

The CASTLE of LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESEY
(COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY D. APPLETON & COMPANY)

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

And when she had summoned assistance? When the castle was stormed, as it were, by gendarmes? My own peril would be extreme.

It was hopeless to prevent the inevitable. The rescue of Captain Forbes would be accomplished; my complicity in the intrigues of Dr. Starva and Madame de Varnier would be taken for granted. Expostulations would be useless. My very presence in the chateau would be face evidence of my guilt.

And so I had played my desperate game to no purpose.

To save myself—that was my one thought. Two courses lay before me. Could I make my way to Captain Forbes? Could I effect his release before Helena returned with help? If that were possible, and if I could hastily make my position clear to the king's messenger all might yet be well. At least so far as the establishment of my innocence was concerned.

Or I might overtake Helena Brett. To her I might make my confession. And if she were persuaded, not only that I was acting in her interests, but that my plan to clear up Sir Mortimer's disappearance promised success, I might even now be successful.

It was my fear that she would scornfully refuse both to believe my story and to accept my aid that made me hesitate as to this course.

It was Dr. Starva who decided for me.

He had appeared on the terrace below, and he was following Helena Brett.

I had read Captain Forbes's message as well as Helena. Why, then, could there not have been a third person interested in the strange antics of the mirror? And if this surmise were true? If Dr. Starva or Madame de Varnier had read the message? They had not hesitated to use desperate expedients to gain their purpose. Would Dr. Starva hesitate to use means as desperate to prevent Helena from summoning help?

I asked myself this startling question as I took the stairs two at a time to the great hall. The main entrance was locked. For a moment I thought that I was a prisoner in the chateau as well as Captain Forbes. Even now I am not certain that such was not the intention of Madame de Varnier. But Dr. Starva had gained the terrace by a small door close by the spiral staircase. In his haste he had forgotten to lock this door.

Desperate as was my own haste I took the precaution of locking the side door after me and placing the key in my pocket. My reasons for this were vague enough. It was an instinct that prompted me to take the precaution rather than deliberate reflection. But perhaps I might be able to regain the chateau in due time by this side entrance, and none be the wiser. For as far as I knew I had effected my exit unobserved.

In the meanwhile I ran swiftly after Helena and Dr. Starva. I had lost sight of both. I soon came to an end of the promenade. It led directly into the main street of the village. Now that I had gained the village street I looked eagerly about for them. Neither was in sight. I guessed that Helena Brett would make her way as soon as possible to the hotel where she was known. What hotel? That was the question.

I halted an urchin and asked him the name of the best hotel in Alterhoffen. "Oh, the Grand hotel," he answered without hesitation; "that is where all the English lords and American millionaires stay."

Then let him take me hither; I tempted him with a franc.

"Evidently the gentleman is in a hurry."

I assured him that I was, and promised him two francs if I could reach the hotel before a lady whom I was following.

"Then, the gentleman must go by the short cut."

I sped after the urchin down the village street.

This street is one of the most quaint in the whole world. There are two stories of shops on either side. The pavement of the shops below is roofed over; this covered passageway is the pavement for the second series of shops above. I was on the lower pavement, and this explains how I was able to reach a flight of steps, the cut the youngster had promised, before Helena or Dr. Starva.

At the foot of these steps the youngster halted, assuring me that I should find the hotel when I had reached the top of the flight.

These steps pierced a wall of one of the houses of the village street. The flight was straight for the first 20 or so, then it turned curiously on a little landing at right angles. Here I was in semi-darkness. I groped my way for the continuance of the flight. The first series of steps, I began to see dimly, had ended at a sort of porter's lodge. I learned afterwards that this was a private entrance to the hotel above and that in the glass-covered little room a porter was accustomed to sit.

I was still feeling my way cautiously about (for I had not yet seen that the flight of steps was continued at right angles, and the steps were broken and uneven), when the circle of light at the foot of the steps leading into the street was blotted out.

At first I hoped it might be Helena. But it was a man, and he was leaping up the steps in desperate haste. I guessed it to be Dr. Starva. But I had no intention of letting him know that I was following him. I pressed close against the wall to let him pass.

To my astonishment he darted into the empty porter's lodge and crouched down in the gloom. I held my breath, watching, hardly an arm's length from where he stood motionless.

Again the circle of light was blotted out. A woman was rapidly ascending the steps. I could hear her catching her breath. It was Helena on her way to the hotel for aid.

