## HOME AND FARM MAGAZINE SECTION SERIAL.

## he Secret of the Night =

By Gaston Leroux THRILLING MYSTERY STORY OF RUSSIAN INTRIGUE BY NOTED FRENCH AUTHOR.

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the halo in very friendly to
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sche terrible nightmares that are

or by the aged General. Natacha

call of compileity in the plots

the file of the General but Rou
stouty affirms his belief in her

Though a great warning tells

that his ward, the General,

the that his ward, the General,

silett cause.

Repletabille, who had not spent a second examining the General's ber, was able to be certain that well on that side, when it took and that how many times a dayquarter of an hour of ferreting in a quarter of an hour of ferreting in a quarter of an hour of ferreting in cemers each time she explored herefore she was even inadequately retwise a question. If that dear heroic had been with him during this "infermation" she would have received steck that, with all confidence gone, and have sent for Koupraine immeand all his agents, reinforced by manel of the Okrana (Secret Police), bille at once rejoined the General, Feeder and Ermolai were deep realien about the Orel country. The said not disturb them. Then, soon, respected. He saw her come in diant. He handed back her keys, took them mechanically. She was a said and did not try to hide it. The himself noticed it, and asked what the fer 80.

my happiness over our first prom-nce we arrived at the datcha des e explaned. "And now you must lirs to bed, Feodor. You will pass night, I am sure."

sleep only if you sleep, Matrona."
sleep only if you sleep, Matrona."
sleep you. It is quite possible now
have our dear little domovol. You that he smokes his pipe just

desr little porcelain domovol."
desr little porcelain domovol."
des resemble him, he certainly
sid Feedor. "That makes us feel
tet I wish him to sleep also."
res." smiled Rouletabille, "everyil sleep here. That is the counterwatched enough. Since the can all sleep, believe me,

a, I believe you, on my word, easily There were only they in the house of attempting that affair of the I have thought that all out, and m at ease. And anyway, whatever It is necessary to get sleep, isn't chances of war! Nichevo!" He Reuletabille's hand, and Matrena a took, as was her habit, Feeder ritch on her hack and lugged him chance. In that also she refused anyon. The General clung to his sex during the ascent and laughed aild Rouletabille remained in the ratching the garden attentively valked out of the villa and crossed day, going to meet a personage in whom the young man recognized in as the grand-marshal of the he had introduced him to the Tsar. Infermed him that Madame Matrena ared in helping her husband retire, Marshal employed her the seal of the Marshal gent of the gent infermed him that Madame Matrena aged in helping her husband retire, Marshal remained at the end of the where he had found Michael and ling in the klosque. All three retere for some time in conversation, I by a table where General and Trebassof sometimes dined when a pa guests. As they talked the opixed with a box of white cardided with a pink string. At this distrema, who had not been able to a desire to talk for a moment with life and tell him how happy she s desire to talk for a moment the and tell him how happy she shed the young man, a demond," said she, laying her s demond," said she, laying her

demovol," said she, laying her his shoulder, "you have not watched ed in her turn to the dining-

You have seen it, madame, and limity informed."

There is nothing. No one has ! No one has touched the ew it. I am sure of it. It is knew it. I am sure of it. It is shat we have thought about it! so not know how relieved and m. Ah. Natacha, Natacha, I have you in vain. (She pronounced that accents of great beauty and writy). When I saw her leave us. at my less sank under me. When I have constitute the control of the cont Thave formotion somethins; I by back, I felt I had not the to go a single step. But now I am happy, that weight at least is least of my heart, dear little because of you, because of you, because of you, because of you, and then ran away, persensed, to resume her post near al.

