

The Castle of Lies

BY ARTHUR HENRY VERSEY
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CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.
"Then where?" I demanded impatiently.

"It must be from one of the windows of the story below."
"Well, we shall soon see."
I poised myself to clamber through the window on the broad stone gutter, along which Captain Forbes must have made his way. Then I hesitated.

"What! You are afraid?" cried the woman fiercely. "If so, I will go myself."
"No, I am not afraid," I replied with deliberation. "I am wondering what they will think when they come from the oratory presently, to find me gone. She will think that I am your accomplice."

"I can easily tell the truth."
"They will scarcely believe you. Shall I, or shall I not, tell them of Ferdinand's danger?"

"But will they believe you? While you hesitate Prince Ferdinand may be assassinated. Is this a time for explanations? Say that the fools persist in misunderstanding you, it is only a question of an hour or two at the most before you may tell the truth. Go, and I swear by the cause I hold sacred that if you save him the honor of Sir Mortimer Brett shall yet be saved."
"You have promised much already only to deceive me," I said gloomily.
"But I swear it! They are coming; I heard the door of the oratory open." I hesitated no longer.

CHAPTER XXXII.

I escape from the tower. I cling to my precarious support, lying prostrate on the broad stone gutter. The roar of the swirling river beat at my senses confusedly; the giddy height made my head swim. Something of the horror I had felt in rounding the overhanging shoulder of the mountain with Willoughby that fatal day came to me now.

But presently that giddiness passed. The extraordinary promise of Madame de Varnier rang in my ears. How it was possible for her to explain away Sir Mortimer's damning words if the letters were genuine, I could not see. But this had been a day of miracles. Slowly I made my way toward the first of the flanking towers. The wind struck me with redoubled force as I turned the corner. I heard the ensign above fluttering loudly in the gale.

I looked up. I could see it now. It floated bravely in the spanking breeze. The moon, shining squarely on it, made it even possible for me to distinguish its design. It was the national flag of England, the royal arms in its center. Then I remembered the quotation from the Blue Book I had read early in the morning just before Captain Forbes had signaled to Helena:

"The flag to be used by His Majesty's Diplomatic Servants, whether on shore or embarked on boats, is the Union, with the Royal Arms in the center thereof, surrounded by a green garland."

There was a grim irony in this flag flying proudly over the chateau in which Sir Mortimer lay dead. But if Madame de Varnier had spoken the truth in protesting that she did not know that the flag had been raised, why had Dr. Starva caused it to be flown?

The strange perplexity Madame de Varnier had shown when she had heard the flutter of the flag occurred to me now. Was it by any chance a signal—a signal of as dread a portent as the double stamp? If that were true, I might disconcert Dr. Starva's plans materially when I lowered it presently.

I had reached my goal now. For some minutes I was compelled to lie inactive, however; for the flag, bellying in the gale, made it impossible for me to grasp the cords.

As I lay there impatient, waiting my chance, I glanced below. I could see plainly the ladder of stones, as Madame de Varnier had called it, the ragged edges of the granite sparkling brightly in the moonlight. I leaned over as far as I dared; they extended as far as I could see.

As my eye traveled the line to the terrace below, the door of the great hall opened. A flood of light irradiated a portion of the terrace. I saw distinctly two figures conversing a moment at the doorway. One of these figures entered the chateau again, but the other, and I had recognized Dr. Starva by his great bulk before the door was shut, stole across the terrace and entered a brougham that stood waiting.

As the carriage disappeared under the covered archway of the passage leading to the village street I made renewed efforts to reach the cords. I could readily guess Dr. Starva's mission. He had gone to meet Prince Ferdinand at the station. Heaven knows how eager I was to be one of the reception committee!

When at last I had caught one of the cords, I severed it thoughtlessly with my penknife. I had not counted on the strength necessary to hold so large a flag. The cord slipped from my hand. I expected the flag to fall and reached out frantically for the other rope. But in some way the rope I had severed, and to which the flag was not fastened, became entangled in the pulley and the flag, falling halfway down the pole, remained at half-mast.

