

A MAKER OF HISTORY

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.
Author of "The Master's Men," "A Prince of Bismarck," "Monsieur Mr. Edouard," "Anna the Adventuress," Etc.

Copyright, 1916, 1918, by Little, Brown, and Company.

(Continued from Page Three.)

I have strongly advised him to produce some papers which I think will help him materially. The police officer in whose charge he is would not allow him to return, so he handed me his keys and asked me to fetch them. I can assure you that I am your master's friend and wish to do all that I can to help him. If he had not trusted me, he would not have given me his keys, which no doubt you recognize."

Groves reluctantly stood on one side. "I suppose I must let you in, sir," he said, "but I wish that the master had sent me a line."

"We had neither pencil nor paper," M. Louis said, "and the affair was urgent. I must be back in Norwich by 8 o'clock."

"I will prepare the coffee, sir," Groves said, turning away. "If you require more light the switches are behind the door."

"Very good," M. Louis said. "You need not have the slightest anxiety. I am here on your master's behalf."

Groves hesitated and looked for a moment curiously around the room. He seemed as though he had something else to say, but checked himself at the last moment and withdrew. M. Louis drew a little breath of relief.

He did not immediately proceed to work. He threw off his overcoat and lit a cigarette. His fingers were steady enough, but he was conscious of an unwelcome sense of excitement. He was face to face with destiny. He had played before for great stakes, but never such as these. A single false step, an evil turn in the wheel of fortune, spelled death, and he was afraid to die. He moved to the sideboard. Everything there was as they had left it. He poured out some brandy and drank it off.

With fresh courage he moved to the safe, which stood in the corner of the room. It must be there, if anywhere, that this precious document lay. He tried his keys one by one. At last he found the right one. The great door swung slowly open.

He was spared all anxiety. There on the top of a pile of legal looking documents, leases, title deeds and the like, was a long envelope, and across it in Duncombe's sprawling writing those few words, "Intrusted to me by Miss Poynton.—Sept. 4th."

He grasped it in his fingers and tore open the envelope. As he read the single page of closely written writing his eyes seemed almost to protrude. He gave a little gasp. No wonder there were those who reckoned this single page of manuscript worth a great fortune. Every sentence, every word, told its own story. It was a page of the world's history.

Then a strange thing happened. Some part of him rebelled against the inactivity which prompted him to carefully fold and place in his breast pocket this wonderful find of his. His nerves seemed suddenly frozen in his body. There was a curious numb sensation at the back of his neck which forbade him to turn round. His hands shook, his teeth chattered. The sweat of death was upon his forehead and despair in his heart. He had heard nothing, seen nothing, yet he knew that he was no longer alone.

When at last he turned round he turned his whole body. The muscles of his neck were numbed still, his knees shook and his face was ghastly. M. Louis of the Cafe Montmartre, brave of tongue and gallant of bearing, had suddenly collapsed. M. Louis, the drug soddan, degenerate of a family whose nobles had made gay the scarfolds of the Place de la Republique, wavered in his place.

It was the worst upon which he looked with chattering teeth, but without surprise. The door of the inner room was open, and upon the threshold stood Toquet, small, dark and saturnine—Toquet, with something which glittered in his hand, so that M. Louis, already the prey of a diseased and ghastly imagination, felt the pain of the bullet in his heart. On an easy chair by the fireside Henri de Bergillac was lounging, with a queer smile upon his lips.

"My friend," he said quietly, though the scorn which underlay his words seemed to bite the air, "you have solved for us a double problem. First, how to account for the absence of our host, and, secondly, how to open that very formidable looking safe. You will be so good as to place upon the table that document which you hold in your hands."

For a single second M. Louis hesitated. Some lingering vestige of a cour-

age, purely hereditary, showed him in one lightning-like flash how at least he might carry with him to a swift grave some vestige of his ruined self respect. A traitor to his old friends, he might at least keep faith with the new. He had time to destroy. Even the agonies of death might last long enough to complete the task. But the impulse was only momentary. He shuddered afresh at the thought that he might have yielded to it. He threw it upon the table.

The vicomte rose to his feet, glanced through the closely written page with something of the same excitement which had inspired its recent possessor, and carefully buttoned it up in his breast pocket. Then he turned once more to the man who stood before them, broken and trembling.

"Louis," he said, "you are the first traitor whom our society has hatched. I look upon you with curiosity as a thing I once called my friend. What imbecility prompted you to this?"

M. Louis found nerve to shrug his shoulders. "A million francs!" he answered. "Heavens, but what folly!" the vicomte murmured. "Did we not all know that a German was in Paris who had offered a million or two million francs for the missing page of that treaty? Do you think that he was not watched day and night? Bah! I have no patience to talk of this. What have you done with our host?"