Rouletabille's memorandum-affair of the little cavity under not having been touched again Routetabille's thing for or against Natacha th that excellent Matrena Pe-cks so.) Natacha could very well sarned by the too great care a Madame Mareas marned by the too great care Madame Matrena watched the fioor. My opinion, since I saw Matrena lift the carpet the first time without any real precaution, is that they have definitely abandoned the preparation of that attack and are trying to account for the secret becoming known. What Matrena feels so sure of is that the trap I faild by the promenade to the Point was against Natacha particularly. I knew beforehand that Natacha would absent herself during the promenade. I'm not looking for anything new from Natacha, but what I did need was to be sure that Matrena didn't detest Natacha, and that she had not faked the preparations for an attack under the floor in such a way as to throw almost certain suspicion on her stepdaughter. I am sure about that now. Matrena is innocent of such a thing, the poor dear soul. If Matrena had been a monster the occasion was too good. Natacha's absence, her solitary presence for a quarter of an hour in the empty villa, all would have urged Matrena, whom I sent alone to search under the carpet in the dining-room, to draw the last nalls from the board if she was really guilty of having drawn the others. Natacha would have been lost then! Matrena returned sincerely, tragically happy at not having found anything new, and now I have the material proof that I needed. Morally and physically Matrena is removed from it. So I am going to speak to her about the hatpin. I believe that the matter is urgent on that side rather than on the side of the nails in the floor.

## The Mysterious Hand.

The Mysterious Hand.

After the departure of Matrena Rouletabille turned his attention to the garden. Neither the marshal of the court nor the officers were there any longer. The three men had disappeared. Rouletabille wished to know at once where they had gone. He went rapidly to the gate, named the officers and the marshal to Ermolai, and Ermolai made a sign that they had passed out. Even as he spoke he saw the marshal's carriage disappear around a corner of the road. As to the two officers, they were nowhere on the roadway. He was surprised that the marshal should have gone without seeing Matrena, or the general or himself, and, above all, he was disquieted by the disappearance of the orderlies. He gathered from the gestures of Ermolai that they had passed before the lodge only a few minutes after the marshal's departure. They had gone together. Rouletabille set himself to follow them, traced their steps in the soft earth of the roadway and soon they crossed onto the grass. At this point the tracks through the massed ferns became very difficult to follow. He hurried along, bending close to the ground over such traces as he could see, which continually led him astray, but which conducted him finally to the thing that he sought. A noise of voices made him raise his head and then throw himself behind a tree. Not twenty steps from him Natacha and Boris were having an animated conversation. The young officer held himself erect directly in front of her, frowning and impatient. Under the uniform closk that he had wrapped about him without having bothered to use the siceves, which were tossed up over his chest, Boris had his arms crossed. His entire attitude indicated have care to speak low. Finally she ceased, and Boris, after a short silence, in which he had seemed to reflect deeply, proneunced distinctly these words in French, pronounced in Russian sounded, and then she resumed her care to speak low. Finally she ceased, and Boris, after a short silence, in which he had seemed to reflect deeply, proneunced distinc

necessary."

Her gaze, after she had glanced penetratingly all around her and discovered nothing suspicious, rested tenderly on the young officer, while she murmured, "My Boris!" The young man could not resist either the sweetness of that voice, nor the captivating charm of that glance. He took the hand she extended toward him and kissed it passionately. His eyes, fixed on Natacha, proclaimed that he granted everything that she wished and admitted himself vanquished. Then she said, always with that adorable gaze upon him, "This evening!" He replied. "Yes, yes, This evening!" This evening!" upon which Natacha withdrew her hand "Yes, yes. This evening! This evening!" upon which Natacha withdrew her hand and made a sign to the officer to leave, which he promptly obeyed. Natacha remained there still a long time, plunged in thought. Rouletabille had already taken the road back to the villa. Matrena Petrovna was watching for his return, seated on the first step of the landing on the great staircase which ran up from the veranda. When she saw him she ran to him. He had already reached the dining-room.

"Anyone in the house?" he asked.
"No one, Natacha has not returned,

"Your stepdaughter is coming in now.
Ask her where she has been, if she has
seen the orderlies, and if they said they
would return this evening, in case she
answers that she has seen them."
"Very well, little domovol doubt. The
orderlies left without my seeing when they and

"Ab," interrupted Rouletabille, "before she arrives, give me all her hatpins." "What!"

"I say, all her hatpins. Quickly!"
Matrena ran to Natacha's chamber and tulined with three enormous hatpins with beautifully-cut stones in them. "These are all?"
"They are all I have found. I know

has two others. She has one on her head, or two, perhaps; I can't find them." "Take these back where you found them." said the reporter, after glancing at them.

