

The ZAR'S SPY The Mystery of a Silent Love by Chevalier WILLIAM LE QUEUX AUTHOR OF "THE CLOSED BOOK," ETC. ILLUSTRATIONS BY C-D-RHODES

SYNOPSIS. Gordon Gregg, dining aboard with Hornby, the yacht Lolla's owner, 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 Lolla's name a false one. In London Gregg is trapped nearly to his death by a former servant, Ollato. Visiting in Dumfries Gregg meets Muriel Lethourts. Hornby appears and Muriel introduces him as Maria Woodroffe, her father's friend. Gregg sees a copy of the torn photograph on the Lolla 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 Ollato. Muriel and Gregg search Rannoch wood together, and find the body of Armlida, Ollato's wife. When the police go to the wood the body has disappeared. In London Gregg meets Ollato, alive and well. Gregg traces the young girl of the torn photograph, and finds that she is Ethna Heath, niece of Baron Oberg, who has taken her to Abo, Finland, and that she holds a secret affecting Woodroffe. On his return to Rannoch Gregg finds the Lethourts fled from Hyllon Clater, who had called there. He goes to Abo, and after a tilt with the police chief, is conducted to Kajana, where he finds Elma, imprisoned. A surgical operation has made her deaf and dumb. He escapes with her.

CHAPTER XI—Continued. The unfortunate girl whom I was there to rescue drew back in fright against the wall for a single second, then, seeing that I had closed with the hulking fellow, she sprang forward, and with both hands seized the gun and attempted to wrest it from him. His fingers had lost the trigger, and he was trying to regain it to fire and so raise the alarm. I saw this, and with an old trick learned at Uppingham I tripped him, so that he staggered and nearly fell. An oath escaped him, yet in that moment Elma succeeded in twisting the gun from his sneaky hands, which I now held with a strength begotten of a knowledge of my imminent peril. He was huge and powerful, with a strength far exceeding my own, yet I had been reckoned a good wrestler at Uppingham, and now my knowledge of that most ancient form of combat held me in good stead. He shouted for help, his deep, hoarse voice sounding along the stone corridors.

As we were struggling desperately, the English girl slipped past us with the carbine in her hand, and with a quick movement dragged open the heavy door that gave exit to the lake. I heard a splash, and saw that Elma no longer held the sentry's weapon in her hands. Then at the same moment I heard a voice outside cry in a low tone: "Courage, excellency! Courage! I will come and help you." It was the faithful Finn, who had been awaiting me in the deep shadow, and with a few strokes pulled his box up to the narrow rickety ledge outside the door.

"Take the lady!" I succeeded in gasping in Russian. "Never mind me," and I saw to my satisfaction that the guided Elma to step into the boat, which at that moment drifted past the little platform. I struggled valiantly, but I was slowly being vanquished. Mine was a fight for life. A sudden idea flashed across my mind, and I continued to struggle, at the same time gradually forcing my enemy backward towards the door. He cursed and swore and shouted until, with a sudden and almost superhuman effort, I tripped him, bringing his head into violent contact with the stone tassel of the door.

There was the sound of the crashing of wood as the rotten platform gave way, a loud splash, and he sank like a stone, for although I stood watching for him to rise, I could only distinguish the woodwork floating away with the current. As I stood there in horror at my deed of self-defense, the place suddenly resounded with shouts of alarm, and in the tower above me the great old rusty bell began to swing, ringing its brazen note across the broad expanse of waters. Behind me in the passage I saw a light and the glitter of arms. A shot rang out, and a bullet whizzed past me. Then I jumped, and nearly upset the boat, but taking an oar I began to row for life, and as we drew away from those grim, black walls the five belched forth from three rifles.

Again the guards fired upon us, but the darkness their aim was faulty. Lights appeared in the high windows of the castle, and we could see that the greatest commotion had been caused by the escape of the prisoner. The men at the door in the tower were shouting to the patrol boats, calling them to row us down and capture us, but by playing our oars rapidly we shot straight across the lake until we got various kinds of games. One reason why the pouter chest has gone out of style is its menace to health. An overdeveloped chest is held to be dangerous, as it invites pneumonia and other troubles. Men on the march are allowed to unbutton their coats and make themselves comfortable, but smoking at such times is discouraged by the medical authorities. The department of the soldier on parade has also been made normal and natural.

