

The CZAR'S SPY

The Mystery of a Silent Love
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SYNOPSIS.
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Gordon Gregg, dining aboard with Hornby, the yacht Lolo's owner, accidentally saw a torn photograph of a young girl. This fact the woman's sister, the Countess, the police chief and Hornby is a fraud and the Lolo's name a false one. In London Gregg is trapped nearly to his death by a former servant, Olinto. Visiting in Dumfries Gregg meets Muriel Leithcourt, his secret lover, who introduces him as Martin Woodroffe, her father's friend. Gregg sees a copy of the torn photograph on the Lolo and finds that the young girl is Muriel's friend, Woodroffe's daughter. Gregg discovers the body of a murdered woman in Ranshod Wood. The body disappears and in its place is found the body of Olinto. Muriel and Gregg search Ranshod Wood together, and find the body of Arnold, Olinto's wife. When the police go to the wood the body has disappeared. In London Gregg meets Olinto, alive and well. Gregg traces the young girl of the torn photograph, and finds that she is Elma Heath, niece of Baron Oberg, who has taken her to Abo, Finland, and that she holds a secret affecting Woodroffe. On her return to Ranshod Gregg finds the Leithcourts fled from Hyton Charter, who had called there. He goes to Abo, and after a bit with the police chief, is escorted to the place where Elma is imprisoned.

CHAPTER XI.
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The Castle of the Terror.
The big Finn rowed me down the swollen river.

After nearly a mile, the stream again opened out into a broad lake where, in the distance, I saw rising sheer and high from the water, a long square building of three stories, with a tall round tower at one corner—an old medieval castle it seemed to be. From one of the small windows of the tower, as we came into view of it, a light was shining upon the water, and my guide seeing it, grunted in satisfaction. It had undoubtedly been placed there as signal. After waiting five minutes or so, he pulled straight across the lake to the high, dark tower that descended into the water, and my guide seeing it, grunted in satisfaction. It had undoubtedly been placed there as signal. After waiting five minutes or so, he pulled straight across the lake to the high, dark tower that descended into the water, and my guide seeing it, grunted in satisfaction. It had undoubtedly been placed there as signal.

But since the czar appointed Baron Oberg to be governor general—"and she shrugged her shoulders without finishing her sentence."
"Baron Oberg—governor general of Finland!" I gasped.
"Certainly. Did you not know?" she said, dropping into French. "It is four years now that he has held supreme power to crush and Russify this country, poor Finland, a blot upon the face of Europe. His methods are the worst and most unscrupulous of any employed by Russia. Before he came here he was the best hated man in Petersburg, and that, they say, is why the emperor sent him to us."
"Where does this baron live?" I asked, surprised that he should occupy so high a place in Russian officialdom—the representative of the czar, with powers as great as the emperor himself.
"At the Government palace, in Helsingfors."
"And Elma Heath is here—in this grim fortress? Why?"
"Ah, m'sieur, how can I tell? By reason of family secrets, perhaps. They account for so much, you know."
The fact that the baron was ruler of Finland amazed me, for I had half expected him to be some clever adventurer. Yet as the events of the past flashed through my brain, I recollected that in Ranshod Wood had been found the miniature of the Russian Order of Saint Anne, a distinction which, in all probability, had been conferred upon him. If so, the coincidence, to say the least, was a remarkable one. I questioned my companion further regarding the baron.

