

The CASTLE OF LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESEY
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CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued.
"But their release will be the most effectual way of spreading the news."
"On the contrary, they cannot make it known without exposing themselves. If they do that, Ferdinand will see to it that their respective sovereigns quietly but effectually remove them. Each of them is so well known that they may be arrested at any time. Ferdinand shrewdly makes them hostages, as it were. The three certainly will exert their great influence to check the rebellion they themselves have fostered. As for Gornji and Gortschakoff, before they are released from the hospital the crisis will have passed."

"And are we left to account for the deaths of Starva and Bratinau as best we may?" I questioned anxiously.
"If you remember, I told you at Lucerne that I am an old newspaper man. It is impossible to hide the fact that an attack has been made on Prince Ferdinand here to-night. But an attack by his own countrymen is quite a different thing from a deliberate gathering here of representatives of each of the Balkan States. Ferdinand has taken my advice to post in hot haste to Sofia. I shall see to it that this night's work does not get into the papers until 24 hours have passed. By that time he will have shown himself safe and sound in Sofia. The episode of the death-mask will have proved a complete fiasco. My story will make Prince Ferdinand a hero triumphant over his foes and not a weak king who was lured here unwittingly by his mistress to his doom."

"There still remains Jacques."
"Oh, Jacques," said Locke, with contempt. "He was only a tool of Starva's and a stupid tool at that. It was he who was to lower the flag at half-mast, it seems—to give the signal to the conspirators who were watching in the village. But when he rushed to the chamber window to lower the flag he found both rope and fastenings wrenched away. He supposed that the gale had done this, but seeing the flag at half-mast, the rope being caught in the pulley, he said nothing about the matter to Starva. I suspect that you were responsible for the lowering of the flag, and not the gale."

"I needed the rope," I said, shortly, too impatient to make further explanation. "And now for my last question: What the devil did you mean when you said that you had promoted me? And why this haste that I leave Alterhoffen?"

"Are you so anxious then that it be known that you have been impersonating the British ambassador?"
"Scarcely," I said, uneasily.
"And, my dear fellow, Kuhn and the rest think that it was Sir Mortimer who came to the rescue of Prince Ferdinand, and not Mr. Ernest Haddon, an American tourist."
"But why do you allow them to think this?"

"Haddon, at times you are singularly dense. If these men believe that the British ambassador has been killed by one of their number while defending Ferdinand, do you not see that this will keep them even more silent regarding their share in this night's tragedy? For if England's ambassador were really murdered, you may be sure that she would not rest until she had brought the assassins to justice."
"You are right, Locke; I must leave Alterhoffen at once."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Second Dispatch.

I was about to go to Helena in the music room to bid her good-by, when Capt. Forbes returned from his errand.

"Well, that's settled," he cried, joining us. "And do you agree with Locke and myself that it is wise that you should leave Alterhoffen before daybreak?"

"Perfectly."

"He heard my decision with evident relief."
"You will accept my apology for mistaking you, Haddon, and I hope we shall be friends," said he offering me his hand with a winning smile.
"But you must confess you gave me ample grounds for being a little wary of you. Before long we shall meet, and I shall hope to hear your reasons for going into this extraordinary adventure. In the meanwhile, may I trouble you for the dispatch I gave you in the hotel at Vitznau, or did it fall into Starva's hand that night?"

"To prevent that I dropped it from the window into a disused fountain in the garden below."

"Where I found it," interrupted Locke. "Here it is, and please observe that the seals are unbroken."

"Frankly, Forbes," I said, "I thought you rather an idiot to give me an important dispatch that night. You must have seen that I was more or less in Starva's power, and that he was likely to gain possession of the papers."
"Had that dispatch fallen into his hands," replied Forbes, "it is quite possible that Ferdinand would have been saved his bad half hour. Do you remember I told you, my pseudo-ambassador (and you acted the part remarkably well, let me tell you), that I carried two dispatches for Sir Mortimer, and that I gave you the one of lesser importance?"