Beehive Bombs. A French genius has recently offered an idea which he is confident will be more effective against the enemy than bombs dropped by an aviator. "Instead of arming our aviators with bombs, which are seldom effective, we should do better with beehives," says this patriot. "Let each aviator carry one or two hives and launch them on the foe below. At the rate of 30,000 bees to the hive, one may count that about 2,000 will be killed or stunned by the fall; but the other 28,000 launched by a skillful hand on the enemy will cover them

in an instant with innumerable stings and set every combatant out of the fight for several days. Then our men would have nothing to do but to end them or capture them." Commenting on this proposal, which evidently is made in all seriousness, a witty Frenchman says: "The inventor does not say what would happen if a misdirected hive should fall in a French trench. If the bees were loyal they would make the salute military and buzz the 'Marseillaise.'" In Every Drop of Water. In every drop of water we drink, and in every mouthful of air we breathe, there is a movement and collision of particles so rapid in every second of time that it can only be expressed by four with nineteen naughts. If the movement of these particles were attended by friction, or if the energy of their impact were translated into heat, what hot mouthfuls we should have! But the heat, as well as the particle, is infinitesimal, and is not perceptible.—John Burroughs in the Yale Review.

impervious darkness, just as our fierce pursuers came alongside where we had only a moment ago been seated. They shouted wildly as they sprang to land after us, but our guide, who had been born and bred in these forests, knew well how to travel in a circle, and how to conceal himself. It was a race for freedom—nay, for very life. So dark that we could see before us hardly a foot, we were compelled to place our hands in front of us to avoid collision with the big tree trunks, while ever and anon we found ourselves entangled in the mass of dead creepers and vegetable parasites that formed the dense undergrowth. Around us on every side we heard the shouts and curses of our pursuers, while above the rest we heard an authoritative voice, evidently that of a sergeant of the guard, cry: "Shoot the man, but spare the woman! The colonel wants her back. Don't let her escape! We shall be well rewarded. So keep on, comrades! Mene edemaski!"

But the trembling girl beside me heard nothing, and perhaps indeed it was best that she could not hear. It was an exciting chase in the darkness, as we gradually circled round our prisoners, for we knew not into what treacherous marsh we might fall. Once we saw afar through the trees the light of a lantern held by a guard, and already the sweet-faced girl beside me seemed tired and terribly fatigued. At last, breathless, we halted to listen. We were already in sight of the gray mist where lay the silent lake that held so many secrets. There was not a sound. We crept along the water's edge, until in the gray light we could distinguish two empty boats—that of the guards and our own. We were again at the spot where we had disembarked.

"Let us row to the head of the lake," suggested the Finn. "We may then land and escape them." And a moment later we were all three in the guards' boat, rowing with all our might under the deep shadow of the bank northward, in the opposite direction to the town of Nystad. I think we must have rowed several miles, for ere we landed again, upon a low, flat and barren shore, the first gray streak of day was showing in the east. Elma noticed it, and kept her great brown eyes fixed upon it thoughtfully. It was the dawn for her—the dawn of a new life. Our eyes met; she smiled at me, and then gazed again eastward, with silent meaning.

Having landed, we drew the boat up and concealed it in the undergrowth so that the guards, on searching, should not know the direction we had taken, and then we went straight on northward across the low-lying lands, to where the forest showed dark against the morning gray. The mist had now somewhat cleared, but to discover a path in a forest forty miles wide is a matter of considerable difficulty, and for hours we wandered on and on, but alas! always in vain. Faint and hungry, yet still kept courage. Fortunately we found a little spring, and all three of us drank eagerly with our hands. But of food we had nothing, save a small piece of hard dry bread which the Finn had in his pocket, the remains of his evening meal, and this we gave to Elma, who, half famished, ate it quickly.