And now I am forced to a confession that will deepen the sympathy or contempt felt for me when I related the tragedy at the beginning of my narrative. But I have determined to make myself no hero.

For now again came that curious paralysis of will. Again, as in the tragedy of the Alps, horror robbed me for the moment of power to act instantly. I had caught the glint of



It Was an Unequal Struggle.

steel. I knew that Helena was doomed unless I hurled myself instantly on the treacherous assassin.

I did indeed fling myself headlong on him, but only after he had fired. There was a crash of shattered glass; the shot of his revolver was still echoing in the stairway as I grappled with him.

It was an unequal struggle. I felt Dr. Starva's hairy hands close about my throat and I was hurled backward.

CHAPTER XX.

I Am Rudely Enlightened.

The force of the blow had stunned me for the moment. Presently I heard Helena calling for help. I struggled to my feet and leaned gasping against the wall.

"Are you much hurt, sir?" she asked in French, in a cool, matter of fact voice. She had not recognized me in the semi-gloom.

"I am not hurt at all," I replied in English. "But I am sorry, Miss Brett, that that villain has made his escape."

"I fancy I heard some one rush after him," she continued, coming to me closer and trying to distinguish my features.

"I am Mr. Haddon," I said, quietly. She repeated the name vaguely.

"The coward," I added.

There was an awkward pause. We began to ascend the second flight of steps.

"I am afraid you are assuming a name to which you have little right, Mr. Haddon," she said gently. "I believe that you saved my life just now. I am much obliged to you."

She extended a white hand in the gloom. There was absolutely nothing of sentimentalism in the action. And

for myself, I was cynically unmoved. I received her thanks almost guiltily and a little sullenly.

"I little thought," she continued dreamily, "that you, of all men, would save my life. It savors a good deal of the melodramatic, does it not? It is very strange."

"At the best it was a lucky accident, Miss Brett. Frankly, you are unhurt rather because the man was a bad shot than because of any assistance I gave you."

I spoke the words thoughtfully and quite sincerely. I knew only too well that my interference would have been too late had Dr. Starva's aim been more sure. It seemed to me little less than a miracle that Helena Brett should be unharmed. I could take no credit for that myself.

Far from that, I should tell her the absolute truth if I were honest. I would say to her: "On the contrary, I have proved myself to be a coward again—infinite more so than when Willoughby lost his life. Then I was exhausted, physically powerless. Now I have failed—still by the fatal three seconds—because terror held me spell-bound for the moment. It makes little difference, so far as my courage or cowardice is concerned, that you are living while Willoughby died. In either case I have been equally weak."

That was what I should say to her if I were an honest man. But I did not. You see I am frank in these confessions. Really, then, I am showing that in this instance I was even a greater coward than before. For then I at least told the truth. I did not conceal from her the hideous word Willoughby had spoken before he died. Now I was concealing from her the fact that I knew I deserved the reproach as keenly.

We had reached the top of the steps. We walked slowly toward the Grand hotel. Helena, I could see, was concerned with her own thoughts as much as I was. For a moment the shock of the accident had made her forget her

brother. If you are her friend, how can you be mine?"

"I have not said that I am her friend," I protested quietly.

"But you are at the chateau." She spoke the words obstinately. That fact was, in her eyes, an unanswerable argument.

"Yes; and I know that Captain Forbes is detained there; I know that he has just signaled to you that fact and has asked you to get help. And now I want you to leave the matter in my hands. I demand that as my right. It is a task I have set myself. Once you said to me that I should save a life for the life that was lost through me."

"You have already made that reputation, Mr. Haddon," she said almost humbly. "Fate has punished me that I should have judged you so hastily and so wrongly."

"No, no!" I spoke in fierce remonstrance. "Will you never be just to me? That was an accident, I tell you."

"I do not like you less that you say so."

It was hopeless to make her understand now. I should have confessed my cowardice sooner if I wished to be believed. She had judged as at Lucerne. And this judgment caused me much the greater pain.

"Listen," I drew her to a garden seat. "A life for a life—that is what you said. But if, instead of a life, it were a man's honor that I could save—if it were the honor of your brother?"

Her lips trembled. She leaned toward me in her appeal.

"Oh, you would crush me with the weight of my gratitude. Save my brother's honor, and—"

"I should then stand equal with other men in your respect?"

"Yes," she said faintly, her eyes bright with unshed tears. "We need a friend so much now. We are in such deep distress because of my poor brother. Evidently you know of his disgrace." Shame blushed her cheek.

