

# The Czar's Spy

(Continued from Tenth Page)

somewhat unresponsive, and busied myself with my bag until we entered the great echoing terminus whence I could see the Neva gleaming in the pale sunlight and the city beyond. The fellow made no attempt to follow me—he was too clever a secret agent for that. He merely wished me "adravstvuite," raised his hat politely and disappeared.

A porter carried my bag out of the station, and I drove across the bridge to the large hotel where I had stopped before, the Europe, on the corner of the Nevski Prospect and the Michael Street. There I engaged a front room looking down into the broad Nevski, had a wash, and then watched at the window for the appearance of the spy. I had already a good four hours before the steamer from Abo was due, and I intended to satisfy myself whether or not I was being followed.

Within twenty minutes the fellow lounged along on the opposite side of the road, just as I had expected. He had changed his clothes, and presented such a different appearance that at first sight I failed to recognize him. He knew that I had driven there, and intended to follow me if I came forth. My position was one of extreme difficulty, for if I went down to the quay he would most certainly follow me.

Having watched his movements for ten minutes or so I descended to the big salle-a-manger and there ate my luncheon, chatting to the French waiter the while. I sat purposely in an alcove, so as to be away from the other people lunching there, and in order that I might be able to talk with the waiter without being overheard.

Just as I had finished my meal, and he was handing me my bill, I bent towards him and asked—

"Do you want to earn twenty roubles?"

"Well, m'sieur," he answered, looking at me with some surprise. "They would be acceptable. I am a married man."

"Well, I want to escape from this place without being observed. There is a disagreeable little matter regarding a lady, and I fear a fracas with a man who is awaiting me outside in the Nevski." Then, seeing that he hesitated, I assured him that I had committed no crime, and that I should return for my baggage that evening.

"You could pass through the kitchen and out by the servants' entrance," he said, after a moment's reflection. "If m'sieur so desires, I will conduct him out. The exit is in a back street which leads on to the Catherine Canal."

"Excellent!" I said. "Let us go. Of course you will say nothing?"

"Not a word, m'sieur," and he gathered up the notes plus twenty roubles with which I paid my bill, and taking my hat I followed him to the end of the salle-a-manger behind a high wooden screen, across the huge kitchen, and then through a long stone corridor at the end of which sat a gruff old doorkeeper. My guide spoke a word to him, and then the door opened and I found myself in a narrow back slum with the canal beyond.

My first visit was to a clothier's, where I purchased and put on a new light overcoat and then to a hatter's for a hat of different shape to that I was wearing. I carried the hat back to a quiet alley which I had noticed, and quickly exchanged the one I was wearing for it, leaving my old hat in a corner. Then I entered a cafe in order to while away the hours until the vessel from Finland was due.

At 4 o'clock I was out upon the quay, straining my eyes seaward for any sign of smoke, but could see nothing. The sun was sinking, and the broad expanse of water westward danced like liquid gold. The light died out slowly, the cold gray of evening crept on. A chill wind sprang up and swept the quay, causing me to shiver. I asked of a dock laborer whether the steamer was usually late, whereupon he told me that it was often five or six hours behind time, depending upon the delay at Helsingfors.

Twilight deepened into night, and the

rain fell heavily, yet I still paced the wet flags in patience, my eyes ever seaward for the light of the vessel which I hoped bore my love. My presence there aroused some speculation among the loungers. I think; nevertheless, I waited in deepest anxiety whether, after all, Elma and Hornby had not disembarked at Helsingfors.

Soon after 10 o'clock a light shone afar off, and the movement of the police and porters on the quay told me that it was the vessel. Then after a further anxious quarter of an hour it came, amid great shouting and mutual imprecations, slowly alongside the quay, and the passengers at last began to disembark in the pelting rain.

One after another they walked up the gangway, filing into the passport office and on into the custom house, people of all sorts and all grades—Swedes, Germans, Finns and Russians—until suddenly I caught sight of two figures—one a man in a big tweed traveling coat and a golf cap, and the other the slight figure of a woman in a long dark cloak and a woolen tam-o'-shanter. The electric rays fell upon them as they came up the wet gangway together, and there once again I saw the sweet face of the silent woman whom I had grown to love with such fervent desperation. The man behind her was the same who had entertained me on board the Lola—the man who was said to be the lover of the fugitive Muriel Leithcourt.

Without betraying my presence I watched them pass through the passport office and custom house, and then, overhearing the address which Martin Woodroffe gave the isvoshtchik, I stood aside, wet to the skin, and saw them drive away.

At 11 o'clock on the following day I found myself installed in the Hotel de Paris, a comfortable hostelry in the Little Morskaya, having succeeded in evading the vigilance of the spy who had so cleverly followed me from Abo, and in getting my suit case round from the Hotel Europe.