How many miles we trudged I have no idea. Elma's torn shoe gave her considerable trouble, and noticing her limping, I induced her to sit down while I took it off, hoping to be able to mend it, but, having unlaced it, I saw that upon her stocking was a large patch of congealed blood, where her foot itself had also been cut. I managed to beat the nails of the shoe with a stone, so that its sole should not be lost, and she readjusted it, allowing me to lace it up for her and smiling the while.

Forward we trudged, ever forward, across that enormous forest where the myriad tree trunks presented the same dismal scene everywhere, a forest untroubled save by wild, half-savage lumbermen. My only fear was that we should be compelled to spend another night without shelter, and what its effect might be upon the delicately reared girl whose hand I held tenderly in mine. Surely my position was a strange one. Her terrible affliction seemed to cause her to be entirely dependent upon me.

Suddenly, just as the yellow sunlight overhead had begun to fade, the flat-faced Finn, whose name he had told me was Felix Estlander, cried joyfully: "Polushait! Look, excellency! Ah! The road at last!" And as we glanced before us we saw that his quick, well-trained eyes had detected away in the twilight, at some distance, a path traversing our vista among the tree trunks.

Elma made a gesture of renewed hope, and all three of us redoubled our pace, expecting every moment to come upon some log hut, the owner of which would surely give us hospitality for the night. But darkness came on quickly, and yet we still pushed forward. Poor Elma was limping, and I

in an instant with innumerable stings and set every combatant out of the fight for several days. Then our men would have nothing to do but to end them or capture them." Commenting on this proposal, which evidently is made in all seriousness, a witty Frenchman says: "The inventor does not say what would happen if a misdirected hive should fall in a French trench. If the bees were loyal they would make the salute military and buzz the 'Marseillaise.'" In Every Drop of Water. In every drop of water we drink, and in every mouthful of air we breathe, there is a movement and collision of particles so rapid in every second of time that it can only be expressed by four with nineteen naughts. If the movement of these particles were attended by friction, or if the energy of their impact were translated into heat, what hot mouthfuls we should have! But the heat, as well as the particle, is infinitesimal, and is not perceptible.—John Burroughs in the Yale Review.

know that her injured foot was paining her, even though she could tell me nothing. At last we saw before us a light shining in a window, and five minutes later Felix was knocking at the door, and asking in Finnish the occupant to give hospitality to a lady lost in the forest. We heard a low growl like a muttered imprecation within, and when the door opened there stood upon the threshold a tall, bearded, muscular old fellow in a dirty red shirt, with a big revolver shining in his hand.



A Tall, Bearded, Muscular Old Fellow, With a Big Revolver.

A quick glance at us satisfied him that we were not thieves, and he invited us in while Felix explained that we had landed from the lake, and our boat having drifted away we had been compelled to take to the woods. The man heard the Finn's picturesque story, and then said something to me which Felix translated into Russian. "Your excellency is welcome to all the poor fare he has. He gives up his bed in the room yonder to the lady, so that she may rest. He is honored by your excellency's presence."

And while he was making this explanation the wood cutter stirred the embers whereon a big pot was simmering, and sending forth an appetizing odor, and in five minutes we were all three sitting down to a stew of capercaillie, with a foaming light beer as a fitting beverage. After we had finished our meal I asked the sturdy old fellow for a pencil, but the nearest thing he possessed was a stick of thick charcoal, and with that it was surely difficult to communicate with our fair companion. Therefore she rose, gave me her hand, bowed smilingly, and then passed into the inner room and closed the door, while we threw ourselves wearily upon the wooden benches and slept soundly.

Suddenly, however, at early dawn, we were startled by a loud banging at the door, the clattering of hoofs, and authoritative shouts in Russian. The old wood cutter sprang up, and, looking through a chink in the heavy shutters, turned to us with blanched face, whispering breathlessly: "The police! What can they want of me?" "Open!" shouted the horseman outside. "Open in the name of his majesty!"

Felix made a dash for the door of the inner room, where Elma had retired, but next second he reappeared, gasping in Russian: "Excellency! Why, the door is open! The lady has gone!" "Gone!" I cried, dismayed, rushing into the little room, where I found the trundle couch empty and the door leading outside wide open. She had actually disappeared!

