

The Castle of Lies

BY ARTHUR HENRY VERSEY
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CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

An immense man stood stiffly at the window awaiting us. His bearing was slovenly, as was his attire. The spectacles and the puffy face, unnaturally pale, suggested the habits of the student. But the eyes, small, crafty, and very bright, instantly corrected my first impression, and left me baffled and vaguely distrustful. It was the man whose reflection I had seen in the pier-glass.

"Ah, my cousin at last! Georges, this is Mr. Haddon, an American. He comes to the chateau at Alterhoffen as our guest."

It was impossible to doubt that he had spied on me with Madame de Varier's consent. But I was certain that he heard of my consent to go to Alterhoffen with positive annoyance. I was not blind to the significant look that passed between them: the eyes of Madame de Varier dilating in triumph and defiance; Dr. Starva equally defiant and sullen.

Evidently there was discord in the camp. Dr. Starva did not welcome the fly that had consented to walk into the web. Well, so much the better. A little discord might prove useful.

"Madam is an admirable host," Dr. Starva said slowly in French. "But if the guest is to be quite happy he must be content to amuse himself as madam wishes."

The words were almost a threat. I looked with repulsion at this pale, flabby, shuffling giant. It would be well to be on my guard against him. He might be dangerous. But half the battle was won in realizing that.

Madame de Varier met his bold sally, insolently careless.

"A diner, messieurs," she cried gaily, and took my arm, leaving the huge Dr. Starva to follow.

CHAPTER XII.

Treachery.

Three hours later Dr. Starva and myself were on the little steamboat en route for Vitznau, a journey of an hour. I had met him at the quay; he was alone. Madame de Varier, he coolly informed me, had taken an earlier boat. I was not to see her until next morning.

Frankly, I scarcely liked that. I could have wished for a more congenial companion. However, I was embarked on an adventure; and must take things as they came. It was to be a game of give and take. I was deliberately permitting myself to be their tool for the moment; I was to serve their purpose. My wages for the service were to be the opportunity of finding Sir Mortimer Brett. Until I had penetrated the mystery of his disappearance I would be as clay in their hands. Perhaps it might be necessary to be their partner for the nonce in their intrigues. They might wonder at my docility or guilelessness, but they should not question it. That was the delicate task I must bend myself to for the present.

We had seated ourselves well forward and were quite alone, for at this late hour the boat carried few passengers. The wind coming from the snow-clad peaks was piercing; I shivered, but rather from excitement than from the chilly air. Already the lights of Vitznau could be seen dimly through the thick mists.

Dr. Starva, rolling a huge cigar in the corner of his loose, sensual mouth, regarded me fixedly under shaggy eyebrows.

"It is cold. We must have some cognac." Without asking for my assent he summoned a waiter.

Even in so trivial a matter as the appropriateness of refreshments his tone was more a command than an invitation. The cognac would be welcome enough, but one less observing than myself might have noticed the alacrity with which he welcomed the excuse for the liquor.

"Do you know what it is to have a headache?" he asked, and, fumbling clumsily in his waistcoat pocket, he produced a tiny packet.

"No," I said, yawning, and watching him idly.

"Ah, you are fortunate. This little powder is a great benefactor to me. We are close to Vitznau. Through the trees there you can get a glimpse of the hotel we are to stop at."

He pointed at a building a quarter of a mile distant from the landing stage we were fast approaching, holding in mid-air the packet of powder preparatory to placing it on his tongue.

I looked where he pointed; there was not much to see; the mist enveloped everything. The boy approached with the cognac.

My elbows on the table, I fingered carelessly the little glass placed in front of me, while that of Dr. Starva was being filled. As I tipped it toward me I caught a glimpse of a white powder in the bottom of my glass.

Dr. Starva's headache powder!

Here was treachery indeed! But I did not move a muscle. I lifted my eyes slowly. Dr. Starva's great head was tipped back. The packet, empty of its powder, of course, was placed at his lips. But his rat-like eyes were watching me narrowly.

I had need to think and act quickly. The powder was a narcotic to deaden my senses. That must be prevented at any cost; and yet he must think that I had taken the drug.

