

The Castle of Lies

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESEY
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CHAPTER XXIX.

I Open the safe. "It is true," she murmured. "It is true, and too horrible."
"Do not believe it," I said obstinately. "It is impossible."
"Can one deny a fact? Am I a child to be soled with smooth words? I have seen; I must believe, though God knows the truth makes me wish a hundred times that I lay beside my poor disgraced brother."

It is always painful to see one whom we respect the prey of an emotion uncontrolled. It was doubly painful for me to see this strong woman, whose dominant quality was courage and calm, writhe under the blow that deprived her for the moment of all power to think coherently. I dared not tell her my belief that I held the combination of the safe, and that before many minutes were passed I might have the papers in my possession.

The woman who tortured us both stood at the threshold of the little room Helena had just left, a malevolent figure in her hour of triumph. As I looked toward her, tempted to expel her brutally from that room, and if my surmise was false, to force from her, even by violence, if necessary, the combination of the safe, she withdrew hastily, leaving Helena and myself alone. It was then that I feared the worst. She had appealed to Helena. She was confident of her success.

Still I held Helena's hands tightly in mine. I wished to give back to her her peace, her calm courage.
"Mr. Haddon," she whispered presently, "do you think—is it possible—to do this thing?"

"It is possible; but it would be the act of a madman and a liar," I said gently.
"You say it is possible." She withdrew her hands almost roughly. Her voice was monotonous and harsh. "Then you will save us, mother and myself, from this deep disgrace."

"There is no service that I would do for you, Miss Brett, that would bring you peace and happiness."
"Peace! Happiness!" she interrupted with fierce remonstrance. "I do not look for peace or happiness. Honor itself—and the motto of the Bretts is 'Honor, My Sword'—can no longer be our proud boast. But if silence can be purchased it must be. I dare not let my brother's name be held in reproach. I dare not, I cannot, for his mother's sake, let it be known that he has been false to England."

"We may yet save him if—"
"Yes," she broke in with a strange exultancy that was even more dreadful to me than her despair, "and it is you whom I have despised that is to save us. A life for a life—those were the words I said to you at Lucerne. Now it is to be dishonor for dishonor. I am dragging you with me to the depths. But there is no other to help us. Say that you will."

"Your grief robs you of your reason," I said gently. "Escape is not to be found in that way. It is the last hope of a desperate and unscrupulous adventurer, who has herself little hope of success. It is her last card, and she will lose nothing by playing it. But we, you and I, we risk everything—"

"Ah, you refuse! You are afraid of the risks. I might have known you would be afraid. That woman said that it was hopeless to ask a service so heroic from one who was a proven—"
"Oh, forgive me, I did not mean to say that."

"Miss Brett, I think there is no disgrace I would not gladly endure to help you. I swore to rescue your brother's honor if it were possible. If I could do so now, though I sacrificed myself, I tell you I would. More than that, should every instinct tell me that I should fail, I will do what you ask even now—"

"Heaven bless you!" She cried brokenly.
"But first of all I want you to realize clearly just what you are asking. I want you to be quite sure that you are not adding dishonor to dishonor in asking me to do this thing. No; it is not that I am afraid. I have not that kind of fear. But I think that neither of us should be so cowardly as to yield to this woman's demands. In the oratory yonder lies your brother. Ask yourself, when you see him, if it is merely the merciful hand of death that has smothered his forehead, or whether the calm and serenity is that of a man who held the motto of his house, 'Honor, My Sword.'"

This appeal was perhaps not wholly sincere. One cannot deny facts because one wishes to. It still seemed to me that it must be true that Sir Mortimer was proven guilty of taking bribes.

Nor did I dare tell Helena now of my wild conjecture. I dared not raise her hopes at the risk of a speedy disillusionment. Once the papers were in my possession, together we could defy Madame de Varnier. And if this appointment was to be mine I hoped that by the bier of her brother Helena would recover her courage and clear vision.

Again I was alone. But Madame de Varnier who had awaited the result of Helena's intercession, now came toward me. I saw with a thrill of thankfulness that the door of the room of the safe was not closed.

"You told me that it would be for her to decide," she said confidently. "I know that she has decided. And your own decision? Does your resolution falter?"