Matrena returned immediately, not un-derstanding what he was doing.

And now, your hatpins. Yes, your hat-

Oh. I have only two, and here they are, said she, drawing them from the toque she had been wearing and had thrown on the sofa when she re-entered the house. Rouletabille gave hers the same inspec-

"Thanks. Here is your stepdaughter."
Natacha entered, flushed and smiling.
"Ab, well," said she, quite breathless,
you may boast that I had to search for
you. I made the entire round, clear past
the Barque. Has the promenade done papa
good?"

"Yes, he is asleep," replied Matrena. "Have you met Boris and Michael?"
She appeared to hesitate a second, then

"Yes, for an instant."
"Did they say whether they would return

"No," she replied, slightly troubled.
"Why all these questions?"
She flushed still more.
"Because I thought it strange," parried Matrens, "that they went away as they did, without saying good-by, without a word, without inquiring if the general needed them. There is something stranger yet. Did you see Kaltsof with them, the grand-marshal of the court," "No."

Did you see Kalisof with them, the grandmarshal of the court,"

"No."

"Kalisof came for a moment, entered the
garden and went away again without seeing us, without saying even a word to the
general."

"Ah," said Natacha.

With apparent indifference, she raised
her arms and drew out her hatpins. Houletabille watched the pin without a word.
The young girl hardly seemed aware of
their presence. Entirely absorbed in strange
thoughts, she replaced the pin in her hat
and went to hang it in the veranda, which
served also as vestibule. Rouletabille never
quitted her cyes. Matrena watched the
reporter with a stupid giance. Natacha
crossed the drawing-room and entered her
chamber by passing through her little sitting-room, through which all entrance to
her chamber had to be made. That little
room, though, had three doors. One opened
into Natacha's chamber, one into the drawing-room and the third into the little passage in a corner of the house where was the
stairway by which the servants passed from
the kitchens to the ground floor and the
upper floor. This passage had also a door
giving directly upon the drawing-room. It
was certainly a poor arrangement for serving the dining-room, which was on the other
side of the drawing-room and behind the
veranda, such a chance laying-out of a
house as one often sees in the country.

Alone again with Rouletabille. Matrena
noticed that he had not lost sight of the
corner of the veranda where Natacha had

hung her hat. Beside this hat there was a toque that Ermoial had brought in. The old servant had found it in some corner of the garden or the conservatory where he had been. A hatpin stuck out of that toque

Whose toque is that " asked Rouleta-ie. "I haven't seen it on the head of

"Whose toque is that?" asked Rouletabille. "I haven't seen it on the head of anyone here."

"It is Naiacha's," replied Matrena. She moved toward it, but the young man held her back, went into the veranda himself, and, without touching it, standing on tiptoe, he examined the pin. He sank back on his heels and turned toward Matrena. She caught a glimpse of fleeting emotion on the face of her little friend.

"Explain to me," she said.

But he gave her a glance that frightened her, and said low:

"Go and give orders right away that dinner as a baselutely necessary that the door of Natacha's sitting-room, and that of the stairway passage, and that of the veranda, giving on the drawing-room remain open all the time. Do you understand me? As soon as you have given your orders go to the general's bedside, keep it in view. Come down to dinner when it is announced, and do not bother yourself about anything further."

So saying, he filled his pipe, lighted it with a sort of sigh of relief, and, after a final order to Matrena, "Go," he went into the garden, puffing great clouds. Anyone would have said he hadn't smoked in a week, He appeared not to be thinking but just idly enjoying himself. In fact, he played like a child with Millinki, Matrena's pet cat, which he pursued behind the shrubs, up into the little klosque which, raised on piles, lifted its steep thatched roof above the panorama of the isles that Rouletabille settled down to contemplate like an artist with ample leisure.

(To Be Continued.)

The Galveston News in an editorial commenting upon Sudan grass says: "It seems to be conceded both by the National Department of Agriculture, the Agricultural and Mechanical College and students of such things that this new hay grass is proving to be one of the most profitable of crops."

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