

The CASTLE OF LIES

BY ARTHUR HENRY VANEV
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CHAPTER XXXVII—Continued.
"But their release will be the most effective way of spreading the news." "On the contrary, they cannot make it known without exposing themselves. If they do that, Ferdinand will see to it that their respective sovereigns quietly but effectively remove them. Each of them is so well known that they may be arrested at any time. Ferdinand shrewdly makes them hostages, as it were. The three certainly will exert their great influence to check the rebellion they themselves have fomented. For Gortchakoff and Gortchakoff, before they are released from the hospital the crisis will have passed."
"And are we left to account for the deaths of Starva and Bratinan as best we may?" I questioned anxiously.
"If you remember, I told you that at Lucerna I am an old newspaper man. It is impossible to hide the fact that an attack has been made on Prince Ferdinand here to-night. But an attack by his own countrymen that has proved a disaster. But there is quite a different thing from a deliberate gathering here of representatives of each of the Balkan States. Ferdinand has taken my advice to post in his own half-mast. But he is not to it that this night's work does not get into the papers until 24 hours have passed. By that time he will have shown himself safe and sound in Sofia. The episode of the half-mast will have proved a complete fiasco. My story will make Prince Ferdinand a hero triumphant over his foes and not a weak king who was lured here unwittingly by his mistress to his doom."
"There still remains Jacques."
"Oh, Jacques," said Locke, with contempt. "He was only a tool of Starva's and a stable to ride the flag at half-mast, it seems—to give the signal to the conspirators who were watching in the village. But when he rushed to the chamber window to lower the flag he found both rope and fastenings wrenched away. He supposed that the gale had done this, but seeing the flag in the pulley, he said nothing about the matter to Starva. I suspect that you were responsible for the lowering of the flag, and not the gale."
"I needed the rope," I said, shortly, too impatient to make further explanation. "And now for my last question: What the devil did you mean when you said that you had promoted me? And why this haste that I leave Alterhoffen?"
"Are you so anxious then that it be known that you have been impersonating the British ambassador?"
"Scarcely," I said, uneasily.
"And, my dear fellow, Kuhn and the rest think that it was Sir Mortimer who came to the rescue of Prince Ferdinand, and not Mr. Ernest Haddon, an American tourist!"
"But why do you allow them to think this?"
"Haddon, at times you are singularly dense. If the men believe that the British ambassador had been killed by one of their number while defending Ferdinand, you do not see that this will keep them even more silent regarding the share in this night's tragedy? For if England's ambassador were really murdered, your reasons may be sure that she would not rest until she had brought the assassins to justice."
"You are right, Locke; I must leave Alterhoffen at once."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Second Dispatch.
I was about to go to Helena in the music room to bid her good-by, when Capt. Forbes returned from his errand.
"Well, that's settled," he cried, joining us. "And do you agree with Locke and myself that it is wise that you should leave Alterhoffen before daybreak?"
"Perfectly."
"He heard my decision with evident relief."
"You will accept my apology for mistreating you, Haddon, and I hope you shall be friends as well as enemies in my hand with a winning smile."
"But you must confess you gave me ample grounds for being a little wary of you. Before you shall meet, and I shall hope to hear your reasons for going into this extraordinary adventure. In the meanwhile, may I trouble you for the dispatch I gave to you in the hotel at Vienna, or did it fall into Starva's hand that night?"
"To prevent that I dropped it from the window into a disused fountain in the garden below."
"Where I found it," interrupted Locke. "Here it is, and please observe that the seals are unbroken."
"Frankly, Forbes," I said, "I thought you rather an idiot to give me an important dispatch that night. You must have seen that I was more or less in Starva's power, and that he was likely to gain possession of the papers."
"That dispatch fallen into his

