

The CASTLE of LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VASEY
(Copyright, 1906, by DUFFLETON & COMPANY)

CHAPTER XXVI.

Incriminating Dispatches.

She had been arranging the papers deftly in some sort of order.

"You read French, I think? The letter of Ferdinand is in that language; Sir Mortimer's notes and answers are, of course, in English."

I drew toward me the first of the papers she indicated.

"You are nothing if not modern in your methods," I scoffed, glancing down the page. "Your safes and typewriters bring back to me the associations of my banking business. And a banker, let me warn you, scans the signature of a draft carefully before he cashes it."

"The typewriter is an amusing little instrument," she yawned, "and I am proud of my success in mastering it. As for the safe, if you have been a banker, you know that the combination is carefully guarded. M. Coward."

It gave her the cruellest delight to taunt me with the shameful word. During the next half hour she insulted me so at least half a dozen times. I bent my attention on the paper before me. I translate roughly Ferdinand's letter:

"(Strictly confidential.)"

"Hotel du Rhin,
Place Vendôme, Paris."
"May 23."

My Dear Sir Mortimer:

"I expect to start for Sofia via Vienna and Budapest in about a week; I trust I shall see you at the Palace shortly after my arrival. Meanwhile let me urge on you once more that you exert without further delay your great influence with your Foreign Office, that your ministers may be convinced that the crisis has come—the opportunity we have so long awaited. Now or never I must lead my army to the aid of the distressed people of Macedonia. I think that the profound knowledge you have always shown of affairs in the Balkan Peninsula must make you realize the truth of this statement. It is useless for me to repeat my arguments. For what you have done I thank you. But it is not to the diplomatist I am now speaking, but to the man. I have written this letter with my own hand, for reasons that you will understand."

"Believe me, my dear Sir Mortimer, Faithfully yours,
"Ferdinand."

"I see nothing incriminating in this letter," I said, "nor anything out of the usual run of letters."

"You will notice on the back of the letter this brief statement: 'Answered, June 3d, M. B.' As to the answer of the letter it is equally innocent. It is simply the guarded reply of a diplomatist dealing with a delicate topic. In these typewritten copies this letter and its answer are meaningless. The originals are simply useful to prove the authenticity of Sir Mortimer's handwriting."

I scanned the answer. It was not an exact copy, but the substance of Sir Mortimer's letter jotted down to refresh his memory.

"I replied in substance as follows: It was useless to bring up the matter again, my personal wishes would not be sufficient to change the programme of the Foreign Office; at present I did not see my way clear to advocate as a diplomatist England's espousal of this cause; I would continue to lay the matter before the Foreign Office, more than that, when events justified the act, I would see that such influence as I possessed was exerted in the manner Prince Ferdinand wished, but at present I could offer no encouragement."

(Note concerning the above, also in Sir Mortimer's handwriting.)

"This reply will put an end, I think, to further correspondence in that quarter. Certainly, the hopes of the nation seem so radically divergent from those of the ruler that I can favor one only at the expense of the other. Naturally, I prefer to favor the party that promises the most for my own interests."

"I told you that the originals are particularly useful to identify the handwriting and signature of Sir Mortimer. But observe, monsieur, the expression: 'Naturally, I prefer to favor the party that promises the most for my own interests.' That sentence is to be remembered when you read the other letters. It has its significance."

Again she stretched out her hand to receive the papers I had read. I did not relinquish them, however. I laid them down on my knee as if I referred to them later.

"That remains to be proved," I said grimly. "The expression seems simple enough to me; on the face of it it would mean simply that Sir Mortimer's interests were identical with the interests of England."

"We shall see," she returned with confidence. "The papers of the second envelope, which I have called Documents B, are all in English. The writer was evidently an educated Bulgarian of the official class; many of these are trained at Roberts College, and speak and write English fluently."

"Sofia, Headquarters of the Society of Freedom."