"I know something of it," I said with sympathy. "Tell me, Miss Brett, do I not bear a marked resemblance to your brother?"

"At first sight it is startling," she cried eagerly. "When my mother and I saw you at Lucerne we thought you were he. When we learned that you were with Mr. Willoughby at the time of his death, you can understand how bitterly we resented our disappointment. Forgive me if I am again suspicious, but that I should find you the guest of Madame de Varnier now, at this time—"

"If I am to help you, you must trust me."

"I will. I do."

"Implicitly?"

"Yes."

"Even though circumstances seem utterly against me? Even though I may seem a friend of Madame de Varnier—to be in league with her against you?"

She hesitated. "She is a dangerous woman. If my poor brother has fallen a victim to her horrible beauty—"

"I shall be on my guard," I replied lightly, smiling at her fierce resentment.

"But you will continue to be her guest. Is that wise? How can you effect the release of Captain Forbes if you remain at the chateau?"

"How can I learn the truth concerning your brother, how can I do my utmost to save his honor (if it be not yet too late), unless I remain at the chateau—yes, unless I am on apparent good terms with Madame de Varnier?"

"You are testing my belief in you to the utmost, Mr. Haddon. I suppose you smooth the suspicions of your hostess as readily as you do mine."

She spoke bitterly. And if she found it difficult to trust me now, how much more difficult when she learned, not the whole truth, but a damning half-truth.

"Ah, you are wavering already in the trust you have promised to give me. Great God, you think that it is a pleasant task I have set myself! To smile on this woman, to play the hypocrite, to spy on her when I am her guest, that I may dog her, coax her into telling the truth, that I may entrap her accomplice and herself at the right moment? Miss Brett, I would wash my hands of this ugly business if I had not sworn to endure every ignominy and risk of being misunderstood not only by a man like Captain Forbes but by yourself. I tell you that I have not a clear field to carry out my plans—if I fail, or am baffled by some well-meaning intruder, I am a disgraced man. No one will believe my defence—not even you. I may even be dragged to prison as a common felon."

She placed both her hands in mine. "Forgive me. My anxiety is so great. I do trust you. Return to Madame de Varnier, Mr. Haddon. I shall try to be patient. But Captain Forbes, am I to do nothing to help him?"

"Until this evening, no. You see, I am testing your faith."

I looked at her keenly. She returned my glance with brave assurance.

"If you receive no word, either from Captain Forbes or myself, by midnight tonight, if you are not summoned to the chateau by your brother (and that I warn you is only too unlikely), inquire at the Grand hotel for Mr. Robinson Locke. He is an American consul at Lucerne; he will help you."

"He has already helped us. It was Mr. Locke who directed Captain Forbes and myself here to Alterhoffen."

"And will you not include among my services," I drew a voice behind us, "the fact that I was so fortunate as to save your life just now, Miss Brett?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SAVED FROM DREAD FATE.

Kind Woman's Assistance Meant Much to This Tramp.

A certain lady, noted for her kind heart and open hand, was approached not long ago by a man who, with tragic air, began:

"A man, madam, is often forced by the whip of hunger to many things from which his very soul shrinks—and so it is with me at this time. Unless, madam, in the name of pity, you give me assistance, I will be compelled to do something which I never before have done, which I would greatly dislike to do."

Much impressed, the lady made haste to place in his hand a five-dollar bill. As the man pocketed it with profuse thanks, she inquired:

"And what is the dreadful thing I have kept you from doing, my poor man?"

"Work," was the brief and mournful reply.—Harper's Weekly.

WESTERN MEN IN NEW YORK.

Brains of Mountain and Prairie in Demand in the Financial Center.

Ever since the early days, when D. O. Mills, J. B. Haggin and James R. Keene "emigrated" from California to New York, the metropolis has been drawing largely on the west and south for its supply of "men who do things." Theodore P. Shonts, both a southerner and westerner, who has undertaken to solve New York's great transit problem, is the latest importation in response to the call of the east.

The promptness with which Thos. F. Ryan, of Virginia, turned the Equitable Life Assurance Society over to its policyholders, who now elect a majority of its Board of Directors, and divested himself of the control of the stock which he bought from Jas. H. Hyde, and the success of the new management of the Society under the direction of President Paul Morton, have created a demand for the strong men of the south and west that is greater than ever before. Under the Morton management the Equitable has made a better showing than any other insurance company in the way of improved methods, economies and increased returns to policyholders.