I now reached up as far as I could, standing on the stone gutter. I was about to sever the other cord, that to which the flag was fastened, when it occurred to me to attempt to disengage the ropes from their fastening at the window below. I was completely successful. I estimated that I had now a length of at least 50 feet.

over the last stone of my ladder when I should reach it. Then taking the cord between my teeth, I lowered myself cautiously over the gutter.

The wind was still blowing in fitful gusts. I had been reluctant to avail myself of the few extra feet of rope necessary to keep the flag afloat. I fastened the end of the cord about the stone gutter, leaving the flag still flying at half-mast. There seemed a certain aptness that my carelessness in cutting the rope had seen to it that the dead ambassador be fittingly honored.

It seemed ages before my feet touched the first block of granite projecting from the smooth masonry. But once on my way the first part of my descent was made with no great difficulty.

The roar of the river sounded nearer and nearer. I was more than halfway down now. The numbness had passed from my arm; I was more confident; I tried to hasten my progress.

Step by step I neared the terrace. And when I had reached it? The excitement of the escape, Madame de Varnier's vehement importunity, had engrossed my attention so far. The descent itself had seemed so hazardous that the confronting of Dr. Starva had been forgotten. But how was I to conquer him unarmed? Not by force certainly. Strategy must be my ally.

Suddenly the perspiration broke out on my forehead. I had felt for my next step, and it was missing. Frantically my feet reached down



"Haddon!" He cried.

for it. I lowered myself one more round; still I could not touch it. Then I laughed aloud in the ecstasy of my relief. I had reached the last round of the ladder.

My arms ached. Merciful heavens, how they did ache! But I was full of courage in spite of my exhaustion. I lowered myself by my arms still another round, and slipped the nose over the last of the stones I could reach. Then I trusted myself to the rope.

In spite of the knots the friction burned my palms as if they were branded by fire. I could not regulate my speed; I was too exhausted for that. I trusted to blind luck; I could only hope that Madame de Varnier's estimate was a conservative one.

How far I actually fell I have no idea. My feet came to the pavement with a force that sent me headlong. But aside from the violent shock and a bruise or two, I had suffered no injury. I struggled thankfully to my feet.

My arm was seized not too gently. If I had wished to make an outcry I should have been prevented by the hand placed at my mouth. I peered into the face of the man who had made me captive. I do not know whether I was more relieved than consternated to recognize Locke as we stood in the shadow.

terrace. It sounded nearer. A man, muffled in a cloak, came to the edge of the band of moonlight. He also was listening. Presently he stole softly to the parapet, and looked down at the village. Neither of us spoke until he had resumed his seat before the great portal of the chateau.

"Who is he?" I whispered.
"Locke led me out of hearing, hugging the wall."
"You know as well as I. Now, then, for our deferred talk. This morning I asked you for some explanation of your extraordinary conduct. You chose not to give it me. Well, I mean to have it now. Come, what is this errand that sends you flying through the air for a hundred feet at the risk of your neck? It appears to be pressing."

I was still struggling for my breath. It was not physical fatigue that made me tremble so much as sheer despair at the hopelessness of disarming Locke's hostility and suspicions in the precious minutes that remained. At any moment now Dr. Starva might be returning.

"The death-mask!" I began incoherently. "Prince Ferdinand—"
His grasp tightened. He drew me roughly toward him in his surprise.
"The death-mask! What of it?"
"Starva has lured Prince Ferdinand to the chateau. Already he has gone to meet him at the station. When he returns with him here—"
"Ferdinand comes to meet Sir Mortimer."

"Sir Mortimer, man, is dead."
"Dead! And you have undertaken to fill his place? It is very considerate of you."
His voice vibrated with distrust. But I tried to keep my temper.

"If Ferdinand enters that door with Starva he will never leave it alive, unless help is summoned."
For a moment Locke's suspicions wavered. I had spoken with a solemnity that touched even his skepticism.

"And who has told you this?" he asked slowly.
"Madame de Varnier, the Countess Sarahoff."
"Ah, your friend of the kursaal. Where is she?"

woman is the accomplice of Dr. Starva. Why, then, is she suddenly so anxious to disconcert his plans?"

