

The Castle of Lies

BY ARTHUR HENRY VORSEY

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.
"If you were asking that service of Ernest Haddon it is possible that he might do it. But if you are asking Ernest Haddon to stoop to dishonor—to masquerade in a character to which he has no right—"

"Ernest Haddon will still do that service."

We faced each other. Our eyes met in defiance. Will beat against will; an aggressive purpose against stubborn resistance. Again I saw those beautiful lips curve in a cruel smile; the eyes burn with a baneful light.

Was she so confident of her prey? Did she think that I should fall so easy a victim to her basilisk smile? If so, she erred woefully. Her beauty left me absolutely unmoved. Rather it repelled. The savage nature of the tigress showed too plainly in that instant.

"But at least you will listen to my plan?"

"Yes," I replied slowly, gazing thoughtfully at the flickering logs, "I will listen to your plan. Like yourself, I have gone too far to retreat. But remember, when you have told me all, the armed truce may be followed by open warfare."

"Do you always give warning to your victims before you trap them?" she demanded, both contemptuous and curious.

"When I am a guest at their houses, madam."

The door opened. Dr. Starva shuffled stealthily into the room. She met his distrustful glance with perfect sangfroid.

"And our visitor, this brave Captain Forbes?" she demanded lightly. "Is he as persistent as at Vitzna?"

"Bah, he annoys me, this brave captain," sneered Starva. "He comes again to ask foolish questions. But I answer him; yes, I answer him this time. For tonight, at least, we shall have peace."

Not without trepidation I thought of the shuffling feet and the shout. Dr. Starva, when crossed, would not be nice in surmounting an obstacle. Either he thought me beneath contempt or a great fool. I could have wished that I were armed in this Castle of Happiness. A few hours ago the atmosphere of the Middle Ages had clung to it and had enchanted me. But if its inmates resorted to the violent methods of that period I might be less fascinated.

Dr. Starva again seated himself at his instrument. Madame de Varnier accompanied him as if nothing unusual had happened.

I looked thoughtfully at this dangerous couple. The morrow promised much. The three of us were at cross-purposes. Each was playing his desperate game. Which of us was to conquer?"

It was not long before the little concert came to an end. The enthusiasm of Dr. Starva was not proof against the emotions of the past hour. Candles were rung for. I bade them both a quiet good night, and followed the lackey who preceded me to my chamber.

I welcomed the hours of sleep. Tomorrow my nerves would need to be steady. But the surprises of the day were to be followed by still another.

On my pillow was a folded piece of paper. It was a message; I could not doubt that. But when I had read it I was completely mystified in two particulars:

Who had placed the message on my pillow?
Did the sender really believe that I was Sir Mortimer?

"If Sir Mortimer Brett will call at the Grand hotel to-morrow at ten for Mr. Robinson Locke, Sir Mortimer will receive news of importance."
That was the message.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Mysterious Signal.

So Locke, as well as Forbes, had traced us to Alterhofen! Was their arrival here, so soon after ourselves, merely a coincidence? Or could they have traveled together? Locke had certainly given me to understand that he had never seen Sir Mortimer or his mother and sister. Nor had I reason to suppose that he knew the king's messenger—at least two days ago.

If it were true that he had met none of these people previous to my leaving Lucerne, it is true that he did not know them even now—what could have brought Locke hither?

One of three things might have happened.

Locke may have been keeping a vigilant watch on the movements of the Countess Sarahoff.

Captain Forbes might have traced us here yesterday and have joined forces with Locke.

Or Locke may have been watching me, rather than Madame de Varnier, and have posted after me, rather than after herself and her companion.

It required little imagination to reason out the affair.

Two days ago he had seen me conversing on apparently intimate terms with the Countess Sarahoff, a notorious adventuress. He came to my hotel to warn me against her; I had received his warnings lightly enough. That very evening I dined with the woman; I took the boat for Vitzna, and I was not in her company, in the company of Dr. Starva, whom she must have often seen with her at Lucerne. The knowledge of these facts would bring him to the scene at Vitzna.