I was beneath the same roof as Elma, although she was in ignorance of my presence. Anxious to communicate with her without Woodroffe's knowledge, I was now awaiting my opportunity. He had, it appeared, taken for her a pleasant front room with sitting-room adjoining on the first floor, while he himself occupied a room on the third floor. The apartments he had engaged for her were the most expensive in the hotel, and as far as I could gather from the French waiter whom I judiciously tipped, he appeared to treat her with every consideration and kindness.

"Ah, poor young lady!" the man exclaimed as he stood in my room answering my questions, "What an affliction! She writes down all her orders—for she can utter no word."

"Has the Englishman received any visitors?" I asked.

"One man—a Russian—an official of police, I think."

"If he receives anyone else, let me know," I said. "And I want you to give Mademoiselle a letter from me in secret."

"Bien, m'sieur."

I turned to the little writing table and scribbled a few hasty lines to my love, announcing my presence, and asking her to grant me an interview in secret as soon as Woodroffe was absent. I also warned her of the search for her instigated by the Baron, and urged her to send me a line in reply.

The note was delivered into her hands, but although I waited in suspense nearly all day she sent no reply. While Woodroffe was in the hotel I dared not show myself lest he should recognize me, therefore I was compelled to sham indisposition and to eat my meals alone in my room.

Both the means by which she had met Martin Woodroffe and the motive were equally an enigma. By that letter she had written to her schoolfellow it was apparent that she had some secret of his, for had she not wished to send him a message of reassurance that she had divulged nothing? This would seem that they were close friends; yet, on the other hand, something seemed to tell me that he was acting falsely, and was really an ally of the Baron's.

Why had he brought her to Peters-

(Continued on next Page)

## PARTIAL PRICE LIST OF Wines, Whiskies, Beer and Malt

EXPRESS PREPAID				BULK GOODS—JUGS FREE—NOT PREPAID	
Full Quart Measures	4 Qts	6 Qts	12 Qts		Per Gal
Hunting Club Rye.....	\$2 65	\$4 00	\$7 00	Rye, Gin, Corn, good grade.....	\$1 50
Nelson County Rye.....	2 90	4 25	7 50	Rye, Gin, Corn, Rum, fine quality.....	2 00
Monogram Rye.....	3 20	4 50	8 00	Rye, Gin, Corn, Rum, best for the money.....	2 50
Hanne's "44" Rye.....	3 75	5 00	9 50	"44" Rye, Peach and Apple Brandy, mellowed by age.....	3 00
Social Drops.....	4 50	6 50	12 00	Victoria Rye, Social Drops Rye, medicinal quality.....	4 00
Malt Whiskey.....	3 75	5 00	9 50		
Peach Brandy.....	3 75	5 00	9 50		
Apple Brandy.....	3 75	5 00	9 50		
Holland Gin.....	2 80	4 25	7 25		
Geneva Gin.....	3 75	5 00	9 50		
North Carolina Corn.....	2 65	4 00	7 00		
Mountain Corn.....	3 75	5 00	9 50		
Jamaica Rum.....	2 80	4 25	7 25		
Medford Rum.....	3 75	5 00	9 50		
Grape Brandy.....	3 75	5 00	9 50		
King of Kentucky Bourbon.....	3 75	5 00	9 50		

Assortment allowed on all goods of same price

Prices by the Barrel on application

1246-1258 **HANNE BROS.** Jacksonville, Fla.  
W. Adams St.

It's Different When You Drink **BEERINE**



Tastes Like Beer  
Looks Like Beer  
But It Isn't Beer

**IT'S BEERINE**

(Non-Alcoholic)  
Write for Free Trial Bottle  
**JACKSONVILLE, FLA., COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO.**  
E. A. RICKER, MANAGER

**Wm. Burbridge**

**REAL ESTATE**

Bargains in Improved and Unimproved Property . . . Correspondence solicited.

125 Laura. . . Phone 1845.

**Henry Watterson's Paper**

(The Weekly Courier-Journal)

AND

**THE SUN**

Both One Year for Only \$2.50

Few people in the United States have not heard of the Courier-Journal. Democratic in all things, fair in all things, clean in all things, it is essentially a family newspaper. By a special arrangement we are enabled to offer the Weekly Courier-Journal one year and this paper for the price named above. Send your subscription for the combination to us—not to the Courier-Journal.

Only **\$3** and **\$3.50**  
All Styles Kid Calf and Patent

SEND ORDERS TO

**The Marvin Shoe Co.**  
233 W. Bay Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

**Windsor Hotel**

Jacksonville's Finest and Florida's Largest and Best Year-Round Hotel

**DODGE & GULLENS**

Owners and Managers

**TILL'S Own Make Chocolates**  
.....and Bon Bons.....

VERY FINE . . . .  
FRESH, OF COURSE

In 1-2, 1, 2 and 5 Lb. Packages

Artistically Tied

PRICES: **25, 40, 60** CENTS THE POUND

Add 15c per Pound for Postage

MAIL ORDERS WANTED