"Starva has turned traitor. Have I not told you that he trapped Madame de Varnier with the rest of us?"
I was becoming desperate. The minutes were flying swiftly, and Locke was even more aggressive than when he had first surprised me. To reason with him was impossible unless I told him all. There was no time for that. Force alone could rescue me from my dilemma. If it was hopeless to disarm his suspicions, could I rob him of the revolver in his hip pocket? I made no further attempt to resist. I stood passively, waiting my chance.

"So Starva has turned traitor?" Locke questioned ironically. "But if the Countess Sarahoff is so anxious to outwit her former confederate—if the life of Prince Ferdinand is actually in peril and she would save him, why did she not send a man for that desperate work? Why did she not let Captain Forbes escape instead of you? Would he be so averse to the saving of a king's life? Even if you believe her silly yarn, she has tricked you. You are clasp in her hands; her kisses have bewitched you."

I made no answer to his taunts. Unconsciously he had loosened his hold. I stood as one crushed by his vindictive scorn. My attitude confessed defeat. Locke believed the acted lie when he had contemptuously scoffed at the truth.

"Once more, your errand, and no more lies. You wish to save Ferdinand; you pretend that is the futile errand Madame de Varnier sends you on. You would penetrate the stronghold of a desperate band unarmed, you who only this morning saw a young girl's life threatened and raised no hand. If it was cowardice that made you hesitate, why should the coward play the hero so bravely now? Or was it that you are the ally of the very man whom you pretend you are anxious to confront empty-handed?"

"I have done my best to move you. What do you want? I am in your hands."
"I want the truth."
"I have told you the truth. If I lied it might avail me more," I said bitterly. "For the last time I entreat you. I have been proved a coward—twice. But this was to be my chance. I hoped to retrieve myself. But fate blocks the way with a fool who cannot see when a man is desperately in earnest. Ferdinand's murder is certain if we lift no hand to save him. Listen: in my pocket is the key to the little door just beyond you. Take it; let yourself into the hall; hide there and use the evidence of your own eyes."
"And let you slip from my hands? Not much! What is that?"

He turned abruptly. The accomplice of Dr. Starva who had been keeping guard before the door was running toward the passageway leading from the village street. I could hear distinctly the carriage wheels rumble over the cobblestones.

"For the last time," I besought. "There is not an instant to lose."
Still he hesitated, looking cautiously around the angle of the wall at the approaching carriage. His curiosity made him negligent.

This was my chance. One arm caught him about the neck; the other reached for his weapon. Then I pushed him violently backward and covered him, retreating myself toward the little door, the key in my hand.

"Stand back," I whispered fiercely. "Now take your choice. Go to the village; you can't go too quickly, you stubborn idiot. Come back with your arms; batter down the door. Or else come with me. You have accused me of cowardice more than once. Show you are a man. Quickly, your choice!"
I heard him chuckling softly to himself in the darkness.

"Well, I'm damned!" he muttered, more than once. "Lead on, Macduff." As my key slipped into the lock he was at my side.

I pushed the little door open. The hall was empty, but brilliant with the light of a hundred candles. No nook or cranny afforded us a safe hiding-place.

I leaped up the staircase with Locke at my heels. We had reached the gallery as the great door swung open.

Prince Ferdinand entered, Dr. Starva and his ally crowding him close on either side.

The prince stepped into the hall with apparent confidence. But as he heard the door clang behind him he turned alertly to Dr. Starva.

"Where is Madame de Varnier?" he demanded in French.
"Madame de Varnier is unavoidably detained, your Majesty. She has delegated me to receive you. Be assured, your Majesty's welcome shall not be lacking in warmth. Will your Majesty pray be seated? There are urgent matters of state to be discussed."
He pushed the prince brutally into a chair, bending over him with a hideous smile that would have done credit to the devil himself.

Locke and I were crouching behind an antique rug that hung over the gallery rail. He grasped my hand and wrung it hard; it was an apology that he had doubted me, and an assurance that he was with me now heart and soul. He had seen enough already to prove to him that I had spoken the absolute truth.

FOR WINTER TABLE

JELLY AND MARMALADE FROM THE PEACH.

Dainties That Will Be Much Appreciated When the Snow Falls—Almonds Add to Flavor of Marmalade.

Peach Jelly.—Take fine, juicy freestone peaches; pare and quarter them; scald in a little water, drain and mash them and squeeze through a jelly bag. To every pint of juice allow one pound of sugar and a few of the peach kernels.

