

A MAKER OF HISTORY

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

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(Continued from Page Three.)

"Then, by God, you shall tell me!" he said fiercely. "Don't you know, man, that Guy has been found in the Seine, robbed and drugged and murdered without a doubt? Do you want me to wait while something of the same sort happens to her? You shall tell me where she is, Duncombe. I say that you shall tell me."

Duncombe hesitated.

"You can do no more than I have done," he said.

"Then at least I will do as much," Andrew answered. "I am her oldest friend, and I have claims upon her which you never could have. Now that she is in this terrible trouble my place is by her side. I—"

"One moment, Andrew," Duncombe interrupted. "Are you sure that it was Guy Poynton who was found in the Seine? The height was given as five feet nine, and Guy Poynton was over six feet."

"You should read the papers," Andrew answered shortly. "He was identified by his sister."

"The papers said so," Duncombe answered hesitatingly, "but—"

"Look here," Andrew interrupted, "I have had enough of this playing with facts. You have grown too complex about this business altogether, Duncombe. Give me Phyllis Poynton's address."

"You shall have it," Duncombe answered, taking a leaf from his pocket-book and writing. "I don't think that it will be any good to you. I think that it is more likely to lead you into trouble. Miss Poynton is with the Marquis and Marquise de St. Ethol. They are of the first nobility in France. Their position as people of honor and circumstance appears undoubted. But nevertheless if you are allowed to see her I shall be surprised."

The hall porter approached them, hat in hand.

"A lady to see monsieur," he announced to Andrew.

Andrew rose and took his companion's arm. He scarcely glanced again toward Duncombe, who followed them out of the room. And there in the hall awaiting them was the young lady from Vienna, quietly dressed in black, but unmistakable with her pretty hair and perfumes. Duncombe watched them shake hands and move away before he could recover sufficiently from his first fit of surprise to intervene. Then a realization of what had happened rushed in upon him. They, too, then, had been to the Cafe Montmartre, with their obvious Anglicisms, their clumsy inquiries, to make of themselves without doubt the jest of

that little nest of intriguers and afterward their tool. Duncombe thought of the fruits of his own inquiries there and shivered. He hurried after the little party, who were apparently on their way to the cafe.

"Andrew," he said, grasping him by the arm, "I must speak with you alone—at once."

"I see no object in any further discussion between us," Andrew said calmly.

"Don't be a fool!" Duncombe answered. "That woman you are with is a spy. If you have anything to do with her you are injuring Phyllis Poynton. She is not here to give you information. She is at work for her own ends."

"You are becoming more communicative, my friend," Andrew said, with something which was almost a sneer. "You did not talk so freely a few minutes back. It seems as though we were on the eve of a discovery."

"You are on the brink of making an idiot of yourself," Duncombe answered quickly. "You were mad to bring that blundering English detective over here. What the French police cannot or do not choose to discover, do you suppose that they would allow an Englishman to find out—a stranger to Paris and with an accent like that? If I cannot keep you from folly by any other means, I must break my word to others. Come back into the smoking room with me, and I will tell you why you are mad to have anything to do with that woman."

"Thank you," Andrew answered. "I think not. I have confidence in Mr. Lloyd, my friend here, and I have none in you."

"Andrew?"

"I speak as I feel!"

"Leave me out of the question. It is Phyllis Poynton you will harm. I see that your friend is listening and mademoiselle is impatient. Make your excuses for ten minutes, Andrew. You will never regret it."

The detective, who had evidently overheard everything, stepped back to them.

"You will excuse my interfering, sir," he said, "but if this case is to remain in my hands at all it is necessary for me to hear all that Sir George Duncombe has to say. The young lady will wait for a moment. This case is difficult enough as it is, what with the jealousy of the French police, who naturally don't want us to find out what they can't. If Sir George Duncombe has any information to give now," the man added with emphasis, "which he withheld a few minutes ago, I think that I ought to hear it from his own lips."

"I agree entirely with what Mr. Lloyd has said," Andrew declared.

Duncombe shrugged his shoulders. He looked around him cautiously, but they were in a corner of the entresol, and no one was within hearing distance.

"Very well," he said. "To save you from danger and Miss Poynton from further trouble I am going to break a confidence which has been reposed in me, and to give you the benefit of my own surmises. In the first place, Mr. Lloyd is mistaken in supposing that the French police have been in the least puzzled by this double disappearance. On the contrary, they are perfectly well aware of all the facts of the case and could have produced Miss Poynton or her brother at any moment. They are working not for us, but against us!"

"Indeed!" Mr. Lloyd said in a tone of disbelief. "And their object?"

"Here is as much of the truth as I dare tell you," Duncombe said. "Guy Poynton while on the continent be-

CHAPTER XXXI.

SPENCER tried to rise from his sofa, but the effort was too much for him. Pale and thin, with black lines under his eyes and bloodless lips, he seemed scarcely more than the wreck of his former self.

His visitor laid his stick and hat upon the table. Then he bowed once more to Spencer and stood looking at him, leaning slightly against the table.

"I am permitted," he asked gently, "to introduce myself?"

"Quite unnecessary," Spencer answered.

The baron shrugged his shoulders.

"You know me?" he asked.

The shadow of a smile flitted across Spencer's face.