And then? The most startling discoveries might be his.

Say that he had actually traced me as far as Vitzna. He would have made inquiries yesterday for Ernest Haddon. From whom else could he make these inquiries but the con-

clerge? And he would learn—what? The mysterious secret that it was not really Ernest Haddon who had come to the hotel, but Sir Mortimer Brett, passing under the name of Ernest Haddon. Yes; the conclave would tell him the truth, according to his lights. An old newspaper man like Locke would be satisfied with no vague evasions.

If Locke, then, had made certain that I had entered the hotel the evening before, that I had occupied the suite of Sir Mortimer Brett, the truth would flash on him. He would then be forced to one or two conclusions: either that I was a great fool to be so gullible a victim, or that I was a much more cunning rogue than he had thought.

But the note I had found so strangely on my pillow had given no inkling of his suspicions, if he had any. That was to be expected. If Sir Mortimer, or rather myself, failed to keep the appointment, he would draw his own conclusions. And having drawn them, what would be his course of action?

He would storm the chateau for the truth. If, as seemed most likely, he had joined forces with Captain Forbes, he would realize the need of immediate action.

What with interviews between myself and Madame de Varnier, Locke, and Forbes, the day promised to be exciting. There might, I thought with infinite dread, be yet another interview. For if Forbes and Locke had succeeded in tracing us to Alterhofen why should not Helena Brett and her mother?

I looked at my watch. I had slept soundly, lulled to sleep by the tempt-

read curiously. I turned to Sir Mortimer Brett.

"Sir Mortimer Brett, K.G.M.G.; C.B.; M.A., All Souls College, Oxford, 1879. Competitive examination and clerk of F. O., May 31, 1880. 3d Sec. Mad., 1883. Precis Writer to the late Marquis of Salisbury. Sec. State for Foreign Affairs, 1886. Transferred St. Petersburg, 2d Sec., 1888. Allowance for knowledge of Russian, May, 1887. Charge d'affaires, Jan., 1888. Transferred Constantinople. Allowance for Turkish granted. Consul General, 1902."

I read the list of Sir Mortimer's honors with a strange catching of the breath. His progress in his profession had been extraordinary. That he was a zealous and ambitious diplomat was proven by the one fact that twice his salary had been increased because he had mastered two of the most difficult languages in the world. That fact also proved that he owed his promotion not so much to influence at Court as to his own determination. He was a student as well as a diplomatist. It gave me a distinct shock that such a man should be so weak as to succumb to the beauty of a clever adventuress.

Again I read at random: "The flag to be used by His Majesty's Diplomatic Servants, whether on shore or embarked on boats or other vessels, is the Union, with the Royal Arms in the center thereof, surrounded by a green garland—"

My eyes skipped down the page. The uniform of the consul general was fully described. The cocked hat was to be without binding—the fan or back part eleven inches, the cockade plain bullion-gold tassels, edging of black ostrich feather—I skipped that, too. I was not interested in millinery. But presently my eye wandered to this paragraph. I began to read it not without uneasiness:

"Official Act of Parliament to prevent a Disclosure of Documents and Information: Any person found guilty of a breach of official trust; of purloining or obtaining under false pretenses papers of State, and found guilty of the same, shall be convicted of high treason. Any person interfering with His Majesty's Diplomatic Servants in their official business, either by the giving of false information, the assuming of any of their prerogatives or rights—"

mysterious cry was no longer repeated.

Puzzled, I stood at the window, leaning far out, but I could discover sign of no person at such of the windows as I could command. My glance fell idly to the woman sunning herself on the opposite bank. And as I looked, a tiny shaft of light arrested my attention.

It was scarcely larger than my hand, but it seemed endowed with elfish intelligence. For it moved, it danced. And always in the direction of the woman with the parasol.

Now it crawled slowly along the graveled walk in a direct line from the river bank toward her. Now it burned, a shining mark, motionless. Then it darted about in circles, and always close to the woman as if to engage her attention. A minute, five minutes passed, while I watched the eccentric gyrations of this extraordinarily intelligent shaft of light. Over and over its antics were repeated.