The police again battered at the opposite door, threatening loudly to break it in if it were not opened at once, whereupon the old wood cutter drew the bolt and admitted them. Two big, hulking fellows in heavy riding coats and swords strode in, while two others remained mounted outside, holding the horses. "Your names?" demanded one of the fellows, glancing at us as we stood together in expectation. Our host told them his name, and asked why they wished to enter. "We are searching for a woman who has escaped from Kajana," was the reply. "Have you seen any woman here?" "No," responded the wood cutter. "We never see any woman out in these woods."

"Who is your chief?" I inquired, as a sudden thought occurred to me. "Melnikoff, at Helmsfors." "Then this is not in the district of Abo?" "No. But what difference does it make? Who are you?" "Gordon Gregg, British subject," I replied. "And you are the drotsky driver from Abo," remarked the fellow, turning to Felix. "Exactly as I thought you are the pair who bribed the nun at Kajana, and succeeded in releasing the Englishwoman. In the name of the czar, I arrest you!" The old wood cutter turned pale as death. We certainly were in grave peril, for I foresaw the danger of falling into the hands of Baron Oberg, the Strangler of Finland. Yet we had a satisfaction in knowing that, be the mystery what it might, Elma had escaped. "And on what charge, pray, do you presume to arrest me?" I inquired as coolly as I could. "For aiding a prisoner to escape." "Then I wish to say, first, that you have no power to arrest me; and, secondly, that if you wish me to give you satisfaction, I am perfectly willing to do so, providing you first accompany me down to Abo." "It is outside my district," growled the fellow, but I saw that his hesitancy was due to his uncertainty as to what I really might be. "I desire you to take me to the Chief of Police Boranski, who will make all the explanation necessary until we have an interview with him. I refuse to give any information concerning myself," I said. "But you have a passport?" "I drew it from my pocket, saying: 'It proves, I think that my name is what I have told you.'"

The fellow, standing astride, read it and handed it back to me. "Where is the woman?" he demanded. "Tell me." "I don't know," was the reply. "Perhaps you will tell me," he said, turning to the old wood cutter with a sinister expression upon his face. "Remember, these fugitives are found in your house, and you are liable to arrest."

"I don't know—indeed I don't!" protested the old fellow, trembling beneath the officer's threat. Like all his class, he feared the police, and held them in dread. "Ah, you don't remember, I suppose," he smiled. "Well, perhaps your memory will be refreshed by a month or two in prison. You are also arrested."

"But, your excellency,—" "Enough!" blared the bristly officer. "You have given shelter to conspirators. You know the penalty in Finland for that, surely?" "But these gentlemen are surely not conspirators!" the poor old man protested. "His excellency is English and the English do not plot."

"We shall see afterwards," he laughed. A dozen times was the old wood cutter questioned, but he stubbornly refused to admit that he had ever set eyes upon Elma. I knew of course by what we had overheard said by the prison guards, that the governor general was extremely anxious to recapture the girl with whom, I frankly admit, I had now so utterly fallen in love. And it appeared that no effort was being spared to search for us. But what could be the truth of Elma's disappearance? Had she fled of her own accord, or had she once more fallen a victim to some ingenious and dastardly plot. That gray dress of hers might, I recollected, betray her if she dared to venture near any town, while her affliction would, of itself, be plain evidence of identification. All I hoped was that she had gone and hidden herself in the forest somewhere in the vicinity to wait until the danger of recapture had passed.