E. H. Gary, head of the greatest corporation in the world—the U. S. Steel Co.—John W. Gates, Henry C. Frick, Norman B. Reed, Wm. H. Moore and Daniel G. Reid are other westerners who are among the biggest men in New York.

SOMEWHAT OF A REFLECTION.

Naive Comment of Debutante That Amused Hostess.

A charming hostess of one of the "big houses," as they are called by those who are welcomed into them, has the added beauty of premature white hair. That which seems to her contemporaries an added charm may appear to the crudely young a mark of decline, at least so it appears in one instance of which the hostess herself tells with enjoyment.

The lady is a connoisseur of antiques. At one of her teas a debutante rich with the glow of youth, but sadly constrained with her sense of novelty, was handed a cup of tea; the cup was beautifully blue and wonderfully old. The hostess desiring to lighten the strain on her youthful guest by a pleasant diverting remark, said: "That little cup is a hundred and fifty years old!"

"Oh," came the debutante's high strained tones: "How careful you must be to have kept it so long!"

Mixed Voices.

Alice had to be Sunday school for the first time and had come home filled with information. She was overheard to say to her six-year-old sister, as she laid a wee hand over her heart, "When you hear something wise here, you know it is conscience whispering to you."

"No such thing," responded Six-year-old: "It's just wind in your tummy."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A SMALL SECRET.

Couldn't Understand the Taste of His Customers.

Two men were discussing the various food products now being supplied in such variety and abundance.

One, a grocer, said, "I frequently try a package or so of any certain article before offering it to my trade, and in that way sometimes form a different idea than my customers have."

"For instance, I thought I would try some Postum Food Coffee, to see what reason there was for such a call for it. At breakfast I didn't like it and supper proved the same, so I naturally concluded that my taste was different from that of the customers who bought it right along."

"A day or two after, I waited on a lady who was buying a 25c package and told her I couldn't understand how one could fancy the taste of Postum."

"I know just what is the matter," she said, "you put the coffee boiler on the stove for just fifteen minutes, and ten minutes of that time it simmered, and perhaps five minutes it boiled; now if you will have it left to boil full fifteen minutes after it commences to boil, you will find a delicious Java-like beverage, rich in food value of gluten and phosphates, so choice that you will never abandon it, particularly when you see the great gain in health."

Well, I took another trial and sure enough I joined the Postum army for good, and life seems worth living since I have gotten rid of my old time stomach and kidney troubles."

Postum is no sort of medicine, but pure liquid food, and this, together with a relief from coffee worked the change. "There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in page.



IN LATEST MODELS

BLouses OF LINen AND OTHER LIGHT MATERIALS.

Little Touches of Hand Work Give Distinction to the Garments—in White Handkerchief Linen Hand Embroidered.

The four bodices shown in the accompanying cut are all excellent models for the new linens or other summer materials of the unforgotten variety, each of these designs showing a touch of hand work which gives it decided distinction. It must be admitted that even the simplest cotton frock ornamented with some effective hand embroidery or braiding has more style and refinement than has usually a more elaborate material, fussy trimmed with machine-made laces, medallions, etc., and so charming are the new hand-embroidered summer materials that it is well worth the extra time required to do the work.

Of course, if one has the time and inclination to decorate one's own gowns this use of hand embroidery is really a great saving, as with such ornamentation very little other trimming in the form of lace and so forth is necessary.

As to a description of the waists pictured the first sketch was taken from a frock of soft blue pongee, the attached bands used as trimming on the bodice being embroidered with lozenges or large dots in a darker shade of blue silk. The little vest was embroidered in two shades, the whole blouse being a sort of jumper worn over a guipure openwork hatiste.

The second blouse was in white handkerchief linen, hand-embroidered in dots and scallops in pale blue wash cotton.

The third design shows a little cape bolero cut in one with the sleeve. Pink linen was used for the model, the little coat and revers being trimmed with white soutache braid and white linen buttons. Eyelet embroidery was



Hand Embroidered Waists.

used for the undersleeves and filled in the lower part of the coat.

Figure 4 shows a pretty way of using Valenciennes insertion and edge and a hand-embroidered blouse.

SMALL MANTLES ARE CHIC.

Give Fine Air of Completeness to the Costume.

