The CZAR'S SPY

The Mystery of a Silent Love

By Chevalier WILLIAM LE QUEUX

AUTHOR of "THE CLOSED BOOK," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS by C. D. RHODES

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SYNOPSIS.

—7—

Gerdon Gregg is called upon in Leghorn by Hornby, the yacht Lola's owner, and dining aboard with him and his friend, Hylton Chater, accidentally sees a torn photograph of a young girl. That night the consul's safe is robbed. The police find that Hornby is a fraud and the Lola's name a false one. Gregg visits Capt. Jack Durnford of the marines aboard his vessel. Durnford knows, but will not reveal, the mystery of the Lola. "It concerns a woman." In London Gregg is trapped nearly to his death by a former servant, Olinto. Visiting in Dumfries Gregg meets Muriel Leithcourt. Hornby appears and Muriel introduces him as Martin Woodroffe, her father's friend. Gregg finds that she is engaged to Woodroffe. Gregg sees a copy of the torn photograph on the Lola and finds that the young girl is Muriel's friend. Woodroffe disappears. Gregg discovers the body of a murdered woman in Rannoch wood. The body disappears and in its place is found the body of Olinto. Gregg talks to the police but conceals his own knowledge of the woman. Muriel talks secretly on Gregg and tells him that she is certain that a woman as well as a man has been murdered. They search Rannoch wood together, and find the body of the woman. Gregg recognizes her as Armida, Olinto's wife. Gregg tells the police, but when they go to the wood the body has disappeared.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

That night, after calling upon the detective, Mackenzie, I took the sleeping car express to Euston. The restaurant which Hutcheson had indicated was, I found, situated about halfway up Westbourne Grove, nearly opposite Whiteley's. It was soon after nine o'clock when I entered the long shop with its rows of marble-topped tables and greasy lounges of red plush. An unhealthy-looking lad was sweeping out the place with wet sawdust, and a big, dark-bearded, flabby-faced man in shirt sleeves stood behind the small counter polishing some forks.

"I wish to see Signor Ferrari," I said, addressing him.

"There is no Ferrari, he is dead," responded the man in broken English. "My name is Odinzoff. I bought the place from madame."

"I have come to inquire after a waiter you have in your service, an Italian named Santini. He was my servant for some years, and I naturally take an interest in him."

"Santini?" he repeated. "Oh, you mean Olinto? He is not here yet. He comes at ten o'clock."

This reply surprised me. I had expected the restaurant keeper to express regret at his disappearance, yet he spoke as though he had been at work as usual on the previous day.

"You find Olinto a good servant, I suppose?" I said, for want of something else to say.

"Excellent. The Italians are the best waiters in the world. I am Russian, but I dare not employ a Russian waiter. These English would not come to my shop if I did."

"How long has Olinto been with you?" I inquired.

"About a year—perhaps a little more. I trust him implicitly, and I leave him in charge when I go away for holidays. He does not get along very well with the cook—who is Minnese. These Italians from different provinces always quarrel," he added, laughing. "If you live in Italy you know that, no doubt."

I laughed in chorus and then, glancing at my watch, said: "I'll wait for him, if he will be here at ten. I'd much like to see him again."

The Russian was by no means nonplused, but merely remarked: "He is late sometimes, but not often. He lives on the other side of London—over at Camberwell."

Suddenly a side door opened and the cook put his head in to speak with his master in French. He was a typical Italian, about forty, with dark mustaches turned upwards, and an easy-going, careless manner. Seeing me, however, and believing me to be a customer, he turned and closed the door quickly. In that instant I noticed the high broadness of his shoulders, and his back struck me as strangely similar to that of the man in brown whom we had seen disappearing in Rannoch wood.

The suspicion held me breathless.

Presently Odinzoff went outside, carrying with him two boards upon which the menu of the "Eightpenny Luncheon! This Day!" was written in scrawly characters, and proceeded to affix them to the shop front.

