# The CZAR'S SPY

## The Mystery of a Silent Love

By Chevalier WILLIAM LE QUEUX

AUTHOR OF "THE CLOSED DOOR," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS By C. D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS

—and—

Gordon Gregg is called upon in Lapland and finds himself with four companions and a sledge team lost in the snow. Friend, Hyman Chater accidentally sees Gregg's wife, Marie, in the arms of a man at night in the garden of their home. Gregg follows first that Hermier is a friend and then that Hermier is a rival. Gregg is called to the Czar and Grand Duke Constantine aboard his yacht. Disturbed rumors, but Gregg is unconcerned. Gregg is told that "If anyone is a woman's" Gregg is trapped roughly by his death by Hermier. Gregg escapes. Hermier shoots Gregg among Marie Hermier, Richard Hermier exposes and Muriel introduces Gregg to Wonderful. Gregg sees a copy of his own photograph in the hands of Wonderful. That the Grand girl is Muriel's friend Wonderful disappears. Gregg discovers Muriel's photograph in Wonderful's desk. Mark Sabre, the help disappears and the place is found the body of Hyman Chater. Gregg is suspected of murder. Only one knowledge of the woman Muriel visits secretly on Gregg and tells him that Marie is dead. Gregg is sure that she is not. 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 Chater in his fellow-victim, determined to obtain the secret knowledge possessed only by that smart, handsome girl before her. That her suspicions were in the first right direction I felt confident, yet if the dead woman had been removed by her 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 his victim. Yet if he had done that, why did he allow the corpse of the Italian to remain and await discovery? He must have been disturbed in the act, and compelled to make good his escape.

"You tell me, Miss Muriel, that you suspect the truth, and yet you have not all knowledge of the murdered man?"

I exclaimed in a tone of slight surprise.

"I still we have cleared up the mystery of the woman I ran say nothing."

"You have answered," I was only right, 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."

* * * * * * *

Bamforth wood was already in its gold-brown glory of autumn, and as I stood with Muriel Letchmore on the edge of it, near the spot where Olinto Dentino had fallen, the morning sun was shining in a cloudless sky. I asked the question 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 summer here."

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

And so together, after taking out our bearings, we started off, working from the point indicated which Gordon had struck down the branch of a tree and which I commenced sorting the freshly disturbed earth, which was still soft and easily removed.

Muriel found a dead branch in the wood, and both of us, she on one side with a will, eager to ascertain what was hidden there. But the search had certainly been concealed was to an excellent point, but what it was we could not surmise.

Digging with a piece of wood was hard and laborious work and it was not long before we came upon the body of the unfortunate to make a hole of any area but I worked steadily, and Muriel, who had never before seen a dead man, showed full of wonder and interest. Suddenly she would have to abandon her search to investigate, but the earth was apparently been removed and replaced prior to the last covering been put on it, so our progress was very slow and difficult.

At last, a quarter of an hour or so after we had commenced. Muriel, who was in the hole and digging with her stake deeply into the ground, and suddenly cried:

"Look! Look, Mr. Gregg! Why—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 for the amazing object 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 woollen serge 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 that 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 been my servant at Leghorn and who had afterwards married Olinto Dentino and had been assassinated!

When Muriel gazed upon the dead woman's face she gave a cry of horror and 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, and I still pressed it was best to keep our own counsel. I recollected the story Dentino had told me about his wife, of her illness and her longing to return to Italy. Yet the woman's sudden presence must have been healthy enough when her hands were rough and hard, showing that she had been doing manual labour.

Armida had been a particularly good looking, dark-haired, black-eyed girl, quick, cleanly and full of life when servant to me, and I could not help crying for joy to see her lying dead. The breast of her dress was stained with dried blood, which, on examination, I found had issued from a deep, round wound, evidently made by a pistol bullet that had entered her heart.

"Those men—those men who buried her! I wonder who they are?" Muriel exclaimed, indignation in a hushed voice. We must follow them and ascertain."

Then Together We Peered Over.

certain. They are certainly the murderers who have returned in affirm and conceal the evidence of this sad crime.

"Yes," I said. "Let us go after them and keep them in sight."

Then, leaving the body covered by to earth a tree, I caught Muriel by the arm and we hurried off in the direction apparently been removed in the direction of the glen, which was only a few hundred yards away.

At last, after some difficulty, we discovered it, and searching along the path and our three pursuers in sight. I presently detected the huge moss-covered boulder whereof I had spoken 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 had, as before, followed closely by my two companions.