"To His Excellency, Sir Mortimer Brett, Minister plenipotentiary and Consul General to His Britannic Majesty at the Court of Sofia."

"Sir: We of the Society of Freedom wait patiently and anxiously for your Excellency's answer to our humble petition. We trust your Excellency does not ignore this petition because the signatures of the petitioners are not added thereto. Surely your Excellency understands that the dictates of prudence make it inevitable that it is sent to you anonymously."

"Your Excellency must be familiar with our grievances. Our present ruler cannot and will not be longer tolerated by his subjects. We fear the British Foreign Office, however, does not realize the extent of Prince Ferdinand's unpopularity. Even if your ministers care nothing for that, do they feel no concern that he is the tool of Russia?"

"He has asked Russia repeatedly that he be recognized a King, and that he receive that title. His vanity is such that he would sacrifice the freedom of his people to be on equal terms with the sovereigns of Serbia and Roumania."

"Once more, perhaps for the last time, we petition your Excellency to exert the extraordinary influence your Excellency possesses, that the English Minister be advised in time. The gov-

ernment of Prince Ferdinand must fail. We do not desire bloodshed. There shall be none, we swear it, if England will support the insurgent party. But in any case Bulgaria must be free."

"We do not ask for the active aid of England. We beg that England shall not interfere with the ambitions of the people."

"Your Excellency shall have no reason to regret being our friend. And there are other means of rewarding friendship besides empty words of gratitude. Let your Excellency once assure us of your intention to support our cause, and we shall make this more clear."

"Your Excellency knows the manner in which your answer may be conveyed to this society."

"With profound expressions of respect, we submit ourselves,
"The Committee of the Society of Freedom."

I placed this letter on my knee with the others I had read.

"This Society of Freedom, is it concerned with the trick of the death stamp?"

"I fear so," she answered in a low voice.

"Then has the fact no significance for you that Dr. Starva received a letter with one of those stamps on the envelope last night? These stamps are proscribed. They could be sent through the mail only because certain of the postal authorities were in sympathy with the revolutionaries. Letters with these stamps, it is safe to infer, would be sent only to those who are equally in sympathy. Dr. Starva must be favorable to this party, if he is not actually one of the committee. I warned you last night that there was a trick in the game."

Treasure Hoarded in India.

All the world knows that gold, silver and gems are constantly disappearing in India to swell the hidden stores of the people. What no one knows is the accumulated amount. The late Dr. Dunning MacLeod estimated that there might be \$1,500,000,000 in hidden gold alone. Of silver there may be even more in proportion, as the silver rupee has long been the common money current in India. Of hidden gems no one has ever been bold enough to estimate the value.

WANT ADS BRING BIG RESULTS

Catching Rats.

Do rats drink water? Do they require water? The best way to catch these rodents is to put out animal substance, well perfumed with oil of rhodium, into a trap. This induces them to enter readily, and even draws them from a considerable distance, as they are extremely partial to this oil. An ounce of oil of rhodium will cost you 50 cents. Catnip to a rat is nothing like rhodium to a cat. Oil of rhodium is made from a species of bindweed, and is used in perfumery.

WANT ADS BRING BIG RESULTS

The Real and the Unreal.

An acre in Middlesex is worth a principality in Utopia—Macaulay.

Righteously Indignant.

Jenks—The boss told me this morning that I looked as if I had gone to bed with my clothes on. I told him pretty sharply that he was mistaken.

Clark—Oh, come, now, you know you did it.

Jenks—I did not! These are my brother's clothes.—Catholic Standard and Times.

New Music.

A Virginia newspaper puts its announcements of births under the heading "New Music."

"If Dr. Starva has proved to be a traitor to the cause he will receive his punishment. The memorandum of Sir Mortimer's reply to the letter you have just read is pinned on the back of the sheet. Read it," she commanded harshly.