Having broken up the kernels and boiled them by themselves for a quarter of an hour in just sufficient water to cover them, strain off the kernel water and add it to the juice; mix the juice with the sugar; when it is melted boil them together 15 minutes until a thick jelly forms. Skim while it boils.

Try the jelly by taking a little in a spoon and holding it in the air to see if it congeals; if after boiling it still continues to thin, it will congeal by stirring an ounce or more of isinglass, dissolved and strained. When the jelly is done put it into tumblers and make airtight.

Peach Marmalade.—Take ripe yellow freestone peaches; pare, stone and quarter them; to each pound of fruit allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar and half an ounce of bitter almonds or peach kernels blanched in scalding water and pounded smooth in a mortar.

Scald the peaches in a little water, mash them to a pulp; mix them with the sugar and pounded almonds and put the whole in a preserving kettle; let it boil to a thick jam; skim and stir well, keeping the pan covered as much as possible.

Fifteen minutes will generally be sufficient time for boiling it. When cold put in jars and keep in a cool, dry place.

Makes New Effect.

Still another distinctly novel effect that is obtained by the use of the white lining is found in the plain skirt over the trimmed foundation, and some exceedingly beautiful as well as new effects are the result. For example, a very lovely marquisette in one of the favorite soft dove grays is made over a lining of white silk, which is trimmed with bands of silk, showing an original design, these bands being arranged at intervals above the hem, while the coat that accompanies the skirt shows trimming of the same oriental style, but is made over a lining of plain white. Black and white stripes and checks, too, are being used in similar ways, and a very pretty blue voile seen at a recent wedding showed the skirt over a lining of plain blue, but the bolero jacket, which, by the way, was enriched with much soutache, showed a foundation of blue and white checked silk, which gave a distinctly novel note to the whole.

Goose Liver Klosses.

This can be made equally well of calf's liver. In Germany goose is a favorite fowl, and there are plenty of livers left over for fancy cookery. Crumble two slices of stale bread and soak them in enough milk to cover. Melt an ounce butter, add four beaten eggs, parsley, salt and a pinch of spice. Stir until it thickens, add bread and one cup of chopped liver, parboiled, and make it all into balls. Poach these in broth for one-half hour. Drain and serve in a pile with a good sauce. This is a good dish, and the recipe can be made by baking the whole in a dish instead of as above.

Several Good Uses for Tape.

Have a bolt of tape in your sewing basket and use it to put hangers on waists, skirts, night gowns and petticoats. Sew the hangers on the sleeve seam underneath the arm and sew on each side of the belt of a skirt. Garments which are hung by these hangers will keep their shape much longer and will not be pulled and stretched. These are especially good for plaited skirts, as the plaits fall into shape when the skirts are hung up.

Filling.

Boil three cups of granulated sugar with a gill of water until a drop hanging from the tip of a spoon threads in the air. Pour while hot over the whites of three eggs whipped to a standing froth. Whip until you have a thick cream and stir in gradually a cupful each of seeded minced raisins and chopped pecans, with five figs that have been soaked soft in lukewarm water, then wiped dry and minced.

Dainty Handkerchief Bag.

This handkerchief bag is as light as a feather and is an acceptable gift for an invalid. A piece of cardboard six inches square is covered on both sides with a bit of silk. The sides of the bag are strips of pink and white silk loosely knitted. A ribbon is run in and out at the top to be used as a drawingstring. Being quite large this bag is not easily lost, as smaller ones are apt to be.

Lady Baltimore Cake.

Rub a cupful of butter to a cream with two cups of powdered sugar; add a cupful of milk, when well mixed stir in juice of a lemon and whip very light; then stir in alternately the stiffened whites of six eggs and four even cupfuls of flour sifted twice with a rounded teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in jelly cake tins. When cold put together with this filling and frost the top.

To Make Good Butter.

Take a bag of thick texture and a coarser one outside of this one. Pour the cream into this, and tie. Bury in the ground about 15 inches. Let it remain there for 24 hours. Take out and work the usual way, and you have the nicest and richest butter you ever ate.

Drop Biscuit.