"Ah, m'sieur," she declared, "they call him 'The Strangler of the Finns.' It was he who ordered the peasants of Kasko to be flogged until four of them died—and the czar gave him the Star of White Eagle for it—he who suppressed half the newspapers and put eighteen editors in prison for publishing a report of a meeting of the Swedes in Helsingfors; he who encourages corruption and bribery among the officials for the furtherance of Russian interests; he who has ordered Russian to be the official language, who has restricted public education, who has overtaxed and ground down the people until now the mine is laid, and Finland is ready for open revolt. The prisons are filled with the innocent; women are flogged; the poor are starving; and 'The Strangler,' as they call him, reports to the czar that Finland is submissive and is Russified!"
I had heard something of this abominable state of affairs from time to time from the English press, but had never taken notice of the name of the oppressor. So the uncle of Elma Heath was "The Strangler of Finland," the man who, in four years, had reduced a prosperous country to a state of ruin and revolt!
"Cannot I see her at once?" I asked, feeling that he had remained too long there. If my presence in that place was perilous the sooner I escaped from it the better.
"Yes, come," she said. "But silence! Walk softly, and holding up the old brass lantern to give me light, she led me out into the low stone corridor again, conducting me through a number of intricate passages, all bare and gloomy, the stones worn hollow by the feet of ages, into a small, square chamber, the floor of which was carpeted, and where, suspended high above, was a lamp that shed but a faint light over the barely-furnished place. Beyond was another smaller room into which the old nun disappeared for a moment; then she came forth leading a strange woman little figure in a gray gown, a figure whose face was the most perfect and most lovely I had ever seen. Her weight of chestnut hair fell disheveled about her shoulders, and as her hands were clasped before her she looked straight at me in surprise as she was led towards me.
She walked but feebly, and her countenance was deathly pale. Her dress, as she came beneath the lamp, was, I saw, coarse, yet clean, and her beautiful, regular features, which in her photograph had held me in such fascination, were even more sweet and more matchless than I had believed them to be. I stood before her dumfounded in admiration.
In silence she bowed gracefully, and then looked at me with astonishment, apparently wondering what I, a perfect stranger, required of her.
"Miss Elma Heath, I presume?" I exclaimed at last. "May I introduce myself to you? My name is Gordon Gregg, English by birth, cosmopolitan by instinct. I have come here to ask you a question—a question that concerns myself. Lydia Moreton has sent me to you."

I noticed that her great brown eyes watched my lips and not my face. Her own lips moved, but she looked at me with an inexpressible sadness. No sound escaped her.
I stood rigid before her as one turned to stone, for in that instant, in a flash indeed, I realized the awful truth.
She was both deaf and dumb!
She raised her clasped hands to me in silence, yet with tears welling in her splendid eyes. I saw that upon her wrists were a pair of bright steel gyves.
"What is this place?" I demanded of the woman in the religious habit, when I recovered from the shock of the poor girl's terrible affliction.
"Where am I?"
"This is the Castle of Kajana—the criminal lunatic asylum of Finland," was her answer. "The prisoner, as you see, has lost both speech and hearing."
"Deaf and dumb!" I cried, looking at the beautiful original of that destroyed photograph on board the Lolo. "But she has not always been so!"
"No. I think not always," replied the sister quietly.
"But she can write responses to my questions?"
"Alas! no," was the old woman's whispered reply. "Her mind is affected. She is, unfortunately, a hopeless lunatic."
I looked straight into those sad, wide-open, yet unflinching brown eyes utterly confounded.
Those white wrists held in steel, that pale face and blanched lips, the inertness of her movements, all told their own tragic tale. And yet that letter I had read, dictated in secret most probably because her hands were not free, was certainly not the outpourings of a madwoman. She had spoken of death, it was true, yet it had not to be supposed that she was slowly being driven to suicide? She had kept her secret, and she wished the man Hornby—the man who was to marry Muriel Leithcourt—to know.
The room in which we stood was evidently an apartment set apart for her use, for beyond was the tiny bedchamber; yet the small, high-up window was closely barred, and the cold bareness of the prison was sufficient indeed to cause anyone confined there to prefer death to captivity.
Again I spoke to her slowly and kindly, but there was no response. That she was absolutely dumb was only too apparent. Yet surely she had not always been so! I had gone in search of her because the beauty of her portrait had magnetized me, and I had now found her to be even more lovely than her picture, yet, alas! suffering from an affliction that rendered her life a tragedy. The realization of the terrible truth staggered me. Such a perfect face as hers I had never before set eyes upon, so beautiful, so clear-cut, so refined, so eminently the countenance of one well-born, and yet so ineffably sad, so full of blank unutterable despair.
She placed her clasped hands to her mouth and made signs by shaking her head that she could neither understand nor respond. I took my wallet from my pocket and wrote upon a piece of paper in a large hand the words: "I come from Lydia Moreton. My name is Gordon Gregg."
When her eager gaze fell upon the words she became instantly filled with