"You are mistaken." I began to pace the floor, with rapid steps, advancing nearer and nearer to the room

of the safe. "She has not yet decided. I believe with all my heart that she will refuse. She is in your oratory there. She will gain strength from the presence of the dead to defy you."
"Perhaps," sneered the woman. She seated herself near the table slightly turned from the room she had left.

An instant and I had gained it, and drawn the bolt. Another and I was on my knees, my fingers tremblingly whirling about the shining surface of the little knob that controlled the combination.

CO-WARD.
I whirled it this way and that, then pulled at the handle.

It resisted my efforts. A cold perspiration broke out on my forehead. I had been a victim of my own madness.

But again I moved the knob; this time slowly, with infinite care, with the calmness that comes with despair. I heard the woman without call my name in a frenzy of rage, her hands beating against the door.

Once more I turned the handle. It yielded to my touch. The safe was open.

I saw no papers of any sort in the large compartment. It was empty with the exception of a jewel case. I slipped out a drawer, the only one in the safe. Two packets were there.

I seized them greedily. I was about to open them, when a shadow fell across the room. There was a light step behind me. I looked up, the papers in my hand.

Captain Forbes was standing by my side.

He had made his entrance through the open window.



CO-WARD.
"Good evening, Sir Mortimer!" I rose to my feet, staring at him stupefied.

"I am sorry if my abrupt and unceremonious entrance has alarmed you," he said mockingly, and regarded me with a cold smile.
"You have managed to escape?" I stammered.

"Exactly, and I hope I do not inconvenience you. With your permission, sir, I will withdraw the bolt. This little room reminds me too well of the one I have just left. It is too cramped for my taste."
He brushed by me brusquely and drew the bolt. I trust the papers in my breast pocket. With one motion I closed the safe softly, and turned the knob.

CHAPTER XXX.
Trapped.

Captain Forbes passed into the larger room. I followed him slowly.
"Ah, that's better," he sighed. "Now I am among friends." His sturdiness and smile took in Madame de Varnier and myself, who had not yet recovered from our astonishment.

Indeed, it was rather embarrassing that held me speechless. Presently he would know that it was not Sir Mortimer whom he had surprised at the safe. And knowing that, it was inevitable that he mistake me for one of the conspirators. First of all at Vitzna—I had taken dispatches from his hand. Had I indeed been really under the influence of an opiate I might have urged that as the reason. I could have said that I was not conscious of any deception; I was simply a victim of Dr. Starva and Madame de Varnier, and not responsible for my acts.

But not only had I not taken the opiate, but Madame de Varnier knew that I had not, and even had I wished to tell her she would have contradicted me.

And now he had caught me red-handed at the safe. He would draw this conclusion swiftly. It would be absurd to suppose that I should know the combination of the safe, merely as Madame de Varnier's guest. A

hostess does not vouchsafe to her guest the key of her strong box. If I were not Sir Mortimer, I must be in league with Madame de Varnier and Dr. Starva.

That was the conclusion he must arrive at. To tell him the absolute truth—that by one chance out of ten thousand I had stumbled on the combination—would only deepen his conviction as to my guilt.

And Helena? What would she think? Would her faith in me be so strong that she would believe me? Had Captain Forbes not surprised me at this moment my guessing of the middle of the safe would have seemed miraculous indeed, but the fact that I had the papers, and could place them in her hands to be destroyed, would support my story readily enough.

But I dare not give to her these papers before Captain Forbes and Madame de Varnier? It seemed to me that the king's messenger of all persons must not know of Sir Mortimer's guilt. For though the papers, the proof, was in our possession, the fact remained. And if Captain Forbes knew that I was not Sir Mortimer, but an impostor, would he not demand those papers? And having them, would he not read them?

And Madame de Varnier? To what extremes would she not go in her rage? Now she believed that in some way I had been cognizant of Captain Forbes's escape, and had gone to the room containing the safe to give him assistance. But when she knew, as she must presently, that I had taken the papers from the safe I could not doubt that she would not submit meekly. She would have her revenge, both on Helena and on myself. She would insist on telling Captain Forbes of Sir Mortimer's guilt.

