photograph of a young girl. That night the constable's wife is robbed. The police find that Hornby is a fraud and the girl's name is false one. Gregg visits the Capt. Jack Durnford but will not reveal the mystery of the Lola. "It concerns a woman." In London Gregg is trapped nearly to his death by a former servant, Olinto. Visiting in Dumfries Gregg meets Muriel Leithcourt. Hornby appears and Muriel introduces him as Martin Woodroffe, her father's friend. Gregg finds that she is engaged to Woodroffe. Gregg sees a copy of the torn photograph on the Lola and finds that the young girl is Muriel's friend. Woodroffe disappears. Gregg discovers the body of a murdered woman in Rannoch wood. The body disappears and in its place is found the body of Olinto. Gregg talks to the police but conceals his own knowledge of the woman. Muriel tells secretly on Gregg and tells him that she is certain that a woman as well as a man has been murdered.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

I at once gladly accepted her invitation to investigate the curious disappearance of the body of poor Olinto's fellow-victim, determined to obtain the secret knowledge possessed by that smart, handsome girl before me. That her suspicions were in the right direction I felt confident, yet if the dead woman had been removed and hidden by the assassin it must have been after the discovery made by me. The fellow must have actually dared to return to the spot and carry off the victim. Yet if he had done that, why did he allow the corpse of the Italian to remain and await discovery? He might perhaps have been disturbed and compelled to make good his escape.

"You tell me, Miss Muriel, that you suspect the truth, and yet you deny all knowledge of the murdered man?" I exclaimed in a tone of slight reproach.

"Until we have cleared up the mystery of the woman I can say nothing," was her answer. "If only tell you, Mr. Gregg, that if what I suspect is true, then the affair will be found to be one of the strangest, most startling and most ingenious plots ever devised by one man against the life of another."

"Then a man is the assassin, you think?" I exclaimed quickly.

"I believe so. But even of that I am not at all sure. We must first find the woman."

Rannoch wood was already in its gold-brown glory of autumn, and as I stood with Muriel Leithcourt on the edge of it, near the spot where Olinto Santini had fallen, the morning sun was shining in a cloudless sky. I asked her opinion which was the most likely corner, but she replied:

"I know so little of this place, Mr. Gregg. You have known it for years, while this is only my first season here."

"Very well," I answered. "Let us start here, and first take a small circle, examining every bush carefully. The body may have easily been pushed in beneath a thicket and well escape observation."

And so together, after taking our bearings, we started off, working our way into the thick undergrowth, beating with our sticks, and making minute examination of every bush or heap of dead leaves. All through the morning we walked on, our hands badly torn by brambles. My own coat was badly torn, and more than once I was compelled to scramble through almost impassable thickets; yet we found no trace of any previous intruder, and having completed our circle were compelled to admit that the gruesome evidence of the second crime did not exist at that spot.

Muriel was uttaring in her activity. Hither and thither she went, beating down the high bracken and tangles of weeds, poking with her stick into every hole and corner, and going farther and farther into the wood in the certainty that the body was therein concealed.

Soon we came to a deep wooded ravine of the existence of which I was in ignorance. It was a kind of small glen through which a rivulet flowed, but the banks were covered with a thick, impenetrable undergrowth.

"This is a most likely place," declared my dainty little companion as we approached it. "Anything could easily be concealed in that high bracken down there. Let us search the whole glen from end to end," she cried with enthusiasm.

Acting upon her suggestion and without thought of luncheon, we made a descent of the steep bank until we reached the rocky bed of the stream. Undaunted, she went on, springing from stone to stone and steadying herself with her stick. If we could only discover the body of the dead woman, then the rest would be clear, she declared. She would openly denounce the assassin.

The sun had set, and the sky above showed the crimson of the distant afterglow, warning us that it was time we began to think of how to make our exit. We were passing around a sharp bend in the glen where the bowlders were so thickly moss grown that our

feet fell noiselessly, when I thought I heard a voice, and raising my hand we both halted suddenly.

"Someone is there," I whispered quickly. "Behind that rock." She nodded in the affirmative, for she, too, had heard the voice.

