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.

Gordon Grove is called upon in London by Hector, the rascal butler of Lord and Lady Ashcroft with him and his wife, Nina, a beautiful Russian girl. In a torn photograph of a young girl Hector sees the woman's wife is ruined. The Ashcrofts are to be married in a few days. Sir Julius, a name in the diplomatic world, and Captain Jack Dartfield, a friend of Gordon's, are also present. Gordon tells Hector he will see Nina's husband tonight. He encounters a woman in the London fog and takes her home. She is Nina Petrovna Sorrano, sister of Count Feodor Dostroy (very much) Married Lethbourne, but as Marion Wardville. Lethbourne's friend. Grove finds that she is engaged to Lethbourne. Gordon tells her that he saw photographs on the John and finds that his young girl is Marion's friend, Nina. Gordon tells Nina that he has found the body of a murdered woman in Hyde Park and that the body disappears and in the morning Nina's husband is found dead. Nina asks to be called to the police but reveals that she has no knowledge of the woman. Marion tells Gordon that Lethbourne is the man who is making love to Nina, and that she is a man has been murdered. They search Lethbourne's rooms and find a letter from Nina to Lethbourne. Gordon is summoned to Scotland Yard and finds that one Elena Smith, a Russian, has been found dead in a cab. Gordon recognizes Wardville as his return to Lethbourne's rooms. Gordon is told that after dropping Hector Gordon was had called there.

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Yes, sir. He called here in a fly on the day he came out, and at his request I took his portmanteau and left it went into the library and spent half an hour in packing across it, taking the measurements and examining the big cupboard in the wall to see what it would be sensible. It was a strange affair, sir," added the young woman, "wasn't it?"

"Very," I replied.

"The strange things might have been in there now had I not gone into the library and found a lot of illustrated papers, which I always put in the cupboard to keep the place tidy, and thrown out on to the floor. I went to put them back, but discovered the door locked. The key I afterwards found in the grate, where Mr. Lethbourne had evidently thrown it, and on opening the door imagine the shock I had when I found the visitor lying doubled up in it of course, thought he was dead."

"And when he returned here on his recovery, did he question you?"

"Oh, yes. He asked about the Lethbourne, and especially about Miss Muriel. I believe he's rather sweet on her by the way he spoke. And really no better or kinder lady ever breathed, I'm sure. We're all very sorry indeed for her.

"He came into this room, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," she responded with just a slight hesitation. I thought. "This was the room where he stayed, was it not?"

"Yes, sir," she responded with just a slight hesitation. I thought. "This was the room where he stayed, was it not?" Then a photograph in that frame over there," she added, indicating the frame that had held the picture of Muriel, "a portrait of a young lady, which he begged me to give him.

"And you gave it to him?" I cried quickly.

"Well, you see, he begged so hard for it, saying that it was a portrait of a friend of his in Paris—"

"And he gave you something hand some for it—eh?" I interrupted.

The young woman, whom I knew could not refuse half-a-crown, blushed slightly and smiled.

He didn't tell you who the young lady was, I suppose?"

"No, sir; only said that that was the only photograph that existed, and that she was dead."

"Dead!" I gasped, starting at her.

"Yes, sir. He told me so while he was anxious for the picture."

Elena Hendi died. Could it be true? That sweet-patience face handed me as an object of art and ever treasured by itself upon my memory. It somehow seemed to insist me to understand and penetrate the mystery, and yet Hyden Chater had declared that she was dead! I recollected the remarkable letter from Abo, and her own words to me then that her end was near. That let, her was now dead, and I sat down to write to her friend.

After he had put the photograph in his pocket, the gentleman made a most infinite search in the room. "To do mostly went on. "He consulted his plan, took several measurements, and then tapped on the panelling all along this wall, as though he were searching for some hidden cupboard or hiding place. I looked for that, and at last I mark in red ink upon it. He was fly, no doubt, found that spot, and was greatly disappointed at not being able to get in. He is here now, and he is

HAD LINES OF INFORMATION

Revolutionaries Astounded on Secret Service of Paris Before Czar's Coming.

Some years before the great French revolution a printed newspaper used to be distributed in Paris each week, in the most secret events and doings of the authorities. Nobody knew who the editor of the paper was nor where it was printed, but soon high or low rank or office were constantly afraid they might read in the sheet accounts of conversations had with members of their households in the privacy of their own houses the day before. The police were foremost in employing all their facilities for the discovery of the whereabouts of the paper.

After many efforts they did succeed in unearthing the fact that the paper was being printed by night on board a ship in the Seine, but that it was not always the same ship. The day appointed for the publication was Friday in the evening. In a secret and highly guarded conference held at once the authorities decided to raid at once and to capture the printers. Time was given to make the necessary arrangements for carrying the decision into effect that same night, action was therefore postponed for a day. The next morning the paper came out as usual. But it contained as its last item the following announcement: "As the secret service resolved last night to raid our little printing office by night, this paper will not be published tomorrow."

Husband Is Boss.

What do you think, ladies, if you are married and go to work at a regular salary, and save and save and put all the money you earn in the pocketbook, go back on the masterpiece, and then your husband comes wandering in armed with a hammer, smashes the pig into little fragments and says: "I'm going to take my money out and buy myself a suit of clothes," you haven't any right to object. If you do, he's within his right when he replies: "What do you mean by saying that it's my money? Didn't I earn it?" Imagine, though! If you spend the money in a house, he can come into the room once and in this way to capture the mysterious printers. Time was given to make the necessary arrangements for carrying the decision into effect that same night, action was therefore postponed for a day. The next morning the paper came out as usual. But it contained as its last item the following announcement: "As the secret service resolved last night to raid our little printing office by night, this paper will not be published tomorrow."

Bobby's First Day at Sunday School.

At the Eastminster Presbyterian Sunday school the primary class sits on little chairs around tables. A little girl took her small brother, aged three, to Sunday school a week ago for the first time. When they came home sister reported that Bobby had behaved splendidly except at first she couldn't get him to sit down. Then his mother asked him where he liked it best, and he said: "I wasn't hungry, so I didn't want to eat anything."—Kansas City Star.

the man shook his head and handed back the document coolly, saying in Russian, which I understood fairly well, although I spoke badly:

"This is not in order. It must be returned to London and dated before you can proceed."

"But it is not my fault," I protested. "It is the fault of the clerk at the consulate general."

"You should have examined it before leaving. You must send it to London, and return it, duly stamped, to Ostrovno."

"But this is outrageous!" I cried, as he had already taken the papers of a passenger behind me and was handing it at them with unconcern.

"Kossuth!" he exclaimed, glaring at me. "You will return tonight, or if you choose to leave you will be arrested for landing without a passport."

"I shall not go back to Scotland Yard for the passport," I replied, "but I shall go to