He would demand from me the papers and my cleverness would have gone for nothing. For the mind of Forbes moved in an obstinate channel. Duty to him was a soldier's first impulse. In doing what he thought his duty, he would sacrifice all. Not Helena's tears, nor my own entreaties, would prevent him, from hurrying back to Downing street with the proofs of Sir Mortimer's guilt.

For some seconds after we had reached the large anteroom, the three of us stood like so many wax figures.

dispatch which I am unable to deliver to you because of your condition. The next morning, when I would see you, you have disappeared again. I trace you here with difficulty. When for the third time I attempt to deliver this dispatch, I am held captive; the dispatch is forcibly taken from me. When I ask you if you have received it, you give me an indifferent answer. I dare not believe that you are so far lost to your sense of duty that you countenance these violent acts of a bandit. But I must insist—"

He paused abruptly. I thought it because he realized that his anger had carried him too far. But when I looked where he looked, I saw Helena Brett.

"Miss Brett!" he exclaimed in pained surprise, "I am sorry to see you here."

"And I am infinitely relieved, though bewildered, to find you, Captain Forbes." She extended him her hand, smiling wanly.

"But you will help me to make your brother realize the danger of further misunderstanding," he said gently, his anger at my indifference vanishing at sight of her pale and haggard countenance.

"My brother, Captain Forbes, is dead. He lies in that room," she answered firmly, though her lips trembled.

She had made her decision. She, too, was determined at all hazards not to act a lie.

As for Captain Forbes, he was dumb with astonishment. His eyes widened with dismay and concern. But though he did not speak his startled glance dwelt on me.

"Mr. Haddon is my loyal friend," said Helena, interpreting his look. At the same time she reassured me with a quiet smile that more than her words expressed her trust.

A slow flush of anger mounted to the temples of the king's messenger. He towered over me menacingly. "You have dared tamper with His Majesty's business; you have tricked one of his servants. By Heaven, you will rue it dearly!"

"Captain Forbes!" Helena laid her hand on his sleeve in her distress.

"Madam!" He turned on her indignantly. "This man has deliberately passed himself off as your brother. He tricked me into giving him important papers of state. You know that, and you defend him? You dare call him friend?"

"I did not know that," she replied firmly. "But I dare call my friend, Captain Forbes. You do not understand—"

"Understand!" he stormed, before I could make any reply myself. "I understand this only too well: he is in league with a notorious woman, and the still more infamous Dr. Starva, two Bulgarian adventurers of the most dangerous type. I think that is enough. That he has obtained under false pretenses my dispatches convicts him of high treason. He will not leave my sight until he is placed under arrest."

"I am an American," I said quietly. "You may find it more difficult to do that than you imagine."

My mild expostulation maddened him only the more.

"An American?" He advanced to me as if to lay hands on me. "Do you flatter yourself that your nationality leaves you free to play the spy and traitor with impunity? Give me those papers."

He came a step nearer. Instinctively I placed my hands at my breast pocket as if to protect the precious papers. But again Helena, distressed at his violence, restrained him.

"Captain Forbes," she pleaded, "pray restrain your anger. It is natural that you should feel the deepest suspicion against Mr. Haddon. But if you will be patient, I am sure he will make all clear to you."

"Miss Brett," he said sternly, "this is a man's work. It is hardly becoming in you to defend one who has traduced your brother's honor. How dare you claim an impostor like this as friend? He must be indeed a clever villain to have so deceived you."

"Mr. Haddon has done enough," she answered proudly, "to justify my faith in him. And let me tell you, Captain Forbes, that I believe in his word so implicitly that I have given him my word that until midnight tonight, I shall neither question his motives nor interfere with any action of his. Nor shall I permit another to act on my behalf."

Indignation and surprise fought for mastery, as Forbes answered with resolution:

"I shall refuse to obey you, Miss Brett. You forget that it is not your self who has been wronged so much as Sir Mortimer and myself. Now, sir, give me those papers that you took from the safe."

For the first time Madame de Varnier, shocked into rigid attention, spoke. Her surprise at the demand forced from her a contemptuous defense of herself.

"You are mad!" she cried involuntarily.