excitement, and nodded quickly. Then holding her steel-clasped wrists towards me she looked wistfully at me, as though imploring me to release her from the awful bondage in that silent tomb.
"Though the woman who had led me there endeavored to prevent it, I handed her the pencil, and placed the paper on the table for her to write.
The nun tried to snatch it up, but I held her arm gently and forcibly, saying in French:
"No. I wish to see if she is really insane. You will at least allow me this satisfaction."
And while we were in altercation, Elma, with the pencil in her fingers, tried to write, but by reason of her hands being bound so closely was unable. At length, however, after several attempts, she succeeded in printing in uneven capitals the response:
"I know you. You were on the yacht. I thought they killed you."
The thin-faced old woman saw her response—a reply that was surely rational enough—and her brows contracted with displeasure.
"Why are you here?" I wrote, not allowing the sister to get sight of my question.
In response, she wrote painfully and laboriously:
"I am condemned for a crime I did not commit. Take me from here, or I shall kill myself."
"Ah!" I exclaimed the old woman.
"You see, poor girl, she believes herself innocent! They all do."
"But why is she here?" I demanded fiercely.
"I do not know, m'sieur. It is not my duty to inquire the history of their crimes. When they are ill I nurse them, that is all."
"And who is the commandant of this fortress?"
"Colonel Smirnoff. If he knew that I had admitted you, he would never leave this place alive. This is the Schusselburg of Finland—the place of imprisonment for those who have conspired against the state."
"The prison of political conspirators, eh?"
"Alas, m'sieur, yes! The place in which some of the poor creatures are tortured in order to obtain confessions and information with as much cruelty as in the black days of the Inquisition. These walls are thick, and their cries are not heard from the oubliettes below the lake."
I had long ago heard of the horrors of Schusselburg. Indeed who has not heard of them who has traveled in Russia? The very mention of the modern bastille on Lake Ladoga, where no prisoner has ever been known to come forth alive, is sufficient to cause any Russian to turn pale. And I was in the Schusselburg of Finland!

I turned over the sheet of paper and wrote the question: "Did Baron Oberg send you here?"
In response, she printed the words: "I believe so. I was arrested in Helsingfors. Tell Lydia where I am."
"Do you know Muriel Leithcourt?" I inquired by the same means, whereupon she replied that they were at school together.
"Did you see me on board the Lolo?" I wrote.
"Yes, but I could not warn you, although I had overheard their intentions. They took me ashore when you had gone, to Siena. After three days I found myself deaf and dumb—I was made so."



She Raised Her Clasped Hands to Me in Silence.

Who did it?"
"A doctor, I suppose. People who said they were my friends put me under chloroform."
I turned to the woman in the religious habit, and cried: "A shameful mutilation has been committed upon this poor defenseless girl! And I will make it my duty to discover and punish the perpetrators of it."
"Ah, m'sieur. Do not act rashly, I pray of you," the woman said seriously, placing her hand upon my arm. "Recollect you are in Finland—where the Baron Oberg is all-powerful."
"I do not fear the Baron Oberg," I exclaimed. "If necessary, I will appeal to the czar himself. Mademoiselle is kept here for the reason that she is in possession of some secret. She must be released—I will take the responsibility."
"But you must try to release her from here. It would mean death to you both. The Castle of Kajana tells no secrets of those who die within its walls, or of those cast headlong into its waters and forgotten."
Again I turned to Elma, who stood in anxious wonder of the subject of our conversation, and had suddenly taken the old nun's hand and kissed it affectionately, perhaps in order to show me that she trusted her.
Then upon the paper I wrote: "Is the Baron Oberg your uncle?"
She shook her head in the negative, showing that the dreaded governor general of Finland had only acted a part towards her in which she had been compelled to concur.
"Who is Philip Hornby?" I inquired, writing rapidly.
"My friend—at least, I believe so."
"Friend! And I had all along believed him to be an adventurer and an enemy!"

