

# The Castle of Lies

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## CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

And when she had summoned assistance? When the castle was stormed, as it were, by gendarmes? My own peril would be extreme.

It was hopeless to prevent the inevitable. The rescue of Captain Forbes would be accomplished; my complicity in the intrigues of Dr. Starva and Madame de Varnier would be taken for granted. Expostulations would be useless. My very presence in the chateau would be face evidence of my guilt.

And so I had played my desperate game to no purpose.

To save myself—that was my one thought. Two courses lay before me. Could I make my way to Captain Forbes? Could I effect his release before Helena returned with help? If that were possible, and if I could hastily make my position clear to the king's messenger all might yet be well. At least so far as the establishment of my innocence was concerned.

Or I might overtake Helena Brett. To her I might make my confession. And if she were interested, not only that I was active in her interests, but that my plan to clear up Sir Mortimer's disappearance promised success, I might even now be successful.

It was my fear that she would scornfully refuse both to believe my story and to accept my aid that made me hesitate as to this course.

It was Dr. Starva who decided for me.

He had appeared on the terrace below, and he was following Helena Brett.

I had read Captain Forbes's message as well as Helena. Why, then, could there not have been a third person interested in the strange antics of the mirror? And if this surmise were true? If Dr. Starva or Madame de Varnier had read the message? They had not hesitated to use desperate expedients to gain their purpose. Would Dr. Starva hesitate to use means as desperate to prevent Helena from summoning help?

I asked myself this startling question as I took the stairs two at a time to the great hall. The main entrance was locked. For a moment I thought that I was a prisoner in the chateau as well as Captain Forbes. Even now I am not certain that such was not the intention of Madame de Varnier. But Dr. Starva had gained the terrace by a small door close by the spiral staircase. In his haste he had forgotten to lock this door.

Desperate as was my own haste I took the precaution of locking the side door after me and placing the key in my pocket. My reasons for this were vague enough. It was an instinct that prompted me to take the precaution rather than deliberate reflection. But perhaps I might be able to regain the chateau in due time by this side entrance, and none be the wiser. For as far as I knew I had effected my exit unobserved.

In the meanwhile I ran swiftly after Helena and Dr. Starva. I had lost sight of both. I soon came to an end of the promenade. It led directly into the main street of the village. Now that I had gained the village street I looked eagerly about for them. Neither was in sight. I guessed that Helena Brett would make her way as soon as possible to the hotel where she was known. What hotel? That was the question.

I halted an urchin and asked him the name of the best hotel in Alterhoffen. "Oh, the Grand hotel," he answered without hesitation; "that is where all the English lords and American millionaires stay."

Then let him take me hither; I tempted him with a franc.

"Evidently the gentleman is in a hurry."

I assured him that I was, and promised him two francs if I could reach the hotel before a lady whom I was following.

"Then, the gentleman must go by the short cut."

I sped after the urchin down the village street.

This street is one of the most quaint in the whole world. There are two stories of shops on either side. The pavement of the shops below is roofed over; this covered passageway is the pavement for the second series of shops above. I was on the lower pavement, and this explains how I was able to reach a flight of steps, the cut the youngster had promised, before Helena or Dr. Starva.

At the foot of these steps the youngster halted, assuring me that I should find the hotel when I had reached the top of the flight.

These steps pierced a wall of one of the houses of the village street. The flight was straight for the first 20 or 30, then it turned curiously on a little landing at right angles. Here I was in semi-darkness. I groped my way for the continuance of the flight. The first series of steps, I began to see dimly, had ended at a sort of porter's lodge. I learned afterwards that this was a private entrance to the hotel above and that in the glass-covered little room a porter was accustomed to sit.

I was still feeling my way cautiously about (for I had not yet seen that the flight of steps was continued at right angles, and the steps were broken and uneven), when the circle of light at the foot of the steps leading into the street was blotted out.

At first I hoped it might be Helena. But it was a man, and he was leaping up the steps in desperate haste.

