

IN THE FOG

BY
Richard Harding Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

CHAPTER III—(Continued.)

"Look!" he cried. "Do you see? Here are five letters, torn across in two places. The Russian did not stop to read them, for, as you see, he has left them still sealed. I have been wrong. He did not return for the letters. He could not have known their value. He must have returned for some other reason, and, as he was leaving, saw the letter-box, and taking out the letters, held them together—and tore them twice across, and then, as the fire had gone out, tossed them into this basket. Look!" he cried, "here in the upper corner of this piece is a Russian stamp. This is his own letter—unopened!"

"We examined the Russian stamp and found it had been cancelled at St. Petersburg four days ago. The back of the envelope bore the postmark of the branch station in upper Sloane Street, and was dated this morning. The envelope was of official blue paper and we had no difficulty in finding the two other parts of it. We drew the torn pieces of the letter from them and joined them together side by side. There were but two lines of writing, and this was the message: 'I leave Petersburg on the night train, and I shall see you at Trevor Terrace after dinner Tuesday evening.'

"That was last night!" Lyle cried. "He arrived twelve hours ahead of his letter—but it came in time—it came in time to hang him!"

The Baronet struck the table with his hand. "The name!" he demanded. "How was it signed? What was the man's name?"

The young Solicitor rose to his feet and, leaning forward, stretched out his arm. "There was no name," he cried. "The letter was signed with only two initials. But engraved at the top of the sheet was the man's address. That address was 'The American Embassy, St. Petersburg, Bureau of the Naval Attache,' and the initials," he shouted, his voice rising into an exultant and bitter cry, "were those of the gentleman who sits opposite who told us that he was the first to find the murdered bodies, the Naval Attache to Russia, Lieutenant Sears!"

A strained and awful hush followed the Solicitor's words, which seemed to vibrate like a twanging bowstring that had just hurled its bolt. Sir Andrew, pale and staring, drew away with an exclamation of repulsion. His eyes were fastened upon the Naval Attache with fascinated horror. But the American emitted a sigh of great content, and sank comfortably into the arms of his chair. He clasped his hands softly together.

"Capital!" he murmured. "I give you my word I never guessed what you were driving at. You fooled me, I'll be hanged if you didn't—you certainly fooled me."

The man with the pearl stud leaned forward with a nervous gesture. "Hush! be careful!" he whispered. But at that instant, for the third time, a servant, hastening through the room, handed him a piece of paper which he scanned eagerly. The message on the paper read, "The light over the Commons is out. The House has risen."

"Hurrah!" he cried. "The House is up! We've won!" He caught up his glass, and slapped the Naval Attache violently upon the shoulder. He nodded joyously at him, at the Solicitor, and at the Queen's Messenger. "Gentlemen, to you!" he cried; "my thanks and my congratulations!" He drank deep from his glass, and breathed forth a long sigh of satisfaction and relief.

"But I say," protested the Queen's Messenger, shaking his finger violently at the Solicitor, "that story won't do. You didn't play fair—and you talked so fast I couldn't make out what it was all about. I'll bet you that evidence wouldn't hold in a court of law—you couldn't hang a cat on such evidence. Your story is condemned Tommy-rot. Now my story might have happened, my story bore the mark—"

In the joy of creation the story-tellers had forgotten their audience, until a sudden exclamation from Sir Andrew caused them to turn guiltily toward him. His face was knit with lines of anger, doubt, and amazement.

"What does this mean?" he cried. "Is this a jest, or are you mad? If you know this man is a murderer, why is he at large? Is this a game you have been playing? Explain yourselves at once. What does it mean?"

The American, with first a glance at the others, rose and bowed courteously.

"I am not a murderer, Sir Andrew, believe me," he said; "you need not be alarmed. As a matter of fact, at this moment I am much more afraid of you than you could possibly be of me. I beg you please to be indulgent. I assure you, we meant no disrespect. We have been matching stories, that is all, pretending that we are people we are not, endeavoring to entertain you with better detective tales than, for instance, the last one you read, 'The Great Rand Robbery.'"