This was my opportunity, and quick as thought I moved towards where the unhealthy youth was at work, and whispered:

"I'll give you half-a-sovereign if you'll answer my questions truthfully. Now, tell me, was the cook the man I've just seen, here yesterday?"

"Emilio? Yes, sir."

"Was he here the day before?"

"No, sir. He's been away ill for four days."

"And your master?"

I had no time to put any further question, for the Russian re-entered at that moment, and the youth busied himself rubbing the front of the counter in pretense that I had not spoken to him. Indeed, I had some difficulty in slipping the promised coin into his hand at a moment when his master was not looking.

While I stood there a rather thin, respectably dressed man entered and seated himself upon one of the plush lounges at the farther end, removed his bowler hat and ordered from the proprietor a chop and a pot of tea. Then, taking a newspaper from his pocket, he settled himself to read, apparently oblivious to his surroundings.

And yet as I watched I saw that over the top of his paper he was carefully taking in the general appearance of the place, and his eyes were keenly following the Russian's movements. So deep was his interest in the place, and so keen those dark eyes of his, that the truth suddenly dawned upon me. Mackenzie had telegraphed to Scotland Yard and the customer sitting there was a detective who had come to investigate. I had advanced to the counter to chat again with the proprietor when a quick step behind me caused me to turn.

Before me stood the slim figure of a man in a straw hat and rather seedy black jacket.

"Dio Signor Padrone!" he cried.

I staggered as though I had received a blow.

Olinto Santini in the flesh, smiling and well, stood there before me!

CHAPTER VIII.

Life's Counter-Claim.

No word of mine can express my absolute and abject amazement when I faced the man, whom I had seen lying cold and dead upon that gray stone slab in the mortuary of Dumfries.

My eye caught the customer who, on the entry of Olinto, had dropped his paper and sat staring at him in wonderment. The detective had evidently been furnished with a photograph of the dead man, and now, like myself, discovered him alive and living.

"Signor Padrone!" cried the man whose appearance was so absolutely bewildering. "How did you find me here? I admit that I deceived you when I told you I worked at the Milano," he went on rapidly in Italian. "But it was under compulsion—my actions that night were not my own—but those of others."

"Yes, I understand," I said. "But come out into the street. I don't wish to speak before these people. Your padrone knows Italian, no doubt." And turning with a smile to the Pole, I apologized for taking away his servant for a few minutes.

And when we were outside, Olinto walking by my side in wonderment, I asked suddenly:

"Tell me. Have you ever been in Scotland—at Dumfries?"

"Never, signor, in my life. Why?"

"Answer me another question," I said quickly. "You married Armida at the Italian consulate. Where is she now—where is she this morning?"

He turned pale, and I saw a complete change in his countenance.

"Ah, signore!" he responded, "I only wish I could tell."

"I cast no reflection whatever upon you, Olinto; I have merely inquired after your wife, and you do not give me a direct reply."

We had walked to the Royal Oak, and stood talking on the curb outside.

"I give you no reply, because I can't," he said in Italian. "Armida—my poor Armida—has left home."

"Why did you tell me such a tale of distress regarding her?"

"As I have already explained, signore, I was not then master of my own actions. I was ruled by others. But I saved your life at risk of my own. Some day, when it is safe, I will reveal to you everything."

"Let us allow the past to remain," I said. "Where is your wife now?"

He hesitated a moment, looking straight into my face.

"The truth is, Signor Commendatore, that my wife has mysteriously disappeared. Last Saturday at eleven o'clock she was talking over the garden wall with a neighbor, and was then dressed to go out. She apparently went out, but from that moment no one has seen or heard of her."

It was on the tip of my tongue to tell him the ghastly truth, yet so strange was the circumstance that his own double, even to the mole upon his face, should be lying dead and buried in Scotland that I hesitated to relate what I knew.

"She spoke English, I suppose?"