He had called my attention to the hotel while he cleverly slipped the powder into the glass. I ought not to be less adroit.

As the waiter passed around the table his decanter in hand, I thrust out my leg and tripped him up nearly. He fell against Dr. Starva, the decanter still held carefully aloft.

In that moment of confusion I emp-

ted the contents of my glass into my handkerchief. When Starva, furious and perhaps suspicious, pushed the man fiercely from him and looked at me, I was laughing heartily at his mishap, the handkerchief in one hand, the other holding out the glass for the brandy, the fingers closing over it to hide it from his view.

"Sante!" he cried boisterously, and drained the contents of his glass at a gulp. I followed his example, and in spite of the powerful liquor, I tasted (or fancied I tasted) the dregs of the bitter drug.

"Pah!" I cried in disgust, and was careful to hand the glass to the waiter instead of placing it on the table. "I have tasted better brandy than that in my life."

The expression of disgust promptly assured him that I had really drunk the potion given me. But now that I was supposed to have taken it, I wondered precisely what effect it should have on me, and how soon that effect should be felt.

Fortunately, he concerned himself with our luggage; for the boat was almost at the dock. When he returned to my side I greeted him in sleepy indifference. He looked at me keenly. I was not blind to his satisfaction. He shook my shoulder.

"What is it! Are we arrived?" I rose to my feet unsteadily.

"Yes, and it is necessary to hurry." The handful of passengers had already left the boat. We descended the gangway slowly. Dr. Starva's arm grasping mine.

We entered the closed carriage that



The Packet Was Lifted at His Lips.

awaited us. I lurched clumsily into the vehicle, and sat crouched up in the corner, my head sunk on my breast. I assumed it safe and fitting that I should appear passively indifferent as to what passed now. Certainly by this time the drug would have taken some effect had I swallowed it. But I need not say that I had my wits with me.

My companion unfastened a valise he had brought into the carriage with him. I confess I watched him out of the corner of my eye in some trepidation.

I was thankful when he produced nothing more formidable than a military cloak and a felt hat. To my astonishment he deftly slipped from my shoulders the light covert coat I wore, and took my hat from my head, substituting the garments he had taken from his bag.

I could have laughed aloud, his confidence in my condition was so absolute, and his antics so extraordinary. When I left the carriage presently, surely the driver must see the change in my attire, and have his suspicions—unless he were in Dr. Starva's confidence!

And this fact did not escape me: The hat did not injure me, as it must have done had it been Dr. Starva's.

Then if it were not his own—

In an instant I had guessed something of his game.

CHAPTER XIII.

I Masquerade Unwillingly.

It must have been after midnight when the carriage drew up under the porte-cochere of the hotel. Dr. Starva alighted and met the concierge at the vestibule. I heard little of what was said at first, but the surprise of the concierge was evident. He tossed his arms about, and burst into excited protests. Presently (and I could see that Starva was annoyed at the action) he came to the door of the carriage and peered within. I sat huddled up in the corner, apparently asleep.

"He is very ill—his Excellency!" cried the concierge in French.

"Listen to me," sternly replied

Starva in the same language. "That is not his Excellency, imbecile. That is only a tourist, a Mr. Haddon. You understand," he repeated slowly, shaking the concierge by the lapel of his gorgeous coat, "that is only a tourist."

The fellow looked at Dr. Starva, bewildered.

"Mais, mais, mais—" he stammered in exostulation, pointing at me.

"Appearances are sometimes treacherous" said Starva grimly, and added with marked carelessness, "Is Madame de Varnier arrived?"

"An hour ago," muttered the man, his round eyes still staring at me.

"Then do you think, fool, that his Excellency would come to this hotel at midnight, and at the hour that she arrives? Are there no tongues to talk? Are there no eyes to pry? If Mr. Haddon"—he emphasized the name—"prefers to be nursed by a beautiful woman, shall I, his physician, refuse? But for his Excellency to be nursed by a beautiful woman—at least," he added meaningly, "for the world to know it—now do you understand?"