hands," replied Forbes. "It is quite possible that Ferdinand would have saved his had half hour. Do you remember I told you, my pseudo-ambassador (and you acted the part remarkably well, let me tell you), that I carried two dispatches for Sir Mortimer, and that I gave you the one of lesser importance?"
"Yes. And the second dispatch? Was it stolen from you by Starva when he trapped you in the tower?"
Forbes nodded. "I took the liberty of taking it from him just now."
"And may a humble American consul ask," drawled Locke, "how to-night's episode would have been averted had the dispatch you gave Haddon fallen into Starva's hands, instead of into the fountain?"
"My chief at Downing street would retire me, and with no pension, if he knew that I were going to divulge state secrets. However, I am going to tell you."
"This dispatch you have returned to me, I happen to know, authorized Sir Mortimer Bertie to meet in conference the man who so very nearly snuffed out Ferdinand's life an hour ago. I am referring now to the dispatch which I gave you at Vilna, Haddon. He was to assure these representatives of the various states that England realized that a harmonious confederation could alone permanently ally the present discontent in the



"Our Happiness," She Said, shyly. "We Share with Others."
Peninsula. Had Starva seen this dispatch it is not likely that he would have had recourse to violence."
"Do you mean to tell me," exclaimed Locke, incredulously, "that your ministers of the foreign office cherish an Utopian scheme to ally the various kings to abdicate because England nods?"
"I am telling you nothing of the sort," chuckled Forbes. "You Americans are infants when it comes to the intricacies of diplomacy. Secret agents and spies at Sofia had warned the government of the intended uprising. It was necessary that England should know more of the conspiracy. Therefore, Sir Mortimer was instructed to profess a sympathy for the cause which, of course, was not sincere. This dispatch Sir Mortimer or myself were to allow to be stolen if necessary. Its contents were explained to me before I left London, that I might repeat verbally the message, should the dispatch not reach him."
"Since you have already betrayed your government's confidence," said Locke, jocularly, "tell us the purport of the second dispatch."
"I will read it to you since the seals are broken," agreed Forbes after a moment's hesitation.
"To His Excellency, etc.—Sir: The same messenger who gives you this dispatch will deliver you another which will authorize you to treat with the committee of the various states of the Balkans, who have for their aim a confederation of these states. You will use the aforementioned dispatch with your discretion. It is needless to say that neither this ministry nor the other powers can for an instant sanction a scheme so impossible. But should you come to our knowledge that a dangerous conspiracy exists to overthrow the rulers of the various states. To check this conspiracy it may be well for you to temporize. If you do expedient, permit the dispatch mentioned to fall

into the hands of this committee. Capt. Forbes will follow the same course. He has full instructions to exercise his discretion in this matter."
"It is not without surprise that the ministry has learned of your promise to Ferdinand regarding England's support of his project, namely, the threatened invasion of Macedonia. Fortunately, the ministry is convinced that some such move as you announce will tend to free Macedonia from the atrocities of Turkish marauds that have shocked Europe so long. His majesty's ministry therefore is inclined to overlook in this instance any undue bias you have shown in espousing Macedonia's cause."
"If you are convinced that the financier of New York city whom you have named is sincere in his offer to give Prince Ferdinand financial support, you are authorized to tell him that his majesty's ministers are heartily in favor of Prince Ferdinand's invasion, and will exert every influence to insure him unrestricted action. Moreover, the foreign office is in full accord with your views as to the sum of money indispensable to Ferdinand's project."
"But while his majesty's government agrees with you that lofty principles actuate Bulgaria, it realizes with yourself that lofty principles are not sufficient to insure the success of Ferdinand's cause."
"In conclusion, we hasten to assure you of our fullest sympathy in your endeavor to help an oppressed people gain their liberty; and that it is not without satisfaction we find ourselves enabled to further your personal wishes and ambitions in this matter. Nor need you have anxiety that your own interests will run counter to those of England. We view with concern the precarious state of your health; but we trust that it will not prove an obstacle to your contemplated meeting of the financier in conference at Alterhoffen at the chateau of Prince Ferdinand's secret

