# 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

*SUMMARY OF THE SHORT STORY UNFOLDED SO FAR*

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

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I aired before him open-mouthed. Who in Russia had not heard of that mysterious unknown person who had directed a hundred conspiracies against the imperial autocrat, and yet the identity of whom the police had always failed to discover. It was believed that Kampf had once been professor of chemistry at Moscow university, and that he had invented that most terrible and destructive explosive used by the revolutionists. The ingredients of the powerful compound and the mode of firing it were the secret of the nihilists alone—and Otto Kampf, the mysterious leader, whose personality was unknown even to the conspirators themselves, directed those constant attempts which held the emperor and his government in such hourly terror.

Rewards without number had been offered by the ministry of the interior for the betrayal and arrest of the unseen man whose power in Russia, yet sneating every class, was greater than that of the emperor himself—at whose word one day the people would rise in a body and destroy their oppressors.

"You are surprised," the old man laughed, noticing my amazement. "Well, you are not one of us. I need not impress upon you the absolutely necessary, for mutual safety's sake, to preserve the secret of my existence. It is because you are not a member of 'The Will of the People' that you have never heard of 'The Red Priest'—red because I wrote my ultimatum to the czar in the blood of one of his victims. Bounded in the fortress of Peter and Paul, and jailed because I preach the gospel of freedom and Justice."

"I shall say nothing," I said, gazing at the strangely striking figure before me—the unknown man who directed the great upheaval that was to revolutionize Russia. "My only desire is to save Mademoiselle Heath."

"Are you prepared to do so at the risk of your own liberty—your own life? Ah! you said you love her. Would not this be a test of your affection?"

"I am prepared for any test, as long as she escapes the trap which her enemies have set for her. I succeeded in saving her from Kajaia, and I intend to save her now."

"Was it you who actually entered Kajaia and snatched her from that hotel?" he exclaimed, and he took my hand enthusiastically adding—"I have no further need to doubt you." And turning to the table he wrote some scrawly of paper, saying, "Take these notebooks there, and place them in a safe place of concealment. Did you ever see for every moment's place you both in more deadly peril. Hide yourself there a while."

I thanked him and left at once.

I found Elma in her room, ready dressed to go out, wearing a long traveling cloak, and to her hand was a small dressing-case. She was pale and anxious, but instantly still I showed her the strip of paper which Otto Kampf had given me with the address written upon it, and then together we hurried forth.

The house to which we drove was, we discovered, a large one facing the Potemkin canal, one of the best quarters of the town, and on descending I asked the liveried decorator for Madame Zoeloff, the name which the "Red Priest" had written.

"You mean the Princess Zoeloff," remarked the man through his red beard. "She shall I say desires to see her?"

"Take that!" I said, handing to him the piece of paper, which bore only the address, here a curious cipher mark like three triangles joined.

He closed the door, leaving us in the hall, situated half the ground floor in which showed us that it was a pretty lavished place, and when a few minutes later he returned, he confirmed we should be taken to a fine apartment, where an elderly gray haired lady in black stood gravely to receive us.

"Allow me to present Mademoiselle Elma Heath, princess," I said, speaking in French and bowing, the lady's words telling her my own name.

Our business without any more in a graceful speech, for I said.

"Mademoiselle, unfortunately, suffers a terrible affliction. She is deaf and dumb."

"Ah, how very sad!" she exclaimed sympathetically. "Poor—poor child!" and she placed her hand tenderly upon Elma's shoulder and looked into her eyes. Then, turning to me, she said, "Is the Red Priest has sent you both to me! You are in danger of arrest, I suppose—you wish me to conceal you here?"

"I would only ask sanctuary for mademoiselle," was my reply. "For myself I must go back to Petersburg, and therefore not a member of the Red Party."

"Well," exclaimed the gray-haired lady, smiling, leading my love across the luxurious room, the atmosphere of which was filled with the scent of flowers, and taking of her cloak with her own hands, "you are safe here, my poor child. If spies have not followed you, then you shall remain my guest as long as you desire."

"I am sure it is very good of you, princess," I said gratefully. "Mademoiselle is the victim of a vile and cowardly conspiracy. When I tell you that she has been affected as she is by her enemies—that an operation performed upon her in Italy has left her she was unconscious—you will readily see in what deadly peril she is."

"What!" she cried. "Have her enemies actually done this? Horrible!"

"She will perhaps tell you of the strange scenes that surrounds her—a mystery which I have not yet been able to solve. She is a Russian subject, although she has been educated in England. Baron Olberg herself, I believe, her worst and most relentless foe."

"Ah! the Stranzler!" she exclaimed with a quick flash in her dark eyes. "But his end is near. The movement of the Helsingfors. At any moment now we may strike our blow for freedom."

"Who is this man Martin Wood, whom she speaks?" asked the princess presently, turning to me.

"I have not him twice—only twice," I replied, "and under strange circumstances. Then, continuing, I told her something concerning the incident of the night before.

"He may be in love with her, and desirous to force her into marriage," she suggested, expressing amazement at the case, for several minutes. "Yes, because I know she holds some secret concerning him, and another because he is engaged to an English girl named Gertrude Leithcourt."

"Leithcourt! Leithcourt!" repeated the princess, knitting her brows with a puzzled frown. "Do you happen to know her given name?"

I gave it, telling the story of the Leithcourts when the long, white-haired, the handsome sailor, were thrown upon and then carried off a man, whose face fell over the collar of his heavy overcoat, and by whom, in an instant I recognized as Otto Kampf.

"I recall a Gertrude Leithcourt, princess, in order to explain to you," he said. "Mademoiselle Gertrude, and the only Russian in Petersburg that the police never suspect. Therefore I would lend her to you, knowing that with your protection she will help her to find her trees."

"It is all arranged," was her high new response. "She will remain with me until it is safe for her to go out of Russia." Then, after some more conversation, during which my well-beloved had made signs of thankfulness and gratitude to the man from and to and of the Russian empire, we left the house, I, as we drove, turning to me, saying:

"I would much like to know what occurred before the Leithcourts left Petersburg."

"The Leithcourts!" exclaimed the gray-haired lady, interpreting. "I know the Leithcourts—and the Kerr family, too, I believe!"

I looked into her eyes in amazement. Her acquaintance could Jack Kerr, of the mathew have with the adventurer? Philip Leithcourt, I knew, had mentioned Jack's name, when I described Jack's end, when I described Jack's end, when I described Jack's end