The woman's parasol was tilted carelessly back for a moment. The narrow beam of light seized its opportunity. It played fantastically on the dress of the woman. Now at last she had seen it. It flashed upward toward her face. She looked about vaguely, then toward the chateau walls. Now I had seen her face.

It struck my forehead, impatient at my stupidity. It was Captain Forbes who had shouted. He had seen Helena Brett; he had vainly attempted to make her hear. But the roaring river had drowned his cry. That I had heard it, proved that he was nearer to me than he. Yes; in this chateau, and a prisoner.

Every schoolboy knows the trick. The reflection of the sun's rays on a mirror will carry a tolerable distance.

But now that he had attracted her attention, would she look up and see him? If by chance that were possible, would she understand?

Fascinated, I saw the little beam of light tilt its story eloquently and ingeniously.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Startling Message.

She had looked up, only to be blinded by the dancing flame. She held her hands before her eyes. The flame persistently annoyed her. She moved from her seat. I pursued her.

Again she looked up; and even from this height I could see that she was frowning in her anger and annoyance.

She seated herself at another bench. But she could not shake off her tormentor. It no longer beat on her face and person; it moved steadily toward her, then traveled along the path of the promenade; trespassed into the garden of a cottage; shot by the cottage itself; halted at a huge wooden signboard, on which was inscribed a long advertisement in French proclaiming the exalted merits of a Swiss chocolate.

It zigzagged tremulously across the signboard. It paused at a capital letter I.

Helena had watched it curiously until it disappeared into the garden. Then she had lost interest in its movements, and had once more scanned anxiously the chateau opposite.

Patiently and persistently the little beam of light repeated its antics. Again it moved, swiftly this time, to the signboard. And now she turned in her seat and watched it until it again paused at the letter I.

Twice the mirror was flashed on the billboard; twice it passed at the letter I. It disappeared, to reappear at A. From A it darted swiftly to M. Another pause and again it vanished. Once more it pointed to A; once more it vanished.

When it climbed the signboard again, it wandered vaguely about as if seeking a letter. After some hesitation the mirror's reflection fell on P. Thence it shot to R. Again it hesitated, but it last settled on I. Once more it selected S. Thence in quick succession came O, N, E, R.

"I AM A PRISONER," it had spelled.

But while Helena and I were still staring at the board, the shaft of light darted in feverish haste from letter to letter until it had spelled another word:

"FOR-B-E-S."

The king's messenger had been an English officer, and one of the first military duties a boy learns at Sandhurst or Woolwich is heliographing. When, therefore, Captain Forbes had seen Helena across the river and had realized the futility of his shouting, being a man of wit and resource he had told of the imprisonment in this happy method.

He had flashed his message successfully. Helena understood. She looked upward toward the chateau, nodded excitedly, and again eagerly watched the signboard. She was not to be disappointed. The message was not quite complete. These two words were added:

"GET H-E-L-P."

Helena made a gesture of comprehension, and walked rapidly in the direction of the village.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Now Dive for Sponges

Old System of Hooking Abandoned on Florida Coast.

The practicability of the method now being employed extensively in the sponge industry in procuring this product, says the Tarpon Springs (Fla.) News, is no longer in doubt, and a large percentage of the Tarpon Springs vessels are changing from the old method of hooking to the new one of diving, and in order to successfully accomplish desired results with the diving method it was thought necessary to employ Greeks, who are accustomed to the work, as it seemed doubtful whether many of those who have followed the hooking process would care to don the helmet and leaden shoes and pull sponge with from 30 to 60 feet of water overhead. But recent experiments by a few have demonstrated that a little practice and confidence, together

with a good physical condition, are all that is needed to become a diver. Already a number of our native spongers have become proficient in this line, and the probabilities are that in the near future a large percentage of the catch will be obtained in this manner.

Mistaken Grief.
"Alexander wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer," said the hero worshipper.