I guessed it to be Dr. Starva. But I had no intention of letting him know that I was following him. I pressed close against the wall to let him pass. To my astonishment he darted into the empty porter's lodge and crouched down in the gloom. I held my breath,

## CHAPTER XX.

I am Rudely Enlightened. The force of the blow had stunned me for the moment. Presently I heard Helena calling for help. I struggled to my feet and leaned gasping against the wall.

"Are you much hurt, sir?" she asked



In French, in a cool, matter of fact voice. She had not recognized me in the semi-gloom.

"I am not hurt at all," I replied in English. "But I am sorry, Miss Brett, that this villain has made his escape."

"I fancy I heard some one rush after him," she continued, coming to me closer and trying to distinguish my features.

"I am Mr. Haddon," I said, quietly.

"The coward," I added.

"There was an awkward pause. We began to ascend the second flight of steps.

"I am afraid you are assuming a name to which you have little right, Mr. Haddon," she said gently. "I believe that you saved my life just now. I am much obliged to you."

"She extended a white hand in the gloom. There was absolutely nothing of sentimentalism in the action. And for myself, I was cynically unmoved. I received her thanks almost guiltily and a little sullenly.

"I little thought," she continued dreamily, "that you, of all men, would save my life. It savors a good deal of the melodramatic, does it not? It is very strange."

"At the best it was a lucky accident, Miss Brett. Frankly, you are unburied rather because the man was a bar shot than because of any assistance I gave you."

I spoke the words thoughtfully and quite sincerely. I knew only too well that my intercession would have been too late had Dr. Starva's aim been more sure. It seemed to me little less than a miracle that Helena Brett should be unscathed. I could take no credit for that myself.

"Far from that, I should tell her the absolute truth if I were honest. I would say to her: 'On the contrary, I have proved myself to be a coward again—infinitely more so than when Willoughby lost his life. Then I was exhausted, physically powerless. Now I have failed—still by the fatal three seconds—because terror held me spellbound for the moment. It makes little difference, so far as my courage or cowardice is concerned, that you are

living while Willoughby died. In either case I have been equally weak." That was what I should say to her; if I were an honest man.

But I did not. You see I am frank in these confessions. Really, then, I am showing that in this instance I was even a greater coward than before. For then I at least told the truth. I did not conceal from her the hideous word Willoughby had spoken before he died. Now I was concealing from her the fact that I knew I deserved the reproach as keenly.

We had reached the top of the steps. We walked slowly toward the Grand hotel. Helena, I could see, was concerned with her own thoughts as much as I. For a moment the shock of the accident had made her forget her errand. Now that we were near the hotel its urgency came to her with redoubled force. She was debating whether she should take me into her confidence. She was saying to herself, I was sure, that it would be a generous repatriation for her unjust censure of me on the terrace of the hotel at Lucerne if she trusted to the deliverance of Captain Forbes.

"Why," she asked slowly, "should that man have lain in wait for me there? Was he a common thief, do you think?"

"No," I answered after some hesitation. "He is a Bulgarian, a political adventurer. I am afraid, Miss Brett, that he has had much to do with the disappearance of your brother."

"How should you know that?" her voice vibrated with suspicion.

"Because I have learned something of him at the chateau. I am a guest there," I pointed to the castle towers across the valley.

"You are a guest of that woman, Madame de Varnier?"

"Yes."

"Then, sir, she was hastening her steps, and spoke with cold hostility, "it is certainly not to you that I should be appealing for help."

"Miss Brett," I said with some bitterness, "you draw your conclusions very hastily. Is it impossible for you to believe that I wish to help you—that I wish to make atonement to you

save a life for the life that was lost through me."

"You have already made that repatriation, Mr. Haddon," she said almost humbly. "Fate has punished me that I should have judged you so hastily and so wrongly."

"No, no!" I spoke in fierce remonstrance. "Will you never be just to me? That was an accident, I tell you."