He towered over the little concierge, staring down at him fiercely vindictive. At the same time he slipped into the servant's unresisting hand a number of crisp notes. The hand of the concierge closed over them lovingly; his broad, good-humored face slowly expanded into a smile of perfect comprehension.

"But yes, I see it all as clearly as the nose on my face." The little wretch placed his forefinger on that organ and winked.

"Then you will see that there are no inquisitive servants to spy imperceptibly. Take us up on the lift yourself. The porter may leave the baggage below, since Mr. Haddon goes early to-morrow morning with his nurse and his physician. He must not be disturbed in his rest. To-night he is very ill, as you see. There is a long journey before us to-morrow. I shall arrange with you later concerning the diligence. Lastly, you will discreetly keep your eyes away. You will certainly not see his Excellency."

Dr. Starva now placed one foot on the carriage step, and leaning toward me, gently aroused me. I opened my

eyes slowly and muttered something to the effect that we had arrived. Alighting, I grasped his arm mechanically, and we proceeded slowly into the hotel, across the hall, to the elevator. The little concierge trotted solemnly in front of us.

The elevator, as well as the hall and corridors, was deserted at this late hour. We met no one.

Arriving at the suite of rooms allotted to us the concierge was summarily dismissed. But before he left us the servant insisted on whispering to Dr. Starva these words, which no doubted startled him as much as they did me:

"The sister of his Excellency is in the hotel. Shall I tell her that—"

Dr. Starva clutched the shoulder of his informant, and held him in a fierce, vise-like grip.

"Three times stubborn fool!" he growled, "what concern is it to Mr.

Haddon that the sister of Sir Mortimer Brett is at this hotel? Certainly you will not tell her."

He thrust his spectacled, pallid face close to that of the trembling servant. Then releasing him suddenly, he pushed him without, the little concierge rubbing his shoulder ruefully. Immediately he regretted this unnecessary violence. He stepped out into the corridor, and I guessed that he had smoothed the injured vanity of the gold-laced official with more of the crisp notes.

He had scarcely entered the room again before he admitted Madame de Varnier, and again the key was turned.

They lost no time in vain talk or congratulations on the success of their trick, whatever its meaning might be. Dr. Starva half led, half carried me into a bedroom adjoining. There I was put to bed with as little ceremony as a helpless infant is disposed of for the night. For a moment Starva looked down on me grimly. Then he disappeared, closing the door carefully behind him.

Now, indeed, I understood why Helena Brett and her mother had been so startled when first they had seen me—why Madame de Varnier had shown herself no less concerned—why I had caught Dr. Starva spying on me—why it was plotted that I should be drugged and brought hither in this melodramatic fashion.

In the world's history there have been many instances of men playing the pretender, but certainly none more innocent than myself. I should be dense indeed now did I fail to comprehend everything—from Madame de Varnier's first greeting, to the episode of the cloak and hat.

I recalled the woman's ghastly despair when she had read the telegram in the kursaal. "He is dead," she had repeated over and over.

Sir Mortimer Brett, minister plenipotentiary at the court of Sofia, was dead. The adventurers for some purpose of their own, not yet to be guessed, had deliberately planned that I be mistaken for him at this hotel.

That the ambassador was dead was a bitter disappointment to my hopes. The opportunity to fulfill the task that Helena had given me was not to be mine after all. And now that I knew that, what further excuse had I to be as clay in the hands of these people? I was tempted to burst into the room, there to prick the bubble of their intrigue.

But if I did that, though I might baffle the execution of their plans, I should be utterly ignorant as to the nature of those plans. The danger to myself in continuing to play the role of accomplice was very great. The officers of the law would not be so touchingly simple as to believe that I was abetting the plans of this precious couple only with a view of bringing them to final justice.

But much more alarming than possible danger to myself was the fact that Helena Brett was in this hotel.

Before morning a cruel but just chance might bring us face to face, and in her eyes I should stand convicted of the grossest villainy. With diabolical cunning, Dr. Starva had insisted that I was Mr. Haddon, and yet he had deliberately planned that I be mistaken for Sir Mortimer Brett. The intent to deceive was obvious.