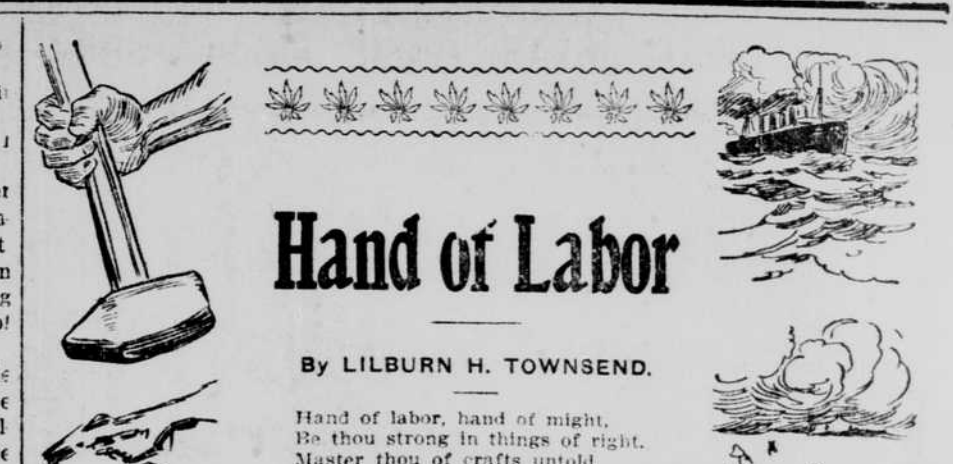
For as long as possible I succeeded in delaying our departure, but at length, just as the yellow sun began to struggle through the gray clouds, we were all three compelled to depart in sorrowful procession. At nine o'clock I stood in the big bare office of Michael Bojanski, where only a short time before we had had such a heated argument. As soon as the chief of police had entered, he recognized me under arrest, and dismissed my guards with a wave of the hand—all save the officer who had brought me there. He listened to the officer's story of my arrest without saying a word.

Audacity of Woman Spies. A climax to the audacity of spies is said to have been reached in the case of a woman pretending to be English and giving her name as Miss Booth, who, in connection with another woman calling herself Frances de Rosen, organized a charitable work at the Gare du Nord, in Paris, which they called "For the Wounded and for the Refugees." The former, suspected of illicit communication with the Germans, passed before a court-martial and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, while the latter, against whom no tangible proof could be produced, was invited to leave French territory within 48 hours.

monsters of the air, flying at their amazing speeds, man will pit his ingenuity. It is clear that he cannot fight them from the earth; he must fight them high in their own element. So in the future, if wars continue, we may have fearful struggles of the air—not small and isolated combats such as this campaign has shown us, but battles desperately waged, with death and destruction raining from the clouds. There are those, however, who argue that such a form of war, when pushed to its ruthless limit, will prove so ghastly that humanity will revolt, and that the science that revolutionizes war will also end it.

River Names. Nansensmond, the name of a river in Virginia, is from the Indian word Nawschmond, "the place from which we were driven away." The Flint, in Michigan, was called by the Indians Perwanigo, "the river of the Flint," from the abundance of this stone on its banks. Humboldt river, in Nevada, was named by Fremont in honor of Baron Humboldt.

may mean end of all war Development of Destructive Airship Sure to Have Powerful Effect on Humanity. The difficulty of properly arming and protecting aircraft lies in the fact that we cannot yet obtain sufficiently powerful engines—even though, in the course of a few years, the engines have increased in horse power from about fifty to two hundred, says Claude Grahame-White in the Youth's Companion. But when we look ahead, and estimate what may be possible with a power plant, not of hundreds of horse power, but of thousands, then we can imagine a perfected war machine, of the future—a huge armored craft, that carries a crew of hundreds of men, and that is equipped with formidable guns and aerial torpedo and bomb-dropping tubes. Such a vessel will be able to reef its wing surface when traveling at high speed, and will rush through the air as a speed of several hundred miles an hour. But even against such metal-built



Hand of Labor By LILBURN H. TOWNSEND. Hand of labor, hand of might, Be thou strong in things of right, Master thou of crafts untold, Driving them in heat and cold; Working high and working low, That the world may brighter grow; Press the loom, and traffic great, Know the drive behind thy weight. Hand of labor, rude and fine, Things of earth are mostly thine. Mines of gold and fields of wheat; Harbors deep where pennants greet; Ships of war, canals and locks, Roads of steel and bridges, docks, Strain thy sinews day and night, Be thou strong in things of right. Mills and shops in clang and roar, Foundry fires and molten ore; Sullen mines and heaving seas, Lands of rock and timber trees; Cotton fields as white as snow, Forges black 'mid flames aglow, Strain thy sinews day and night, Be thou strong in things of right. Hand of labor, great thou art; Be thou fair, and bear thy part Like big souls, sincere, intense; Stoop not low to base affairs; Nor, in heat, forget that men, Large and small, all kind and ken, Have their place and must remain 'Neath the sway of guiding brain.