"Why did you go to Leghorn?" I asked.
"For a secret purpose. There was a plot to kill you, only I managed to thwart them," were the words she printed with much labor.
"Then I owe my life to you," I wrote. "And in return I will do my utmost to rescue you from here, if you do not fear to place yourself in my hands."
And to this she replied: "I shall be thankful, for I cannot bear this awful place longer. I believe they must torture the women here. They will torture me some day. Do your best to get me out of here and I will tell you everything. But," she wrote, "I fear you can never secure my release. I am confined here on a life sentence."
"But you are English, and if you have had no trial I can complain to our ambassador."
"No, I am a Russian subject. I was born in Russia, and went to England when I was a girl."
That altered the case entirely. As a subject of the czar in her own country she was amenable to that disgraceful blot upon civilization that allows a person to be consigned to prison at the will of a high official, without trial or without being afforded any opportunity of appeal. I therefore at once saw a difficulty.
Yet she promised to tell me the truth if I could but secure her release!
Could I allow this refined defenseless girl to remain an inmate of that bastille, the terrors of which I had heard men in Russia hint at with bated breath? They had willfully maimed her and deprived her of both hearing and the power of speech, and now they intended that she should be driven mad by that silence and loneliness that must always end in insanity.
"I have decided," I said suddenly, turning to the woman who had conducted me there, and having now removed the steel bonds of the prisoner with a key she secretly carried, stood with folded hands in the calm attitude of the religiousse.
"You will not act with rashness?" she implored in quick apprehension. "Remember, your life is at stake, as well as my own."
"Her enemies intended that I, too, should die!" I answered, looking straight into those deep mysterious brown eyes which held me as beneath a spell. "They have drawn her into their power because she had no means of defense. The man is awaiting me in the boat outside. I intend to take her with me."
"But, m'sieur, why that is impossible!" cried the old woman in a hoarse voice. "If you were discovered by the guards who patrol the lake both night and day they would shoot you both."
"I will risk it," I said, and linking my arm in that of the woman whose lovely countenance had very become the sun of my existence, I made a sign, inviting her to accompany me.
The sister barred the door, urging me to reconsider my decision, but I waved her aside.
Elma recognized my intentions in a moment, and allowed herself to be conducted down the long intricate corridor, walking stealthily, and as we crept along on tiptoe I felt the girl's grip upon my arm, a grip that told me that she placed her faith in me as her deliverer.
Without a sound we crept forward until within a few yards from that unlocked door where the boat awaited us below, when, of a sudden, the uncertain light of the lantern fell upon something that shone and a deep voice cried out of the darkness in Russian: "Halt! or I fire!"
And, startled, we found ourselves looking down the muzzle of a loaded carbine.
A huge sentry stood with his back to the secret exit, his dark eyes shining beneath his peaked cap, as he held his weapon to his shoulder within six feet of us.
"Speak!" cried the fellow. "Who are you?"
At a glance I took in the peril of the situation, and without a second's hesitation made a dive for the man beneath his weapon. He lowered it, but it was too late, for I gripped him around the waist, rendering his gun useless. It was the work of an instant, for I knew that to close with him was my only chance.

GO SLOW IN FEEDING NEW CORN TO HOGS
Healthy, Vigorous Bunch of Hogs.

With new corn the greatest danger is in overfeeding. Farmers who have old corn left over who will take the trouble to mix it with the new, can feed the new crop to very good advantage because the greedy stuff is greatly relished by the pigs and it adds to the palatability of the old corn.
But it is a mistake to start hogs on new corn alone and all well informed feeders know that it takes more grain and longer time to make fat hogs from new than from old corn.
Another thing: It is believed by many hog raisers that heavy feeding with new corn produces cholera. While this is not likely, it is almost certain to produce disturbance of the digestive organs and prevent that steady laying on of fat which is the aim of all feeders.
We all know that corn is the most fattening feed that can be used but many of us have not yet learned that constant and heavy feeding of this grain alone produces serious trouble and does not make as good pork as when fed judiciously with other kinds of food.
When a hog is stuffed with corn and nothing else, he soon becomes overfatted and his growth stops, simply because he does not get the proper material in his food to make bone and muscle and his fat is piled on a small, weak frame.
A corn-fat hog is also deficient in rich blood, lacks stamina and is in a poor condition to resist any disease that is liable to attack him under such condition. It is all right to crowd pigs from birth to maturity provided they are crowded with growth as well as fat.
The first two months must be spent in building up a frame work and constitution which will carry a load of fat which is to be put on during the close of the feeding period.
The wise feeder does not figure so much on the amount of fat he can put on his hogs as he does on how quickly and cheaply he can prepare them for market and how much profit he can make during the feeding period.
The farmer who has a hundred acres of corn and no clover pasture or alfalfa is not in a good position as regards hog feeding. Clover, alfalfa, wheat bran, pumpkins and skim milk are all necessary to the proper feeding of hogs from the time they are pigs to the time they are sent to market. If a man has no sensible knowledge of balanced rations, he can, if he is a close observer and possessed of common sense, generally tell when his hogs are making the right kind of growth.
If he observes his hogs becoming chubby with rolls of fat, skin pale, showing anemic conditions, listless and lacking in snap and vigor, he will know that they are getting too much corn and will change or vary his ration to overcome these unfavorable conditions.