agent. With renewed expressions of our complete confidence in you, "Believe me, sir, etc."
"Haddon," said Locke, not a little crestfallen, "I was ruefully wide of the mark in my conjectures concerning Sir Mortimer's relations with the Countess Sarahoff. I told you that morning at Lucerna that I was behind the scenes. I confess myself the veriest amateur."
"Never had writing thrilled me as did that dispatch. A great light was dawning on me. I clutched the paper. I held it with a trembling hand."
"Forbes," I cried, hoarsely, "once, though quite unwillingly, I tricked you out of the dispatch Locke just returned to you. But now I ask you to give me for half an hour the dispatch you have just read. It means everything to Sir Mortimer's sister. Man, there has been more devilry in this Castle of Lies than you are aware of. The honor of Sir Mortimer hangs at stake. This dispatch will help to save it. Give me the paper that I may show it to Miss Brett."
"I have been too much astonished at the contents of the past 24 hours to wonder at your request. Take your dispatch, but you will return it intact."
"You need have no fear as to that. But I have still another request: the papers you saw me take from the safe, which Madame de Varnerie wrested from me—they belong to Miss Brett!"
He hesitated.
"On my honor, they concern no one but her. What! Do you still mistrust me?"
"No, my dear fellow."
He placed the packet in my hand. I entered the music room to bring to Helena tidings of great joy.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
"Tidings of Great Joy."
She stood in the open window looking out on the mountains in the far distance. They were phantoms of despair beckoning to her in the moonlight. They brought suffering to her as well as to myself; for had I not gone to Lucerna, and told her the story of my cowardice, perhaps she would have been spared the knowledge of my treacherous designs.
"Dear," I said gently, "do you remember the little beacon that shone long after the lights on Pilatus and Rigi had flickered out? That little light was meant for me then. It tells you to hope now."
"There is no light on the mountains over there to-night."
"Capt. Forbes has just given me the second packet—the one that Madame de Varnerie took from me forcibly. It is possible that its contents concern your brother. May I open it?"
"Yes," she said, hesitatingly.
I tore open the packet with deliberation, though heavens knows my fingers trembled. I spread the paper out on the table. There lay the note. Madame de Varnerie's death had been the evening before. I read them one by one. The proof was absolute. Sir Mortimer's honor could no longer be maintained. Fools we had been and blind.
"Helena," I said, mastering my emotion with an effort "it is as I thought; these papers throw a flood of light on the treacherous designs of your brother that we have so harshly misunderstood."
She came swiftly to my side. "Harshly misunderstood!" she repeated. "I am sure of it."
I was sorting carefully the papers Helena had just given me, the letters supposed to have been written by the committee of freedom, and in which Sir Mortimer's sentiments were pieced. I laughed aloud when I saw that these letters, supposed to be the originals were typewritten, as were the letters on the typewriter.
"Now I understood why Madame de Varnerie had refused to let me see what she called the original papers. It was not so much that she feared I should detect the fact of their being typewritten but at once awaken my suspicion."
"Did it not occur to you as being rather suspicious that these letters were written on typewriter?"
"At first it did," replied Helena, searching my face wonderingly. "But she quieted my doubts by explaining to me that the letters were typed to prevent the possibility of their being traced."
"The ingenious Madame de Varnerie!"
Helena did not speak; her agitation was too great for words. She watched me, at once bewildered and eager, while I read the contents of both packets carefully once more. When I had read the second packet, I was less carefully. For ten minutes there was silence between us.
"Helena," I said with a deep sigh, "when I had finished my task, 'once to the mark in my conjectures concerning Lies, but I did not realize until now how surely I spoke the truth. These letters are forgeries."
"Impossible," she murmured, wringing her hands in anguish. "I know my brother's writing too well."
"Follow me carefully, and you will see that I speak the truth. I do not question your brother's handwriting. But listen first of all to this dispatch which was taken from Capt. Forbes when he was trapped in the tower. Tell me if any of the expressions in it are familiar to you."
"Yes, yes," she cried eagerly, when I had finished. "Lofty principles actuate Bulgaria, but lofty principles are not sufficient to insure success." "You need have no anxiety that your own interests will run counter to those of England," the references to the loan, to my brother's indiscretion, to his ambitions—all these appear in my brother's notes in connection with the letters that I have just read."
"Now read these letters—the contents of the second packet. They were written to your brother by Prince Ferdinand's banker, who dealt with the loan to be floated by the banker to finance Ferdinand's invasion of Macedonia. The notes and comments of your brother have references to these typewritten letters, which were never written by any committee of freedom, but were never received by Sir Mortimer, but are the cunning fabrications of that woman, Madame de Varnerie."
"Look, you can see the pins pierced each of Ferdinand's letters. As I place your brother's notes on the respective letters to which they have reference, you will see that they refer to you. You may still cherish proudly the motto of your house: 'Honor, my Sword!'"
"I cannot read it."
"I will read it for you."
"I drew her to me. I must leave Alterhoffen to-night, Helena. It must not be known that I have been mistaken in your brother. I am going to find Madame de Varnerie's letter. I return to you I shall bring with me her written confession. And when I return, sweetheart? You Brett, you have told me that you are a girl of 17 years old, you would bear alone. But your happiness?"
"Our happiness," she said shyly, "we share with others."
(The End.)