We listened, but the sound was not repeated. That someone was on the other side of the rock I knew, for in a tree in the vicinity a thrush was hopping from twig to twig, sounding its alarm-cry and objecting to being disturbed.

Therefore we crept silently forward together to ascertain who were the intruders. The only manner, however, in which to get a view beyond the huge rock that, having fallen across the stream centuries ago, had diverted its channel, was to clamber up its mossy sides to the summit. This we did eagerly and breathlessly, without betraying our presence by the utterance of a single word and laying ourselves flat as we came to its summit.

Then together we peered over, just however, in time to see two dark figures of men disappearing into the thicket on the opposite side of the glen.

"Who are they, I wonder?" I asked.

"Do you recognize them?"

"No. They are entire strangers to me," was her answer. "But they seem fairly well dressed. Perhaps two sportsmen from some shooting party in the neighborhood. They've lost their way most probably."

"But I don't think they carried guns," I said. "One of them had something over his shoulder?"

"Wasn't it a gun? I thought it was."

"No, he wasn't carrying it like he'd carry a gun. It was short—and seemed more like a spade."

"A spade!" she gasped quickly in a low voice.

At the moment my eye caught sight of a portion of the ground below us at the base of the rock which had evidently been recently disturbed.

"It is a spade the man is carrying!" I cried excitedly. "Look down there! They've just been burying something!"

Her quick eyes followed the direction I indicated, and she answered: "I really believe they have concealed something!"

Then when we had allowed the men to get beyond bearing, we both slipped down to the other side of the bowlder and there discovered many signs that the earth had been hurriedly excavated and only just replaced.

Quicker than it takes to describe the exciting incident which followed, we broke down the branch of a tree and with it commenced moving the freshly disturbed earth, which was still soft and easily removed.

Muriel found a dead branch in the vicinity, and both of us set to work with a will, eager to ascertain what was hidden there. That something had certainly been concealed was, to us, quite evident, but what it really was we could not surmise.

Digging with a piece of wood was hard and laborious work and it was a long time before we removed sufficient earth to make a hole of any size. But Muriel exerted all her energy, and both of us worked on in dogged silence full of wonder and anticipation. With a spade we should have soon been able to investigate, but the earth having apparently been stamped down hard prior to the last covering being put upon it, our progress was very slow and difficult.

At last, a quarter of an hour or so after we had commenced, Muriel, standing in the hole and having dug her stake deeply into the ground, suddenly cried:

"Look! Look, Mr. Gregg! Why—whatever is that?"

I bent forward as she indicated, and my eyes met an object so unexpected that I was held dumb and motionless.

The amazing enigma was surely complete!

CHAPTER VII.

Contains a Surprise.

The first object brought to light, about two feet beneath the surface, was a piece of dark gray woolen stuff which, when the mold was removed, proved to be part of a woman's skirt.

With frantic eagerness I got into the hole we had made and removed the soil with my hands, until I suddenly touched something hard.

A body lay there, doubled up and crushed into the well-like hole the men had dug.

Together we pulled it out, when, to my surprise, on wiping away the dirt from the hard, waxen features, I recognized it as the body of Armida, the woman who had my servant in Leghorn and who had afterwards married Olinto. Both had been assassinated!

When Muriel gazed upon the dead woman's face she gave vent to an expression of surprise. The body was evidently not that of the person she had expected to find.

"Who is she, I wonder?" my companion ejaculated. "Not a lady, evidently, by her dress and hands."

"Evidently not," was my response,

for I still deemed it best to keep my own counsel. I recollected the story Olinto had told me about his wife; of her illness and her longing to return to Italy. Yet the dead woman's countenance must have been healthy enough in life, although her hands were rough and hard, showing that she had been doing manual labor.

Armida had been a particularly good housemaid, a black-haired, black-eyed Tuscan, quick, cleanly and full of a keen sense of humor. It was a great shock to me to find her lying dead. The breast of her dress was stained with dried blood, which, on examination, I found had issued from a deep and fatal wound beneath the ear where she had been struck an unerring blow that had severed the artery.

"Those men—those men who buried her! I wonder who they were?" my companion exclaimed in a hushed voice. "We must follow them and ascertain. They are certainly the murderers who have returned in secret and concealed the evidence of this second crime."