To two cups of sifted flour add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, one and a half cups of milk. Beat all together quickly. Have pans buttered, drop from spoon into pan, leaving room for the biscuits to spread. Bake in hot oven. Serve hot.

WHAT ONE MERCHANT DID

Correspondent of Home Trade League Testifies to Value of Publicity

One country merchant writes the Home Trade league as follows:

"Since I have adopted the city idea of advertising—naming new goods with prices, and at the same time making known what I desire to dispose of at or about cost to make room for new goods—my sales have not only increased very largely with regular customers, but I have secured many new ones. Not only this—in- stead of the farmers' wives spending from a half to an hour and a half looking about the store to see what there is in stock they may want and taking the clerk's time who otherwise would have a chance to sell goods to several other customers, they come in and ask for the very articles they have seen advertised and which they have already decided they do want from seeing the advertisement in this weekly paper, and the result is I have been able to dispense with one of my clerks to whom I was paying \$500 per year."

This merchant further says that this saving of clerk hire expended in this same kind of advertising during the year will, he is confident, increase his trade 50 per cent. and that he can already name 28 customers who but very recently have been buying their goods almost entirely from Chicago catalogue houses.

This experience without doubt can be duplicated by thousands of other men in business throughout the country. It is to be feared that the average merchant in the smaller towns has allowed himself to get into a rut, and it is one from which he must swiftly emerge if he has any desire to "stay

in the game." The methods of a generation ago, it must be remembered, are not necessarily adapted to the conditions of to-day.

By the persistent and persevering use of every device for publicity the catalogue houses have built up their present enormous trade. It is not reasonable to suppose they can be dislodged from the position they occupy—a position, as has frequently been pointed out, that threatens the well-being if not the existence of every small community throughout the country—unless they are opposed with something like their own weapons. A favorite phrase much in use to-day is "Get business!" and to get business you must go after it. Is it reasonable to expect it will come to you unsought?

Take the experience of this Home Trade league correspondent as a guide. He had the goods. He wanted to sell them. His proceeding was simple. Through publicity, which in his case simply meant attractive and truthful advertising, he brought the goods and the people together. Results were never in doubt.

To sum up, successfully to compete with the powerful catalogue houses of the cities the country merchant must in a measure adopt their methods. They have won by publicity. Meet them on that ground. Match advancement with advancement. Let your advertisements say something, and mean what they say. Let the people know what you have to sell, and depend upon it, they will come to buy.

IS HUMAN WEAKNESS

THE DESIRE TO GET SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

AN IGNIS FATUUS TO AVOID

One Cause That Has Led to the Downfall of Many—Fallacy That Ever Tends Toward Evil.

A man who won the confidence, respect and admiration of the people of his state was elected to the United States senate. Soon it is discovered that he was "owned by the railroads," bought by favors and instead of representing the interests of the people who sent him to his high place in the nation's councils, preferred to represent the corporations that made it possible for him to ride over railroads without cost. It is only a demonstration of human inclination to get something for nothing.

The member of a state legislature was accused of showing special attention to legislation favorable to the railroads and corporations. He was charged with riding on passes; and in fact it became known that his principal supporters, too, rode free over the railroads. Another illustration of the human desire to secure something for nothing.

The mayor of a city regularly occupied a box at the leading theater; handed out a free street car ticket to the conductor, enjoyed free drinks at the bars—another example of the man who wanted something for nothing, and at last his greed caused him to enter into dishonest deals that landed him in the penitentiary.

On certain days of the month at numerous supply depots conducted by county and city charities, long rows of men and women can be seen awaiting their turn to get a small supply of flour, sugar and other necessities of life. Some are helpless, deformed, and their looks indicate want and misery, but there are others who have no appearance of need. Here again we find men and women leaving pride and self-respect behind because of the desire to secure something for nothing.

On special sales days in the retail districts of every large city great crowds can be seen about the entrances of the great department stores, crushing, fighting to get to the bargain counters, all bent upon getting something of value for little or nothing.

From the highest walks of life to the lowest the all-prevailing and dominant trait in evidence to show the weakness of the individual is the struggle to get something for nothing. It is based upon a knowledge of this frailty of humankind that some great business enterprises are built. Wonderful bargains are advertised, and the masses rush to buy, without calm reasoning in the matter of any comparisons of value. Good business judgment is cast in the background by the madness to get something for nothing.