The Baronet brushed his hand nervously across his forehead. "Do you mean to tell me," he exclaimed, "that none of this has happened? That Lord Chetney is not dead, that his Solicitor did not find a letter of yours written from your post in Petersburg, and that just now, when he charged you with murder, he was in jest?"

"I am really very sorry," said the American, "but you see, sir, he could not have found a letter written by me in St. Petersburg because I have never been in Petersburg. Until this week, I have never been outside of my own country. I am not a naval officer. I am a writer of short stories. And to-night, when this gentleman told me that you were fond of detective stories, I thought it would be amusing to tell you one of my own—one I had just mapped out this afternoon."

"But Lord Chetney is a real person," interrupted the Baronet. "He did go to Africa two years ago, and he was supposed to have been there, and his brother, Lord Arthur, has been the heir. And you say Chetney did return. I read it in the papers."

"So did I," assented the American soothingly; "and it struck me as being a very good plot for a story. I mean his unexpected return from the dead, and the probable disappointment of the younger brother. So I had decided that the younger brother had better murder the older one. The Princess Zichy I invented out of a clear sky. The fog I did not have to invent. Since last night I know all that there is to know about a London fog. I was lost in one for three hours."

The Baronet turned grimly upon the Queen's Messenger. "But this gentleman," he protested, "he is not a writer of short stories; he is a member of the Foreign Office. I have often seen him in Whitehall, and, according to him, the Princess Zichy is not an invention. He says she is very well known, that she tried to rob him."

The servant of the Foreign Office looked unhappily at the Cabinet Minister, and puffed nervously on his cigar.

"It's true, Sir Andrew, that I am a Queen's Messenger," he said appealingly, "and a Russian woman once did try to rob a Queen's Messenger in a railway carriage—only it did not happen to me, but to a pal of mine. The only Russian princess I ever knew called herself Zabrisky. You may have seen her. She used to do a dive from the roof of the Aquarium."

Sir Andrew, with a snort of indignation, fronted the young Solicitor.

"And I suppose yours was a cock-and-bull story, too," he said. "Of course, it must have been, since Lord Chetney is not dead. But don't tell me," he protested, "that you are not Chudleigh's son either."

"I'm sorry," said the youngest member, smiling in some embarrassment, "but my name is not Chudleigh. I assure you, though, that I know the family very well, and that I am on very good terms with them."

"You should be!" exclaimed the Baronet; "and, judging from the liberties you take with the Chetneys, you had better be on very good terms with them, too."

The young man leaned back and glanced toward the servants at the far end of the room.

"It has been so long since I have been in the Club," he said, "that I doubt if even the waiters remember me. Perhaps Joseph may," he added. "Joseph!" he called, and at the word a servant stepped briskly forward.

The young man pointed to the stuffed head of a great lion which was suspended above the fireplace.

"Joseph," he said, "I want you to tell these gentlemen who shot that lion. Who presented it to the Grill?"

Joseph, unused to acting as master of ceremonies to members of the Club, shifted nervously from one foot to the other.

"Why, you—you did," he stammered.

"Of course I did!" exclaimed the young man. "I mean, what is the name of the man who shot it? Tell the gentlemen who I am. They wouldn't believe me."

"Who are you, my lord?" said Joseph. "You are Lord Edam's son, the Earl of Chetney."

"You must admit," said Lord Chetney, when the noise had died away, "that I couldn't remain dead while my little brother was accused of murder. I had to do something. Family pride demanded



"HE DROPPED ON HIS KNEES BEFORE THE FIREPLACE."

it. Now, Arthur, as the younger brother, can't afford to be squeamish, but personally I should hate to have a brother of mine hanged for murder."

"You certainly showed no scruples against hanging me," said the American, "but in the face of your evidence I admit my guilt, and I sentence myself to pay the full penalty of the law as we are made to pay it in my own country. The order of this court is," he announced, "that Joseph shall bring me a wine-card, and that I sign it for five bottles of the Club's best champagne."