"By many names, M. Louis," he answered.

His visitor smiled. Debonair in dress and deportment, there seemed nothing in the air of gentle concern with which he regarded the man whom he had come to visit to inspire mistrust. Yet Spencer cursed the languor which had kept him from recovering the revolver which an hour or more before had slipped from underneath his cushion.

"It saves trouble," M. Louis said. "I come to you, M. Spencer, as a friend."

"You alarm me," Spencer murmured. M. Louis shrugged his shoulders.

"You are pleased to be witty," he answered, "but, indeed, I am no such terrible person. It is permitted that I smoke?"

"Certainly," Spencer answered. "If you care for wine or liqueurs, pray ring for my servant. I can assure you that it is not by my own will that you find me so indifferent a host."

"I thank you," M. Louis answered. "I think that we will not ring the bell. It would be a pity to disturb an interview to which I have looked forward with so much pleasure."

"L'affaire Poynton?" Spencer suggested.

"Precisely!"

"You have perhaps come to complete the little affair in which so far you have succeeded so admirably?"

"Pray do not suggest such a thing," M. Louis answered deprecatingly. "For one thing, I should not personally run the risk. And for another, have I not already assured you that I come as a friend?"

"It was then," Spencer answered, "that I began to be frightened."

M. Louis smiled. He drew a gold cigarette case from his pocket and calmly lit a cigarette.

"Since you permit, mon ami," he said. "Good! I speak better when I smoke. You are not so ill, I see, but that you retain that charming sense of humor which your readers have learned so well how to appreciate."

"The dose was scarcely strong enough," Spencer answered, "or perhaps by good fortune I stumbled upon the proper antidote."

"I see that you like plain speaking," M. Louis continued, with a gentle smile. "Permit me to assure you, then, that the dose was quite as strong as you wished. Extremes are sometimes necessary, but we avoid them whenever possible."

"I wonder where it happened," Spencer said reflectively. "I have been on my guard all the time. I have watched my wine and coffee at the cafes, and I have eaten only in the restaurants that I know."

M. Louis did not seem to think the matter important.

"It was bound to happen," he said. "If you had been like your friends—the English baronet and the last two, who are even more amusing—perhaps



it would not have been necessary. But you understand—you were beginning to discover things."

"Yes," Spencer admitted, "I was beginning to get interested."

"Exactly. We were forced to act. I can assure you, M. Spencer, that it was with reluctance. The others of whom I have spoken—Sir George Duncombe, M. Pelham and his spy detective—forgive me that I smile—walk all the time in the palm of our hand. But they remain unharmed. If by any chance they should blunder into the knowledge of things which might cause us annoyance, why, then there would be more invaids in Paris. Indeed, monsieur, we do not seek to abuse our power. My errand to you today is one of mercy."

"You make me ashamed," Spencer said, with a sarcasm which he took no pains to conceal, "of my unworthy suspicions. To proceed."

"I wouldn't put it like that, sir," the man answered, with a deprecating smile. "I think you have been misled by those who did not wish you to discover the truth."

Duncombe turned sharply on his heel. "And you, Andrew?"

"I wish to do you justice," Andrew answered coldly, "and I am willing to believe that you have faith yourself in the extraordinary story you have just told us. But, frankly, I think that you have been too credulous."

Duncombe lost his temper. He turned on his heel and walked back into the hotel.

"You can go to the devil your own way," he declared.

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SUSPECT WILL RETURN.

Man Taken at Osceola Says He Was Using Name Not His Own.

Leavenworth, Kan., Sept. 2.—The man who was arrested in Osceola, Neb., and brought to the Kansas penitentiary under the belief that he was Ben Cravens, the notorious desperado, left the prison. He will return to Osceola. He was furnished with a return ticket to Nebraska. Before leaving Lansing the man said his right name was Albert Clay States and that he sometimes gave the other name of Scettler, which was his mother's name.

Pioneers Take Automobiles.

Lincoln, Sept. 2.—The territorial pioneers of Nebraska automobilized around Lincoln and then took lunch at Capital Beach. Former Governor Crouse, David Anderson, A. N. Yost of Omaha and Mrs. Louisa Collins of Kearney, the first woman resident of that town, delivered short speeches. June 27 was set apart by resolution as a public holiday to be submitted to the next legislature to be made legal. This is in honor of the day the Lewis and Clark expedition reached Nebraska, in 1803.

MANNER OF MCGIRR'S DEATH.

Citizen of Chapman Says Man Was Hounded to Death by Mobs.

Lincoln, Sept. 2.—Governor Sheldon has received a letter from A. L. Steers of Chapman, Neb., in which it is claimed that James L. McGirr, a Greek laborer, who was found dead near there July 16, came to his end at the hands of a mob, who clubbed him to death.

The letter does not go into any details, but says that if the chief executive is anxious to preserve the law and order in the state, he should not stop with urging the prosecution of the lynchers of Higgins, but should take up every case.

The Blues

Do you have a fit of "the blues," every month? Suffer from headache, backache, low waist-pains, creeping sensations, nervousness, irritability, irregularity, or any disorder of your natural functions? Such symptoms show that you suffer from one of the diseases peculiar to women. Don't procrastinate. Take

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