JUDGE BRADWELL DEAD.
Pioneer Chicago Jurist Passes Away in Seventy-Ninth Year.
Chicago.—James R. Bradwell, former county judge, publisher of the Chicago Legal News and picturesque pioneer, who had lived in Chicago since 1834, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. F. A. Helmer. He was 79 years old. Pneumonia and kidney disorder caused death, although the veteran had not been in his usual vigorous health for two years. Present when he died were his children, Thomas Bradwell, former justice of the peace, and Mrs. Helmer. Attending him were his grandson, Dr. James B. Bradwell and Charles E. Kahle.

TOWNS FELT EARTHQUAKE.
Kent, Lena and Pearl City Report Several Vibrations.
Kent.—A distinct earthquake shock was felt in the village of Kent at 10:30 o'clock on the 6th evening. The vibrations lasted several seconds and buildings trembled and windows rattled. Lena, north of Kent, and Pearl City, south, reported similar disturbances.
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OFFICIAL'S SON KILLED.
Jesse Moffit Attempts to Board Moving Train at Clinton.
Clinton.—Jesse Moffit, son of Chief of Police J. E. Moffit, attempted to board a moving freight train here and fell under the cars. He was instantly killed.
Study Schoolboy's Love Idea.
Springfield.—The schoolboy's idea of love and courtship, as seen by his teacher, was explained to the Sangamon County Teachers' association by Superintendent H. C. Russell at Greenfield. Mr. Russell's knowledge was gained, he said, through experiments which he conducted in the Greenfield High School through the use of picture cards showing couples in various positions. The trials were made, Mr. Russell said, to determine just how far the literature used in the schools would influence the minds of the boy readers.

Senator Gets Job.
Bay City.—State Senator Luther B. Edinborough, of Bay City, has accepted a position as chief of the dairy and food commissioner's department at a salary of three dollars a day, with a view of obtaining something better in the future. The appointment was secured through the efforts of Commissioner R. H. Fletcher, who was watching for a "berth" for Edinborough since his resignation as deputy under Comptroller Barnett.
To Erect \$30,000 Home.
Springfield.—A new Knights of Pythias home will be erected in this city, according to a number of members of the organization. Local lodges have been considering plans for the structure and definite action will soon be taken. The home is to cost \$30,000. The idea was first started by a permanent lodge hall club rooms has been in the minds of a majority of the organization for some time.
Mayor Fights Arrest.
Paris.—Fighting against three officers of the law Mayor James Somerville of Bloomfield was dragged three blocks to jail here. Before he could overcome a big knife he displayed when he defied arrest was taken from him. Constable Boatman had a mitimus for Somerville dating back to 1902. The man came out of the deep sleep occasionally, but did not talk. At times it is difficult to determine whether life has not passed. Cooper is a retired Methodist minister.
Kills Self and Wife.
Elmhurst.—Driven insane by jealousy, John Holman, a machinist, shot and instantly killed his wife and turned the revolver upon himself, inflicting a probably fatal wound. The crime was committed in the presence of the six children of the couple, the eldest of whom was a girl of 12 years old, sought vainly to save her mother.
Catch Alleged Robber.
Charlotte.—One of the highwaymen who held up Carlisle Holmes, the Grand Lecturer, who is walking to the Pacific coast via the southern battlefields, near Somerset, Ky., has been taken into custody and it is thought the other robber will be under arrest before the grand jury, which is now in session, is dismissed. As soon as he was able Holmes appeared before the grand jury and told his story of being assaulted and robbed and true indignities were returned against both culprits.