"Yes," answered the skeptic, "but in so doing he did not display great valor so much as a limited knowledge of geography."

Secret of Jewish Success.
Isaac Seligman, the well-known New York banker and philanthropist, was asked several days ago why Jews invariably succeed, and his reply was: "My people keep their heads, work hard and spend their spare time in their homes."

TO CLEAN THE KETTLE.

Pumice or Manicure Stone is the Proper Agent to Employ.

Every housewife knows what a trouble it is to get burnt kettles clean; and cleanly, fastidious women realize how almost impossible it is to have clean food on account of the slovenly way most servants "wash" kettles. When food has burnt on the bottom of kettles it will not "wash" off, but it will soak up soapsuds, and grease, etc., and that dried and again soaked out and into the next food cooked in the vessel is not exactly delightful in flavor and certainly is far from healthful. The housewife who really has the good of her family at heart should insist on sanitary dishes, as well as sanitary plumbing.

How to get it? Procure a bit of pumice stone—manicure stone from a drug store is best, but a rough stone from a marble yard will do. Rub the inside of all kettles and frying pans thoroughly with it; then wash, and it will take less time to clean them so than usually is spent in scraping, which according to usual methods takes off about half, and leaves half of the undesirable hardened food to be cooked up in the next dish.

HINTS ON BOILING RICE.

Nutritious and Appetizing Dish Should Be Given Care.

A hint on boiling rice: Put a tablespoonful of butter in rice while cooking. Time to cook, one hour. Take one teacup unbroken rice, pick out all broken grains and wash in cold water, pouring off the water several times to get rid of loose starch: Put the rice into the upper part of a granite double boiler, measure over it three cups cold water and one level teaspoon salt. Set the boiler with rice and cold water directly over the hottest part of the range, having a good fire, so that it may boil quickly, stirring the rice every few minutes to keep it from sticking to the bottom and burning. Let the rice boil rapidly for 15 or 20 minutes or until the water is about to be absorbed, then stir in one tablespoonful rounding of good butter and set the pot in lower half of double boiler, with enough boiling water in it so it will not spatter on the range. Set where the water will keep boiling for another 20 minutes. The rice will be white, fluffy and each grain separate. It will taste good, for all the nutriment is in it, and everybody will ask for more.

Try This Meat Pie.

A new meat pie appeared on a certain dinner table the other night which staggered even the man of the house, who is past authority on epicurean dishes. As a rule, in that household the meat pie is made of left overs from former meals, but this one contained an entirely unknown filling. Not until a piece of green meat was discovered did the truth begin to dawn. Some weeks before, in a raid on a wholesale grocery of which he has the entrée, he discovered some canned Mexican turtle meat, had several tins sent home and speedily forgot them. But his wife, in looking over the assortment, accumulated from similar trips, discovered them, and the pie was the result of her quandary as to the use to put them to. Turtle never served a tastier purpose, according to the guests at the table that night.

Meat Pie with Tomatoes.

Use about a pound of meat, left from a roast, or fresh meat (beef is best); cut in chunks and boil until tender; season with salt and pepper. Boil meat down until enough broth is left to moisten meat well; thicken with flour as for stew. One-half hour before meat is done put in a good-sized onion, sliced. Cook one-half can of tomatoes seasoned with salt, butter, and a pinch of red pepper. Put meat in two quart basin, then the tomatoes. Have ready a rich biscuit made of one and one-half small coffee cups of flour, one heaping spoon baking powder mixed well with flour, one heaping tablespoon of shortening and a good pinch of salt. Moistened with milk into a soft dough as for biscuits. Place crust on top of mixture. Prick crust several times with a fork to let steam out while baking.

Cooking Potatoes.

If you are camping out or picnicking, there is no better way than to "rons in de san," and eat them with ham gravy.

Ordinarily we bake them unpeeled, of course, until they are wrinkled and soft. To steam or boil them is wasteful of God's good gifts. Eat them with butter or gravy. The soft, sweet, yellow varieties are best for baking. The white, dry kind, for frying or making custard. To fry them, pare and slice rather thin, dropping the slices in salted water or in boiling lard, turning frequently until well done. Serve hot.