"She could make herself understood very well," he said with a sigh, and I saw a heavy, thoughtful look upon his brow. That he was really devoted to her, I knew. With the Italian of whatever station in life, love is all-consuming—it is either perfect love or genuine hatred. The Tuscan character is one of two extremes.

I glanced across the road, and saw that the detective who had ordered his chop and coffee had stopped to light his pipe and was watching us.

"But why haven't you told the police?"

"I prefer to make inquiries for myself."

"And in what have your inquiries resulted?"

"Nothing—absolutely nothing," he said gravely.

"You do not suspect any plot? I recollect that night in Lambeth you told me you had enemies?"

"Ah! so I have, signore—and so have you!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "Yes, my poor Armida may have been entrapped by them."

"And if entrapped, what then?"

"They would kill her with as little compunction as they would a fly," he said. "Ah! you do not know the callousness of those people. I only hope and pray that she may have escaped and is in hiding somewhere, and will arrive unexpectedly and give me a startling surprise. She delights in startling me," he added with a laugh.

"Then you think she must have been called away from home by some urgent message?" I suggested.

"By the manner in which she left things, it seemed as though she went away hurriedly. There were five sov-

Olinto Santini in the Flesh, Smiling and Well, Stood There Before Me.

ereigns in a drawer that we had saved for the rent, and she took them with her."

I paused, hesitating whether to tell him the terrible truth. I recollected that the body had disappeared, therefore what proof had I of my allegation that she had been murdered?

"Tell me, Olinto," I said as we moved forward again in the direction of Paddington station, "have you any knowledge of a man named Leithcourt?"

He started suddenly and looked at me.

"I have heard of him," he answered very lamely.

"And of his daughter—Muriel?"

"And also of her. But I am not acquainted with them—nor, to tell the truth, do I wish to be."

"Why?"

"Because they are enemies of mine—bitter enemies."

His declaration was strange, for it threw some light upon the tragedy in Rannoch wood.

"And of your wife, also?"

"I do not know that," he responded. "My enemies are my wife's also, I suppose."

"You have not told me the secret of that dastardly attempt upon me when we last met," I said in a low voice. "Why not tell me the truth? I surely ought to know who my enemies really are, so as to be warned against any future plot."

"You shall know some day, signore. I dare not tell you now."

"You said that before," I exclaimed with dissatisfaction. "If you are faithful to me, you ought at least to tell me the reason they wished to kill me in secret."

"Because they fear you," was his answer.

"Why should they fear me?"

But he shrugged his shoulders, and made a gesture with his hands indicative of utter ignorance.

"I ask you one question. Answer yes or no. Is the man Leithcourt my enemy?"

The young Italian paused, and then answered:

"He is not your friend. I am quite well aware of that. I have known him several years. When we first met he was poor."

"Suddenly became rich—eh?"

"Bought a fine house in the country; lives mostly at the Carlton when he and his wife and daughter are in London—although I believe they now have a house somewhere in the West end—and he often makes long cruises in his steam yacht."

"And how did he make his money?"

Again Olinto elevated his shoulders without replying.

He walked with me as far as the end of Bishop's road, endeavoring with all the Italian's exquisite diplomacy to obtain from me what I knew concerning the Leithcourts. But I told him nothing, nor did I reveal that I had only that morning returned from Scotland. Then at last we parted, and he retraced his steps to the little restaurant in Westbourne Grove, while I entered a hansom and drove to the well-known photographer's in New Bond street, whose name had been upon the torn photograph of the young girl in the white pique blouse and her hair fastened with a bow of ribbon, the picture that I had found on board the Lola on that memorable night in the Mediterranean, and a duplicate of which I had seen in Muriel's cozy little room up at Rannoch.

I recollected that she had told me the name of the original was Elma Heath, and that she had been a schoolfellow of hers at Chichester. Therefore I inquired of the photographer's lady clerk whether she could supply me with a print of the negative.