When that were proved, on my head would fall the greatest censure. For who would believe that I was an innocent victim? But I had gone too far to retreat now. Or rather, I had not gone far enough. Granted that Sir Mortimer Brett were dead, and that my elaborate plans to rescue him from the hands of these adventurers were a failure, the fact remained that for some dark purpose of their own the conspirators were either concealing the knowledge of his death, or were using that knowledge for some base purpose. They must be brought to justice. That justice could be obtained surely and swiftly only at risk to myself.

How many minutes had passed now? Dared I move, dared I even open my eyes? For aught I knew they were watching me, were even in the room at this instant. I lay quite still, breathing stertorously.

The handle of the door was turned sharply. I heard the weight of Dr. Starva thrown against it as it jammed and for some moments resisted his efforts.

The flare of an electric light fell on my face. He stood at my bedside. I muttered incoherently, tossing about, and turning my face from the glare. Then I was alone again.

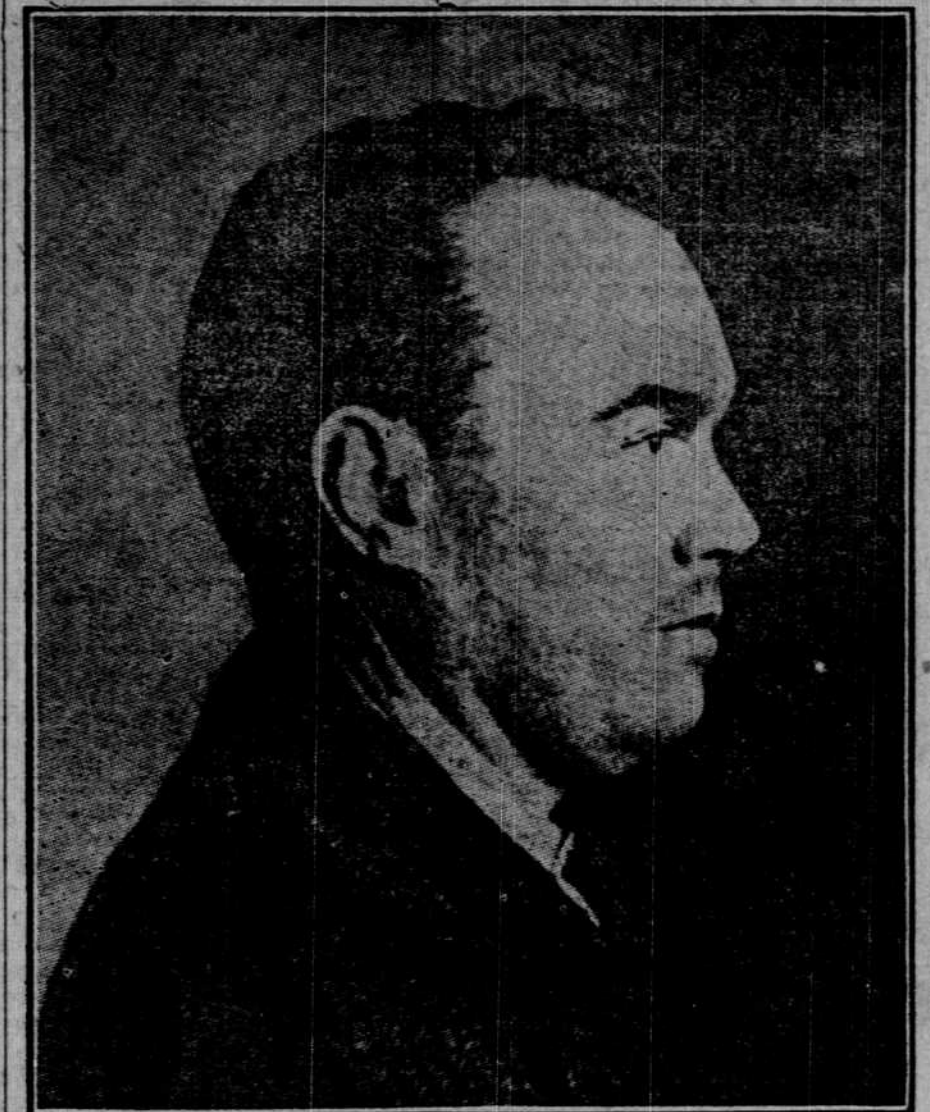
I was in a room little larger than an American hall bedroom. They were cavalier enough of the dignity of Sir Mortimer Brett's understudy. I must be lying in the chamber of the valet and not of the master.