"You see, Miss Brett," exclaimed Forbes, with satisfaction, "his accomplice defends him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Apparatus intended for life-saving stations along the coast recently tested by the government; a stout rope is attached to the anchor-like projectile which is shot over the wrecked vessel and the people on board are then carried ashore.

OWNS UNIQUE STATUE

HARLEM TOBACCO DEALER HAS FIGURE OF WASHINGTON.

Colossal Wooden Likeness of First President is, It is Claimed by the Owner, One Hundred Years Old.

New York.—Every now and then a relic of revolutionary times of which little has been heard comes to the public notice. In the possession of a Harlem tobacco dealer is a colossal wooden statue of George Washington. The owner, Joseph Liebman, says it is 100 years old.

In the colonial days there was a statue of King George in Bowling Green park. After the struggle for independence this statue was replaced by one of George Washington. It was of heroic size, and according to the information obtained by Mr. Liebman it was the first statue of George Washington erected in this country.

The statue is nine feet five inches from the base to the top and weighs 800 pounds. Gen. Washington is wearing the continental uniform—long blue coat with brass buttons, buff breeches and riding boots. The right arm is extended and the left, carrying his hat, is resting on his hip. On the right side is a fob and watchchain.

Mr. Liebman has looked up the history of the statue, and he says that it was put up in 1792. It stood for 43 years, when it was decided to make some improvements in the park. The city officials looked over the statue and decided that it was too old-fashioned and not dignified enough for the city because it was of wood. As a result it was sold at auction to a Mr. Jacques, a collector of things of the revolutionary period. He paid \$250 for it and sent it to South Norwalk, Conn., where it remained until he died, in 1860, when it was sold again. The purchaser this time was Antonio Decorato, who lived in this city, but eventually it fell into the hands of Frank Theobald, the tobacco dealer.

Mr. Theobald sold his business to Mr. Liebman, and with it went the statue. Its present owner puts a high value on it. He says it is worth \$5,000—at least he has been told that by persons who profess to have some

knowledge of the subject. Mr. Liebman says he has been advised by Dr. Kelley of the City History club to hold on to the statue, as it is sure not to depreciate in value from the collector's standpoint.

During the centennial of 1889 it had a place on the temporary arch at Washington square. It is a fine piece of work and it was admired by thousands. It would have gone to the Chicago world's fair had those in charge of the arrangements here known of its existence in time to send it. At the time Senator Depew sent a letter saying that he did not find out about the statue until too late to have it shipped.

Mr. Liebman has made many inquiries from the Sons of the Revolution and the Colonial Dames about the statue. He is not rich, he says, and he finds that the competition in his trade is pretty stiff, but he intends to hold on to the statue.

SPARKING STARTS THE GUNS.
Comedy of Errors in Courtship Almost Proves Tragedy.

Williamsport, Pa.—A comedy of errors came near ending in a tragedy at Montoursville. Constables Rogers and Shirm at midnight were spooking around the houses in search of a trampish-looking stranger, who they believed was a burglar.

Edward Wadsworth, of Galeson, a school teacher, who had come to town during the day, was spending the evening with his sweetheart. They saw the constables sneaking around and thought they were burglars.

Wadsworth said he would watch them. He followed. The constables saw him skipping from out of one dark corner into another. They thought he was the tramp they were looking for and gave chase.

Wadsworth took to his heels. Constable Rogers fired three shots, and Wadsworth threw up his arms, expecting his pockets. Instead the two constables grabbed him, tore his coat, and were hustling him to the lock-up when his young lady friend, in a condition bordering on hysteria, appeared on the scene and explained the situation.

SLEEPS ON 'PHONE POLE

Lineman Twice Takes Naps in Perilous Places.

Baltimore, Md.—John Letner, 27 years old, lineman for the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone company, has a mania for falling asleep on telephone poles.

Twice within 48 hours Letner has slumbered peacefully on the top of a pole, and in both occasions the police have been called upon to take his supposed dead body from the wires.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock the superintendent of Timanus Mills telephoned to the Northern police station that an employe of the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone company had been stricken by electricity and that his body was resting on the wires.