"Yes, and the second dispatch? Was it stolen from you by Starva when he trapped you in the tower?"
Forbes nodded. "I took the liberty of taking it from him just now."
"And may a humble American consul ask," drawled Locke, "how to-

night's episode would have been averted had the dispatch you gave Haddon fallen into Starva's hands, instead of into the fountain?"

"My chief at Downing street would retire me, and with no pension, if he knew that I were going to divulge state secrets. However, I am going to tell you.
"This dispatch you have returned to me, I happen to know, authorized Sir Mortimer Brett to meet in conference the men who so very nearly snuffed out Ferdinand's life an hour ago. I am referring now to the dispatch which I gave you at Vitznau, Haddon. He was to assure these representatives of the various states that England realized that a harmonious confederation could alone permanently ally the present discontent in the Peninsula. Had Starva seen this dispatch it is not likely that he would have had recourse to violence."

"Do you mean to tell me," exclaimed Locke, incredulously, "that your ministers of the foreign office cherish so Utopian a scheme? Are the various kings to abdicate because England nods?"

"I am telling you nothing of the sort," chuckled Forbes. "You Americans are infants when it comes to the intricacies of diplomacy. Secret agents and spies at Sofia had warned the government of the intended uprising. It was necessary that England should know more of the conspirators. Therefore, Sir Mortimer was instructed to profess a sympathy for



"Our Happiness," She Said, Shyly, "We Share with Others."

the cause which, of course, was not sincere. This dispatch Sir Mortimer or myself were to allow to be stolen if necessary. Its contents were explained to me before I left London, that I might repeat verbally the message, should the dispatch not reach him."

"Since you have already betrayed your government's confidence," said Locke, jocularly, "tell us the purport of the second dispatch."

"I will read it to you since the seals are broken," agreed Forbes after a moment's hesitation.

"To His Excellency, etc.—Sir: The same messenger who gives you this dispatch will deliver you another which authorizes you to treat with the committee of the various states of the Balkans, who have for their aim a confederation of these states. You will use the aforementioned dispatch at your discretion. It is needless to say that neither this ministry nor the other powers can for an instant sanction a scheme so impossible. But it has come to our knowledge that a dangerous conspiracy exists to overthrow the rulers of the various states. To check this conspiracy it may be well for you to temporize. If you think it expedient, permit the dispatch mentioned to fall into the hands of this committee. Capt. Forbes will follow the same course if necessary. He has full instructions to exercise his discretion in this matter."

"It is not without surprise that the ministry has learned of your promise to Ferdinand regarding England's support of his project, namely, the threatened invasion of Macedonia. Fortunately, the ministry is convinced that some such move as your sanction is expedient to free Macedonia from the atrocities of Turkish misrule that have shocked Europe so long. His majesty's ministry therefore is inclined to overlook in this instance any undue bias you have shown in espousing Macedonia's cause."

"If you are convinced that the financier of New York city whom you have named is sincere in his offer to give Prince Ferdinand financial support, you are authorized to tell him that his majesty's ministers are heartily in favor of Prince Ferdinand's invasion, and will exert every influence to insure him unrestricted action. Moreover, the foreign office is in full accord with your views as to the sum of money indispensable to Ferdinand's project."

"But while his majesty's government agrees with you that lofty principles actuate Bulgaria, it realizes with yourself that lofty principles are not sufficient to insure the success of Ferdinand's cause."

"In conclusion, we hasten to assure you of our fullest sympathy in your endeavor to help an oppressed people gain their liberty; and that it is not without satisfaction we find ourselves enabled to further your personal wishes and ambitions in this matter. Nor need you have anxiety that your own interests will run counter to those of England. We view with concern the precarious state of your health; but we trust that it will not prove an obstacle to your contemplated meeting of the financier in conference at Alterhoffen at the chateau of Prince Ferdinand's secret agent. With renewed expressions of our complete confidence in you,
"Believe me, sir, etc."
"Haddon," said Locke, not a little crestfallen, "I was ruefully wide of the mark in my conjectures concerning Sir Mortimer's relations with the Countess Sarahoff. I told you that morning at Lucerne that I was behind the scenes. I confess myself the veriest amateur."