Lavender Linen.

Lavender linen when combined with white linen and lace is very becoming to those who can wear this delicate color. A pretty dress of this color was made in a jumper suit with all edges piped with white linen. The front and back part of the waist, instead of being closed, with straps running from side to side, was fastened together with plain panels, the front one being joined at the bust line and buttoned to the jumper straps with three white pearl buttons on each side. The back was of a similar design. This was worn over a white gumpie, the full, short lace sleeves being capped with white piped Chinese sleeves. The skirt was nine-gored with no trimming.

Snow Balls.

Take one and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup butter, three-fourths cup sweet milk, two and one-half cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, four whites of eggs, one teaspoon vanilla; bake in deep fat tin. The following day cut in two inch squares; cut off the upper and under part and corners, leaving it white and round. Take each piece on a fork and frost on all sides. Then roll in coconut. These cakes not only are delicious, but are attractive.

EDUCATIONAL REDEMPTION OF FILIPINOS



PRIMARY SCHOOL ISLAND OF NEGROS

GEORGE WILLIAM BEATTIE

Probably the greatest work which the United States is doing in the Philippines is that which is being accomplished by the small army of educators which were sent to the islands as soon as possible after the latter had come under control of the American government. It is still a long and hard road ahead before anything like what it is hoped to accomplish is realized, but what has already been done for the educational redemption of the Filipinos is the strongest kind of a guarantee of this country's ability to perfect that which it has begun. And certainly there is not any more inspiring spectacle than that of this conglomeration of orientals imbibing western civilization and the English language through American channels. Perhaps there is no one better qualified to tell of the progress of education in the archipelago than George William Beattie, superintendent of the Philippine Normal school at Manila. Mr. Beattie went out, as division superintendent of schools for the island of Negros, after having served for many years as county superintendent of schools and earlier as treasurer of San Bernardino county. In view of the chaotic conditions which existed in the islands this combined business and educational experience was of especial value. Having set things to rights in Negros, he was called to his present post in Manila.

"In establishing a school system," Mr. Beattie explained, "the change from Spanish to English was trifling in comparison with other issues. It was necessary to decide whether to continue the Spanish practice of giving instruction in the native languages or to employ a common tongue. In settling this question the attitude of the Filipinos themselves was considered. They realize their isolation from the rest of the world, commercially as well as intellectually, and also the lack of that national unity which has become so conspicuous in at least one neighboring oriental nation. They know that English is the language of commerce, and that by learning it they can open the door to the world's markets. They know that, so long as the Tagalog of Manila has nothing in common, so far as language is concerned, with the Ilocano of northern Luzon or the Visayan of the southern islands, they can never become a nation. They know, too, that their native languages are without a literature and they often refer to English as 'Shakespeare's tongue.' Furthermore, the Filipinos crave social recognition, and therefore desire the language of their acquired mother country, be it Spain or America. These considerations made the thinking natives insist that instruction in the schools be given in English; and the government willingly acceded because of the difficulty of supplying text-books in the various dialects and of preparing Americans to teach in the native tongues. The adoption of English in the schools gives entire satisfaction to the people, notwithstanding the belief of some American teachers that the Filipino's choice would prove suicidal.

"The Filipinos are very eager for education. I think I can safely say that nothing the American government is doing for the Philippines is more appreciated by the natives than the effort that is being made to educate them. Whatever differences there may be between Filipinos and Americans regarding matters of governmental policy, there is no opposition to the schools. I fear, however, that not all the Filipinos know what the word education means. To the masses it is a vague something, like independence or Aladdin's lamp, that is supposed to cure all ills and open all doors of opportunity—just how or why they know not. They observe that rich and powerful nations have abundant educational facilities, and they are convinced in their own minds that through general enlightenment their national aspirations may be realized. It is pathetic to see the frankness with which Filipinos admit their pres-

ORIGIN OF STRAWBERRIES.