STUDENTS HEAR CRITICISM.
Kinley Talks of Currency Trouble at University of Illinois.
Champaign.—In an address before the students of the University of Illinois Prof. David Kinley, head of the department of economics, described and criticized the various plans for currency reform, including the Fowler bill, the proposal of the American Bankers' association and the report of the New York Chamber of Commerce favoring a great central bank and advocated a currency relief system suggested by the issue of clearing house certificates.
Prof. Kinley advocated dividing the country into banking or clearing house departments and requiring that the clearing house in the most important reserve city of each division shall receive a federal central bank and a bank of issue, under certain conditions and for certain purposes. Every national bank in the division or section should become a member of the clearing house of its department.

DEERE MILLIONS TO BOYS.
Will of Plow Manufacturer Shows Estate of \$20,000,000.
Rock Island.—The general terms of the will of Charles H. Deere, the implement manufacturer, have been made public. Practically his entire property, valued at \$20,000,000 and including control of factories in Moline, will go eventually to two grandsons—Charles Deere Wiman and Dwight E. Wiman, sons of William D. Wiman of Moline, to be paid over to them in three installments. The first installment of 25 per cent. is to be equally divided between them at the age of 30, another installment of 25 per cent. at the age of 40 and the remainder at the age of 60. Meanwhile the income from \$100,000 is to be given W. D. Wiman during life.
Need Not Produce Books.
Chicago.—An attempt on the part of the prosecution to force the presentation of books from the private books of John R. Walsh on trial for alleged misapplication of the funds of the Chicago National bank was frustrated by an adverse decision by Judge Anderson. The court held that its order requiring that the books be produced would amount to forcing the defendant to testify against himself.
The point arose early in the proceedings of F. B. McKay, former private secretary to the banker, was told by Attorney Fletcher Dobbin, acting for the government, to turn certain records said to be copies of Walsh's accounts.

Attorney John S. Miller, chief counsel for the defense, at once objected and the argument and decision followed. McKay then testified, his testimony corroborating that of Walsh of cashier's checks.
During the day the cross-examination of F. W. McLean, former assistant cashier of the defunct bank, was conducted, questioning brought an admission from the witness that he was in California early in 1904 at a time when he had said in his direct testimony that he had held several conversations with Walsh regarding memorandum notes.
Purposed by a Mob.
Chicago.—Richard Johnson, a negro robber, narrowly escaped being mobbed after holding up a woman cashier at the point of a revolver in a crowded State street restaurant. A throng that had gathered for three blocks brought the negro to bay and, despite his efforts to hold his pursuers off by flourishing a revolver, Johnson would have suffered rough treatment had not the police come to his rescue. Even then he sought to fight his way to freedom by shooting the policemen.
Musk Corn for Church Fund.
Havana.—At the invitation of J. McKnight four prominent women husked one load of corn at the McKnight farm north of the city. The corn was sold and the proceeds donated to the Allen Grove Sunday school organ fund.
Pike County Teachers Meet.
Pittsford.—Pike county teachers held their thirty-first annual meeting in this city at the high school building. The principal feature was the address by W. B. Miller, and a discussion of "Methods" by Superintendent Hollis.
Decided Against Reformers.
Sparta.—Citizens of Rockwood precinct, Randolph county, who are endeavoring to rid the county of saloons, received a setback in the county court when Judge S. L. Taylor decided against them in proceedings to contest local option election.

WOMAN WHO SHOT FRIEND FREE.
Chicago.—Mrs. Mary Karpen, 38 St. Michael's street, who shot and killed Matthew Hervey Friend, under the name of "Methods" by Superintendent Hollis, was exonerated by a coroner's jury.