There is no end to the charming little mantles worn with gowns and that complete the costume so perfectly. As dress lingerie waists are de rigueur they give a particular charm to these lovely mantles whenever they are put aside. A very attractive lousine silk costume on this order, worn at a recent wedding, was a French gray figured in white. The skirt had three inset pipings of white satin in a line group crossing like a band, a few inches from the bottom. The smart mantle matched the skirt and was draped into the figure over a fitted foundation of white silk marceline. In front, the drapery crossed, leaving a V space filled in by the lawn and lace of the lingerie blouse. In the back, there was the same crossed drapery, which in Dolman style, formed the sleeves, the drapery being tightly drawn at the crossing close to the belt.

A narrow application of white Liberty satin with its long scroll waved edges trimmed with a tiny crimped sating ribbon. This was the pretty finish all round the bottom ending on the sleeves in front, but carried on the neck, of the inset wedge-shaped piece of silk, matching the mantle, into the V back, and then brought down upon each edge of the front drapery. An exceedingly becoming style is this, for the tall girl with her straight back, and slender in her willow grace. No one who is the least round-shouldered should attempt to wear it.—Montreal Herald.

Novel Dress Making.

A novel way of mending a woolen or silk dress in which a round hole has been torn, and where only a patch could remedy matters, is the following: The frayed portions around the tear should be smoothed carefully and a piece of the material, moistened with thin muscage, placed under the hole. A heavy weight should be put upon it until it is dry, when it is possible to discover the mended place only by careful observation.

BLouse IN "SAILOR" STYLE.

Garment Especially Suitable for a Young Girl.

The "sailor" style of blouse is ever a favorite, and is becoming to a young girl. Our model is in a pretty pale blue zephyr, with collar and lower part of sleeves of white cotton, printed with rings of pale blue; a blue ribbon tie is passed round under the collar and knotted in front.

The vest is of tucked white muslin:



plain collar-band, trimmed with rows of pale blue baby velvet, and three tiny stud buttons up center front.

Blue straw hat, trimmed with white and blue ring-spotted silk.

Materials required: Two and three-quarters yards 30 inches wide, one yard spotted material, and one-half yard muslin.

LONG COATS IN FAVOR.

Directoire and Redingote Styles Are Seen Everywhere.

Perhaps suggested by the cold spring, long coats in directoire and redingote styles are noted in many of the smartest models, and it is a foregone conclusion that they will be one of the chief features of the fall and winter modes.

In the heavy grass linens, these designs are wonderfully distinctive. Frequently they show clever combinations of materials and have many odd notes introduced. For example, old blue linen of a coarse, uneven weave has a long plain skirt, which just touches the ground all around—another French incongruity since coarse linen is not a dressy fabric—and over this a three-quarter-length coat cut on directoire lines. The fronts do not meet, but are faced back their entire length with rajah of the same shade and a narrow vest of Delft embroidery inserted. The vest is buttoned down the front with tiny fancy buttons; opens with a little V at the neck, and ends at the top of the rather wide girde which is worn with the skirt. At either side of the vest there are three large buttons similar in design to those on the vest. The sides of the coat skirt and the upper sides of the sleeves are slashed, the former to the hips, and the latter nearly to the top, and embroidery like that of the vest inserted. The two edges are then strapped across with loops of narrow blue soutache, with tiny buttons fixing them. The French back is extremely graceful, with a very slight suggestion of the empire in its cut, the suggestion accentuated by three of the larger buttons at either side.

Dimities Ever Popular.

"My sprigged dimity," said the belle of '76 to her tirewoman, when she wanted to wear her daintiest frock. For a hundred years and more the dimities have been summer aristocrats—cool, fine, silky in texture, and with patterns unmatched for distinction and daintiness. The weave never has changed, it always has been the perfection of best Irish work; but now the makers have copied delicate French floral patterns, striped effects, and smart dots. This year's patterns cover a variety of styles never before seen in dimities. The cool dark blues and soft Dutch blues are specially appreciated, and the lighter effects seem more bewitching than ever. No matter what the color or printed pattern, the little cord should run up and down and across the fabric in a score of pretty ways—the dimity hallmark of distinction.

Black for Summer.

It may comfort women to know who live in this weather-vane town to know that light colors for street wear won't be as fashionable this summer as in the last heated term. A fashionable decree just issued in Paris is to the effect that black again will have its innings, and the thin black gown will figure largely in the summer show by sea and shore.

Black will be regarded as "smarter" than the light-colored mushroom millinery, with its burden of unnameable flowers.—Chicago American.