"I do not like you less than you say so."

It was hopeless to make her understand now. I should have confessed my cowardice sooner if I wished to be believed. She had judged as at Lucerne.

"Listen," I drew her to a garden seat. "A life for a life—that is what you said. But if, instead of a life, it were a man's honor that I could save—if it were the honor of your brother?"

Her lips trembled. She leaned toward me in her appeal.

"Oh, you would crush me with the weight of your gratitude. Save my brother's honor, and, and—"

"I should then stand equal with other men in your respect?"

"Yes," she said faintly. "We need a friend so much now. We are in such deep distress because of my poor brother. Evidently you know of his disgrace." Shame blanched her cheek.

"I know something of it," I said with sympathy. "Tell me, Miss Brett, do I not bear a marked resemblance to your brother?"

"At first sight it is startling," she cried eagerly. "When my mother and I saw you at Lucerne we thought you were he. When we learned that you were with Mr. Willoughby at the time of his death, you can understand how bitterly we resented our disappointment. Forgive me if I am again suspicious, but that I should find you the guest of Madame de Varnier now, at this time—"

"If I am to help you, you must trust me."

"I will. I do."

"Implicitly?"

"Yes."

"Even though circumstances seem utterly against me? Even though I may see a friend of Madame de Varnier's to be in league with her against you?"

She hesitated. "She is a dangerous woman. If my poor brother has fallen a victim to her horrible beauty—"

"I shall be on my guard," I replied lightly, smiling at her fierce resentment.

"But you will continue to be her guest. Is that wise? How can you effect the release of Captain Forbes if you remain at the chateau?"

"How can I learn the truth concerning your brother, how can I do my utmost to save his honor (if it be not yet too late), unless I remain at the chateau—yes, unless I am on apparent good terms with Madame de Varnier?"

"You are testing my belief in you to the utmost, Mr. Haddon. I suppose you smooth the suspicions of your hostess as readily as you do mine."

She spoke bitterly. And if she found it difficult to trust me now, how much more difficult when she learned, not the whole truth, but a damning half-truth.

"Ah, you are wavering already in the trust you have promised to give me. Great God, you think that it is a pleasant task I have set myself! To smile on this woman, to play the hypocrite, to spy on her when I am her guest, that I may do her; coax her into telling the truth, that I may entrap her accomplice and herself at the right moment? Miss Brett, I would wash my hands of this ugly business if I had not sworn to endure every ignominy and risk of being misunderstood not only by a man like Captain Forbes but by yourself. I tell you that I have not a clear field to carry out my plans—if I fail, or am baffled by some well-meaning intruder, I am a disgraced man. No one will believe my defence—not even you. I may even be dragged to prison as a common felon."

She placed both her hands in mine.

"Forgive me. My anxiety is so great. I do trust you. Return to Madame de Varnier. Mr. Haddon, I shall try to be patient. But Captain Forbes, am I to do nothing to help him?"

"Until this evening, no. You see, I am testing your faith."

I looked at her keenly. She returned my glance with brave assurance.

"If you receive no word, either from Captain Forbes or myself, by midnight to-night, if you are not summoned to the chateau by your brother (and that I warn you is only too unlikely), inquire at the Grand hotel for Mr. Robinson Locke. He is an American consul at Lucerne; he will help you."

"He has already helped us. It was Mr. Locke who directed Captain Forbes and myself here to Alterhoffen."

"And will you not include among my services," I drew a voice behind us, "the fact that I was so fortunate as to save your life just now, Miss Brett?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

for the suffering I have caused you unconsciously?"

She looked at me intently, her eyes still wide with distrust.

"But you are at the chateau," she repeated. "You are a friend of that infamous woman who has ruined my brother. If you are her friend, how can you be mine?"

"I have not said that I am her friend," I protested quietly.

"But you are at the chateau." She spoke the words obstinately. That fact was, in her eyes, an unanswerable argument.

