

A MAKER OF HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM,
Author of "The Master Mummer," "A Prince of Sinners," "Mysterious Mr. Sablin," "Anna the Adventuress," Etc.

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(Continued from Page Three.)

ing it behind his head.
"I admit it," Duncombe answered.
"On the whole, I believe that it was very good advice."
"Would you," the vicomte murmured, "like another dose?"
"I trust," Duncombe said, "that there is no necessity."

The vicomte reflected.
"Why are you here?" he asked.
"To see Miss Poynton."
"And again why?"

Duncombe smiled. The boy's manner was so devoid of impertinence that he found it impossible to resent his questions.

"Well," he said, "I came hoping to bring Miss Poynton some good news. I had information which led me seriously to doubt whether the body which has been found in the Seine is really her brother's."

The vicomte sat up as though he had been shot.

"My friend," he said slowly, "I take some interest in you, but, upon my word, I begin to believe that you will end your days in the morgue yourself. As you value your life, don't tell any one else what you have just told me. I trust that I am the first."

"I have told the marquise," Duncombe answered, "and she has gone to find out whether Miss Poynton will see me."

The vicomte's patent boot tapped the floor slowly.

"You have told the marquise," he repeated thoughtfully. "Stop! I must think!"

There was a short silence, then the vicomte looked up.

"Very well," he said. "Now listen. Have you any confidence in me?"

"Undoubtedly," Duncombe answered. "The advice you gave me before was, I know, good. It was confirmed a few hours following, and, as you know, I followed it."

"Then listen," the vicomte said. "The affair Poynton is in excellent hands. The young lady will come to her home



"Monsieur may call again if he is a friend of Mlle. Poynton's."

You are here, I know, because you are her friend. You can help her if you will."

"How?" Duncombe asked.

"By leaving Paris today."

"Your advice," Duncombe said grimly, "seems to lack variety."

The vicomte shrugged his shoulders.

"The other affair," he said, "is still open. If I stepped to the telephone here, you would be arrested within the hour."

"Can't you leave the riddles out and talk so that an ordinary man can understand you for a few minutes?" Duncombe begged.

"It is exactly what remains impossible," the vicomte answered smoothly. "But you know the old saying—you have doubtless something similar in your own country—It is from our friends we suffer most." Your presence here, your—forgive me—some-what clumsy attempts to solve this 'affaire Poynton,' are likely to be a cause of embarrassment to the young lady herself and to others. Apart from that, it will certainly cost you your life."

"Without some shadow of an explanation," Duncombe said calmly, "I remain where I am in case I can be of assistance to Miss Poynton."

The young man shrugged his shoul-

ders and, sauntering to a mirror, rearranged his tie. Mme. le Marquise entered.

"You, Henri!" she exclaimed.

He bowed low, with exaggerated grace, and kissed the tips of her fingers.

"I," he answered, "and for this time with a perfectly legitimate reason for my coming—a commission from my uncle."

"L'affaire Poynton?"

"Exactly, dear cousin."

"But why," she asked, "did they not show you into my room?"

"I learnt that my friend Sir George Duncombe was here, and I desired to see him," he rejoined.

She shrugged her dainty shoulders.

"You will wait," she directed. Then she turned to Duncombe and handed him a sealed envelope.

"If you please," she said, "will you read that—now?"

He tore it open and read the few hasty lines. Then he looked up and met the marquise's expectant gaze.

"Madame," he said slowly, "does this come from Miss Poynton of her own free will?"

She laughed insolently.

"Monsieur," she said, "my guests are subject to no coercion in this house."

He bowed and turned toward the door.

"Your answer, monsieur?" she called out.

"There is no answer," he replied.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE marquise made a wry face at his departing figure, which changed swiftly into a smile as she turned to the young vicomte.

"Ah, these Englishmen!" she exclaimed.

"These dull, good, obstinate, stupid pigs of Englishmen! If they would lose their tempers once—get angry, anything! Do they make love as coldly, I wonder?"

"Dear cousin," he answered, "I do not know. But if you will permit me I will show you!"

"Henri!"

He sighed.

"You are so adorable, Angele," he murmured.

"And you," she answered, "are so indiscreet. It is not your day, and I am expecting Gustave at any moment. I have left word that he is to be shown up here. There, my hand for one moment. Not so roughly, sir. And now tell me why you came."

"On a diplomatic errand, my dear cousin. I must see Miss Poynton."

She touched a bell.

"I will send for her," she said. "I shall not let you see her alone. She is much too good looking, and you are far too impressionable."

He looked at her reproachfully.

"Angele," he said, "you speak so of a young English miss—to me, Henri de Bergillac—to me who has known—who knows!"

She interrupted him laughing. The exaggerated devotion of his manner seemed to amuse her.

"My dear Henri," she said, "I do not believe that even a young English miss is safe from you. But attend. She comes."

Phyllis entered the room and came toward them. She was dressed in black, and she was still pale, but her eyes and mouth were wholly without affinity to the class of young person whom Henri had expected to see. He rose and bowed, and Phyllis regarded him with frank interest.

"Phyllis," the marquise said, "this is the Vicomte de Bergillac, and he brings you messages from some one or other. Your affairs are quite too complicated for my little head. Sit down and let him talk to you."

"If M. le Vicomte has brought me messages from the right person," Phyllis said, with a smile, "he will be very welcome. Seriously, monsieur, I seem to have fallen among friends here whose only unkindness is an apparent desire to turn my life into a maze. I hope that you are going to lead me out."

"I can conceive, mademoiselle," the vicomte answered, with his hand upon his heart, "no more delightful undertaking."

"Then I am quite sure," she answered, laughing softly, "that we are both going to be very happy. Pardon me go on!"