For a considerable time she searched in her books for the name, and at last discovered it. Then she said:

"I regret, sir, that we can't give you a print, for the customer purchased the negative at the time."

"Ah, I'm very sorry for that," I said. "To what address did you send it?"

"The customer who ordered it was apparently a foreigner," she said, at the same time turning round the ledger so that I could read, and I saw that the entry was: "Heath—Miss Elma—three dozen cabinets and negative. Address: Baron Xavier Oberg, Vosnesenski Prospect 48, St Petersburg, Russia."

Who was this Baron Oberg? The name was German undoubtedly, yet he lived in the Russian capital. From London to St. Petersburg is a far cry, yet I resolved if it were necessary I would travel there and investigate.

At the German embassy, in the Carlton House Terrace, I found my friend, Captain Nieberding, the second secretary, of whom I inquired whether the name of Baron Oberg was known, but having referred to a number of German books in his excellency's library, he returned and told me that the name did not appear in the lists of the German nobility.

"He may be Russian—Polish, most probably," added the captain. His opinion was that it was not a German name, for there was a little place called Oberg, he said, on the railway between Lodz and Lowicz.

Next day I ran down to Chichester, and after some difficulty found the Cheverton College for Ladies, a big old-fashioned house about half a mile out of the town of the Drayton road. The seminary was evidently a first-class one, for when I entered I noticed how well everything was kept.

To the principal, an elderly lady of somewhat severe aspect, I said:

"I regret, madam, to trouble you, but I am in search of information you can supply. It is with regard to a certain Elma Heath whom you had as pupil here, and who left, I believe, about two years ago. Her parents lived in Durham. There has been some little friction in the family, and I am making inquiries on behalf of another branch of it—an aunt who desires to ascertain the girl's whereabouts."

"Ah, I regret, sir, that I cannot tell you that. The baron, her uncle, came here one day and took her away suddenly—abroad, I think."

"Had she no school friends to whom she would probably write?"

"There was a girl named Leithcourt—Muriel Leithcourt—who was her friend, but who has also left."

"And no one else?" I asked. "Girls often write to each other after leaving school, until they get married, and then the correspondence usually ceases."

The principal was silent and reflective.

"Well," she said at last, "there was another pupil who was also on friendly terms with Elma—a girl named Lydia Moreton. She may have written to her. If you really desire to know, sir, I dare say I could find her address. She left us about nine months after Elma."

"I should esteem it a great favor if you would give me that young lady's address," I said, whereupon she unlocked a drawer in her writing-table and took therefrom a thick, leather-bound book which she consulted for a few minutes, at last exclaiming:

"Yes, here it is—'Lydia Moreton, daughter of Sir Hamilton Moreton, K. C. M. G., Whiston Grange, Doncaster.'"

And with that I took my leave, thanking her, and returned to London.

Could Lydia Moreton furnish any information? If so, I might find this girl whose photograph had aroused the irate jealousy of the mysterious unknown.

The ten o'clock Edinburgh express from King's Cross next morning took me up to Doncaster, and hiring a musty old fly at the station, I drove three miles out of the town on the Rotherham road, finding Whiston Grange to be a fine old Elizabethan mansion in the center of a great park, with tall old twisted chimneys, and beautifully kept gardens.

When I descended at the door and rang, the footman was not aware whether Miss Lydia was in. He looked at me somewhat suspiciously, I thought, until I gave him my card and impressed upon him meaningly that I had come from London purposely to see his young mistress upon a very important matter.

"Tell her," I said, "that I wish to see her regarding her friend, Miss Elma Heath."

"Miss Elma 'Eath," repeated the man. "Very well, sir. Will you walk this way?"

I followed him across the big old oak-paneled hall, filled with trophies of the chase and arms of the civil wars, into a small paneled room on the left, the deep-set window with its diamond panes giving out upon the old bowling-green and the flower garden beyond.