"Yes; and I know that Captain Forbes is detained there; I know that he has just signalled to you that fact and has asked you to get help. And now I want you to leave the matter to my hands. I demand that as my right. It is a task I have set myself. Once you said to me that I should

Had the Laugh on the Lawyer

Whole Court Room Joined in Joke on Conceited Advocates.

A distinguished, but conceited advocate not long ago, after securing an unqualified statement from an octogenarian, who was bravely enduring cross-examination, that he "saw the whole thing as if it had occurred ten feet away," suddenly challenged him to tell the time by the clock referred to. The lawyer did not look around himself, as he had done so about half an hour before, when he had noticed that it was half after 11. The old man looked at the clock and replied, after a pause, "Half past 11," upon which the lawyer, knowing that it must be nearly 12, turned to the jury and burst into a derisive laugh, exclaiming sarcastically, "That is all," and threw himself back in his seat with an air of having finally annihilated the entire value of the witness' testimony. The distinguished practitioner, however, found himself laughing alone. Presently one of the jury chuckled, and in a trice the whole court room was in a roar at the lawyer's expense. The clock had stopped—at half-past 11—Exchange.

To Encourage Sleep.

Many people suffer constantly from a sense of over-fatigue which entirely prevents sleep at night. A hot bath taken before retiring is a capital anti-dote in some cases, but in others the bath acts as a stimulant rather than a narcotic, and prevents rather than engenders sleep. One of the best means of obtaining rest is a cup of warm milk to which has been added a pinch of salt and a dash of pepper, while many people ignore the fact that sleeplessness is caused by shut windows and a lack of fresh air.

## UNCLE SAM'S KEEN EYE ON FUTURE CITIZENS

### PHYSICIANS OF EXPERIENCE MEET IMMIGRANTS AT LANDING PORTS.

### EXAMINATION IS SEVERE

#### LONG PRACTICE HAS ENABLED DOCTORS TO NOTE DISEASE SYMPTOMS AT A GLANCE.

Few "Undesirables" Gain Admission to the Promised Land, Though Attempts to Deceive the Inspectors Are Made—Routine at the Port of Boston—Dr. Safford Tells of All Sorts of Tricks Played—Facts Given as a General Thing Are Easily Spotted—Some Pathetic Stories Told.

Boston.—When Uncle Sam learns that a fresh batch of would-be citizens are headed for Boston from foreign shores, he sends Dr. M. V. Safford and Dr. Hugo B. C. Reimer down to meet them when they arrive.

The two physicians are keen men of long experience. They can spot disease symptoms at a glance. When an army of immigrants march on the United States through this port, they weed them out with the most minute care. In matters of means, ability to be self-supporting and business intentions, the immigrants must satisfy other agents of Uncle Sam. But first and foremost they must run the gauntlet of the keen, unprejudiced eyes of the two doctors.

Dr. Safford and his assistant, Dr. Reimer, pass on every one of the thousands of immigrants that enter the port of Boston. They meet with strange experiences, they are ever the objects of cunning subterfuge and piteous supplication, and they make few errors.

Word comes to the immigration officers at Long wharf that a great ship with hundreds of immigrants on board is due at quarantine at such-and-such a time. The doctors know by the location of the port of embarkation about what class of immigrant they will have to deal with, and they prepare for him.

**Boarded at Quarantine.**

When the ship reaches quarantine, the physicians are waiting to board her. They begin at once with the second cabin passengers after "looking over," surreptitiously, the passengers in the saloon. The second cabin passengers are submitted to a rigid examination, for long experience has taught the medical authorities that a

greater proportion of defectives is to be found in the second cabin than in the steerage.

If the ship docks just before dusk or very late in the afternoon, the examination is likely to be deferred until morning. In that event, there is greater excitement on board than ever. The immigrants, most of them ignorant and illiterate, know only that they have at last reached the promised land, toward which they have been journeying for days; they feel only that the time has come for them to meet their friends; to look into the new world.