"Arrested him for—Flossie. He is in a ditch halfway to Norwich."

"Hurt?"

"No. Chloroformed."

"How did you get here?"

"In an automobile from Lynn."

"Good! It waits for you?"

"Yes."

"We will take it. My good friend here, Toquet, is familiar with the neighborhood. As Mr. Fielding, the American millionaire, you learned the excellence of these roads for quick traveling, did you not, mon ami? So!"

"You leave me here?" M. Louis faltered.

"Aye, to rot if you will!" the vicomte answered, with sudden harshness. "I will atone," M. Louis faltered. "It was a single false step."

De Bergillac looked down upon him with unspeakable contempt. "Atone! Listen, Louis! In this country you are safe. Crawl away into



As he read the single page of writing his eyes seemed almost to protrude.

some hiding place and make what you will of the rest of your days, but I will promise you this—if ever you set your feet upon one inch of France you shall meet with your deserts. There are many things which those who play the great game must pardon, but there is one crime for which no atonement is possible, and you have committed it. You are a traitor!"

De Bergillac turned away. The effeminacy of his manner seemed to have disappeared under the strain of his extreme anger. It was his race, after all, which had asserted itself. And then the door was thrown suddenly open, and a wild looking figure confronted them.

It was Duncombe, muddy from head to foot, pale and with a slight wound upon the temple, from which the blood had trickled down his face. He saw the open safe, and M. Louis, a pitiful figure, and he did not hesitate. He scarcely glanced at the others. He strode forward and seized the baron by the collar.

"Give me back what you have stolen, you blackguard!" he exclaimed.

M. Louis was breathless. It was the young vicomte who interposed.

"Our friend," he remarked suavely, "has not been successful in his little effort. The document he came to purloin is in my pocket, and here, Sir George, is my warrant for retaining possession of it."

He held out a note, which Duncombe took and read, with a little sigh of relief.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "You have the document?"

De Bergillac tapped his breast pocket.

"It is here," he said.

Duncombe turned to M. Louis.

"My arrest, then," he remarked, "was part of the game?"

"Exactly!" De Bergillac answered. "This little document, intrusted to your care by the young English lady, was worth a million francs to the man who harbored our friend here. It was worth while, this little enterprise. The pity of it is that it has failed. Sir George, I go to Paris tonight. I offer you a safe conduct if you care to accompany me. L'affaire Poynton does not exist any more."

"Can you give me ten minutes to change my clothes?" Duncombe asked eagerly.

"No more," De Bergillac answered. "I will get rid of our friend here."

There was a knock at the door. Groves entered, with coffee. At the sight of his master he nearly dropped the tray.

"It's all right, Groves," Duncombe said, smiling. "We had a little spill, and I've lost my bag. Pack me some more things quickly."

"Very good, sir," Groves answered and withdrew precipitately.

De Bergillac laid his hand upon Duncombe's arm.

"There is only one thing, my friend," he said. "I trust that it is Mr. Guy Poynton who is your friend and not his beautiful sister? Eh? I am answered! The misfortune! Never mind. I will drink my coffee to les belle yeux de les autres!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THREE men were the sole occupants of the great room whose windows looked out upon the Louvre. The table around which they were seated was strewn with papers and maps. The door of the room was locked, and a sentry stood outside in the passage. The three men were busy making history.

The man who occupied the seat at the head of the table was the M. Grisson, to whom Guy Poynton, at the instigation of the Duc de Bergillac, had told his story. It was he who was spokesman.

"The situation," he said, "is one which bristles with difficulties. We will assume for a moment the truth of what we have certainly reasonable ground to believe. Russia has shown every sign of disappointment with us for our general attitude during the war. Our understanding with England has provoked a vigorous though unofficial protest from her representatives here. Since then our relations have become to a certain extent strained. Germany, ever on the lookout for complications which might lead to her own advantage, steps in. Her attitude toward Russia is changed to one of open and profound sympathy. Russia in her desperate straits rises like a starving fish to a fat fly. Here it is that our secret service steps in."

"Our secret service—and her allies," one of the other men murmured.

"Exactly!" We pass now into the consideration of facts which need one thing only to justify our course of action. Evidence is brought to us that a secret meeting took place between the czar of Russia and the emperor of Germany. From all the information which we have collected that meeting was possible. I personally believe that it took place. A treaty is said to have been drawn up between them having for its object the embroilment of England with Russia and alliance of Germany with Russia so far as regards her quarrel with England. We know that Germany is secretly mobilizing men and ships.