Presently the door opened, and a tall, dark-haired girl in white entered with an inquiring expression upon her face as she halted and bowed to me.

"Miss Lydia Moreton, I believe?" I commenced, and as she replied in the affirmative, I went on: "I have first to apologize for coming to you, but Miss Sotheby, the principal of the school at Chichester, referred me to you for information as to the present whereabouts of Miss Elma Heath, who, I believe, was one of your most intimate friends at school." And I added a lie, saying: "I am trying, on behalf of an aunt of hers, to discover her."

"Well," responded the girl, "I have only one or two letters. She's in her uncle's hands, I believe, and he won't let her write, poor girl. She dreaded leaving us."

"Why?"

"Ah! she would never say. She had some deep-rooted terror of her uncle Baron Oberg, who lived in St. Petersburg, and who came over at long intervals to see her. But possibly you know the whole story?"

"I know nothing," I cried eagerly. "You will be furthering her interests as well as doing me a great personal favor, if you will tell me what you know."

"It is very little," she answered, leaning back against the edge of the table and regarding me seriously. "Poor Elma! Her people treated her very badly indeed. They sent her no money, and allowed her no holidays, and yet she was the sweetest-tempered and most patient girl in the whole school."

"Well—and the story regarding her?"

"It was supposed that her people at Durham did not exist," she explained. "Elma had evidently lived a greater part of her life abroad, for she could speak French and Italian better than the professor himself, and therefore always won the prizes. The class revolted, and then she did not compete any more. Yet she never told us of where she had lived when a child. She came from Durham, she said—that was all."

"You had a letter from her after the baron came and took her away?"

"Three or four, I think. They were all from places abroad. One was from Vienna, one was from Milan, and one from some place with an unpronounceable name in Hungary. The last—"

"Yes, the last!" I gasped eagerly, interrupting her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Strength of Fly.

An Englishman has made many experiments with various insects, such as caterpillars, fleas, butterflies and flies, which show how extraordinarily strong these insects are.

A bluebottle fly weighing 1-28 of an ounce was hitched by a thread to a tiny wagon and drew a total weight of a little over six ounces, or practically 170 times its own weight. A caterpillar harnessed in a similar manner pulled 25 times its own weight.

A strong man with a like equipment of large size can at most move but ten times his own weight.

True Fighters.

"The Black Watch are fighting so well in France that even the Germans praise them. Wonderful fighters the Irish!"

The speaker was W. Bourke Cockran. He continued:

"When I think of the valor of the Black Watch regiment I recall the story of Pat McCann.

"Pat came home one night with a black eye, a broken nose and a split lip; a front tooth was gone as well.

"'Tim Sullivan done it,' he told his wife, as he began to bathe his wounds in a basin of water.

"'Shame on ye!' Bridget cried. 'A big feller like you to be licked by a little, hard-drinkin' cockroach like Tim Sullivan! Why, he—'

"'Whist,' said Pat from the basin, softly. 'Don't shpake evil of the dead.'"

From the Memories of a Critic.

"Good morning, Mr. Scribblepen," said I, as I entered the sanctum sanctorum of the famous author of "Nothing Worth While," "would you mind telling the American people through my paper, the Daily Blister, how you account for the rather mortifying condition into which the literature of the day seems to have fallen?"

"Why, it is perfectly simple, my dear fellow," replied Mr. Scribblepen affably, correcting the proofs of his new novel, "The Worst Yet," with his feet. "Literature has been dead for so long a time that mortification has set in as a natural sequence to its decease."—John Kendrick Bangs.

Getting Along Nicely.

A minister, meeting a parishioner of his who had been quite recently married and about whose domestic happiness terrible stories were rife, saluted him and said:

"Well, John," says he, "how's all going on?"

"Oh, happily enough!" returns John.

"I'm glad to hear it. You know, there were rumors of rows or—"

"Rows!" says John. "Oh, yes, there are plenty of rows; whenever she sees me she catches the first thing to hand, a dish or anything, and fires it at me. If she hits me, she's happy; if she doesn't, I am! Oh, we're getting on fine!"