The delay chafes them. They crowd and crush about the decks, quarrelsome and cantankerous. Few of them sleep. They wait, sullen and silent, through the long dark hours, their eyes fastened on the roofs of the low sheds and the shadowy outlines of the tall buildings of the water front. They chatter at times. Sometimes there is a fight. There is crying of babies. Occasionally the sharp voice of a guard rings out from above.

**Some Who May Not Land.**

They look very eager and healthy and robust as they stand in the light of early dawn on the steamer decks. But there are some in that throng who can never enter the country, some who have made the long journey for

nothing, who must bid good-by to their luckier friends and return to the perhaps, lonely land from which they started. It is for those the two physicians are waiting.

At seven o'clock everything is ready. The gangplank, carefully roped off and guarded, stretches from the deck to a door in the side of the shed. This door admits to a narrow passage which winds around mysteriously, and suddenly swings into a wider space, between iron railings forming an inverted V. At the apex stands Dr. Safford, with Dr. Reimer at his elbow. Grouped around them are women agents from the various charity organizations, on the lookout for homeless and unaccompanied girls vainly expecting lovers who never come.

At last the word is given. The quartermasters who have been holding the immigrants back on the steamer's decks step aside, and with a rush and great shouting the crowd begins to pour into the narrow aisle. The Sicilians are first. They press forward hungrily, and the others fall back behind them. Up the aisle they come. Their luggage has been left piled and checked on the decks, but almost every man tenderly carries a crated can slung from his shoulder. It contains home-made olive oil, the real kind, and he hopes to have the delicacy for a reminder of old days at home when he settles in the new country.

**Task Not Always Pleasant.**

It isn't a pleasant task the head quartermaster has before him. Perchance he is stout and portly. He then suffers some inconvenience, to put it mildly, and his occasional re-

marks anent immigrants in general and some in particular are not intended always for gentle ears.

Dr. Safford stands ready, pencil in hand. Before him is a white enameled stand with picher and basin of medicated water. This, for the benefit of those wily newcomers who attempt to conceal natural defects or wounds beneath a generous portion of dirt.

There is the noise of prodigious scuffling outside the door in the passageway and the next moment around the corner appears the broad, buxom form and smiling face of a woman. It is evident that the men, eager as they are, have bowed to courtesy. The woman comes down the aisle slowly, with a bewildered expression, until Dr. Safford admonishes her sharply in her own dialect, and she steps toward him. He stops her for a moment, turns her eyelids back and twists her ear. Then he turns her into the outward aisle leading to the main shed, where she will await the examination of the immigration inspectors.

**Ex-Soldiers Easily Told.**

Once in a while an ex-soldier will appear. It is more than easy to spot him. He swings around the door with the precision of long practice, and with chest extended and head thrown back he marches toward the doctor as he would toward an inspecting officer. Invariably he is allowed to pass with a smile of approbation, and occasionally he brings his hand sharply to the salute as he turns the corner.

It is an interesting sight. Now there comes a little, underdeveloped Calabrian who looks as though he carried the burden and woes of Atlas and Job. The doctor is attracted to a peculiarity in his color. He stops him and Dr. Reimer takes his temperature. It is no less than 104.

"Must have malaria," says the doctor, and the little fellow is turned aside.

Continuously, without pause, the line passes. The group in the detention room swells. The unfortunates sit with resigned faces and watch their healthier fellows swarm toward freedom.

The examination which, to the layman, seems so cursory is, in reality, wonderfully severe and searching. Dr. Safford has had years of experience, has passed tens of thousands of immigrants and knows their normal characteristics as he knows their languages.

What in a Finn would not excite the least suspicion on the part of the doctor would, if seen in an Italian,

spotted scores since. An elderly man came in behind a little boy. There was nothing suspicious about either of them, and I was about to pass them when I noticed that the man had the tip of his finger on the boy's shoulder and kept it there. I stopped him and took the hand away, and he ran into the railing. He was stone blind, although his eyes didn't betray it.