"Yes," I said. "Let us go after them. They must not escape us."

Then, leaving the exhumed body beneath a tree, I caught Muriel by the waist and waded across the deep channel worn by the stream at that point, after which we both ascended the steep bank, where the pair had disappeared in the darkness of the wood.

We went on through the gloomy forest, for the light had faded and evening was now creeping on. From time to time we halted and listened. But there was a dead silence, broken only by the shrill cry of a night bird and the low rustling of the leaves in the autumn wind. The men knew their way, it seemed, even though the wood was trackless. Yet they had nearly twenty minutes start of us, and in that time they might be already out in the open country. Would they succeed in evading us? Yet even if they did, I could describe the dress of one of them, while that of his companion was as far as I made out, dark blue, of a somewhat nautical cut. He wore also a flat cap, with a peak. We went on. But we saw no sign of the men who had so secretly concealed the body of their victim.

"You expected to discover another woman, did you not, Miss Leithcourt?" I asked presently, as we walked across the moor.

"Yes," she answered. "I expected to find an entirely different person."

"But if the identity of the dead woman is established?" I asked.

"It might furnish me with a clue," she exclaimed quickly. "Yes, try and discover who she is."

"Who was the woman you expected to find?"

"A friend—a very dear friend."

"Will you not tell me her name?" I inquired.

"No, it would be unfair to her," she responded decisively, an answer which to me was particularly tantalizing.

It was quite dark when I took leave of my bright little companion, who

consulted at Leghorn? I am anxious for that, in order that we may commence inquiries in London.

"The day after tomorrow, I hope. He will certainly reply at once, providing the dead man's father can still be found."

At that moment a tall, thin man, who proved to be Detective Campbell, entered, and five minutes later we were all three driving over the uneven cobbles of Dumfries and out in the darkness towards Rannoch. When we reached the wood we all descended and, with Mackenzie and Campbell carrying lanterns, walked on carefully, keeping straight on in the direction of the glen, and halting every now and then to listen for the rippling of the stream.

At last, after some difficulty, we discovered it, and searching along the bank with our three powerful light, I presently detected the huge moss-grown bowlder whereon I had stood when the pair of fugitives had disappeared.

"Look!" I cried. "There's the spot!" And quickly we clambered down the steep bank, lowering ourselves by the branches of the trees until we came to the water into which I waded, being followed closely by my two companions.

On gaining the opposite side I clambered up to the base of the bowlder and lowered my lantern to reveal to them the gruesome evidence of the second crime, but the next instant I cried:

"Why! it's gone!"

"Gone!" gasped the two men.

"Yes. It was here. Look! This is the hole where they buried it! But they evidently returned, and finding it exhumed, they've retaken possession of it and carried it away!"

As we stood there dumfounded at the disappearance of the body, the Highlander's quick glance caught something, and stooping he picked it up and examined the little object by the aid of his lantern.

Within his palm I saw lying a tiny little gold cross, about an inch long, enameled in red, while in the center there was a circular miniature of a kneeling saint, an elegant and beautifully executed little trinket which might have adorned a lady's bracelet.

"This is a pretty little thing!" remarked the detective. "It may possibly lead us to something. But, Mr. Gregg," he added, turning to me, "are you quite certain you left the body here?"

"Certain?" I echoed. "Why, look at the hole I made. You don't think I have any interest in leading you here on a fool's errand, do you?"

"Not at all," he said apologetically. "Only the whole affair seems so very inconceivable—I mean that the men, having once got rid of the evidence of their crime, would hardly return to the spot and reobtain possession of it."

"Unless they watched me exhume it, and feared the consequences if it fell into your hands," I suggested.

"Of course they might have watched you from behind the trees, and when you had gone they came and carried it away somewhere else," he remarked dubiously; "but even if they did, it must be in this wood. They would never risk carrying a body very far, and here is surely the best place of concealment in the whole country."

"The only thing remaining is to search the wood at daylight," I suggested. "If the two men came back here during my absence they may still be on the watch in the vicinity."

"Most probably they are. We must take every precaution," he said decisively.