"It is a perplexing dilemma that has confronted me. To keep my honor as a minister intact, and yet not to sacrifice my own personal hopes. I think this is the first temptation of my diplomatic career. I have fulfilled my duties hitherto as a machine, that neither thinks nor feels. Now I find that I am human; that I am a man, with a man's weaknesses. I say I am tempted. I believe that lofty principles actuate Bulgaria. That, I say to myself, is my excuse. But lofty principles are not sufficient. I disavow my true feeling in answering this letter by vague objections. I confessed my self in sympathy with Bulgaria's cause; but I protested that more potent arguments must be used to convince me. The interests of England are my own; but if it could be done without too great a risk, I believe, God help me, I would further my own ambitions at her expense. I say I am tempted."

"I say I am tempted; 'If it could be done without too great a risk, I believe, God help me, I would further my own ambitions at her expense'—such expressions were hideously significant. But I met calmly the malevolent triumph of Madame de Varner. 'When you read the next letter,' she said, watching me closely, 'you will understand the meaning of the expression. There are other means of rewarding friendship besides empty words of gratitude.' Even so stanch an advocate of Sir Mortimer's honor as yourself must realize that in the words you have just read, he was endeavoring to discover just what that vague promise meant."

I received the next letter in silence. "To His Excellency, etc."

"Our answer to your Excellency's kind letter wishes to make this fact clear: The people of Bulgaria pledge their word, through this committee,

"If you are desperate enough to destroy a copy, I should scarcely trust you with the original. For the last time, must the woman you love know of her brother's disgrace? I am in your power; perhaps you hope that I shall be coerced into opening the safe. Or are you about to compel me?"

"I should have resorted to that measure long ago had I thought it would prove effectual. It seems that there is again a deadlock between us. I refuse absolutely, not only to help you, but to believe that Sir Mortimer is guilty."

"If I show the papers in the safe to Helena Brett, even she must believe the evidence of her eyes. Shall I call her and ask her if she recognizes her brother's handwriting? If you believe so strongly as you profess that Sir Mortimer was innocent of wrongdoing, you will not refuse that."

"I would spare her even the thought of its possibility," I said sternly.

"That is impossible. She shall see those papers—if not today, to-morrow, the next day; it makes little difference to me."

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," I quoted flippantly; but I began to think it inevitable that Helena Brett be summoned.

"Again we must compromise it appears. I will call Sir Mortimer's sister here. She shall see the papers—decide for herself and for you whether they are genuine. You see, I am strong enough to prevent a woman from destroying the originals as you have destroyed the copies."

"And when she has seen those papers," I asked thoughtfully. "Say even that she herself believes them genuine? What then?"

"It will be for her to decide. Perhaps she will refuse to ask you to do what I wish. Perhaps she will offer to you happiness if you consent. She shall be the one to decide. You profess to believe that Sir Mortimer is innocent. More than that, you think her soul so white that she will refuse, even if she believes her brother guilty, to rescue his memory from dishonor with dishonor."

"She had put into words my own thought."

"We will let her decide," I said quietly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Two Women.

"And am I again to shout my commands to my servant through the closed door?" asked Madame de Varner ironically.

I unlocked the door of the staircase in silence, taking the precaution, however, of not admitting Alphonse.

"Has Miss Brett come to the chateau as I wished?" Madame de Varner spoke naturally through the half-opened door, not betraying my presence behind it.

"She is waiting in the music room, madam."

"Bring her here."

"I shall do as madam wishes. But this American, this man we called his Excellency—he surprised me just now—has he intruded on madam or—"

"He came here to keep an appointment with me," Madame de Varner replied composedly, cutting short his agitated whisper.

"Ah, that is well."

Alphonse sighed his relief, and departed on his errand.

"What inducement can you have offered that she should come boldly to this Castle of Despair?"

"Is not the inducement great that she is to see a loved brother?"

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

had hugged to his breast. I had hoped against hope. But if they were true copies, I could no longer doubt that Sir Mortimer had stooped to the taking of bribes.

"And these documents are word for word copies of those in the safe?" I demanded gloomily.

