

# The CZAR'S SPY

The Mystery of a Silent Love  
By Chevalier WILLIAM LE QUEUX  
AUTHOR OF "THE CLOSED BOOK," ETC.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

SYNOPSIS.

Gordon Gregg is called upon in London by Hylton Chater, the yacht owner, and dining with him and his friend, Hylton Chater, accidentally sees a photograph of a young girl. That night the czar's safe is robbed. The police find that Hylton is a fraud and the girl's name a false one. Gregg visits Capt. Jack Burnford, who tells him that Hylton is a fraud and the girl's name a false one. Gregg visits Capt. Jack Burnford, who tells him that Hylton is a fraud and the girl's name a false one. Gregg visits Capt. Jack Burnford, who tells him that Hylton is a fraud and the girl's name a false one.

## CHAPTER X.

### I Show My Hand.

On my return to London next day I made inquiry at the admiralty and learned that the battleship Bulwark was lying at Palermo, therefore I telegraphed to Jack Burnford, and late the same afternoon his reply came at the Cecil:

Due in London twentieth. Dine with me at club that evening—Jack.

The twentieth! That meant nearly a month of inactivity. In that time I could cross to Abo, make inquiries there, and ascertain, perhaps, if Elma Heath were actually dead as Chater had declared.

Two facts struck me as remarkable: Baron Oberg was said to be Polish, while the dark-bearded proprietor of the restaurant in Westbourne Grove was also of the same nationality. Then I recollected that pretty little enameled cross that Mackenzie had found in Rannoch Wood, and it suddenly occurred to me that it might possibly be the miniature of one of the European orders of chivalry. In the club library at midnight I found a copy of Cappelletti's Storia degli Ordini Cavallereschi, the standard work on the subject, and on searching the illustrations I at length discovered a picture of it. It was a Russian order—the coveted Order of Saint Anne, bestowed by the czar only upon persons who have rendered eminent services to the state and to the sovereign. One fact was now certain, namely, that the owner of that tiny cross, the small replica of the fine decoration, must be a person of high official standing.

The autumn days were dull and rainy, and the streets were muddy and unpleasant, as they always are at the fall of the year. Compelled to remain inactive, I idled in the club with the recollection of that pictured face ever before me—the face of the unfortunate girl who wished her last message to be conveyed to Philip Hornby. What, I wondered, was her secret? What was really her fate?

This latter question troubled me until I could bear it no longer. I felt that it was my duty to go to Finland and endeavor to learn something regarding this Baron Oberg and his niece.

Duty—the duty of a man who had learned strange facts and knew that a defenseless woman was a victim—called me. Therefore, with my passport properly vided and my papers all in order, I one night left Hull for Stockholm, whence on the following day I took the small steamer which plies across the Gulf of Bothnia to Korpo, and through the intricate channels and among those low-lying islands to the gray lethargic town of Abo.

It was not the first occasion on which I had trod Russian soil, and I knew too well the annoyances of the bureaucracy. Finland, however, is perhaps the most severely governed of any of the czar's dominions, and I had my first taste of its stern, relentless officialdom at the moment of landing on the half-deserted quay.

In the wooden Passport office the uniformed official, on examining my passport, discovered that at the Russian consulate general they had forgotten to date the visa which had been impressed with a rubber stamp. It was signed by the consul general, but the date was missing, whereupon

the man shook his head and handed back the document curtly, 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 to Stockholm by tonight's boat."

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

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

"I shall not go back!" I declared defiantly. "Your consul general vided my passport, and I claim, under international law, to be allowed to proceed without hindrance."

"The steamer leaves at six o'clock," he remarked without looking up. "If you are in Abo after that remember it will be at your own risk."

"Yes," I said menacingly, "I shall recollect it." And I turned and went out of the little wooden office.

Six o'clock came. I heard the steam siren of the departing boat bound for Sweden, but I was determined to remain there at whatever cost, therefore I returned to the hotel, and at seven dined comfortably in company with a German who had been my fellow-passenger across from Stockholm.

At eight o'clock, however, just as we were idling over dessert, two gray-coated police officers entered and arrested me on the serious charge of landing without a passport.

I accompanied them to the police office, where I was ushered into the presence of the big, bristly Russian who held the town of Abo in terror, the chief of police. The officials which Russia sends into Finland are selected for their harsh discipline and hibebond bureaucracy, and this human machine in uniform was no exception. Had he been the minister of the interior himself, he could not have been more self-opinionated.

"Well?" he snapped, looking up at me as I was placed before him. "Your name is Gordon Gregg, English, from

Stockholm. No passport, and decline to leave even though warned—eh?"

"I have a passport," I said firmly, producing it.

He looked at it, and pointing with his finger, said: "It has no date, and is therefore worthless."

"The fault is not mine, but that of a Russian official. If you wish it to be dated, you may send it to your consulate general in London."