At dawn Mackenzie, with four of his

His lips were pressed together in distinct dissatisfaction as he asked: "The body is still in the glen, where you left it?"

"Yes. If you wish, I will take you to the spot. I can drive you and your assistant up there."

"Certainly. Let us go," he exclaimed, rising at once and ringing his bell.

"Get three good lanterns and some matches and put them in this gentleman's trap outside," he said to the constable who answered his summons. "And tell Gilbert-Campbell that I want him to go with me up to Rannoch wood."

He asked: "When do you expect to get a telegram from your friend, the



"Look! Look, Mr. Gregg!"

men, made a thorough examination of the wood, but although they continued until dusk they discovered nothing, neither was anything heard of the mysterious seafarer and his companion in brown tweeds.

I called on Muriel and explained how the body had so suddenly disappeared, whereupon she stared at me pale faced, saying:

"The assassins must have watched us! They are aware, then, that we have knowledge of their crime?"

"Of course," I said.

"Ah!" she cried hoarsely. "Then we are both in deadly peril—of our own lives! These people will hesitate at nothing. Both you and I are marked down by them, without a doubt. We must both be wary not to fall into any trap they may lay for us."

Her very words seemed an admission that she was aware of the identity of the conspirators, and yet she would give me no clue to them.

Next day I accompanied the party over to Glenlea, about five miles distant, and at noon at a spot previously arranged, we found the ladies awaiting us with luncheon spread under the trees. As soon as we approached Muriel came forward quickly, handing me a telegram, saying that it had been sent over by one of my uncle's grooms at the moment they were leaving the castle.

I tore it open eagerly and read its contents. It was from Frank Hutcherson in Leghorn, and read:

Made inquiries. Olinto Santini married your servant Armida at Italian consulate-general in London about a year ago. They live 618 Albany Road, Camberwell; he is employed waiter Ferrari's restaurant, Westbourne Grove.—British Consulate, Leghorn.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DIET FOR THE BRAIN-WORKER

Should Be That Nourishing to the Whole Body, With Special Reference to the Nervous System.

A great deal has been said about the value of certain articles as brain food, and one of the pet theories of popular physiology has been that fish and other substances composed largely of phosphorus are the most appropriate diet for brain-workers. But modern science is emphasizing that the best food for the brain is that which nourishes the whole body, with special reference to the nervous system.

Brain power is largely an expression through the nerves of bodily vitality. In discussing this point in a recent treatise, Dr. George M. Beard says that the diet of brain-workers should be of large variety, delicately served, abundantly nutritious, of which fresh meat should be a prominent constituent.

In vacations, or wherever it is desired to rest the brain, fish may, to a certain extent, take the place of meat. He says we should select those articles that are most agreeable to our individual tastes and so far as possible we should take our meal amid pleasant social surroundings.

In great crises that call for unusual exertion we should rest the stomach that for the time the brain may work the harder, but the deficiency of nutrition ought always to be supplied in the first interval of repose.

Only Changed One Shoe.

While an East side matron was busily preparing to go to the theater the other afternoon, a gossip neighbor came to the front door. The woman stopped in the middle of the process of putting on her best shoes and talked to the neighbor for some time. When the neighbor left she looked at the clock and saw she would have to hurry. So she hastily finished dressing and made a dash for the car.

She noticed a young man watching her all the way downtown. She searched her coat thoroughly for a stray raveling, but found none.

After attending the theater she boarded a car and still noticed that she attracted attention. She followed one girl's eye and saw that it centered on the bottom of her dress. Looking to discover the cause she found that in her haste she had only changed one of her shoes and on her left she wore a patent kid shoe, while on the other there was a gunmetal calf shoe.—In dianapolis News.

Destructive Starfish.

Clearing Narragansett bay of that voracious enemy of the oyster, clam and scallop, the starfish, is one of the principal recommendations of the commissioners of shell fisheries in the annual report just presented to the general assembly. Many acres of free ground—17,000 acres are exempt by law—are described as only breeding places for the starfish, which during the past year destroyed a million bushels of oysters besides ravaging the beds of clams and scallops. So serious a menace to the shellfish industry is the starfish that the revenue of the state from leased oyster grounds is being affected. The starfish set during June and July. Immense numbers are found upon seaweed. It is estimated that the starfish in one cart load of seaweed are capable of destroying over six million clams in one week. Raking the seaweed ashore is one way of killing the stars by the million.—Providence Bulletin.