"I swear it by every oath I hold sacred!" she replied without hesitation, and kissed the jeweled cross that hung about her neck.

She stretched out her hand for the papers. I tore them to atoms before her eyes.

For a moment she struggled to rescue them from my grasp. When she saw that it was too late, she laughed boisterously—a laughter that showed at once contempt, defiance and triumph.

"Bravo!" She clapped her hands derisively. "You take your precautions. You are desperate. Protest as you will, you are convinced of Sir Mortimer's guilt."

"You are mistaken," I replied coolly. "But even if these papers are true copies of genuine documents, it is as well that even the copies be destroyed. If they are forgeries, and you have yet to prove to me they are not, they are dangerous toys, and so better destroyed."

"Another copy is easily made, so long as I have the combination of my safe, M. Coward."

"You are never weary of insulting me," I said indifferently. "But be sure of this, you will find I am not coward enough to yield weakly to your scheme of blackmail."

"No; you are so brave that you leave a helpless girl to bear the disgrace of her dead brother, when by a word you might save her the suffering. You pretended honor is so precious to you that you scorn to aid the woman whom you love."

"Silence, woman!" I cried passionately. "Do you think I am convinced of Sir Mortimer's guilt because of these flimsy typewritten copies? You must let me see the papers in the safe."

"If you are desperate enough to destroy a copy, I should scarcely trust you with the original. For the last time, must the woman you love know of her brother's disgrace? I am in your power; perhaps you hope that I shall be coerced into opening the safe. Or are you about to compel me?"

"I should have resorted to that measure long ago had I thought it would prove effectual. It seems that there is again a deadlock between us. I refuse absolutely, not only to help you, but to believe that Sir Mortimer is guilty."

"If I show the papers in the safe to Helena Brett, even she must believe the evidence of her eyes. Shall I call her and ask her if she recognizes her brother's handwriting? If you believe so strongly as you profess that Sir Mortimer was innocent of wrongdoing, you will not refuse that."

"I would spare her even the thought of its possibility," I said sternly.

"That is impossible. She shall see those papers—if not today, to-morrow, the next day; it makes little difference to me."

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," I quoted flippantly; but I began to think it inevitable that Helena Brett be summoned.

"Again we must compromise it appears. I will call Sir Mortimer's sister here. She shall see the papers—decide for herself and for you whether they are genuine. You see, I am strong enough to prevent a woman from destroying the originals as you have destroyed the copies."

"And when she has seen those papers," I asked thoughtfully. "Say even that she herself believes them genuine? What then?"

"It will be for her to decide. Perhaps she will refuse to ask you to do what I wish. Perhaps she will offer to you happiness if you consent. She shall be the one to decide. You profess to believe that Sir Mortimer is innocent. More than that, you think her soul so white that she will refuse, even if she believes her brother guilty, to rescue his memory from dishonor with dishonor."

"She had put into words my own thought."

"We will let her decide," I said quietly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Two Women.

"And am I again to shout my commands to my servant through the closed door?" asked Madame de Varner ironically.

I unlocked the door of the staircase in silence, taking the precaution, however, of not admitting Alphonse.

"Has Miss Brett come to the chateau as I wished?" Madame de Varner spoke naturally through the half-opened door, not betraying my presence behind it.

"She is waiting in the music room, madam."

"Bring her here."

"I shall do as madam wishes. But this American, this man we called his Excellency—he surprised me just now—has he intruded on madam or—"

"He came here to keep an appointment with me," Madame de Varner replied composedly, cutting short his agitated whisper.

"Ah, that is well."

Alphonse sighed his relief, and departed on his errand.

"What inducement can you have offered that she should come boldly to this Castle of Despair?"

"Is not the inducement great that she is to see a loved brother?"

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY W. C. T. U.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

MISS FRIEDA DRESSEL,

MRS. U. WAY.