"I shall not," he cried, glaring at me angrily. "And for your insult to the law, I shall commit you to prison for one month. Perhaps you will then learn Russian manners."

"Oh! so you will commit an Englishman to prison for a month, without trial—eh? That's very interesting! Perhaps if you attempt such a thing as that they may have something to say about it in Petersburg."

"You defy me!"

"Perhaps you will kindly tell me who you are?" I asked in as quiet a voice as I could command.

"With pleasure. I am Michael Boranski, chief of police of the province of Abo-Bjornebourg."

"Ah! Well, Michael Boranski," I said, reopening my pocketbook and taking out an open letter, "perhaps you will kindly glance at that. It is in Russian, so you can read it."

He snatched it from me with ill grace, but not without curiosity. And then, as he read the lines, his face changed and he went paler. Raising his head, he stood staring at me open-mouthed in amazement.

"I apologize to your excellency!" he gasped, blanched to the lips. "I most humbly apologize. I—I did not know. You told me nothing!"

"Perhaps you will now kindly give my passport a proper vise."

In an instant he gave it the proper vise, affixing the stamps.

"I trust, excellency," he said, bowing low as he handed it to me, "I trust that this affair will not trouble you further. I assure you I had no intention of insulting you."

He held the letter I had given him gingerly with trembling fingers. And well he might, for it was headed: Minister of the Imperial Household, Palace of Peterhof, St. Petersburg.

The bearer of this is one Gordon Francis Gregg, British subject, whom it is our will and command that he shall be our guest during his journey through our dominion. And we hereby command all Governors of Provinces and minor officials to afford him all the facilities he requires and privileges and immunities as our guest.

Beneath was the sprawling signature of the ruler of one hundred and thirty millions of people, that signature that was all-powerful from the Gulf of Bothnia to the Pacific—"Nicholas."

The document was the one furnished to me a year before when, at the invitation of the Russian government, I had gone on a mission of inquiry into the state of the prisons in order to see, on behalf of the British public, whether things were as black as some writer had painted them.

Sight of it had changed the chief of police from a burly bully into a whining cur, for he saw that he had torn up the passport of a guest of the czar, and the consequence was most serious if I passed it. He begged of me to pardon him, urging all manner of excuses, and humbling himself before me as well as before his two inferiors, who now regarded me with awe.

"I will atone for the insult in any way your high excellency desires," declared the official. "I will serve your excellency in any way he may command."

His words suggested a brilliant idea. I had this man in my power, he feared me.

"Well," I said after some reluctance, "there is a little matter in which you might be of some assistance. If you will, I will reconsider my decision of complaining to Petersburg."

"And what is that, excellency?" he gasped eagerly.

"I desire to know the whereabouts of a young English lady named Elma Heath," I said, and I wrote down the name for him upon a piece of paper.

"Age about twenty, and was at school at Chichester, in England. She is a niece of a certain Baron Oberg."

"Baron Oberg?" he repeated, looking at me rather strangely, I thought.

"Yes, as she is a foreigner she will be registered in your books. She is somewhere in your province, but where I do not know. Tell me where she is, and I will say nothing more about my passport."

"Then your excellency wishes to see the young lady?" he said reflectively, with the paper in his hand.

"In that case, if being commanded by the emperor that I shall serve your excellency, I will have immediate inquiries made," he was answer. "When I discover her whereabouts, I will do myself the pleasure of calling at your excellency's hotel."

And I left the fellow, very satisfied that I had turned his officiousness and hatred of the English to very good account.

On the morning of the third day after my arrival at Abo, while sitting on the hotel veranda reading an old copy of the Paris Journal, man portions of which had been "blacked out" by the censor, the chief of police, in his dark green uniform, entered and saluted before me.

"Your excellency, may I be permitted to speak with you in private?"

"Certainly," I responded, rising and conducting him to my bedroom, where I closed the door, invited him to a seat, and myself sat upon the edge of the bed.

"I have made various inquiries," he said, "and I think I have found the lady, your excellency is seeking. My information, however, must be furnished to you in strictest confidence."

He added, "because there are reasons why I should withhold her whereabouts from you."

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Well—the lady is living in Finland in secret."

"Then she is alive!" I exclaimed quickly. "I thought she was dead."

"To the world she is dead," responded Michael Boranski, stroking his red beard. "For that reason the information I give you must be treated as confidential."

"Why should she be in hiding? She is guilty of no offense—is she?"

The man shrugged his shoulders, but did not reply.

Love as an Educator.

Love is good for anyone. I think it's the most educating thing in the world. If I could, I should insist on everyone falling in love at least three times under thirty; we should have a lot less stupidity and mistakes in the world. Why, you learn diplomacy, tact, sympathy, how to be really happy—for the time, anyway; practical insanity which has done half the great things of the world; poetry, music, human nature—in fact, love.—"Time of Day," by Doris Egerton Jones.