Blind King of Hungary First Cultivated Them.

Where Eperies, the picturesque Hungarian town, is now surrounded by beautiful gardens and fruited fields, there was at the time of King Bela II, nothing but thick wilderness. Once this blind and unhappy sovereign was traveling in his realm. It was a hot, sultry summer day, and while searching for a shady spot in which to rest he became lost. Dearly tired in consequence of his long wandering, he asked his attendants for a drink of water. They seated him on the soft green grass in the cool shade of big old trees, and then the cavaliers separated to hunt for a refreshing spring.

Meanwhile the king wanted to find out more about his resting place and began to grope about him with his hands. Thus he discovered strawberries growing all about him, says the New York Herald. He ate them, so partly quenching his thirst, he waited patiently for his gentlemen.

ent helplessness—scribing it to ignorance.

"As students, Filipinos are faithful and industrious. It is more necessary to restrain than to stimulate the advanced students, as they are in constant danger of overworking. They submit readily to authority, and discipline in the school is a simple problem.

"When the American public schools were first opened the young people filled them to overflowing and the adults crowded the night schools, the dominant thought being to acquire a knowledge of the English language. The element of novelty was doubtless an important factor also. The schools possessed all the attractions of a new toy. Soon, however, many adults found that English could not be acquired by a few weeks' attendance at night school, and they dropped out. Some of the children ceased to be amused by school exercises and failed to attend, while others stopped in order to assist their parents once more in their various agricultural operations. In some cases forces hostile to the public schools, with their purely secular education, became effective and school attendance accordingly diminished.

"The Philippine commission has planned from the first to give the schools a better teaching force than the provisional one they found necessary to use, and in its first legislation establishing a public school system it made provision for a Normal school in Manila for training native teachers. This school was opened in 1901, under the leadership of Dr. Bryan, formerly of the faculty of Indiana university. The school organized advanced classes of students who had received instruction in Spanish schools and since 1903 has graduated classes of from 12 to 18 members.

"It is safe to say that no other phase of education attracts so much attention or excites more sympathetic interest among the Filipinos at present than the various forms of industrial work that have been incorporated into their school system. At first, Spanish ideals concerning the dignity of manual labor constituted serious obstacles, but practical opposition of this kind no longer requires consideration.

"The academic work of the course approximately parallels that of the ordinary American high school. English taking the place usually allotted to foreign languages. History is modified to meet the needs of the situation by making Philippine and colonial history preliminary in that line. Science is given unusual prominence, the laboratories for physics, chemistry, botany and zoology being well equipped.

"Probably no other feature of the school offers such opportunities and has furnished such results as has the dormitory for young women. A majority of the women students live in this home with one of the American teachers. Coming from all parts of the islands, with different languages and customs, they here use a common language and learn the essentials of American social customs. Being representatives of the best Filipino families, on returning to their homes they become social leaders, spread their new-found ideas widely and become potent factors in introducing American ideals among their people.

"Although the Normal school was established for the purpose of training native teachers, its superior equipment has made it necessary to throw open its doors to students looking toward other lines of work than teaching. There are in the school at present classes of students preparing for work in schools of law, medicine and engineering; and for reasons of economy the nautical school classes receive their shore instruction at the same institution.

"In short, in the Normal school today may be found in embryo the University of the Philippines."

After a short time they returned, some with empty cups, some with pearly spring water.

The king then said to his attendants: "Have the trees cut down around this place where my hands found the refreshing strawberries. Here shall arise a town whose name shall be Eperies (strawberry) in remembrance of this day, for all time."

As the king commanded so it was. The wilderness was cleared and in its place is a town whose arms carry the strawberry even to-day.

Wise Old Noah.

Noah was looking at his famous collection of living wild beasts.

"I could write a lot of stories about the animals," he said, "that would put the whole collection of nature fakers on the ragged edge, but what would be the use? I'd get a call down from the White House as sure as fate."

Sternly resisting the temptation to mix in, he ordered Ham to change the course of the vessel two points to starboard and went back to his cabin to take a nap.