"Oh, no!" protested the man with the pearl stud, "it is not for you to sign it. In my opinion it is Sir Andrew who should pay the costs. It is time you knew," he said, turning to that gentleman, "that unconsciously you have been the victim of what I may call a patriotic conspiracy. These stories have had a more serious purpose than merely to amuse. They have been told with the worthy object of detaining you from the House of Commons. I must explain to you, that all through this evening I have had a servant waiting in Trafalgar Square with instructions to bring me word as soon as the light over the House of Commons had ceased to burn. The light is now out, and the object for which we plotted is attained."

The Baronet glanced keenly at the man with the black pearl, and then he smiled at his watch. The smile disappeared from his lips, and his face was set in stern and forbidding lines.

"And may I know," he asked icily, "what was the object of your plot?"

"A most worthy one," the other retorted. "Our object was to keep you from advocating the expenditure of many millions of the people's money upon more battleships. In a word, we have been working together to prevent you from passing the Navy Increase Bill."

Sir Andrew's face bloomed with brilliant color. His body shook with suppressed emotion.

"My dear sir!" he cried, "you should spend more time at the House and less at your Club. The Navy Bill was brought up on its third reading at eight o'clock this evening. I spoke for three hours in its favor. My only reason for wishing to return again to the House to-night was to sup on the terrace with my old friend, Admiral Simons; for my work at the House was completed five hours ago, when the Navy Increase Bill was passed by an overwhelming majority."

The Baronet rose and bowed. "I have to thank you, sir," he said, "for a most interesting evening."

The American shoved the wine-card which Joseph had given him toward the gentleman with the black pearl.

"You sign it," he said.

THE END.

"TYPHOID SPINES"

Everybody knows what a long series of miserable after effects are apt to follow a spell of typhoid fever. Not every one knows that this is owing to a chronic condition of weakness in the spinal column and local contractures of spinal ligaments and muscles. The osteopaths are the only physicians who seem aware of these conditions, and who diagnose and treat the abnormalities as a distinct malady. Yet there are unmistakable evidences of the "typhoid spine" weeks and months after the patient has apparently recovered from his fever, and the evidences are as conspicuous to the trained diagnostician as the ribs in a patient's chest. Usually there is a weakness and sagging backward in the lower part of the spine and there is an unmistakable "feel" to the diagnostician of contracture and congestion in ligaments and muscles. The effects of this condition are to create new weakness in the functions of the body or exaggravate old weaknesses already exist. Patients frequently run into pneumonia and tuberculosis from this physical handicap, and there is likelihood of continued depletion and lowered vitality, making the patient liable to attack from almost any kind of disease. There is no treatment but osteopathy for the "typhoid spine," and this treatment adjusts the disordered tissues and restores flagging health and vitality with the precision of skillful mechanics. Many persons with this sort of trouble are changing climate for weak lungs, and other afflictions could stay at home and get well reasonably quick if they only get their spines adjusted.

Note—For more specific information see the Osteopaths' Directory, DR. H. L. STUDELEY—Osteopathic physician. Offices over Chambers' store, 518 Willamette street. Phone Black 1326. Consultation free. Residence, 734 Ferry street. Phone Red 3197.

REDUCED ROUND TRIP RATES CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS

For the above occasions tickets will be sold locally at one and one-third fare for the round trip, on sale December 23, 24, 25, 30, 31, and January 1st. Final return limit January 2d, 1908.

A. J. GILLETTE, Agent.

WOOD SAWING

John M. P. Dixon, successor to W. E. Boddy. All wood sawed to gauge. For prompt service phone Black 5312. Residence, 267 High street. If Gasoline wood saw.