On gaining the opposite side I clambered up to the base of the boulder and there, in the light, saw the traces of the gruesome evidence of the second crime that the earth had disturbed.

"Why! It's gone!"

The light had been extinguished and I cried it away!"

Then I suddenly dumfounded at the disappearance of the body, the evidence of the crime, and the fact that something, and stooping he picked it up and examined it. It was a piece of the old of his lantern.

"Why, they have been here within the time they might be already on the opposite bank, and we have been standing up!" Yet even if they had, I reasoned, they could not have gone far, and I turned my head to look for them, while that of his companion was turned in the opposite direction.

"This is a pretty thing!" he exclaimed, in a tone of deepest disgust. "Our city lead to something. But, Mr. Gregg, I am not going to be beaten. I've got two quite certain you left the body there."

"Certainly," he echoed. "Why, look at the hole I made. You don't think I have been dreaming, do you have in a fool's errand, do you?"

"Not at all," he said impertinently. "Only the whole affair seems so very



THE KITCHEN CABINET

Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs

No school of long experience that thou

Is full of guilt and misery, and hast

Enough of all the sorrows, crimes and

To tire thee of it, enter this wild

And view the haunts of nature.

SOME JULY DESSERTS.

During the hot weather when work seems hardest don't stay so inviting. Is the time to serve simple desserts or fresh fruit and use the extra time in enjoying an hour's rest under the trees or on a shady vine-covered porch. Much of the work of the housewife may be prepared here, vegetables and fruits picked over, mending done and various other things which each will discover is so much pleasanwer done in the open air.

Desserts which may be prepared when the evening meal is prepared or early in the day before breakfast which will be cold and attractive and save time during the heat of the day. Custards of various kinds and fancy ices are most wholesome desserts, they may be combined with any number of different foods. When one lives on a farm where eggs and milk are plenty for a change the dessert problem is the immediate question. The cook is the one who needs to economize on these foods which are so plentiful and abundant to the country, which makes the list of delicious desserts long in plenty of cream, eggs and butter.

The various custards are suddenly transformed, whereupon she stared at me in blank surprise.

"The assassins must have watched them and carried away the body!" I cried.

"Ah!" she cried hoarsely. "Then we are both in deadly peril—peril of our lives! Let us get away from here at once, or all is lost!"

Without another word she turned and ran down the path, and I, much astonished at her sudden fear, followed her.

Together we reached the rocky bed of the stream. Unheeding, she went on, springing from stone to stone and wading herself with her skirt. If we could only discover the body of the dead woman, then the case 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 boulders were so thickly moss grown that our feet fell noiselessly, when I thought I heard a voice, and raising my hand I at once 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 the open air the vicinity a thrush may be heard flying from twig to twig, sounding its warning cry and objecting to being disturbed.

Therefore we crept silently forward together to ascertain who were the intruders. The only means of concealment which to get a view beyond the huge rock was having taken across the stream to the centre spot, had diverted its channel, and was now flowing in a new direction to the summit. This we did expertly and breathlessly.

Then we peered over, just, as I expected, the men had come to a single word and having ourselves fallen came to the summit.

Then together we peered over, just, as I expected, the men had come to a single word and having ourselves fallen and compelled to make good his escape.

"Why 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. Probably are sportsmen from some shooting party in the neighborhood. They're not 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 apparently 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 well beyond hearing, we both slipped down to the other side of the boulder and there removed many signs that the earth had been hurriedly excavated and only just replaced.

Quicker than it takes to describe the way in which Gordon had struck down the branch of a tree and commenced sorting the freshly disturbed earth, which was still soft and easily removed.

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and it opens a field of possibilities to a bunch of cut flowers under vast service. Hitherto individual preparations have been made our desserts, and housekeepers have exploited their ingenuity to the limit in the future, our professional skill be able to point the way to new and more scientific individual dishes. We will be a frank recognition that the dessert really exists for the people"—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Changing Diet of the Chinese.

Anything which can induce the latter to extend by the Orient to the extent of taking their tea clear, without milk or sugar, will be astonished to learn that the Chinese will have to thank for teaching the Chinese to use milk with their decoction of tea leaves—and condensed milk at that.

An enterprising condensed milk company is pushing the campaign and experts to be successful. This concern has already introduced condensed milk ice cream to the Chinese, and they like it so well that many of the restaurants keep it always on hand.