Wouldn't Wear a "Molecule."

"What are you studying now?" asked Mrs. Johnson.

"We have taken up the subject of molecules," answered her son.

"I hope you will be very attentive and practice constantly," said the mother. "I tried to get your father to wear one, but he could not keep it in his eye."

Which Way Is It Going?

Little Dorothy had been looking at her uncle's bald head intently for several minutes. She was evidently in such a serious study about something that her aunt asked what was the matter.

"Thay ith uncle's hair comin' in or goin' out?" was the reply.

As in Europe.

Knicker—I hear you moved.

Bocker—Well, we fell back to a trench on the next block.

Not Missing.

"The baby's got Maria's nose."

"No, it hasn't, for she's been poking it into my business."

MADE THE CEREMONY BRIEF

Marriage Service as Conducted by Missionary Was Binding If It Was Not Lengthy.

Rev. R. R. Dodge is a missionary at Maui, one of the Hawaiian group of islands. He is a most resourceful man in his dealings with his charges, as his part in the following incident serves to show:

Recently a Japanese couple came to Mr. Dodge with a request in sign language that he make them man and wife. They could not talk English understandingly, and Mr. Dodge could not talk Japanese, so he conducted the ceremony as follows:

"You like this wahine?"

"Yes."

"Bimeby no kickout?"

"No."

"You like this kane?" (To the woman.)

"Yes."

"Bimeby no kickout?"

"No."

"Pule."

"Pau." And the ceremony ended.

"Wahine is Hawaiian for woman, "kane" for man, "pule" for pray, and "pau" for enough.—Kohala Midget (Maui).

Johnny Made Good.

In instructing a youthful class in mathematics the pretty young teacher turned to Johnny Jones.

"Johnny," she remarked, "can you tell me what an average is?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the prompt response of Johnny, "an average is what a hen lays eggs on."

"What?" exclaimed the amazed teacher. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"That's right, Miss Mary," was the rejoinder of Johnny. "Most every lesson in our 'rithmetic starts off 'If a hen lays two eggs a day on an average!'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Telling the Time.

Midnight is his nickname and although it fits him exactly as far as his color is concerned he is not always pleased to hear someone refer to him by that name.

He had been sulking in a corner of the playground for some time the other day when another colored boy almost as black as himself called out, "Come on over here and play Midnight."

Midnight stared at the speaker a moment and then answered scornfully, "Go 'long you black rascal, you look like half past eleven yourself."

A Great Musician.

Two Lancashire boys were expatiating on the relative merits of their fathers as musicians.

"My father is the greatest musician in the town," said one.

"Oh!" the other said. "When my father starts his music every man stops work."

"How's that?" said the other. "What does he do?"

"He blows the whistle for meals up at the mill."

The Thinker.

"She has ideas of her own."

"Indeed! What a disagreeable person!"—Detroit Free Press.

The worst thing about the self-made man is that he usually looks upon the world as his doormat.

Good for Boys

Camping time is a time of joy for the youngsters. Very few things are needed for a cracking good time—a tent, blankets, plain, stout clothing, and plenty of good, wholesome food.

A splendid food to take along is

Grape-Nuts

It's an ideal camping food—nourishing, appetizing and always ready to eat.

This delicious wheat and barley food contains great nutrition with little bulk. It is made from the natural, whole grains, retaining all of their vital mineral salts, particularly neccessary for building health and strength in growing boys and girls.

Grape-Nuts is ready to serve direct from the package—just add good milk or cream. Summer rains won't hurt the supply—packages are wax-wrapped and moisture-proof.

"There's a Reason"

for

Grape-Nuts

—sold by Grocers everywhere.

VISIT SPRINGS TO STAY WELL

Health Resorts Are by No Means Only for Those Who Are Sick and Afflicted.