BIDS FOR WATER BONDS SOLICITED

Sealed proposals will be received by the common council of the city of Eugene until 7:30 o'clock p. m. of January 21, 1908, at which time at the council chamber in said city said council will open and consider such proposals for the purchase of the whole or any part of an issue of \$500,000 water bonds of said city. These bonds will be issued in denominations of \$100 to \$1000, will be payable principal and interest in gold coin, will bear date January 1st, 1908, will be due January 1st, 1948, with an option in the city to pay the same or any thereof on any interest day subsequent to January 1st, 1923, and will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually. These bonds are issued under authority of an act of the legislative assembly of the state of Oregon, entitled, "An act to reincorporate the city of Eugene and to amend all acts and parts of acts in conflict herewith," filed in the office of the secretary of state February 18th, 1905, as amended by the initiative bill filed in the office of the recorder of said city July 1st, 1907, and approved by the voters of said city at an election held October 14, 1907. Further information will be furnished on application to the undersigned. The common council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Eugene, October 28, 1907.

B. F. DORRIS, Recorder.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Or., Oct. 23, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington territory," as extended to all the public land states by act of August 4, 1892, William H. Pierce, of Walton, county of Lane, State of Oregon, filed in this office his sworn statement No. 8527 for the purchase of the NE 1/4 of sec. 26, T. 12, S. 8, range 8 west, Willamette Meridian, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes and to establish his claim to said land before W. W. Gallops, purposes and to establish his claim Eugene, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 7th day of January, 1908.

His names as witnesses: W. T. Bailey, of Meadow, Oregon; Aaron C. Barbour, of Walton, Oregon; Jarvis U. Sutherland, of Walton, Oregon; William Sutherland, of Walton, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 7th day of January, 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

SUMMONS

In the Justice Court, Eugene Justice District, Lane County, State of Oregon.

George T. Hall, Sr., Plaintiff,

vs.

J. F. Lindhorst, Defendant.

To J. F. Lindhorst, the above named defendant: In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby summoned and required to appear in said Justice Court for Eugene Justice District, Lane County, State of Oregon, on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed therein. And if you fail to appear and answer the complaint the plaintiff will take testimony against you for the sum of \$111 and costs and disbursements of suit. It is ordered by the Hon. J. W. Hyman, Reg. Justice of the Peace for Eugene Justice District, dated October 10th, 1907, that testimony be served on you by publication in the Eugene Guard, a newspaper of general circulation published daily in said county for six consecutive weeks.

The date of the first publication of this summons is October 11, 1907.

DORRIS & BROWN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You've Always Bought. Bears the Signature of L. J. Waterbury.

Pepton Pills
Tonic the blood, feed nerves and brain, tone the stomach, and digestion, give mental sleep. Especially beneficial in nervousness, indigestion, constipation, biliousness, and general debility. Price, 25c. and \$1.00. Prepared by Hood's Pills Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills
Act on the liver and bowels, cure biliousness, constipation, morning and sick headache, break up colds, relieve uncomfortable fullness after dinner. Painless cathartic. 25c. C. L. HOOD CO., Lowell, Mass.

Useful Christmas Presents
May be found at our store. A suit of **Michael, Stern & Co's. Fine Tailored Clothes**—we are sole agents in Eugene.
Neckwear, Shirts, Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Bath Robes

Everything in Furnishings that a gentleman needs. Don't waste your money on foolish Christmas Presents. Buy something that is useful and will be appreciated.

OUR PRICES ARE RIGHT
ED. HANSON
8 East 9th street Eugene, Oregon

ARMITAGE & BOWN
Successors to **YATES & SON**
Livery, Feed and Sales Stables

SAM SHAMAN
Junk Dealer
Highest Price paid for HIDES, WOOL, PELTS, OLD RUBBER, SACKS, SCRAP IRON, METALS and RAGS
We also buy Second Hand Goods
542 Olive Street Eugene, Ore.

Munroe's Second Hand Store
67 W. Eighth St.
Housefurnishings, Stoves and Ranges
We have just received a full line of **HEATERS** gas, combination, upright and cast
Call and compare quality and prices before buying
EUGENE, OREGON

S.E. Stevens
Piano Tuner.
Leave orders at Eilers Piano House
Phone Main 41
Residence 138 West 12th street
Residence Phone Red 7771

The ESMOND HOTEL
OSCAR ANDERSON, Mgr.
Rates—European Plan—50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00
Free Bus to and from all trains
Front and Morrison Sts. Portland, Ore.