A moment later the Mount Vernon Mills, the Timanus Mills and other industries in the neighborhood were emptied of their workmen going to dinner; but nearly all of them halted and with pitying glances and horror-stricken faces leveled their eyes upon the still figure on the top of the pole.

The man lay perfectly still. One leg was thrown over a cross beam, the other was wrapped about a cable, and his arms were extended and partly resting his drooping head on the beam above him. Just as the ambulance approached the pole the supposed dead man awakened, but lay down again.

The policemen recognized him as the same individual who had fooled them before and they ordered him down. Letner descended, and when he reached the foot of the pole he staggered so perceptibly and talked so vaguely of the "wires being hot" that he was taken into custody and charged with being drunk.

Naturally, Ethel (reclining)—Oh, tell me, where is fancy bred?

Tommy—At the bakery, I suppose.

—Harper's Weekly.

ing to make provision for her ever need and comfort.

That he shall abstain from the use of cigarettes, tobacco and intoxicants.

That he spend his evenings at home.

That he will not flirt with other women and will attend church at least once each Sunday.

The Nebraska answer is awaited with interest.

Now it is Telephone Neck.

Derry, Conn.—The women of the farming districts of Connecticut are getting the "telephone neck." Doctors say that the sex is destined to be deformed. Some time ago the telephone was installed in nearly every farmhouse. Since then the women have used the phone by the hour, standing in a position which throws their heads to the left side. The muscles of the neck do not fully recover and half of the women walking the streets incline their heads severely to the left, as though standing at a phone with the receiver at their ear.

That he is qualified in every way to conduct marriage.

That he is able to provide a comfortable home for his wife and is will-

PRISON TRUCK FARM

ONE OF FEATURES OF MISSOURI PENITENTIARY.

Is Started Because Warden of Institution Likes to See Things Grow—Welcome Change in Convict Fare.

Jefferson City, Mo.—Truck gardening on a large scale has become one of the features of the management of the Missouri penitentiary, under Matt W. Hall, who is a farmer when not in the public service, and has the inborn desire of all farmers to see things growing around him. On what is known as the "state farm" he has this year produced a tremendous amount of garden stuff of all kinds, all of which is utilized on the prison table, affording a very welcome and healthful change of menu for the convicts.

The "state farm" consists of 47 acres of land. Part of it has been cut away in supplying clay for the prison brickyard, part is utilized as a pasture, and about 14 acres are tilled for the prison garden.

Some idea of the magnitude of the output of the prison garden can be gained by the statement that 470 bushels of "snap" beans have already been fed to the convicts this season. It takes 70 bushels to go around at one meal in the prison dining room.

On three-quarters of an acre of ground 26,500 pounds of cabbage have been cut this season. This is not all of the cabbage crop, but this was an early and unusually prolific "patch." There are several acres more of the garden in cabbage.

Onions to the amount of several hundred bushels, besides several meals of young onions, served early in the spring, radishes, rhubarb and other stuff were grown in the greatest abundance.

The pride of the warden and his superintendent, John Bruner, centers, however, in the tomato crop. Eleven thousand seven hundred vines, covering something over three acres of ground, are in full fruit, and yield now something like 40 bushels per day. A more welcome addition to the prison fare than sliced tomatoes could not be supplied. The crop is exceedingly prolific and fine this season, and the vines will keep on bearing until frost.

Col. Hall figures on having enough green tomatoes to pick late in September to make several hogheads of "chow chow" and other pickles to add to the prison larder.

The garden lies on top of some of the high bluffs overlooking the Missouri river. The land originally was not the best, but has been brought to a high state of productivity by fertilization. Six or eight crippled and superannuated convicts are employed in the garden under the supervision of Mr. Bruner.

It is the intention of Warden Hall to put in next spring a small herd of cows for the purpose of supplying milk and butter for the prison hospital. They will be kept in connection with the garden and will work a considerable saving to the state, as the milk and butter supply for the hospital now costs something like six dollars per day.

RUNS AWAY WITH AN INDIAN.
Mother, However, Spoils Boy's Dream of Wild and Woolly West.

Hammonds, N. J.—White Tiger, who claims he is a full-blooded Apache Indian and has been giving wild west exhibitions here, was arrested charged with attempting to kidnap John D. Laughlin, aged 13 years.