America possesses springs and health resorts that equal any found in Europe. American physicians in every branch of medicine are as capable and efficient as those of any other country. Our doctors are now, more than ever, recommending hydrotherapy as a curative treatment for many forms of disease. Gout, rheumatism, obesity, nervous and skin diseases, malarial infection, sciatica, dyspepsia, liver and kidney diseases and many other ailments are relieved and often cured by the healing-giving properties of natural spring water when used by the advice and under the prescription of reputable physicians. These treatments are not solely for the sick and afflicted. Many who are in the ceaseless activity of the business world or surrounded by the humdrum existence and manifold worries of household duties find rest, relaxation and renewed vigor at any of our health resorts, where the treatment is combined with a life so carefree that it is in itself a tonic. The outdoor exercise and wholesome pleasure derived from a stay at any of the numerous springs make the visitor sleep sounder, eat with a better appetite, laugh more and live longer. Persons do not go to the springs and baths only to get well, but to keep well and have a good time while they are about it.

Many of our great business men and deepest thinkers make visits to some spring or bath regularly and take the treatment once or twice a year, thus keeping in fine physical condition. Some people have an idea that these treatments are expensive, but such is not the case.—Leslie's.

Lost Art.

They had been sitting around the table at the club all evening as usual talking about the war—always the war. There fell a little silence at last and then Jones spoke. "Is there any person present," said he, "who can tell me what it was we used to talk about before the war?"

HAS HAD TRAGIC HISTORY

From Earliest Times, Soissons Has Been the Scene of Warfare That Was Almost Constant.

In the history of warfare conducted in France there is no town which bears such an unenviable record as that of Soissons, which, in times of peace, has a pleasant location on one bank of the River Aisne, surrounded by wooded hills. At one time there was no more popular place of pilgrimage, when its abbeys were the richest in the land with the best blood of the country at their head, and when the abbots of St. Medard, the most important of all French abbeys during the first two dynasties, coined money, and were lords of almost innumerable villages, farms and manors.

Soissons was the field of the missionary labors of St. Crispin and St. Crispinian, patrons of the shoemaking craft, who brought Christianity to the town in the third century. They suffered severely at the hands of Rictiovarus, the governor, under whose orders they were stretched on the rack and after the application of several other tortures were thrown into the Aisne, a millstone having first been tied around the neck of each. They were able to swim, however, and managed to reach the opposite bank.

Soissons has been the scene of many victories and defeats, has been sacked times without number, and enjoys an unenviable notoriety for the great number of sieges it has undergone. In 1870 the Germans entered it after a bombardment of four days.

Fortune for Missing Boy.

If Keith Dalrymple, the missing Port Alleghany boy, returns home now, after an absence of more than eight years, he will find that the fortune of $365,000 is about all that awaits him. The missing heir's mother, whose death occurred a year ago as a result of worry over her son's absence, has been followed by the death of Hugh Dalrymple, his brother.

Hugh Dalrymple died on his farm near North East. He was a joint heir with Keith Dalrymple of the Arnold-Dalrymple estates, valued at $700,000. Before his death Hugh Dalrymple, like his mother, had spent large sums in searching for Keith, who mysteriously disappeared from the home of his grandmother, Mrs. F. H. Arnold of Long Beach, Cal. Hugh Dalrymple leaves five children, who will inherit the entire fortune should their uncle fail to claim the estate.—Kane (Pa.) Dispatch to Philadelphia North American.

Draftless Huts.

A new type of hut for soldiers which, it is claimed, will allow of a saving of at least 25 per cent on present expenditure, was exhibited recently at the College of Ambulance, London.

The hut is pyramidical in shape and designed to secure a maximum of fresh air with an absence of drafts no matter what the direction of the wind.

Seventeen huts of this type, known as the Pritchard principle, will accommodate, its inventors claim, a battalion in greater comfort than they are now securing in 34 huts.