"Fakes Citizens."

"Some years ago we used to have a great many cases of 'fake citizens.' We have no jurisdiction over a United States citizen, and we have to be very careful how we treat them. It got to be quite common therefore for immigrants already resident here to take out citizen papers and ship them to friends at home for their use in passing us. But when several cases were detected and the parties severely prosecuted, the thing dropped off, and we have less of it now."

"Some of the immigrants, of course, are hopelessly ignorant. Many of them have the handicap of fear and reticence. They have been thoroughly coached by letter by friends here, and they will stick to the set of rules and regulations prescribed, whether they apply or not. You can never get them to admit anything, and oftentimes the developments are high and ludicrous. They will never tell you anything that will help themselves and you, to hasten the examination. With them, there are only two classes of disease, those contracted on board ship and those present since birth."

"I once was sure that I had a new case of spinal disease, when I spotted a little fellow who stood straight as a rule, and couldn't bend his back. But on stripping him, I found he had the barrel of a shotgun strapped to his back to escape the customs as he thought."

"Immigrants under 11 years of age get special rates. It is quite common to see ancient '11-year-olds,' with fine growths of whiskers, meandering down the plank."

"We spotted a man once on fake citizenship papers by the aid of an Englishman. The latter said: 'The blowke says as he's been 'ere 11 years an' 'e don't know wat a peanut is. 'E ain't no American!' And he wasn't."

"We run into no end of hard-luck stories, and some of them are really very pathetic. But we have to do our duty as it comes."

cause him to make a careful examination. Types and natural characteristics mean much.

Many Tricks Played.

In the course of his work Dr. Safford runs into some strange characters. Immigrants will come jauntily



A Test of Strength.

down the aisle, carelessly swinging a derby hat over what is apparently a hand. The doctor is suspicious, removes the hat and finds that there is no hand.

Besides the examinations to determine the soundness of the body, there are tests of strength for those who look suspiciously cunning. Carrying a heavy bag of sand is one of the criterions of bodily vigor.

"They try all sorts of tricks," said Dr. Safford. "I remember the first case of one kind I ran into. I have



A Bit of the Deck.

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picked up by Hans Doring in an out-of-the-way corner of Asia: "Coming near the borders of Mongolia we met some Mongolian shepherds. They look something like gnomes. They have seen at home. Their manner of hearing is elastic and far more graceful than that of the Chinese. Their voices are melodious and they are really attractive. There was among them a woman wearing a gown with puffs in the place where arm and shoulder meet together, in the same manner as was fashionable a few years ago with the ladies' dresses in Europe. These puffs serve to protect the Mongol women's shoulders against the pressure of the poles by which they carry the water from the well."

Statistics relating to divorce in England and Wales show that only 753 petitions for divorce were filed in 1905, against 720 in 1904, and 889 and 824 in 1902 and 1903, respectively. Three hundred and twenty-three of the 1905 petitions were presented by wives. Decrees were granted to wives in 261 cases and to husbands in 363 cases.

**WAYS OF THE ORIENT.**

System of Brigandage Brought to Perfection in Manchuria.

Of brigandage in northern Manchuria the North China Daily News says: "As a result of careful investigation and at the imminent risk of his life, a daring member of the Palyang secret service has, after an absence of nearly seven months, brought back to headquarters a report that there are now in northern Manchuria close upon 18,000 exceedingly well-armed and well-provided 'Hungbutez' (Redbeards), as the mounted bandits of Manchuria are called. These are divided into a great many bands of from 150 to 200 each among the smaller ones and from 800 to 1,000 among the larger aggregations, but all of them giving allegiance to three principal chiefs who have the power of life and death over their men. Of the booty taken by a band two-fifths must be handed over to the general exchequer, which provides arms and ammunition. If attacked by an outside enemy and whenever called upon the men under-