Practically no fresh milk is to be

had in China, although the natives seem familiar enough with the virtues of both the fresh and the condensed article.

Peculiarities of all the Orientals have taken their tea clear because there was no milk to put in it and because they thought the addition of milk rendered the beverage

Crowding In.

How many dares may be crowded into a given space at one time? The night is dark and stormy. It is a long way to the next village. Seventeen young men and three young women are in the automobile. Two of the girls are sitting on the laps of their fellow-passengers' car. One of the young men is employed by the driver. Now we leave it to you, gentle reader, to do the party to be split up? Are three to stand there in the downpour until the next jitney happens along, or are the young men to forget their own comfort for the sense and hold the score or bound young women on their knees? It is unfortunate for this that Young Cupid busy—Jane Dixon, in New York Sun.

FEW CAPABLE OF SYMPATHY

Too Many Make the Mistake of Considering Pity as Answering the Purpose

Sympathize

"I'm very, very sorry for her, but I don't understand how she can do as she is doing." That's the kind of sympathy you don't care to have directed your way, but it! That isn't really sympathy but scolding more than pity. A fine condoling because you don't rise above that seems to say, "I am of higher moral fiber than you are and I'm sure I am not."

Real sympathy is quite sympathy there is in the world. It is the little thoughtful little downright frank understanding that others are really suffering from things that would not make us suffer; that others want to do things in which we see no delight, and don't want to do things that someone who keeps tab on the world's duty says they ought to do. A man told us the other day that he had so trained his boy that he would find few temptations in college a set that man knows about it, doesn't he? One thing is sure, he will never


FUN'S FABLES UP TO DATE

This is About the Literary Man Who Insisted on Writing Just What He Wanted to Write.

Once there was a literary man who decided to write for posterity. He refused to be guided by what the editors said the public wanted, but wrote what he thought they ought to want.

According to all the rules of the game he should have starved to death in very short order, but for once, the rules didn't work.

Did the public suddenly wake up to the fact that a genius was in their midst? And did the editors camp at his door clamoring for the product of his pen?

Oh, no dear reader, nothing like that at all.

A rich aunt died and left him half a million dollars, and he kept right on writing just what he wanted to and.

Whether posterity will read it remains to be seen.

As for the moral, will you've got us guessing.—Magazine of Fun.

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Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

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Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Generous.

"We've won the suit of Thompson's against the railroad company," said the lawyer. "What shall we charge him?"

"Oh, leave," said the senior partner. "What was the amount of the damage?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

"Make the bill for twenty-three thousand five hundred. He's entitled to it."—Judge.

SOLD OVER DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU that for Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness and Sick Headache, Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the best remedy.

Saved Off Sermon.

Sometimes a gift makes a fool of the giver. Take the case of the man who marries the man and makes a fool of the minister.—Exchange.

Always so pleasa, Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell it. 4ds.

This is not a new country, but, with three or four exceptions, it is free as air.

WOMEN CAN HARDLY BELIEVE

How Mrs. Hurley Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Elton, Mo.—"I was troubled with displacement, inflammation and female

weakness for two years I could not stand on my feet long at a time and I could not walk two blocks without getting sitting and drawing pains down my right side which increased every day. I have been at that time purple in the face and could hardly walk the floor. I thought I would not live, and I am still sometimes for a short while. I was induced to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I am glad I did. I have taken five bottles and had very little appetite, no ambition, melancholy, and often felt as though I had not a friend in the world. After I had tried two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I did so and gained in every way. I am now so true to life in any way and highly praise your medicine. It advertises itself."—Mrs. E. T. HURLEY, Elton, Missouri.

Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Write everywhere.

It has helped thousands of women to health, even when all other advertisements, intimations, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, flatulence, dizziness, faintness, nervousness, etc. After all other means have failed. Why don't you try it? Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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Can quickly be overcome by

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

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Don't gripe

Don't sicken

Don't weaken

Genuine must bear Signature

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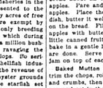
DAISY FLY KILLER



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PISO'S CURE

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## Appropriate Gowns for the Evening

There are evening gowns and evening gowns. Some of them are naively simple, some of taffeta that glimmers in light colors, or of vapory lace over net or chiffon. Lace simply is quite as charming are those of taffeta veiled with lace or net, and that make up a large part of the whole number. These combinations are especially effective when the taffeta is of the white order, and the veiling underskirt also. The long overdrapery is of black lace, caught with lace roses in quaint set rows of gradated size. Chiffon drawn in fluffs in color confine the sleeves to the arm at the top. The corsage consists of a hard working man in the open is best to take his meals in the house. A hearty meal in hot weather drives away the appetite, wholesome and always liked, so when in doubt have ice cream.