DESTROY WHITE FLY ON TOMATO PLANTS
Department of Agriculture Recommends Fumigation With Hydrocyanic Gas.

For white fly on tomatoes the experts of the department of agriculture recommend fumigation with hydrocyanic acid gas. Special care is necessary for the use of this poisonous gas, however, and in some cases it is undesirable or impractical. In such cases an all-night fumigation with a tobacco extract is recommended. This should be followed the next day by a syringing with whale oil soap or its equivalent. The best brand of whale oil soap, used in the proportion of one to one and one-half ounces per gallon of water, have been found to destroy all of the white flies except the eggs, a small percentage of the nearly mature pupae, and from 25 to 50 per cent of the adults which escape the spray by flying from the plants. It is not advisable to syringe tomato plants in greenhouses at any time, when avoidable, as syringing interferes with pollination and produces a damp atmosphere which promotes rot, but the injury by syringing may be as nothing compared with that which is caused daily by the insects.

MAKE PROFIT WITH SHEEP ON ANY FARM
Properly Cared For, They Have Fewer Ailments Than Any Other Farm Animal.

For the man who has rough or poor land with short pastures, sheep are much more profitable than cattle.
On a farm of 100 acres or over, it pays much better to sell sheep as mutton instead of stock for other people to fatten.
Sheep should be graded according to size, putting the prime ones in a lot to be fed by themselves, and if you are determined to keep the poor ones put them in a different lot and do the best you can with them. Better sell them, though.
If your ewes drop their lambs and these are in need of attention which their mother cannot give them, dilute cows' milk with about one-third water.
There is nothing better for sheep than clover, except possibly alfalfa. Some farmers say they do not keep sheep because they are subject to disease, which is a great mistake; because properly cared for sheep have fewer ailments than any other farm animal.
No animal on the farm is so dainty as the sheep when it comes to drinking water. It must be clean before the sheep will touch it.
If you have had no experience with sheep do not buy a ram on your own judgment, but get some man who owns sheep to buy it for you. And don't be stingy in the matter of price.
The big fairs are great object lessons which the farmer who tries to keep up with the times cannot afford to miss.
If you intend to go into the sheep business better go to the state fair this fall.

HARNESS OILING IS JOB FOR RAINY DAY
Little Use in All Kinds of Weather Works a Great Change in Flexibility.

Harness oiling is a rainy day job on the farm and a regular part of the stable work in the city.
It's a vitally necessary part, too. There's no trouble about spoiling a harness—the question with the horse owners is how not to spoil harness.
A very little use in all kinds of weathers works a great change in the flexibility and "snappiness" of harness leather. It gets hard, dry, lifeless—crossed and recrossed with little checks which eat into the leather and soon bring it to the breaking point.
Every man who owns or drives a horse knows that the preventive and cure is oiling.
Up-to-Date Dairying.
A visit to a first-class dairy farm in these days will show how every modern invention is seized upon and applied to expedite the business of caring for the animals and milk. The stables are almost as cleanly as parlors while everything is carried on so systematically and methodically that there is a great contrast between the methods of today and the olden time.

CHICKEN DRIVER IS NOT HARD TO MAKE
Simple Palm Leaf Fan Wired to Long Stick Will Prove Entirely Satisfactory.

Not very easy to drive young chickens where they don't want to go. "Shooting" with the apron or throwing the arms only serves to frighten them, and rarely accomplishes the object desired.
A simple palm leaf fan wired to a long stick, used gently, the young chicks may be guided in any direction, and are never frightened.
This device is especially good for the purpose of driving ducks, as they are extremely nervous and easily frightened.
Good Place for Calves.
The little calves should have a yard with some trees in it. Make this yard large enough so that the grass will grow on it. A dusty road is not good for little calves, especially during fly time. Have a shady, green pasture of good size. The flies will not bother calves so much in a pasture of this kind.
Harbor No Scrubs.
If you have not already done so, determine to harbor no scrub males on the farm another year.