"We know that the ambition of the emperor is to possess himself of the colonies of Great Britain, if not actually to hold his court in London. We know that his jealousy of King Edward amounts to a disease. We know that he is a man of daring and violent temper, with an indomitable will and an unflinching belief in his own infallibility and the infallibility of his army and navy. We know that he has at least a dozen schemes for a sudden attack upon England, and mightily though the navy of Great Britain is, it is not in our opinion strong enough to protect her shore from the combined Baltic and German fleets and also protect her colonies. England, through our friendship, has been warned. She proposes with most flattering alacrity the only possible counter stroke—an alliance with ourselves. We must decide within twelve hours. The treaty lies upon my desk there. Upon us must rest the most momentous decision which any Frenchman within our recollection has been called upon to make. What have you to say, gentlemen?"

There was a short silence. Then the man who sat at M. Grisson's right hand spoke.

"The issues before us," he said slowly, "are appalling. Every Frenchman's blood must boil at the thought of Germany greedily helping herself to the mighty wealth and power of Great Britain—becoming by this single master stroke the strongest nation on earth, able to dictate even to us and to send her word unchallenged throughout the world. It is a hideous picture. It must mean the abandonment forever of the hope of every true Frenchman. Every minute will become a menace to us. Wilhelm, the arrogant, with British gold and British ships at his

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.
The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 37 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE ORIGINAL
BEE'S
Best for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping Cough, Etc.
LAXATIVE
No Opium, Conforms to National Pure Food and Drug Law.
COUGH SYRUP
CONTAINS HONEY AND TAR

All cough syrups containing opiates constipate the bowels. Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup moves the bowels and contains no opiates.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures scalp-itch and dandruff. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

back, will never forget to flaunt himself before us to our eternal humiliation."

"You are taking it for granted," his neighbor remarked, "that Germany will be successful."

"The odds are in her favor," was the quiet reply. "The navy of Great Britain is immense, but her sea front, so to speak, is enormous. She is open to the prey of a sudden swift attack, and the moment has never been more favorable."

"Let all these things be granted," the third man said. "Even then are we free to enter into this alliance with England? Our treaty with Russia remains. We have no proof that she has broken faith with us. If this secret treaty between Russia and Germany really exists it is of course another matter. But does it? We have nothing but the word of an English boy. The rest is all assumption. The whole affair might be a nightmare. We might sign this treaty with England and find afterward that we had been the victim of a trick. We should be perjured before the face of all Europe, and our great financial interests in Russia would at once be placed in a perilous position."

A telephone upon the table rang softly. M. Grisson held the receiver to his ear and listened. Then he rose to his feet.

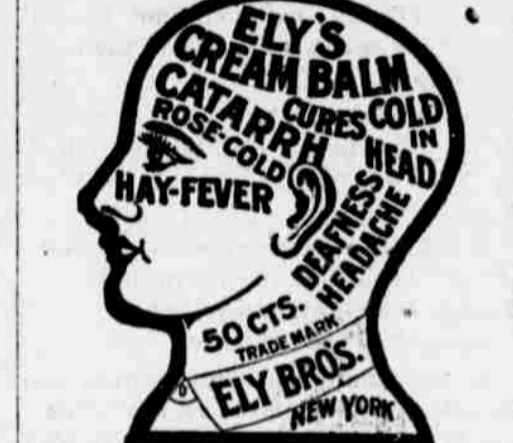
"Count von Munchen desires a word

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Morris Nominated for Mayor. Salt Lake, Sept. 18.—The Democrats nominated former Mayor R. P. Morris for the mayoralty.

Woman Dies at Age of 104. Calumet, Mich., Sept. 17.—Mrs. Mona Jackson, the oldest resident of northern Michigan, died at the age of 104. She is survived by four generations of descendants.

CATARRH



ELY'S CREAM BALM

This Remedy is a Specific, Sure to Give Satisfaction. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE. It cleanses, soothes, heals, and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Easy to use. Contains no injurious drugs. Applied into the nostrils and absorbed. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

The Blues

Do you have a fit of "the blues" every month? Suffer from headache, back-ache, 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

WINE OF CARDUI WOMAN'S RELIEF

Mrs. Sarah G. Butts, of White Plains, Va., writes: "Cardui is certainly a panacea for suffering women. I was sunk in despair. Death is no worse than the pains I suffered periodically. Nothing relieved me, until I took Cardui. Now the pains have gone, and I am stronger than in 15 years." Try it for your troubles.

At all Drug Stores E30

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY. Mystic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits, 75 cents and \$1. Sold by H. E. Guerin, Druggist, Red Cloud.