

# The CZAR'S SPY

The Mystery of a Silent Love  
By Chevalier WILLIAM LE QUEUX  
AUTHOR OF "THE CLOSED DOOR," ETC.  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. D. RHODES

COPYRIGHT BY THE SMART SET PUBLISHING CO.

Next second, however, hearing Hornby's returning footsteps, I flung the fragments hastily beneath the couch where I had discovered them.

Why, I wondered, had the picture been destroyed—and by whom?

Afterwards on deck I purposely led the conversation to Hornby's family, and learned from him that he had no children.

"You'll get the repairs to your engines done at Orlando's, I suppose," I remarked, naming the great ship-building firm of Leghorn.

"Yes, I have already given the order. They are contracted to be finished by next Thursday, and then we shall be off to Zante and Chio."

For what reason, I wondered, recollecting that formidable armory on board. Already I had seen quite sufficient to convince me that the *Lola*, although outwardly a pleasure yacht, was built of steel, armored in its most vulnerable parts, and capable of resisting a very sharp fire.

It was past midnight when, having bade the strange pair adieu, I was put ashore by the two sailors who had rowed me out and drove home along the sea-front, puzzled and perplexed.

Next morning, on my arrival at the consulate, old Francesco, who had entered only a moment before, met me with blanched face, gasping:

"There have been thieves here in the night, signore! The signore console's safe has been opened!"

"The safe!" I cried, dashing into Hutchesson's private room, and finding to my dismay the big safe, where in the seals, ciphers and other confidential documents were kept, standing open, and the contents in disorder, as though a hasty search had been made among them.

Was it possible that the thieves had been after the admiralty and foreign office ciphers, copies of which the chancelleries of certain European powers were endeavoring to obtain? I smiled within myself when I realized how bitterly disappointed the burglars must have been, for a British consul when he goes on leave to England always takes his ciphers with him, and deposits them at the foreign office for safekeeping. Hutchesson had, of course, taken his, according to the regulations.

Curiously enough, however, the door of the consulate and the safe had been opened with the keys which my friend had left in my charge. Indeed, the small bunch still remained in the safe door.

In an instant the recollection flashed across my mind that I had felt the keys in my pocket while at dinner on board the *Lola*. Had I lost them on my homeward drive, or had my pocket been picked?

While we were engaged in putting the scattered papers in order the door bell rang, and the clerk went to attend to the caller.

In a few moments he returned, saying: "The English yacht left and didn't last night, signore, and the captain of the port has sent to inquire whether you know to what port she is bound."

"Left!" I gasped in amazement. "Why, I thought her engines were disabled!"

A quarter of an hour later I was sitting in the private office of the shrewd gray-haired functionary who had sent this messenger to me.

"Do you know, signore commendatore," he said, "some mystery surrounds that vessel. She is not the *Lola*, for yesterday we telegraphed to Lloyd's, in London, and this morning I received a reply that no such yacht appears on their register, and that the name is unknown. The police have also telegraphed to your English police inquiring about the owner, Signore Hornby, with a like result. There is no such place as Woodcroft Park in Somerset, and no member of Brook's club of the name of Hornby."

I sat staring at the official, too amazed to utter a word. Certainly they had not allowed the grass to grow beneath their feet.

"Unfortunately the telegraphic replies from England are only to hand this morning," he went on, "because just before two o'clock this morning the harbor police, whom I specially ordered to watch the vessel, saw a boat come to the wharf containing a man and woman. The pair were put ashore, and walked away into the town, the woman seeming to walk with considerable difficulty. The boat returned, and an hour after, to the complete surprise of the two detectives, steam was suddenly got up and the yacht turned and went straight out to sea."

"Leaving the man and the woman?"

"Leaving them, of course. They are probably still in the town. The police are now searching for traces of them."

"But could not you have detained the vessel?" I suggested.

"Of course, had I but known, I could have forbidden her departure. But as her owner had presented himself at the consulate, and was recognized as a respectable person, I felt that I could not interfere without some tangible information—and that, alas! has come

too late. The vessel is a swift one and has already seven hours start of us. I've asked the admiral to send out a couple of torpedo-boats after her but, unfortunately, this is impossible as the *Lola* is sailing in an hour to attend the naval review at Spezia."

I told him how the consul's safe had been opened during the night, and he sat listening with wide-open eyes.

"You dined with them last night," he said at last. "They may have surreptitiously stolen your keys."