I leaped lightly to the floor, I tipped to the closed door. To my consternation it was too tightly closed to permit me to see anything in the room beyond. It had creaked loudly in resisting Dr. Starva's efforts; certainly I was not so rash as to attempt to open it, however cautiously and slightly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HARRY ORCHARD CONFESSES TO CHAIN OF AWFUL CRIMES

Slayer of Gov. Steunenberg Takes Stand in Haywood Trial and Relates Bloody Tale —Alleges Miners' Leaders Were Instigators.



HARRY ORCHARD.
(Confessed Murderer of Gov. Steunenberg and Many Others.)

Boise, Idaho.—Alfred Horsley, alias Harry Orchard, the actual assassin of Frank Steunenberg, went on the stand Wednesday as a witness against William D. Haywood, and made public confession of a long chain of brutal, revolting crimes, done, he said, at the inspiration and for the pay of the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners.

An undertaking by the special prosecutors for the state that they would, by later proof and connection, legitimize his testimony opened the way like a floodgate to the whole diabolical story and throughout the entire day Orchard went on from crime recital to crime recital, each succeeding one seemingly more revolting than those that had come before.

Tells of Revolting Crimes.

Orchard confessed that as a member of the mob that wrecked the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mill in the Coeur d'Alene he lighted one of the fuses that carried fire to the giant explosion; confessed that he set the death trap in the Vindicator mine at Cripple Creek that blew out the lives of Superintendent McCormick and Foreman Beck; confessed that because he had not been paid for his first attempt at violence in the Vindicator mine he had been treacherous to his associates by warning the managers of the Florence & Cripple Creek railway that there was a plot to blow up their trains; confessed that he cruelly fired three charges of buckshot into the body of Detective Lyte Gregory, of Denver, killing him instantly; confessed that for days he stalked Gov. Peabody about Denver, waiting a chance to kill him; confessed that he and Steve Adams set and discharged the mine under the depot at Independence that instantly killed 14 men, and confessed that, failing in an attempt to poison Fred Bradley, of San Francisco, he blew him and his house up with a bomb of gelatin.

And he has more brutal crimes to tell that will bring his bloody career down to its end at Caldwell, where with a great bomb he killed Gov. Steunenberg. These will come Thursday, for he is to resume the stand when the district court sits again.

Crowd Sickened by Recital.

The story was told to a tense, nervous, rigid crowd that watched with staring eyes for every move and word of the confessing witness; a crowd that was sickened and weary of its disgusting details long before James H. Hawley, pleading illness of himself at three o'clock in the afternoon, secured adjournment for the day.

Orchard retained control of himself almost from the moment he took the stand, and if he suffered much he did not show it. His eyes met those of Haywood several times and the two gazed fixedly at each other.

There were a few preliminaries as to Horsley's birthplace and real name and his first days in the North Idaho

successful attempt at the Vindicator mine country, and then Hawley led him down to the destruction of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine. Horsley said that W. F. Davis, later the president of the union of the Western Federation of Miners at Cripple Creek, had command of the mob. He told of the seizure of the train, the theft of the giant powder, the attack upon the mines, and concluding, said: "I lit one of the fuses myself."

Destruction of Vindicator Mine.