Never has writing thrilled me as did that dispatch. A great light was dawning on me. I clutched the paper. I held it with a trembling hand.
"Forbes," I cried, hoarsely, "once, though quite unwillingly, I tricked you out of the dispatch Locke just returned to you. But now I ask you to give me for half an hour the dispatch you have just read. It means everything to Sir Mortimer's sister. Man, there has been more devilry in this Castle of Lies than that you are aware of. The honor of Sir Mortimer himself is at stake. This dispatch will help to save it. Give me the paper that I may show it to Miss Brett."

"I have been too much astonished at the events of the past 24 hours to wonder at your request. Take your dispatch, but you will return it intact."
"You need have no fear as to that. But I have still another request;

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the papers you saw me take from the safe, which Madame de Varnier wrestled from me—they belong to Miss Brett."

He hesitated.
"On my honor, they concern no one but her. What! Do you still mistrust me?"

"No, my dear fellow."
He placed the packet in my hand. I entered the music room to bring to Helena tidings of great joy.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Tidings of Great Joy.

She stood at the open window looking out on the mountains in the far distance. They were phantoms of despair beckoning to her in the moonlight. They had brought suffering to her as well as to myself; for had I not gone to Lucerne, and told her the story of my cowardice, perhaps she would have been spared the knowledge of her brother's disgrace.

"Dear," I said gently, "do you remember the little beacon that shone long after the lights on Pilatus and

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Was Love's Labor Lost

Woman's First Act of Philanthropy Decidedly a Failure.

A lady who was recently appointed a visitor to a hospital for children, fearing that poor children failed to receive the same attention bestowed on those of richer parents, paid her first visit to the institution, intending to effect a change. In a ward she found a tiny boy quite alone. He informed her that there was another boy in the wards, but that he was being examined before a clinic. The lady looked around her for evidences of neglect on the part of the attendants. A suit of clothes lay huddled on a chair. Folding them in an orderly manner, she said:

"Surely, my dear, these trousers are too long for you by several inches."
"Yes'm," replied the boy.
"A sin and a shame," cried she, and took a "companion" from her bag. She sat down and cut off the legs of the garment and hemmed the edges.

Rigi had flickered out? That little light put heart into me then. It tells you to hope now."

"There is no light on the mountains over there to-night."

"It may burn though you do not see it. The packet I took from the safe, have you destroyed it?"

"I was about to do so as you entered. Here it is."

"Capt. Forbes has just given me the second packet—the one that Madame de Varnier took from me forcibly. It is possible that its contents concern your brother, May I open it?"

"Yes," she said listlessly.

I tore open the packet with deliberation, though heavens knows my fingers trembled. I spread the paper on the piano where I had shown Madame de Varnier the death-mask the evening before. I read them one after the other. The proof was absolute. Sir Mortimer's honor could no longer be questioned. Fools we had been and blind.

"Helena," I said, mastering my emotion with an effort "it is as I thought; these papers throw a flood of light on the letters and notes of your brother that we have so harshly misunderstood."

She came swiftly to my side. "Harshly misunderstood!" she repeated with blanched lips.

I was sorting carefully the papers Helena had just given me, the letters supposed to have been written by the committee of freedom, and to which Sir Mortimer's comments were pinned. I laughed aloud when I saw that these letters, supposed to be the originals were typewritten, as were the copies.

Now I understood why Madame de Varnier had refused to let me see what she called the original papers. It was not so much that she feared I should destroy them; she knew that the fact of their being typewritten would at once awaken my suspicion.

"Did it not occur to you as being rather suspicious that these letters were written on a typewriter?"

"At first it did," replied Helena, searching my face wonderingly. "But she quieted my doubts by explaining to me that the letters were typed to prevent the possibility of their being traced."

"The ingenious Madame de Varnier!"