The get-rich-quick operator uses the same methods to lead to his trap victims with dollars as do the railroads, the big department stores and the others who have certain objects to gain. It is always the promise held out to give something for inadequate compensation, without its equal in expenditure of money or labor that allows the frauds to succeed. There is magic in the "something for nothing" deal. It is a bait that catches people in every rank and walk of life. It often is the cause of the downfall of men who have all the abilities to succeed. It is a fallacy that tends toward evil. There can nothing be gained without adequate compensation. "The something for nothing is an ignis fatuus that the wise will avoid."

D. M. CARR.

SHARP PRACTICES.

Schemes by Which People in Country Districts Are Defrauded.

One of the winning games that is widely played is the giving of prizes for the sale of baking powder, flavoring extracts, etc. Numerous concerns are interested in this line of business. Premiums are offered to club raisers, and an outfit for canvassing is sent for a dollar or so, or perhaps furnished free if some person will vouch for the honesty of the applicant. But a "bond" is required as security for goods sent. The offer is so attractive that many are induced to order a lot of the goods to get the premium. The goods are all of the cheapest and most trashy kind. The soap, the extracts, the species are all of an inferior quality often adulterated and unwholesome. The person who orders them realizes that the lot is worth little. If they are not sold by the agent, it matters little to the concern sending them out, as the persons vouching for the honesty of the "agent" will be informed that they will be held for the price of the goods, and to save trouble, the agent will send the money due, and make the best of a bad bargain. It is a good thing to avoid all propositions that offer much for little.

Mail Order "Booze."

In almost every section of the country where prohibition is in force agents of order-by-mail liquor houses located in large cities, are to be found soliciting orders from consumers. They claim protection under the interstate commerce law. They pay no license within the counties where they work, and the general quality of the liquor they sell can be classed along with the rank poison. The order-by-mail liquor house is a poor institution to have dealings with. It is only a short time ago that the postal authorities tried to reach a Kansas City concern which advertised largely in the weekly and monthly farm papers. There was evidence of fraud in almost every line of the advertising. Yet when the case came to trial one of the United States judges decided that the company had the right to say what was said in its advertisements. Some of the whisky sold by this outfit never came from a still. It was a chemical combination that could be used for polishing brass. Still many who call themselves temperance people will use the stuff as a "medicine." Alleged distillers that sell direct to consumers find the crop of "suckers" large, and generally thrive off the numerous dollars that go to them through the mails and the express companies.

Deception Practiced.

Those who would not be defrauded by sharpers who use the advertising columns of the city papers would do well in carefully considering each proposition which attracts their attention. Remember that those who advertise are not philanthropists. They are out after the dollars, and have nothing to give away, unless it is in exchange for money. The concern that offers an exceptional bargain needs to be studied well before investment be made. Everything has a legitimate value, and is worth so much in the markets of the world. When it is offered at less than its apparent real value, look out for fraud and deception. Generally every good town affords the buyer a chance to obtain whatever he requires, and at a price consistent with quality. Those who patronize home stores are less likely to be deceived.

Value of the Local Press.

The farmer is a friend of the local press. He is the spinal column of the editor's subscription list. The other sources of the editor's support are the merchants of the town and the business men in general. Let the business men stand by the local press in the way of advertising, as the farmer does in the way of subscription, and all concerned will receive greater benefits.

See Under the Surface.
Polish Proverb: A guest sees more in an hour than the host in a year.

Failing of the Turkey

"Of course, I had plenty of good things to eat during the holidays at home in Mississippi," said Representative Candier to a group of friends, "and whenever I eat turkey I am reminded of what the late Gov. McNutt used to say about the bird. McNutt was a great eater. One day some friends were discussing the merits of the turkey as food, when McNutt said: 'I think I am a pretty fair judge of

good things to eat—from 'possum and taters to terrapin and champagne—but I confess I don't go very heavy on turkey. It is such an inconvenient kind of bird—just a little too much for one man and not near enough for two.'"

He who hides behind the trees in Eden will hear the voice of God as he walks along the path.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)