"They may," was my answer. "Probably they did. But with what motive?"

The captain of the port elevated his shoulders, exhibited his palms, and declared: "The whole affair from beginning to end is a complete and profound mystery."

## CHAPTER II.

### Why the Safe Was Opened.

That day was an active one in the questura, or police office, of Leghorn. Detectives called, examined the safe and sagely declared it to be burglar proof, had not the thieves possessed the key.

Probably while I sat at dinner on board the *Lola* my keys had been stolen and passed on to the starboard boatsman, who had promptly gone ashore and ransacked the place while I had remained with his master smoking and unsuspecting, but as far as Francesco and I could ascertain nothing whatever had been taken. The detective on duty at the railway station distinctly recollected a thin, middle-aged man, accompanied by a lady in deep black, passing the barrier and entering the train which left at three o'clock for Colle Salvetti to join the Rome express. They were foreigners therefore he did not take the same notice of them as though they had been Italians.

The description of the *Lola*, its owner, his guest, and the captain were circulated by the police to all the Mediterranean ports, with a request that the yacht should be detained. Yet if the vessel were really one of mystery as it seemed to be, its owner would no doubt go across to some quiet anchorage on the Algerian coast out of the track of the vessels, and calmly proceed to repaint, rename and disguise his craft so that it would not be recognized in Marseille, Naples, Smyrna, or any of the ports where private yachts habitually call.

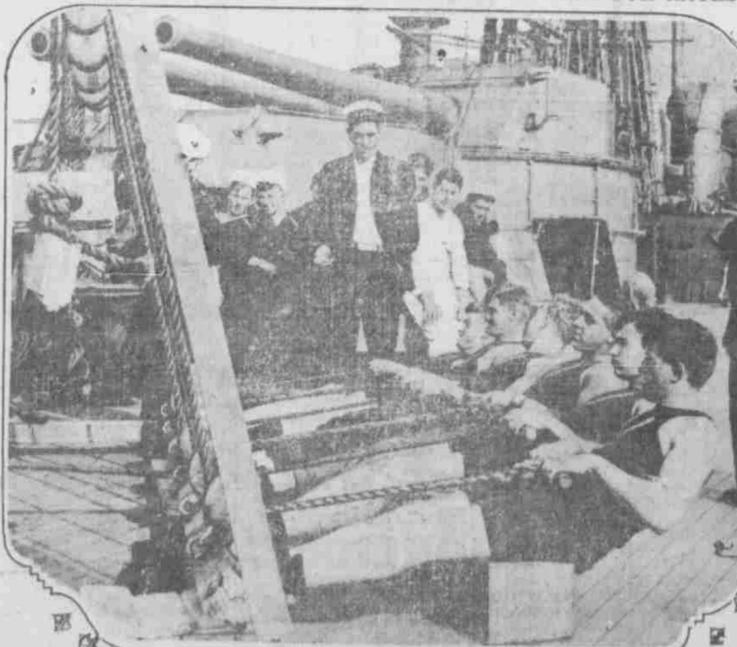
For purposes of their own the police kept the affair out of the papers, and when Frank Hutchesson stepped out of the sleeping car from Paris on to the platform at Pisa a few nights afterwards, I related to him the extraordinary story.

"The scoundrels wanted these, that's evident," he responded, holding up the small, strong leather hand-bag he was carrying, and which contained his jealously-guarded ciphers. "By Jove!"

(To be continued)

LETSON HOTEL  
And Rooming House  
MRS. L. A. ENGLE  
Main St. Proprietress

## HOW BOYS ON BIG U. S. BATTLESHIP KEEP IN TRIM FOR RACES



Here's how the boys of the crew on board the battleship Wyoming keep in condition for the annual races between the crews of the various big battleships of Uncle Sam's fleet. In place of the regular collegiate rowing machines the jacksies have improvised a system of weights and pulleys from which they receive the necessary training when not in their barges.

# The Biggest Bargain Yet

## Good Quality Manilla Envelopes at the Following Reductions While They Last:

Manilla Envelopes, size 6 3-4, in lots of 500	55c
In lots of 1,000	\$1.00
In lots of 5,000	\$4.50

We have only a limited amount of our linen paper and envelopes left at

Envelopes for - 25c per hundred and up  
Linen Paper for 25c per hundred sheets and up

Call Today before the supply is exhausted

THE  
BISBEE DAILY REVIEW  
Job Department  
Phone 39