Helena did not speak; her agitation was too great for words. She watched me, at once bewildered and eager, while I read the contents of both packets carefully once more. When I had read them, I sorted them no less carefully. For ten minutes there was silence between us.

"Helena," I said with a deep sigh, when I had finished my task, "once to-night I said this was a Castle of Lies, but I did not realize until now how surely I spoke the truth. These letters are forgeries."

"Impossible," she murmured, wringing her hands in anguish. "I know my brother's writing too well."

"Follow me carefully, and you will see that I speak the truth. I do not question your brother's handwriting. But listen first of all to this dispatch which was taken from Capt. Forbes when he was trapped in the tower. Tell me if any of the expressions in it are familiar to you."

"Yes, yes," she cried eagerly, when I had finished. "Lofty principles actuate Bulgaria, but lofty principles are not sufficient to insure success. You need have no anxiety that your own interests will run counter to those of England; the references to the loan, to my brother's indiscretion, to his ambitious—all these appear in my brother's notes in connection with the letters of the committee of freedom."

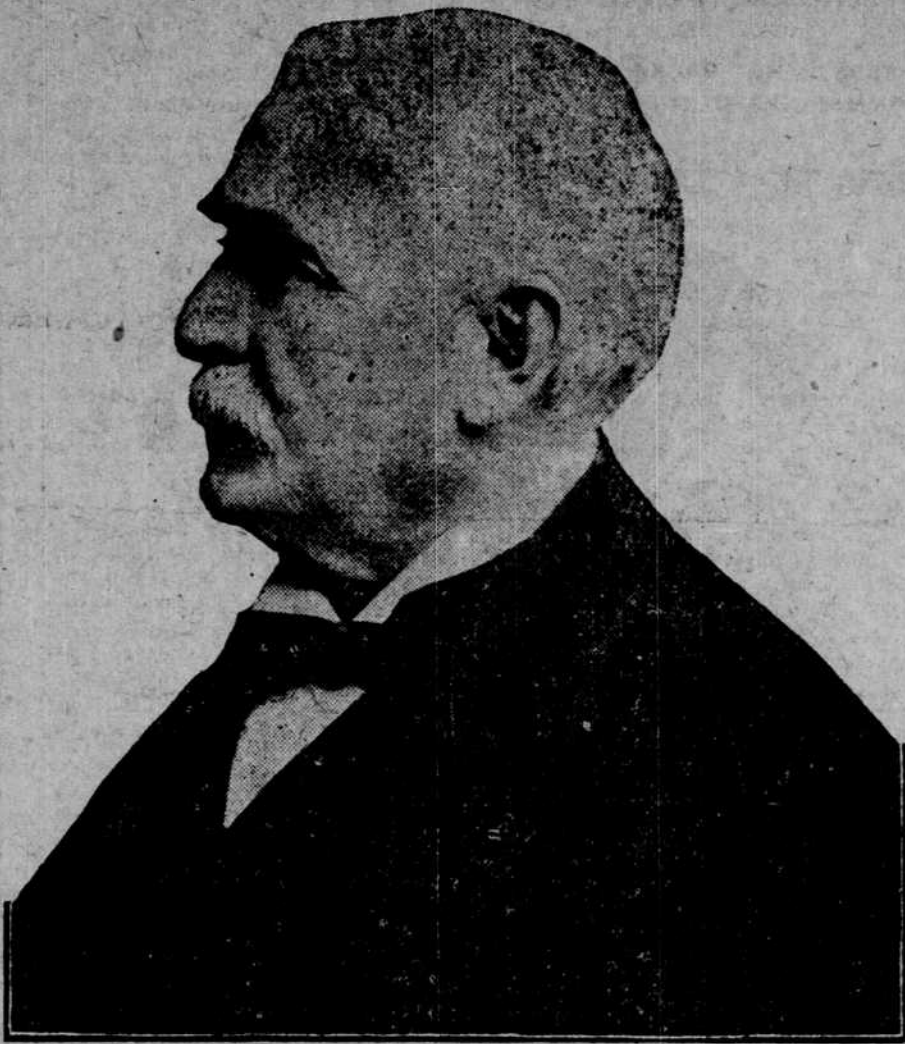
"Now read these letters—the contents of the second packet. They were written to your brother by Prince Ferdinand himself, and deal with the loan to be floated by the banker to finance Ferdinand's invasion of Macedonia. The notes and comments of your brother have reference, not to these typewritten letters, which were never written by any committee of freedom, which were never received by Sir Mortimer, but are the cunning fabrications of that woman—but to these letters of Ferdinand. Look, you can see the pins placed each of Ferdinand's letters. As I replace your brother's notes on the respective letters to which they have reference, the pin marks fit precisely. You may still cherish proudly the motto of your house: 'Honor, my Sword!'"