PROHIBITION PETITIONS

While some of the people who drink, a few of the people who are afraid and all of the people who sell it or are otherwise engaged in the traffic, are not signing petitions for prohibition over 6,000 voters of this county have signed such petitions and the city of Ogden has not been thoroughly canvassed, except a few blocks in each precinct.

It is a long and laborious way of taking a straw vote on any question.

So far as known no one who circulated petitions in Ogden received a cent for their labor. It was purely a volunteer movement, and the reception of those petitions by the people was inspiring, especially from the lips of women, indeed, I will sign it. I would sign it a hundred times if that would bring prohibition.

If any of Weber county representatives or senators fail to vote for the Canning bill after this unmistakable expression from the people, that man should never hold his political support solely from the people who refused to sign the petitions when given a chance, and such a support would fail to elect a man to any office.

These petitions were signed by people who have deliberately made up their minds as to what they want. There is no excitement incident to petition signing so there is no reason why any of these people should later change their minds.

The argument that the people are excited now, but that public sentiment would not keep up sufficient to enforce the law is a poor argument. When a law is enacted it is not placed in the hands of the people to enforce. We pay taxes, which go to hire officials to do that for us. If we have asked for the law, that shows that we want it and ought to be sufficient. Plenty of laws are enacted and afterward successfully enforced that we are not asked for by the people at all.

As for illicit selling at drug stores, etc., there could not be much more of that than there is right now.

By the way, once in a while someone complains that he has never had a chance to sign a petition. Then let him put his name at the head and start out to get other names.

EASY ENOUGH

It will be easy enough for the liquor dealers to send a good sized petition to the legislature against prohibition. They have only to lay said petition on the bar and ask every tramp, hobo and drunkard to sign it. The "rounders" will no doubt sign several times.

There is a large "fund," also to draw on for expense money in trying to defeat legislation. Some of this will no doubt go to the circulators of petitions against prohibition. The friends of prohibition are working without any such money inducement. It is safe to guess that there will be a noticeable lack of women's names on the saloon petitions.

A FEEBLE EXCUSE

A certain Salt Lake paper which ever since its advent into the newspaper world has been noted for the fine quality of its editorials, has lately undergone a most astonishing change.

This happens often in the newspaper world when there is a change of owners or editors. But no such change has occurred with this paper. Among other commendable features was a series of articles on the subject of prohibition, contributed by well known men of the state.

The editorials, too, seemed to favor prohibition. When a copy of the liquor men's "Model License Law" which the liquor dealers of the United States hoped to have adopted by many legislatures this fall, was sent this editor, he remarked that the liquor dealers were about ten years too late in offering to reform their business. That the people of the United States seem now to want to be rid of the saloons. He pointed out the flaws in their proposed legislation.

After reading various moral subjects and noting the intelligent and scholarly style in which they were written, as well as the courteous attitude on all public questions, one would naturally say, "Now there is a man whose editorial opinions are not for sale. He can neither be bought individually nor sold with his paper like a piece of office furniture."

But within the last ten days this editor has attacked prohibition, using the same futile arguments that the liquor men have always used. And he is advocating with only a few changes (which no saloon would obey) the same law that The Model License league advocates.

And all the apology for this sudden change that this editor offers is the one that when his paper was running the aforementioned prohibition articles only about fifty people responded and he took that as an indication that the people do not want prohibition.

As we remember only two or three wrote defending the saloons and they were mostly connected with the business, should he not also take that latter fact as an indication if he is going to rest the whole attitude of the people on their contributions to his paper for or against prohibition?

Are there not thousands of good men and women who want prohibition and are even able to tell their neighbors in a crude way why they want it, who do not feel themselves capable of writing an article on the subject, and shall they be debarred from petitioning now just because they are not masters of the pen and have never studied rhetoric?

Was there very much of an effort on the part of the paper to get articles from the pen of the private citizen? Was it not just possible that ordinary people felt that it would look like presumption to send in articles after the state officials, and well known people of Utah had so ably expressed their belief in prohibition?

