

# The CASTLE OF LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESSEY  
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**CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.**

To all purposes, I was a caged prisoner. The risk I had run to spy on them would be to no purpose unless I could surprise them at their night's work.

I gazed at my impotence. Then I thought of the window. Perhaps there was a balcony. There was no blind at the window, but wooden shutters that fastened with a catch. I pushed open the French window. There was the balcony, and to my joy I saw that it extended the length of the suite.

And now a new difficulty stared me in the face. At that moment they might enter the bedroom, and when I had gained the balcony, outside the salon, would shutters prevent my seeing within?

As to the first risk I must take it. The door had jammed before; it would jam again. The noise made in opening it would give me some warning.

I gained the balcony; there were shutters, but I could see readily through the interstices.

It was the apartment we had first entered; and it bore unmistakable signs of having been recently ransacked. A large empire desk had been pried open. Papers had been abstracted from the drawers and pigeonholes; they lay about in confusion. In more than one place the carpet had been torn up at the edges.

As I peered cautiously within, Dr. Starva was lowering the Venetian blind of another window. Evidently they were searching for the article of value we had hidden there.

I heard Madame de Varnier cry out excitedly. A packet, concealed between the slats of a Venetian blind, had fallen to the floor.

Without a doubt it was for this packet of papers that they had been searching. Madame de Varnier tore the envelope to shreds. She scanned the contents of the papers with intense eagerness. Dr. Starva looked over her shoulder. As they read, their faces expressed disappointment and chagrin. Dr. Starva questioned Madame de Varnier repeatedly. She put aside his fierce inquiries with impatience.

And now I made a second discovery. I thought I understood the meaning of this extraordinary plot in coming to the hotel at Vitnaux. I had guessed long since that I bore a sufficiently striking resemblance to Sir Mortimer Brett to deceive at least the first casual glance. Otherwise, why the amazement of the Bretts and Madame de Varnier in first seeing me? How else could I explain the events of the night? They had drugged me, or attempted to do so, that I might be oblivious to inconvenient inquiries or greetings. The hat and cloak of Sir Mortimer, which Dr. Starva had procured in some manner, were unusual enough in character to be readily recognized by the servants of the hotel. Sir Mortimer was known to be ill, and my condition would arouse no suspicion.

All the facts as I swiftly reviewed them fitted neatly. The inference was unmistakable.

This was the suite of Sir Mortimer Brett. They had come for the packet of papers they were now reading. The presence of Sir Mortimer Brett with them had gained their ready admission to his rooms.

And now that they had found the papers? Had I served my purpose? Was the invitation to Madame de Varnier's chateau a ruse cleverly planned simply to bring me to this hotel as Sir Mortimer?

In that case I must be alert that they did not slip through my hands, leaving me here in Sir Mortimer's rooms to explain my predilection on the morrow as best I might.

Or was this the prelude to other adventures even more exciting? Was the game only just begun? I listened. Still I watched them intently, while these perplexing questions demanded an answer. They had finished the papers now. Dr. Starva was seated in sullen gloom; Madame de Varnier glided to and fro in angry indecision. A loud knock on the door opening into the hall startled me almost as much as themselves. Madame de Varnier thrust the papers into the bosom of her dress; then, while Dr. Starva at a sign from her answered the summons, she hastily restored the room to outward signs of order.

"What is it? Who is there?" Starva demanded in an agitated voice.

"It is I, the concierge," replied the intruder.

"To-morrow, to-morrow."  
"But the man is an English gentleman who says that he must see his Excellency."

It would be difficult to say whether this startling request alarmed them more than it did myself. I listened breathless. Dr. Starva's presence of mind seemed to have quite deserted him. He drew a revolver from his pocket. Madame de Varnier made a contemptuous sign of derision as if to say, "He thrust it into his coat again; renewed his expostulations to the con-

should be followed as readily later as now. In the meantime, the concierge might favor me; and my ruse be not wholly in vain.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The King's Messenger.

A minute passed and the bedroom door was again opened. Madame de Varnier and Dr. Starva conversed in hurried whispers, the electric light shining full on my face. I moved about restlessly, but did not open my eyes. Presently the woman seated herself at my bedside. Dr. Starva left the room, the door being slightly ajar.