"Ernest, if this be truly—"

"It is true," I said firmly, and I drew her to me. "I must leave Alterhoffen to-night, Helena. It must not be known that I have been mistaken for your brother. I am going to find Madame de Varnier. When I return to you I shall bring with me her written confession. And when I return, sweetheart, are a proud race. Disgrace you would bear alone. But your happiness?"

"Our happiness," she said shyly, "we share with others."
(The End.)

SENATOR PARIS GIBSON, MONTANA



FIGHTS FOR JUSTICE.

MAN'S HOBBY IS RIGHTING OTHERS' WRONGS.

Colonel Robertson of London, England, Has Devoted His Life to Helping Those Unjustly Dealt With by the Law.

London.—"Righting other people's wrongs," is a hobby pursued by few. Such, however, has been the favorite pursuit of Colonel P. F. Robertson for the past thirty years.

A reporter sat with Colonel Robertson as he opened his morning correspondence which lay in a heap on the table before him. As he glanced

through the letters he made a passing comment on several typical cases.

One man alleged that after a five-minute trial he had been wrongfully convicted under the betting laws. The complaint was drawn up in a formal style, but a postscript gave a touch of pathos. "As a result of this my whole life has been ruined."

Another, from a woman, asserted that the evidence of her witnesses had been ignored.

"I could mention hundreds of instances far more pathetic," said Colonel Robertson. "The present condition of affairs is scandalous. Hitherto," he explained, "I have steadily refused an interview, as I do not wish to pose

as a philanthropist. But I am beginning to think that too much publicity cannot be given to the disgraceful proceedings in English legal life. I take no credit for what I have done. The work fascinates me."

"Let me give you a few examples of cases brought to me for remedy. An instance from Ireland. Husband ill, out of work; wife nursing him and a young baby at the same time. The family are poverty stricken. One child aged 12, tempted by a professional mendicant, begins to beg. There is a police court sequel. The child is released, but the mother—absolutely innocent—is sent to jail for three months with hard labor."

"When I told the Lord Lieutenant, he went straight from London to Mountjoy Prison and ordered the woman's release. That was just before Christmas, and she enjoyed her humble dinner at home."

"Another case. A respectable boy, an assistant in a chemist's shop in Dublin, chased by a bigger boy, and throws a stone. Window broken. That boy was sent to the reformatory for five years. There's justice for you! I obtained his release."

"The latest case I have taken up is one in which a woman was charged on two trumped-up cases which were both dismissed in a few minutes. She has, however, received an account for \$350 from her solicitors and when she demanded details they were refused. We shall see if a letter from me will have any effect."

Paris Congress of Maimed.

Paris.—A congress of maimed persons in poor circumstances has taken place in Paris, the object being to attract popular sympathy in their behalf and to protect themselves against impostors, shamming infirmities, who go begging through the streets.

It was a singular sight to witness this assemblage of men, some with one leg and others with none, some with no arms, others blind or deprived of the use of their limbs; all discussing seriously matters of moment to them.

During the week most of the maimed who come from various parts of the country have been seen everywhere in Paris. They are carrying on an active campaign canvassing for the sympathy of the public and also trying to obtain permission from the government to form themselves into a syndicate for the protection of their interests.

WOULDEST LIVE LONG?