"Mademoiselle speaks delightful French," he murmured, a little surprised.

"And, monsieur, I can see," she answered, "is an apt flatterer. Afterward as much as you please. But now—well, I want to hear about Guy."

"Mademoiselle has commanded," he said, with a little gesture. "To proceed then. M. Guy is well and is my constant companion. He is with friends who wish him well, and this morning, mademoiselle, the president himself has given written orders to the police to proceed no further in the unfortunate little affair of which mademoiselle has knowledge."

Phyllis had lost all her pallor. She smiled delightedly upon him. Mme. le Marquise rose with a little impatient movement and walked to the further end of the room.

"How nice of you to come and tell me this," she exclaimed, "and what a relief. I am sure I think he is very fortunate to have made such good friends."

"Mademoiselle," he declared with emphasis, "one at least of those friends

is more than repaid."

She laughed back into his eyes, frankly amused by his gallantry.

"And now," she said, "we come to the beginning of the riddles. Why is it necessary for him to be supposed drowned if he is no longer in danger from the police?"

"Ah, mademoiselle," he said, "I must speak to you now of strange things, but first I must implore you



Phyllis entered the room and came toward them.

to promise me this and remember it always! Every word that I am going to say to you now must remain for the present a profound secret. That is agreed?"

"Certainly!" she answered.

"Your brother," he continued, "in his travels on the continent stumbled by chance upon a state secret of international importance. He had himself no idea of it, but a chance word which he let fall on the first evening I met him gave the clue to myself and some friends. In his enforced retirement we—that is, my uncle and others—learned from him the whole story of his adventure. It has placed the government of this country under great obligations. This, together with your services to us, has secured his pardon."

"This is wonderful!" she murmured.

"It is not all," he continued. "The spies of the country where he learned this secret have followed him to Paris. They are today searching for him everywhere. If they knew that he realized the importance of what he had seen and had communicated it to the proper persons here our advantage in knowing it would be largely lost. So far they have not traced him. Now I think that you have the key to what must have puzzled you so much."

"This is wonderful!" she murmured.

"Let me think for a moment."

"You are naturally anxious," the vicomte continued, "to see your brother. Before very long, mademoiselle, I trust that it may be my pleasure to bring you together, but when I tell you that you are watched continually in the hope that through you your brother's hiding place may be found you will understand the wisdom which for the present keeps you apart."

"I suppose so," she answered dubiously. "But now that his death is reported?"

"Exactly, mademoiselle. The affair has been arranged so that the search for your brother be abandoned and the espionage on you removed. If the story of his doings in Paris and the tragic sequel to them be believed by those whom we wish to believe it, then they will also assume that his secret has died with him and that their schemes move on toward success. You understand?"

"Yes, M. le Vicomte, I understand," she answered slowly. "What, then, do you wish me to do?"

"Mademoiselle," the vicomte answered, fixing his dark eyes impressively upon her, "for you there remains the hardest of all tasks—inaction. Believe me that when I came here it was not my intention to put the truth of the matter so plainly before you. Neither was it the will of those whose orders I carry out. But I, mademoiselle, before all things I believe in inspiration. I find in mademoiselle"—he bowed once more—"qualities which alter the situation. I—a judge of faces, as I venture to believe myself—have looked into yours, and many things have happened."

She laughed delightedly. Her eyes were lit with humor.

"Ah, monsieur!" she protested.

"With you, mademoiselle," he continued, "reposes now a secret of great importance to your country and mine. I ask for no pledge of discretion, but I rely upon it. And especially, mademoiselle, may I warn you against your friends."

"I understand," she answered. "You wish me to share this confidence with no one."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Employment, sir, and hardships prevent melancholy.—Johnson.

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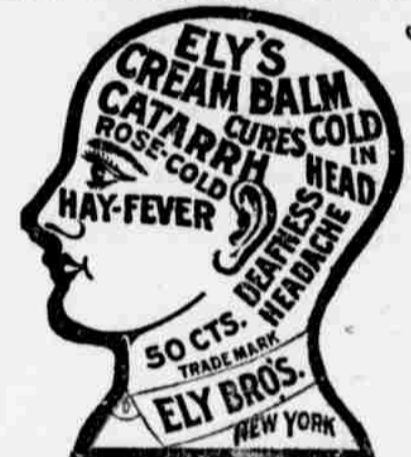
Valentine, Neb., Aug. 26.—Nearly 3,000 people attended the Sunday services of the Christian Indian convocation of the Niobrara deanery of the Episcopal church in South Dakota.

A great feast was given to 1,800 people, Indians and whites sitting together in a great circle beside Trinity chapel. Just at sunset a great service was said, the most beautiful and inspiring service of its kind ever held. Whites and reds together, led by the venerable prelate, Bishop Hare, sent up their praise to God just as the sun was slipping behind the sandhills. It was a service that showed the religious progress of the red man, and although half of the Indians are still unchristianized, it showed that they are making a heroic stride in that direction.

There were two separate meetings of the Indian brotherhoods, one, the Brotherhood of Christian Unity, and the other, the renowned Brotherhood of St. Andrew. Reports were read and important topics discussed. Today will be taken up with business meetings of both men and women. A large pavilion has been erected, also eating booths and everything is being done to care for the delegates and immense crowds. About 800 tents have been put up, and at least 2,000 Indians are camped about St. Mary's school and the chapel.

Autoists Held Up by Highwaymen.
Lewistown, Pa., Aug. 28.—Roy Long, Calvin Knapp, Charles Beardsley and Raymond Dixon, while autoing on a dark road three miles from this place at a late hour, were held up by three masked men who took all their money and valuables. A vigorous hunt is being made for the highwaymen, but there is little chance of catching them.

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