Peanut Industry Large.

Virginia still leads in the production of peanuts, with Oklahoma and Texas following. The last statistics show that there were 680,000 acres in this country planted to this product. Curiously enough, Marseilles, France is the greatest peanut consumer in the world, owing to the use made of the nut in the production of oil, which substitutes to a great extent, for olive oil.

THERE is nothing more refreshing, these hot days, than a daintily set table. And this cannot be accomplished without pretty silver. Come and see our beautiful stock.

BOYD PARK

MAKERS OF JEWELRY
FOUNDED 1862
SALT LAKE CITY

John's Progress. A clergyman had taught an old man in his congregation to read, and found him an apt pupil. Calling at the house some time after, he found only the wife at home.

"How's John?" asked he.

"He is well, thank you," said his wife.

"How does he get on with his reading?"

"Nicely, sir."

"Ah, I suppose he can read his Bible comfortably now?"

"Bible, sir! Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the sporting pages long ago!"

Superfluous Grit.

During a particularly nasty dust-storm at one of the camps a recruit ventured to seek shelter in the sacred precincts of the cook's domain.

After a time he broke an awkward silence by saying to the cook:

"If you put the lid on that camp kettle you would not get so much dust in your soup."

The irate cook glared at the intruder, and then broke out:

"See here, me lad, your business is to serve your country."

"Yes," replied the recruit, "but not to eat it."

Cause for Gloom.

"May I ask the cause of all this excitement?" said the stranger in the little village.

"Certainly," replied the countryman. "We're celebrating the birthday of the oldest inhabitant, sir. She's 101 today."

"Indeed! And may I ask who is that little man, with the dreadfully sad countenance, walking by the old lady's side?"

"Oh, that's the old lady's son-in-law, sir. He's been keeping up the payments on her life insurance policy for the last 30 years!"—Tit Bits.

How the War Hit Him.

"Madam," said the tattered and torn suppliant to the benevolent lady who answered his timid rap at the door, according to the Harrisburg Star-Independent, "have you any old clothes you can spare for an unfortunate victim of the European war?"

"I think I have, my poor man, but how does this happen? You cannot have been in this war, surely?"

"No madam," humbly replied the sufferer, "but my wife has sent all my clothes to the Belgians."

Well Named.

"What's that you call your mule?"

"I call him 'Corporation,' answered the old negro.

"How did you come to give him such a name?"

"F'm studyin' de animal and readin' de papers, boss. Dat mule gets mo' blame an' abuse dan anythin' else in de township, an' goes ahead havin' his own way jes' de same."—National Monthly.

Evidently.

"Did you say these peas were from your own garden?" asked the summer boarder.

"Yes, siree," replied the farmer. "Picked 'em myself early this mornin'."

"Is it necessary to shoot them before you pick them?" inquired the boarder, removing a piece of solder from between his teeth.

She Paid Cash.

She was notorious for wanting credit, and the druggist was on his guard.

"You keep soda water?"

"Oh, yes."

"And can I have it charged?"

"To ten pounds pressure," he answered urbanely.

And then she fished up the necessary coin.

Consolation.

"Is it true that Miss Peaches has broken off her engagement with you?"

"Yes, it's all over between us now."

"That's tough luck."

"Oh, I don't know. I won't have to wear any more of those neckties she crocheted for me."

Marks of Travel.

"Yes, John received his trunk this morning. It's been somewhere over there in Europe for eleven weeks."

"Where is John?"

"Why, he's out in the garage, shooting bullets through the trunk. He thinks they'll make it look so much more interesting, don't you know?"

Shallow.

"Society is so shallow," mused the parlor philosopher.

"It's a good thing it is," retorted the mere man, "or half the people who are wading around in it would get drowned."—Judge.

The Day.

"Is this Friday, mamma?"

"No, darling. This is Thursday."

"Oh, dear! I can hardly wait for Saturday. Uncle George promised to take me to the drugstore then and buy me a sundae."