FOLLOW ADVICE OF GRANDMOTHER SHIREY.

"Don't Worry, Never Treasure Up Trouble, and Live Out of Doors," Says Woman Approaching Her Century Mark.

Birdsboro, Pa.—Last Sunday was Grandmother Sallie Shirey's 95th birthday, and the people from this district gathered by the hundreds at the Shirey home in honor of the event. The house in which Grandmother Shirey has lived for many years is located half way up Monocacy Hill, and commands a view up and down the valley for twenty miles. Mrs. Shirey received her many guests with all the ease and grace of a woman of 50. Her hearing and eyesight are excellent, and her memory is unimpaired by age.

"Don't worry, never treasure up troubles and live out of doors," is the way she explains the secret of long life. "Worry is death," she said. "Work is life." She continued as she contentedly smoked her pipe. "I've used tobacco for 70 years. It has never hurt me, but, on the contrary, I have positively enjoyed it. It is such a comfort."

Many of the visitors brought gifts with them, and Mrs. Shirey was highly pleased. She sang some of the songs of her girlhood days, danced a hornpipe and entertained all with reminiscences of her youth.
She recalls well when her grandfathers and her father told her of their personal experiences in the War of the Revolution, and there is hardly a historical incident of 80 years ago of which she cannot speak intelligently.

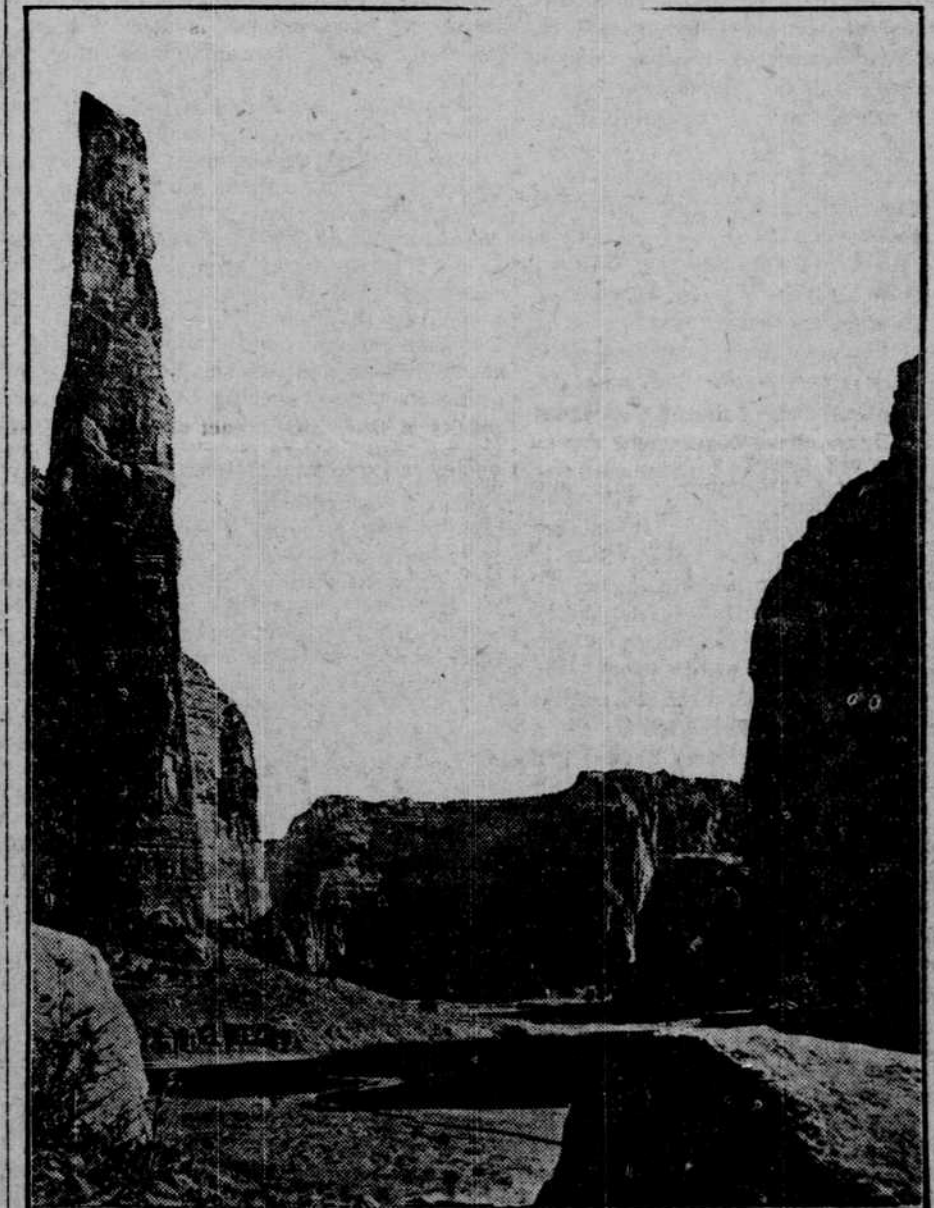
The grounds surrounding the old home were filled with teams all day, and the many visitors passed through the house in a steady stream. The entire neighborhood took a holiday.