The boy left his home in the morning to work in Skinner's glass factory. Instead of going to work he met White Tiger and went to Winslow's Junction with him. There they were arrested by Officer William Keyser on a warrant sworn out by the boy's mother, just as they were going to leave on a freight train for Jersey City.

At the hearing before Justice J. H. Gaston the boy said the Indian had told him that if he would go with him they would make lots of money giving shows, and would go to White Tiger's Indian home in Oklahoma.

The Indian showed that he was a United States prisoner out on parole from the Lawton (Okla.) penitentiary. He was discharged by Magistrate Gaston, who decided that the boy was too old to be kidnaped and went with the Indian voluntarily.

Old War Sloop to Be Sold.
Washington.—The old sloop of war, Saratoga, a relic of the navy of the United States, has been stricken from the official list of naval vessels and offered to be sold. It was built at the navy yard at Kittery, Me., in 1842, was ship-rigged and carried 20 guns. It had a length of 147 feet six inches and a beam measure of 36 feet one inch. Its mean draught was 16 feet, and it had a displacement of 1,025 tons.

Gives Wealth to Needy.
Webster City, Ia.—Abraham Slimmer, a multimillionaire, and Iowa's most noted philanthropist, who in his youth lived in Wayne county, Ohio, has adopted an unusual plan of distributing alms. He is driving over the state personally looking for those who need help, and giving it to whomsoever he finds in need of it. In this way he proposes to spend \$5,000,000 still left to him. "I shall travel over all Iowa, giving my money as I go," he said. "Then I may go into other states. I intend to spend all my money before I die, giving it to those who need it."

Finds Way to Make Ice Last.
Rhinelandic, Wis.—J. M. Darrow, connected with the paper mills here, claims to have discovered in a waste product of the mills a preparation which will preserve ice indefinitely. The compound, it is said, can be manufactured at a cost of 47 cents for 1,000 gallons, and is called dinitrocellulose. Housekeepers with this preparation in hand can buy a cake of ice, cut it and have no need to trouble the ice man again all summer.

Women as Centenarians

Once more woman has demonstrated her superior vitality, to the discomfort of her men. Of the centenarians who died in the United Kingdom during last year 42 were women and only a paltry 16 were men; in 1905 the numbers were 36 and 23, respectively, and in 1904, 41 and 22. During the last ten years the women who died after completing 100 years, at least, of life, exceeded the male centenarians by 227 to 177—an advantage of nearly 85 per cent.

Tested by length of life woman can equally claim the superiority. Bridget Danaher, who died last March in London, was said to be 112 years old; Mary O'Hare, another daughter of Erin, was only two years younger, and Mrs. Sarah Egan, of King's county, was credited with 107 years, while Bridget Somers, who ended her days in Sligo Workhouse in March, 1904, had reached the ripe old age of 114.

So healthy is Ireland that it is said she has at present more than 800 centenarians, while England, Scotland and Wales can only muster 182 among them.

Adding to His Pile.
The hired man of a man who had made his money by sharp practice was delivering a load of hay, which he accidentally overturned upon a cow. The cow was smothered to death before they could get her out. Her owner called up the master next day and demanded payment for the loss of his cow.

"Certainly," said the master. "What do you think she was worth?"

"Well, about ten dollars," said the owner of the cow.

"And how much did you get for the hide and tail?"

"Ten dollars and a half, sir."

"Oh, well, then you owe me just fifty cents."

Wooring Terms Are Made.

"Composite Mother" Sends Them to Bachelor.

Huron, S. D.—A few weeks ago a number of Westington Springs girls adopted an orphan girl and now are giving her a home. Since the fact became known the girls have received numerous applications to adopt other children, but the most interesting feature of the whole affair is that a wealthy Nebraska writes offering to marry any one of the 12 foster-mothers, and also to adopt and educate the child.

The girls gave the proposition a businesslike consideration, and in reply to his letter made a counter-proposition. It was that the oldest of the 12 accept his offer of marriage on these conditions:

That he prove that he is sincere.

That he is qualified in every way to conduct marriage.

That he is able to provide a comfortable home for his wife and is will-