Remove all gristle and fat from meat intended for beef tea. Place these trimmings in a pan with sufficient water to cover them, and add any vegetable to hand cut up small. Allow to simmer, then add the meat from the beef tea. Simmer for four hours, then strain through a hair sieve and pour the liquid into a mold to set. When cold it will be a nourishing jelly, suitable for invalids. The vegetable used must be quite fresh.

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Scotch Broth.

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Whipping Cream Should Be Cold.

Often the housewife finds that the cream she has will not whip. The department's dairy specialist point out that to obtain satisfactory results in whipping cream it should be cold and of the right thickness, containing about 30 per cent or more of butterfat. Ordinary cream, designated as coffee cream by the trade, is altogether too thin to give good results. The whipping cream, as delivered by the milkman, contains 30 to 40 per cent of butterfat. Thoroughly chill the cream before whipping by placing it in a covered bowl on the ice. The whipping process is also aided and hastened by standing the bowl in a pan of ice water.

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It is astonishing how little the average housekeeper knows about ice. Some women seem to think all there is about ice is to have the man put it in the refrigerator. Others, more careful, think to save the ice bill by putting some kind of covering over the ice.

True, the ice does not melt so quickly with the cover, but then again, since it does not melt, it has no cooling effect. Unless ice melts it is useless. The faster it melts the colder the ice-box becomes.

The most important feature of a good refrigerator is ample facility for a free circulation of air when the box is closed. Cool air, being heavier than warm air, sinks. The warm air rises. For this reason the coldest place in the refrigerator is the bottom and not the ice chamber, as so many people think it is, and consequently often put butter or milk directly in the ice.

There must be suitable passages to allow the warm air rising from the things placed in the refrigerator to flow to and over the ice at the top, and for this same air when cooled and purified by the melting ice, to return into the food chamber.

The circulation continues until the temperature is equalized. While this circulation proceeds the ice melts rapidly, but when the temperature is once equalized the ice melts very slowly, that is, if the door fits tight. It will pay in the end to keep the ice compartment well supplied with ice. It should never be less than one-quarter full. The ice melts faster, and with less cooling effect, when the supply is low.

KITCHEN HINTS OF MOMENT

Proper Recipes for the Preservation of Food—Meat When Roasting Should Be Kept Covered.

Everybody does not know that food in general should not be allowed to cool in tin, copper or iron. It must be placed while hot in agate, china or well glazed earthen ware.

Green vegetables should be dropped into boiling water to which a pinch of bicarbonate of soda has been added. Put in salt when the article is half cooked.

If you have covered a pan in which meat is to be roasted never open it to baste the meat. Keep it covered from start to finish. The idea is that the pans are filled with steam, which penetrates the fibers of the meat. If desired to brown the outside leave the cover off for the first half hour in a quick oven.

The shank bones of mutton, of so little general value, if well soaked add to the richness of gravies and soup stock.

When boiling haricot beans or dried limas do not put in the salt until they are nearly cooked, otherwise they are apt to split and come out of their skins. They should be brought to the boiling point, that water poured off and fresh boiling water poured over them.

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AIR NEEDED IN ICE BOX

Provision for Proper Circulation is as Much a Necessity as Supply of Cooling Material.

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The General says: We have built up the biggest Roofing and Building Paper mills in the World by selling materials that last—at reasonable prices. Certain-teed Roofing

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Drink Denison's Coffee. For your health's sake. At a wedding men laugh and women weep—probably because they are not the victims.

Millions of particular women now use and recommend Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers. Adv. Eight-Hour Law in Alaska. Alaska recently adopted an eight-hour law for placer miners and pensioned her aged and indigent prospectors.

SOFT WHITE HANDS. Under Most Conditions If You Use Cuticura. Trial Free. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal. Nothing better or more effective at any price than these fragrant supercreamy emollients. A one-night treatment will test them in the severest forms of red, rough, chapped and sore hands.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address Postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv. American and English Girls. Two groups of people sat in chairs on the liner's deck. In the first, composed of two American girls and a man, the girls did all the talking and the man listened meekly. In the second group, composed of two English girls and a man, the man did all the talking and the girls contributed nothing to the conversation but respectful attention and delighted giggles. Here in we may perceive the difference between English girls and American girls.

If the American woman could see her European sisters in captivity she would have a better appreciation of the freedom which she enjoys and perhaps she wouldn't be quite so bossy with her good-natured, easy-going men folk. Similarly, if the American man could see his European brothers in the thrall of their masters, he would think more of his rights and privileges as a citizen of this republic. He would thank his Maker every night on his knees for his blessings of liberty, which now he regards as a matter of course—if he regards them at all.

One of London's Oldest Women. Mrs.