OZONE JAG IS THE LATEST
Bracing Air of the Mountains Is Now Carried into Stuffing Offices and Factories.

An ozone jag! One of the newest things, I assure you, and right on the heels of the departing jag that came by way of a morning bracer: an evening cocktail.
The ozone jag is meant to carry the air of a mountain top to your stuffy office or your still stuffer factory and workshop. Instead of having to sneak out when nobody is watching, to get your accustomed stimulant over the bar, this ozone stimulant is handed around gratis by the boss himself.
Whenever introduced, everybody, from the office boy and typewriter to the head of the establishment, indulges in this new air beverage, which is warranted to make the palest cheek glow like a Gloucester fisherman's and create an appetite that will carry distress to the heart of the stoutest boarding-house mistress.
The ozone is turned loose where all may breathe it. "What is the actual defect?" I inquired of a Philadelphia

manufacturer who has really witnessed the results of wholesale ozone jags. "Makes all hands work faster and yet grow fat," was the reply.
The latter result will make it unpopular in spots, but ought to encourage its sale to persons of the Comstock type. Factories in this town are really trying this plan to introduce more ozone by artificial means. Physicians tell me that even in large quantities it will do no harm, but will make the blood tingle as if a mild alcoholic stimulant had been administered.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Famous Bridge Builder.
Gustav Lindenthal, who is building the Hell Gate bridge at New York, the greatest structure of the kind in the world, which will have a length of three and one-half miles, is an Austrian by birth. He received his technical education at Brunn and Vienna, and before coming to this country in 1874 he had had considerable practical experience in railroad building. His first work in the United States was as an assistant engineer on the force constructing the Centennial exhibition buildings. He became a citizen and

looked up railroad building. Some of the greatest bridges which he has built span the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, though he has also spanned the Mississippi and other streams. Though famed as a bridge builder he prefers to be known as a man who has had more to do with laying out railroad routes.

Hot Story.
A contributor to the China Herald, telling of experiences during a summer trip into the desert, narrates that while he watched a lizard run across a sun-baked open strip of sand, it disappeared in a puff of vapor. The intense heat of the sand had turned the moisture of its body into steam, the pressure of which rose so high that the little creature was blown into bits so minute that no trace of it was afterward to be found. In backing up his statement, he quotes an old prospector's allegation that in Death valley, during the heat of the day, water poured from a canteen will not reach the ground, being turned into steam as fast as it leaves the mouth of the canteen. Can you beat it?—Engineering and Mining Journal.

Most Healthful Form of Exercise Has Become a Popular Fad Among All Classes.
Walking has taken a hold on popular fancy as a sport, pastime, recreation and form of exercise. Walking has been urged upon the people by men and women interested in public health, by physical culture enthusiasts, by nature students and by the press. Every person converted to walking has become a missionary, and unusually with all the spirit of a convert. The walking habit, which is being contracted by an increasing number of persons yearly, is a relatively new habit.
In those days usually referred to glowingly and somewhat indefinitely as the "good old times," walking was not practiced as a pleasure, but only as a necessity, and as a necessity it was avoided wherever possible. The average person did not move around much unless with the aid of a horse or a horse and trap. There was not much going to and fro on foot. Walking was apt to be considered as a sign

of poverty or as evidence of dementia on the other side of this question it may be said that in the olden time more men got their exercise in the open by their daily work than now.
Cities were small, and men were generally not called on to walk long distances. The cab or the omnibus came into operation on the city thoroughfare, then the horse car, the cable and the electric car. Now the automobile is here. The ratio of indoor to outdoor workers increased and the means and opportunities for moving from place to place without much physical exertion multiplied.
Paper Covers a Protection.
Undeniably, paper covers are of some aid in preserving the fresh appearance of books, but neither the appearance nor the feeling of a covered book is agreeable. Still, for those who have no objection to them, covers are a good thing. Nothing is better than ordinary brown paper, except in some unusual cases, as, for example, the book which, as every good housekeeper knows, should be covered with alcohol.