I could not resist the temptation to half open my eyes. Madame de Varnier was praying fervently, regarding with passionate adoration a jeweled cross held before her eyes. A postscriptory knock at the door of the drawing-room opening on the corridor put an abrupt end to these devotions, which seemed to me so incongruous. She clasped her hands, she listened, she with anxiety. It may be imagined that I myself listened, scarcely less anxiously. It was the concierge again.

"Here is the Englishman's card. He says he is a king's messenger. He brings important dispatches. He insists that were his Excellency at the point of death he must none the less place these dispatches in his hands to-night."

"But as his Excellency's physician I forbid it," replied Dr. Starva, with determination.

"And," entreated the woman gliding to the door, "can you not make him understand how disagreeable it would be for me to be surprised in these rooms, and that it would annoy Sir Mortimer beyond measure?"

"It is useless, madam. Have I not told him that embarrassing circumstances make it impossible that his

are moments when he is delirious. To give him sleep it was necessary to give him an opiate, and he may be sane or he may deny his very identity."

"Which is his room?"

"Number Fourteen, I forbid it. It is impossible I was aware that they had been discharged by House.

Carry took refuge in a saloon conducted by Richard Siebert, and was followed closely by the Italians. The first man to enter the place was knocked down by Siebert, but in an instant he was overpowered and the men rushed after Carry. The chase continued through the village. Mayor Crain telephoned to Sheriff Hanson, of this city for aid.

The mayor and almost the entire police population of Fortyeve went to Carry's assistance and stayed with me by surrounding it with armed men. Seventeen of the gang were arrested, but the remainder fled to the woods.

# Illinois State News

Recent Happenings of Interest in the Various Cities and Towns.

## ITALIANS SEEK TO MURDER.

**Proboscis—Twenty-five** Italians, employed on an extra gang on the Iron Mountain railroad, terrorized the village of Proboscis, ten miles west of Hannibal, in an attempt to kill Roadmaster Carry, of the Illinois division.

With knives drawn, the Italians rushed upon the roadmaster and the foreman of the gang, John House, when Carry refused them transportation to St. Louis, after they had been discharged by House.

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## BRYAN AT AURORA ASSEMBLY.

**Aurora—William J. Bryan** opened the fifth annual chautauque assembly, speaking before an audience of 4,000 people. He did not touch on politics, but told his listeners about "The Old World and Its Ways." During his stay he was the guest of Dr. W. A. Mathews, pastor of the Park Place Baptist church, an old acquaintance.

**Maconic Grand Chaplain.**  
Rev. William White Wilson, who has been installed as grand chaplain of the Illinois grand lodge of Macon, is a well-known clergyman, who for several years has been rector of St. Mark's Episcopal church at Thirtieth street and Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago.



REV. W. W. WILSON

## GASTMAN FUNERAL HELD.

**Decatur.**—The funeral of Enoch A. Gastman, former superintendent of the Decatur public schools and president of the state board of education, was held August 6.

The services were simple, in accordance with the expressed desire of Mr. Gastman a few months previous to his death. There was a score or more prominent educators from all over the state present, representing practically every educational institution in the state.

## VOLIVA QUITS IN A HUFF.

**Chicago.**—Refused the granting of his petition that he be appointed by Judge Landis of the United States district court as executive of the city of Chicago, now in charge of the Zion City property, and unheeded in his protests against the sale of the Zion lace industries, Overseer Voliva, who usurped the place of Jonathan Dewis, has asserted his defiance of the forces organized against him and declared that he would abandon Zion City to establish a colony of his own elsewhere.

## Will Meet at Decatur.

**Decatur.**—The members of the Baptist church having resigned, members of the Baptist church of Taylorville have asked the members of the First Baptist church of this city to prepare for the suspension of the Springfield district Baptist association, which was to have been held in Taylorville. The request was granted and the delegates will convene in Decatur September 4.

There are 100 churches in the district, the largest cities represented being Springfield, Taylorville, Morrisville, Pana and Shelbyville.

## Improving Chicago Park System.

**Chicago.**—Chicago's park system of the South and North sides is under going an extensive improvement, which are elaborate in the extreme. Over \$3,000,000 already has been spent by the South Park commissioners and the projects under consideration call for several more millions.