Horsley then told of his flight into Montana and of various journeys in the western country until he turned up in Cripple Creek in 1902, went to work in the mines and joined the Western Federation of Miners again. The witness told of the plot to blow up the Vindicator mine. He confessed that after the strike began he went down into the mine "high grading," and there discovered a quantity of powder. He reported this to Davis, and there, he said, began the plot to do violence in the mine. He said the first attempt was a failure because the cage man discovered him and his pal and drew their fire, but later a contrivance was successfully fixed by which a discharged pistol set off a bomb and killed Superintendent Mo-



EX-GOV. STEUNENBERG.
(Former Executive of Idaho Slain by a Bomb at His Home at Caldwell.)

SAYS HE MURDERED WOMAN.

George Kadelbach Writes Letter Confessing Minnesota Crime.

Minneapolis, Minn.—George Kadelbach, brother-in-law of Mrs. Catherine McCarty, has made what purports to be a written confession of the killing of Mrs. McCarty, who was found dead in a well, to his brother-in-law, Henry Clasen, mailing the letter at Delano. In this letter he said he was contemplating suicide. Posses are searching in the vicinity of the village of Long Lake, but no trace of the man has been found. In this remarkable letter Kadelbach claims Mrs. McCarty begged him to kill her and kill himself, and that he was on his road to hell. The police believe the confession is a ruse to throw them off the track.

PUTS ARSENIC IN THEIR PIES.

Housekeeper's Mistake Causes Death and Illness in Pennsylvania Town.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.—One man is dead, a child will die and several other children are in a serious condition at the farm of John Montgomery, Trucksville, as a result of eating pie containing arsenic.

The housekeeper, a Mrs. Kelly, mistook arsenic for baking powder, and placed a quantity in the pie she was baking. The entire Montgomery family, the hired help and some visitors to the house partook of the pastry and all became very ill. Joseph Brown, a hired man, died. Mrs. Kelly's two children and three other children who were visiting the farm ate freely of the pie. One of the Kelly children cannot recover, while the others are in a serious condition.

MUST KEEP OUT OF CAMPAIGNS.

Executive Order to Persons in Classified Civil Service.

Washington.—The rules of the civil service commission have been so amended as to prohibit all persons in the classified civil service from taking an active part in political campaigns. The amendment was made through an executive order issued by the president and is as follows:

"Persons who, by the provisions of these rules are in the competitive classified service, while retaining the right to vote as they please and to express privately their opinions on all political subjects, shall take no active part in political management or in political campaigns."

FOR SOUTH DAKOTA'S CAPITOL.

Pierre, S. D.—The contract for the building of the new state capitol was let Wednesday to O. E. Olson, of Stillwater, Minn., for \$538,552. The building is to be of granite and limestone.

ALLEGED DEFaulter ARRESTED.

Seattle, Wash.—Philip W. Kamplen, whose arrest was sought by officials of the Capitol National bank of St. Paul, for the alleged defalcation of \$10,000, was arrested here Wednesday. Kamplen was paying teller of the bank.

HORSE WENT TO CHURCH

Instinct Bade Him Respond to Call of the Bell.

H. B. Smith of Monterey, Cal., has a remarkable bay horse, Muggins, which appears to have more religious instinct than the majority of animals. The horse has been used by Mr. Smith for the last 25 years to draw the family to the village church. In the last 20 years there have been only two Sundays on which Muggins didn't have to carry some member of the family to church. The second occasion was a few Sundays ago. A year ago the horse was turned into the yard for a little Sunday recreation and nothing more was thought of Muggins until the far distant toll of the church bell was heard. Then the horse pricked up his ears, and realizing that he was late, started off at a quick pace for the church. He went directly under the shed and took his accus-

tomed place, where he remained until it was time to go home.

A couple of weeks ago the horse made his second appearance at the church alone. Mr. Smith had placed Muggins in a stall and had left the stable door slightly ajar. The old bell tolled exceptionally loud and long, and Muggins could not resist the call. In some manner he slipped his halter and made his way from the stable to the church, where he remained until the service was over. The parson patted the horse affectionately as he trotted up to the door, and then he started on his homeward journey.

At a Disadvantage.

"The court fortune teller is going to resign," said one Russian official. "Yes," answered the other; "he is at a disadvantage. If he predicts bad news he comes into royal disfavor, and if he predicts good news, it doesn't come true."