LABOR TROUBLE OLD BUSY DAYS COMING

Disturbances Go Far Back Into History. Period of Stress Ahead of the American Worker.

Apostle Paul is on Record as Having Created Dissension Among the People of Ephesus by His Preaching of Christianity. Labor Day an Excellent Time to Think of the Future That Must Be the Result of the War in Europe.

While the matter of Labor day is under consideration, the question arises: What is labor? Webster gives as his first definition: "Toil or exertion, physical or mental." William B. Wilson, secretary of the department of labor, gave the following as his conception of the idea: "Labor is any mental or physical activity other than that engaged in solely for pleasure"—a definition showing a brain at once practical and analytic. Mr. Powderly would narrow this somewhat by defining labor as "any exertion, mental or physical, not indulged in for pleasure and for the benefit of mankind."

Doctor Coulter of the census bureau, an expert on such matters, would give an even broader scope to the word. He defines labor as: "All effort, whether mental or physical." The question of Labor day naturally brings to mind the collateral labor questions of labor union protests and strikes. There is a tendency among latter-day philosophers to prophesy all manner of evil to come to mankind by the way of labor unions and their troubles, both among themselves and with others, and to hold forth these troubles as a proof of human decadence, peculiar only to this degenerate age.

In this connection, while the early history of Rome and the tribulations of the workman of that day show that labor troubles have always been with us, there is a most interesting passage in the Acts of the Apostles, which, when read with an eye to modern labor dissensions, shows that mankind has not varied one whit in his striving for what he considers the fruits of his labor, since the days of St. Paul. Paul, together with other apostles, went up in the Ephesus country, seeking converts to the Christian faith. Now, Ephesus was the favorite city of Diana, or Artemis, as she was also called. Here was her famous temple; here was her famous statue, said by the priests to have fallen from heaven. Thither every year came pilgrims by the tens of thousands to worship at the shrine of the tutelary deity—and here a goodly number of silversmiths found their calling a most lucrative one. For, there being no photographs nor postal cards, these pilgrims took away with them small silver facsimile statuettes of the great goddess as souvenirs. Now observe the nineteenth chapter of Acts, according to the twentieth century version of the New Testament:

"Now a silversmith named Demetrius, who made silver models of the shrine of Artemis (Diana), and so gave a great deal of work to the artisans, got these men together, as well as the workmen engaged in similar occupations, and said: 'Men, you know that our prosperity depends upon this work, and you see and hear that, not only in Ephesus, but in almost the whole of Roman Asia, this Paul has convinced and won over great numbers of people by his assertion that those gods which are made by hands are not gods at all, so that not only is this business of ours likely to fall into discredit, but there is the further danger that the temple of the great goddess, Artemis (Diana), will be thought nothing of, and that she herself will be deprived of her splendor, though all Roman Asia and the whole world worship her.'"

"When they heard this the men were greatly enraged and began shouting: 'Great is Artemis of the Ephesians!' The commotion spread through the whole city, and the people rushed with one accord into the theater, dragging with them the companions of Paul." Certainly there cannot be found in any modern newspaper a more perfect account of a sympathetic strike and a labor riot. And that was two thousand years ago.

The earliest work on shorthand writing was compiled by Dr. Timothy Bright of Cambridge in 1588.

CHANGES WROUGHT BY WAR

"Tommy Atkins" of Today is a Different Being From His Prototype of a Few Years Ago. The old pouter-pigeon type of British soldier, with his ramrod deportment and feet at impossible angles, is now as obsolete as his red coat. This change is evident, not only in the training of the new army, but in the royal cadet schools at Sandhurst and Woolwich. Alertness and agility, mental and physical, are now aimed for instead of physical rigidity and mechanical precision as in the old times. Swedish exercises have taken the place of conventional calisthenics. About the only piece of apparatus left in the Sandhurst gymnasium is the padded horse. Parallel bars, rings, heavy dumb-bells and pulley exercises have been sent away. Now the cadets are taught what is known in their slang as monkey tricks, such as walking on top of high and narrow beams and jumping safely to the ground, skimming the rope and playing