## Fans Mob Physician.

**Peoria.**—A phalanx of deputy sheriffs and police rescued Dr. Smith and Dr. Dougherty, of Chillicothe, Ill., from a mob of infuriated fans at the entrance of the ball grounds here. Both physicians were in an auto. They had accidentally run down a boy on a bicycle, not injuring the lad, but smearing his wheels with mud. The physicians were severely bruised before being rescued by the officers who charged the crowd.

## Shock Caused Death.

**Marshall.**—Fright at injuries sustained by Bridget Bray, an old family servant, and shock at her own narrow escape from falling down a stairway, caused the death of Mrs. Eleanor Brown, widow of a banker and one of the richest persons in eastern Illinois. The servant leaped forward when she saw Mrs. Brown about to fall. She saved Mrs. Brown, but fell herself. Her leg was broken and she was internally injured. A few minutes later Mrs. Brown suddenly expired.

## Wild Man Escapes Captors.

**Carmi.**—Living with a herd of cattle and subsisting on grass and herbs, a wild man was found south of this city in Hereford's Prairie township. He was captured by a posse of farmers. The man was nearly destitute of clothing and talked in strange gibberish. The men brought him to this city and were preparing to turn him over to the authorities when he leaped from the buggy in which he had been held prisoner and escaped. All efforts to recapture him proved fruitless.

## Will Enforce Auto Law.

**Decatur.**—There are three or four auto owners in Decatur, who have not yet conformed to the new state automobile law in regard to the numbers on the two front lamps of the machine. Those that have not their machines properly numbered will be liable to a fine of \$25 for the first offense and double that amount for the second offense.

## Was St. Gaudens' Aid.

**Decatur.**—Miss Frances Grimes of this city, daughter of Dr. Ellen F. Grimes, was the helper of Augustus St. Gaudens, the great sculptor of Cornish, N. H., who died recently. Miss Grimes had been his assistant four or five years. While he was sick, the work in the great master's art room progressed just the same. Miss Grimes carried out the designs of the great sculptor under his direction. She was the last to be under St. Gaudens' personal direction. Those who knew Mr. St. Gaudens recognized the importance in the art world of his coworker, and the two have turned out some noted works of art.

## Interurban Route Approved.

**Champaign.**—General Manager E. E. Fischer and Land Commissioner J. E. Derry of the Illinois Traction company, have made a trip over the route of the system which the company proposes to run out of Lincoln in the direction of Mackinaw. Both men stated that they were well pleased with the progress of the work, and the site selected for the new line.

## Shop Girl's "Yes" Wins Husband.

**Egla.**—A unique romance will culminate August 18, when Annie Glickman of 170 Marshall street, Chicago, will become the wife of Joseph W. Waltham of Egla. He is one of the city's best-known German Hebrews and is reputed to be rich. Waltham fell in love with Miss Glickman a few weeks ago while making a purchase at a bargain counter in a Chicago department store where she is employed. During the conversation regarding the purchase he asked her to marry him and she unhesitatingly consented.



DON WILSON

"Your Excellency!" He said Gently. "Your Excellency!"

Excellency be officially recognized to-night.

"And still he insists!" inquired Starva angrily.

"He insists on the stubborn Englishman. He is outside the door at the moment. He has sent me to you, not to ask permission, but to announce his coming. He refuses to go away until he has seen you in person. If the door is not opened in five minutes he will call the manager of the hotel."

"His name?"

"I am giving you his card."

"Captain Reginald Forbes," read Madame de Varnier. "Well, we will admit this Captain Forbes."

I listened to this dialogue with a trepidation that deprived me of power to think or act. That fatal indecision which, on certain occasions, had already brought its tragic penalty again seized me. The crisis impending might leave in its wake consequences too grave to be thought of. I might leave me a man disgraced and liable to the extreme penalty of the law. And yet I lay still, in a nightmarish of indecision and inaction. It was the same numbness of will that had paralyzed me on the Strategus Pass. Heaven grant that the consequences now be so disastrous!

I heard the click of a revolver. Then Captain Forbes was admitted to the salon.

"Where is Sir Mortimer Brett?" he demanded harshly. "I must see him without further delay. May I ask you are he here?"

"The physician of his Excellency," replied Starva, bowing. He was no longer attempting to deny that I was Sir Mortimer Brett. "His Excellency is seriously ill. I refuse to permit him to be disturbed. I have brought him here to Vitnaux, hoping that his old surroundings may induce him to recover. It is for his benefit that I should surround Sir Mortimer. He has suffered terribly from insomnia. There