Mrs. Shirey was born a farmer's daughter and became a farmer's wife. In her time she did everything on the farm that men performed, and a store-keeper in a nearby village says that no

Big Bears Halt Trains.

Allentown, Pa.—Many bears have been seen in the North Mountain region during the last month, and passengers on the Lehigh Valley's Bowman's Creek branch trains have had the pleasure of gazing at several of the animals. In each instance only

IN THE GARDEN OF THE GODS, COLORADO



No more magnificent scenery is found in the world than in this far-famed spot, and it is visited annually by thousands of tourists.

one brings to his store better butter than that made by Mrs. Shirey. Two of her sons, Nathaniel and Emanuel, live with her. She does all the household work and assists in much of the outdoor labor on the place. She walks four to six miles without fatigue, and is a great advocate of outdoor exercise in all forms. "Were I a man of twenty today," she said, "I'd play baseball. I

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the excessive tooting of the engine whistle frightened them off the railroad tracks.

The other afternoon, while a passenger train was bound for Wilkes-Barre, Engineer Miller noticed a monster black bear on the track ahead of the engine. He blew the whistle

In Praise of Baseball.

Pennsylvania Minister Compares It With Christian Life.

Pittsburg, Pa.—The Rev. Dr. S. Edward Young, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, preached a baseball sermon to a big congregation one Sunday evening recently. For several days the sermon had been advertised extensively by illustrations of a pitcher clutching a ball ready to curve it.
"St. Paul," he said, "watched the great Olympian games and wrote of them. He was enthused with the games and were he alive would not only be a true rooster, but he could give points to the editors of the sporting pages of the papers to-day."

"Our nearest approach to the old Olympian games is baseball. Baseball is the pastime of 50,000,000 Americans. It was played by the federal and Confederate soldiers during the civil war and carried by them to every hamlet of the United States. It is played on a thousand fields, and the game is admired by thousands of people."

He's Very Much Alive.

Burlington, Vt.—"Dead! I'm the livest dead man you ever saw!" said Merritt Fireing, an ice cream dealer, when friends called to inquire of his family particulars of his reported death in the river. News spread rapidly that the young man had been found drowned by a party of fishermen and his body taken to the morgue. Relatives rushed there to claim it, while acquaintances hurried to his home to offer condolences to the supposedly stricken family. Fireing believes the rumor was started by jokers with a poor sense of humor.

Wire Burns Mother and Girl.

Berwick, Pa.—Going down cellar at her home here, Mrs. Isaac Vought touched a fallen live electric light wire, screamed and fell to the floor, unconscious.

Her daughter, Florence, rushed down to her aid, and she, too, touched the wire and fell, but quickly recovered.
Then Mr. Vought ran down cellar and managed to release and revive his wife, who still clutched the wire and was shockingly burned.