# The CZAR'S SPY

## The Mystery of a Silent Love

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SYNOPSIS.

The yacht Lola narrowly escapes wreck in Leghorn harbor. Gordon Gregg, locum tenens for the British consul, is called upon by Hornby, the Lola's owner, and dines aboard with him and his friend, Hylton Chater. Aboard the yacht he accidentally sees a room full of arms and ammunition and a torn photograph of a young girl. That night the consul's safe is robbed and the Lola puts suddenly to sea. The police find that Hornby is a fraud and the Lola's name a false one. Gregg visits Capt. Jack Durnford of the marines aboard his vessel, and is surprised to learn that Durnford knows, 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, who repents in time to save him, but not to give a reason for his treachery. Visiting in Dumfries Gregg meets Muriel Leithcourt, who is strangely affected at the mention of the Lola. Hornby appears. Muriel introduces Hornby as Martin Woodroffe, her father's friend. Gregg finds that she is engaged to Woodroffe. Leithcourt's actions and connection with Woodroffe are mysterious. 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.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

And Muriel, a pretty figure in a low-cut gown of turquoise chiffon, standing behind her father, smiled secretly at me. I smiled at her in return, but it was a strange smile, I fear, for with the knowledge of that additional mystery within me—the mystery of the woman lying unconscious or perhaps dead, up in the wood—held me stupefied.

I had suspected Leithcourt because of his constant trysts at that spot, but I had at least proved that my suspicions were entirely without foundation. He could not have gone home and dressed in the time, for I had taken the nearest route to the castle while the fugitive would be compelled to make a wide detour.

I only remained a few minutes, then went forth into the darkness again, utterly undecided how to act. My first impulse was to return to the woman's aid, for she might not be dead after all.

...court's under gamekeeper as he was going home at five this morning came upon a dead body."

"Call Holden. I'd like to know all he's heard," I said. And presently, when the gardener emerged from the grapehouse, I sought of him all the particulars he had gathered.

"I don't know very much, sir," was the man's reply. "I went into the inn for a glass of beer at eleven, as I always do, and heard them talking about it. A young man was murdered last night up in Rannoch wood."

"The body was that of a man?" I asked, trying to conceal my utter bewilderment.

"Yes—about thirty, they say. The police have taken him to the mortuary at Dumfries, and the detectives are up there now looking at the spot, they say."

A man! And yet the body I found was that of a woman—that I could swear.

After lunch I took the dogcart and drove alone into Dumfries.

The police constable on duty at the town mortuary took me up a narrow alley, unlocked a door, and I found myself in the cold, gloomy chamber of death. From a small dingy window above the light fell upon an object lying upon a large slab of gray stone and covered with a soiled sheet.

The policeman lifted the end of the sheet, revealing to me a white, hard-set face, with closed eyes and dropped jaw. I started back as my eyes fell upon the dead countenance. I was entirely unprepared for such a revelation. The truth staggered me.

The victim was the man who had acted as my friend—the Italian waiter, Olinto.

I advanced and peered into the thin inanimate features, scarce able to realize the actual fact. But my eyes had not deceived me. Though death distorts the facial expression of every man, I had no difficulty in identifying him.

"You recognize him, sir?" remarked the officer. "Who is he? Our people are very anxious to know..."

Revealing to Me a White, Hard, Set Face With Closed Eyes and Dropped Jaw.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## THE KITCHEN CABINET

## HEARD AT DELIVERY DESK

## SORRY TO HAVE MISSED TRIP

## WOULD CALL THEM LANGLEYS

# What Really Happened on FIRST INDEPENDENCE DAY

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN — THOMAS JEFFERSON

FROM much that historians have written about the Fourth of July, 1776, an erroneous idea of the happenings of that great day has become a common heritage of the people of our land. Many an American considers it a part of a patriotic duty to muse upon the imaginative picture entitled "The First Fourth of July," which some historical writer has painted upon his vision.

In fancy he sees Independence hall in Philadelphia and the Continental congress with its ruffled shirts, long cloth coats, knee pants, silk stockings and low shoes sitting with dignity, but listening spellbound to a wonderfully strange and entirely new document called "The Declaration of Independence."

In fancy he even hears the popular acclaim of "That is just what we all say!" and "It is well worded, Mr. Jefferson." Then the mind pictures the various delegates to congress hastening forward, eager for the honor of fixing their signatures to a sheepskin document.

The scene changes to the ringing of the great liberty bell, to the assembling of the people at Philadelphia who applauded the reading of this bill of rights and to the final closing of the day with every man, woman and child in Philadelphia happy because he is no longer a British subject, having become a free American in a single day.

Such a vision pictures a heroic scene; but the true record of events does not affirm that these so-called happenings took place on that memorable day. By blotting out the imperfect details of the picture the Fourth of July is in no way robbed of any of its glory.

An authentic account of what transpired at that time changes the meaning of the Fourth of July from one day to about sixty in which the whole history of our national liberty is told and the heroic heartthrobs of the sorely tried colonists are keenly felt.

The day itself properly symbolizes the liberty for which the patriots of that time stood ready to sacrifice their lives in order to launch the United States as a national craft which should be anchored by no weight of foreign despotism.

It was a time of danger when brother, friend and neighbor became estranged by reason of political opinion. Some colonists still loved the mother country with true English pride, while others were so embittered by the injustice of the sovereign across the seas that they willingly gave their all to the cause of the people of the new land.

During the latter part of 1774 George Washington himself wrote that no thinking man among the colonists wanted to separate from England, and Franklin ridiculed the idea.

During the early days of the revolution the bluecoats never dreamed of separating from the beloved land of their ancestors. In fact, such a course would have been condemned by Americans themselves as treason. Jefferson declared that prior to April 19, 1775, he had heard no whisper of the disposition of anyone to stand from under the governmental power of Great Britain.

The inevitable, however, came with the spring of 1776, when local assemblies began formal discussion regarding the liberty of colonists. These legislative bodies possessed but little power, but they did a great part in crystallizing the sentiment for independence in many quarters and forcing those opposed to the idea to declare their inimical attitude.

INDEPENDENCE HALL

JOHN ADAMS

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## RELATIONS OF GOD AND MAN

Gradual Readjustment Means a Continual Advance Toward the Higher Life.

In studying the Bible it becomes increasingly apparent that the relations between God and man are not constant or fixed, but are subject to a gradual readjustment. In the earlier chapters the ideal held out is for man to "fear" God. Later he learns to trust, to a limited extent, this higher life. Eventually this grudging faith is turned to love, which recognizes God...

## SAW NO REASON FOR SPEED

Some Food for Thought in Epigram Made by Moroccan Statesman About the Lusitania.

The sinking of the Lusitania recalls an epigram about this ship which the sultan of Morocco's grand vizier made to Jules Huret.

The grand vizier, a very old man, received M. Huret, who is a French journalist, in Fez. M. Huret described the wonders of modern science and invention to his host. He told him about the Lusitania, then just completed...



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