And isn't this whole affair enough to make one look with sickening apprehension for the day felt of every apparently good man who sits in an editorial chair?

CAT'S PAW.

To the orchestration of the Hatters' strike the latest striking evidence of the inability of labor to enforce the so-called contracts that it enters into with capital, the international convention of the United Mine Workers is gathering in Indianapolis with one issue supreme on the delegates' minds—the issue of "electing a president to make contracts."

Charming is the naiveness of the bituminous delegates, who are assembling at the international convention of the United Mine Workers in Indianapolis. They are "at a loss to understand the financial delinquency of the organization," seeing that they (the bituminous) "assessed themselves \$2,200,000 in 1902 to help the anthracite men win the strike." These bituminous men do not yet seem to know that they were used as cats' paws by the bituminous mine workers, who, finding their profits in a dearth of anthracite, "checked off" from the pay of their employees the \$2,200,000 that went to keep the anthracite men on strike. Not an increase of strength, but a decrease of strength, the inevitable result of a union that is operated upon in such a way.—Weekly People.

THE SECRET IS OUT.

The laws which prohibit gambling and the red light district are being violated all the time in Ogden and Mr. Elderkin (according to the newspapers) ought to be ashamed of himself. It may be that the officers are not doing their duty but Mr. Elderkin ought to be more careful of what he says.

Either the mayor or chief of police is to blame for this utter disregard of law but Mr. Elderkin preached about it and didn't mention the Dietz and he ought to be investigated for such conduct. Anyone should know the two subjects go together.

There are a good many people who allow their children to roam the streets at night and if this continues Mr. Elderkin ought to be brought up before the juvenile court, for preaching about gambling.

You can't expect to convert a city official from political ways any other way, and what is religion coming to when a minister will undertake the impossible?

No one minister can expect to do much anyhow. Look at Luther, and Knox, and Wesley and Roger Williams and a host of other reformers. See that a fizzle they all made. Shouldn't they be warning to any minister not to start things?

Let's either try moral persuasion on the city officials or fall them, but let's don't point out their mistakes to the public, and especially to the young people. When the young people read the newspapers they may not know what "salubrious" means, but they know the usual \$10 to the city, and "accused of living from a woman's shameful earnings" mean or realize that the city is in partnership with these evils. If this minister did not tell them they might think it was all just a reporter's horrible yarn, but now—see what this minister has done and done. Everyone in town will know.

It is enough to cause every newspaper man and city official in town to start singing "Give us the old-time religion. It's good enough for me."

I. O. G. T.

Good Templars met Friday night, Feb. 5th, in Trade & Labor hall, and elected the following officers:

C. A. Smith, W. C. T. U. Chaplain.
Jas. Drisdale, Vice Chaplain.
Frank Smith, Past Chief Templar.
Mrs. S. J. Griffin, S. J. W.
Rev. Frank Shaw, Chaplain.
Grace Russell, Financial Secretary.
John Way, Treasurer.
Edith Way, Secretary.
Leslie Brooks, Marshal.
Rev. H. W. Guard.
Rev. N. S. Elderkin, Deputy.

Arrangements were made for a free entertainment on Friday night, February 19th, to be given by the members to their friends. A rousing good time may be had. There will be a program published elsewhere in this paper. Everybody interested in our work come. You will be welcome.

A supper will be served in dining room adjoining same hall, from 5:30 to 8 p. m.

Roscoe Glasmann, chairman on entertainment committee.
Mrs. S. Way, committee chairman on supper.

Marxian Club Socialists

Any question concerning Socialism answered. Address all communications to K. S. Hilliard, 436 Herrick Avenue.

Editorial Committee:
KATE S. HILLIARD.
E. A. BATTLE.
ROY E. SOUTHWICK.

"The heart that feels not now is dead; the blood that is children will curse his cowardice who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made them happy."

I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink, but he whose heart is firm and whose conscience is clear will stand, and his conduct will pursue his principles unto death.—Edgar A. Poe.

CAT'S PAW.

To