Sponge Pudding With Rasbury Sauce.—An ordinary sponge cake served with this pudding is very good and can be made from the cake with a sponge pudding. Beat the white of an egg until stiff and gradually three fourths of a cupful of powdered sugar, add the yolk of an egg, beating thick, three-fourths of a cupful of cream, begins stiff a few grains of salt and flavoring to taste.

SAVORY SUMMER DISHES.

We all enjoy a new combination, especially if it is attractive in appearance. The garnishing of what looks like a mass of dishes in the main and important detail.

Savory Tomatoes.—Scoop out small, round tomatoes into bolling water for a few minutes to loosen the skins. Remove the skins and chill the tomatoes in a greased pudding dish. Take a cupful of cooked macaroni which has been cut in inch lengths, add a tablespoonful of butter and with a rich white sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese, cover with a few tablespoonfuls of buttered cracker crumbs and bake in a moderate oven until the crumbs are tended.

Arrange in place of the tomatoes may be used and, if it is cooked, the dish need only be heated to be served. Stuffed Mutton.—Have your butcher cut the breast of mutton, wipe carefully and put into a saucepan and cover with boiling water. Put into the stew pan a bouquet of parsley, add 2 sliced carrots and 2 sliced onions, season with a few peppercorns and a little salt. Cook slowly for 2 hours. Remove the bones and fill the pocket with a stuffing, roll and tie and put into a pan. Baste with a little butter, add boiled potatoes and bake a half hour.

Oyster Apples.—Cut rounds of bread about an inch larger than the apples. Have ready some stewed apples. Place the bread in a baking dish, butter well and put the apples on the bread. Fill the cavities of the apples with butter and sugar, add a little canned fruit juice or water and bake in a gentle heat until the apples are done. Serve with a spoonful of cream and sugar.

Baked Mutton Chops.—Pound and season the chops, roll each in beaten egg and crumbs, then put into a dripping pan and bake in a moderate oven until brown, baste them every five minutes with butter and water, add a few drops of flour, add a few tablespoonfuls of tomato catchup and serve.

Nellie Maxwell

The Irony of Life.

One of the saddest phases of all but man experience is the way a man, just about the time he succeeds in getting his brain developed to the point where he might accomplish something with it, finds that he has to devote all his attention to his teeth, stomach and legs to keep going at all.—Ohio State Journal.

Worth Knowing.

Turpentine mixed with stove polish prevents rust and gives a brighter gloss than the use of water.

His Ears All Right.

Johnny is a little southern boy living in Texas with his grandmother, who is a little deaf. One day while he was playing she called to him several times, but he didn't answer. Finally she said: "Johnny, don't you hear me?" And Johnny replied: "Yes, I hear you, but my ears don't listen."

What They Escape.

Lots of people who complain that they don't get all they deserve should really congratulate themselves.—Washington Star.

## WILD BARBARA BARSTOW

By AILSA LEE.

Blake St. John wondered what they all meant by that quizzical look directed to his fiancee.

"Tamina Barbary, indeed!" he snorted angrily. "What man could ask for a sweeter name? Little Sol used then Barbara Barstow, whom an obliging relative had suggested that he marry if he expected any of said relative's golden coin.

"Hang it all, Uncle Moses," Blake had stormed. "Do you mean to say that you'll cut off Barbara Barstow if I don't marry her?"

"I've said my say," said Uncle Moses gently. Then one day Blake had gone over to see the Barstows and as Impressed was he by their evident poverty and shabby gentility that he paid assiduous court to pretty, darling Barbara, the youngest of the flock of five girls.

He found it easier to love Barbara than he expected and one day they became engaged.

Blake believed that when they were married Barbara would give up teaching the three little birds' nests at the fences and fishing, or any of the other things she had been doing. But their wedding day came and Barbara did not lose her love for the woods and fields.

Blake explained that his household affairs were administered with great success—all the luxuries with reasonable economy. He called them a handsome present and promptly neglected it.

Blake did not care for his own safety, but he worried about his wife's comfortable, but he worried about his wife's comfortable, but he worried about his wife's comfortable