

THE MYSTERY OF COUNT LANDRINO

Continued from First Page

get one's father in a week or two, even though worn with trouble and so on. Oh—ha, ha!—a good deal, this young count. So he knew me by the portrait!

"At once," I said, "though he is dead, he is not dead. You are accused of a fall and the count that is called in English 'frock coat,' you would never wear such clothes and a soft hat, he said, such as 'them you now have on.'"

"Ah, a la guerre comme à la guerre," laughed the count. "You have served the countries well, and I shall tell her so with my own lips when I return to her."

"Ah, count, let that be so," I said. "For, if I may say so, it is not to see her worrying and fretting because of your absence."

"That well, poor woman! I shall return, I shall return. It may be very soon. I shall consider what is best. Have we finished? Shall we go? Do you desire to write to the countess and tell her that it shall be as she wished? So then, my friend, for my letters are, as we have seen, interrupted by my enemies. Tell the countess that I may return at any time, maybe this very week—who knows? Perhaps we shall return together, you and I."

"With that," wrote Borofsky, "we parted, but though we parted, I understood that his excellency returned to the hotel for I followed him. This was last night, and today we have not spoken. The count is considering for the present whether to risk a return at once. In a few days we shall know for certain—a week at latest. Have I done well? I have done my best."

CHAPTER XIII

THE COUNT'S RETURN FROM ROME. Borofsky had done well—indeed he could scarcely have managed better. Nevertheless the whole of the story his letter told us, though undoubtedly a true story, rang somehow in a false key.

This picture of father was not like my dear old dad as I knew him, and I could not help feeling, though I said nothing of it to mother, that if Borofsky had exaggerated nothing in describing his violence and the eccentricity of his behavior, then my poor father must certainly be irresponsible for the present, for his words and actions—in a word, something or some combination of circumstances had befuddled him of his senses.

God grant Borofsky would succeed in bringing the poor, dear old man safely home with him! The smiling influence of quiet home life and the loving attention of his wife would be more likely to restore him to himself than any other treatment.

I could see that mother felt much the same as I about it. She looked at me with tear-laden eyes when I had finished the letter.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"That's all, mother," I said, and I dared add nothing to this for fear of betraying myself. Neither did my mother speak for some little while, and though I scarcely glanced at her, I knew well that she cried quietly.

"Borofsky will bring him back in a few days, dearest," I said at length. "And a little quiet home life will soon make him quite himself again."

"God grant it!" she said. "God grant it! Oh!" she added suddenly, with a burst of emotion. "What has my poor Vladimir ever done to be visited by so terrible an affliction, and what manner of calamity could have befallen to such a man that could be so suddenly overwhelmed by unhappiness?"

Those were questions which I could not answer, for they were the very ones that were vexing my own soul as well as hers.

"We shall know all, mother, in God's good time," I said. "Let us be patient and face the trouble. When father comes, we will make it our business to rid him of those delusions and fears, and what manner of calamity could have befallen to such a man that could be so suddenly overwhelmed by unhappiness?"

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can recall nothing of that day excepting that Percy almost compelled me to go with him for a walk and tried to talk cricket to me and Oxford and Ted Deane and all manner of subjects, but that I would have none of them and could only speak of telegrams and the frontier and the time of day, and so on.

Lunchtime came and passed and the afternoon slowly went. Three o'clock was reached and done with, then half past and then 4, and still the telegram had not arrived. Had Borofsky failed, after all?

The message was placed in my hands by one of the men. I tore the envelope open and read:

Vaso biapiothous. (All well).

And with the document I rushed to my mother.

"It's all right, dearest," I blurted. "Borofsky has got him. Tomorrow evening dad will dine with us!"

I think we cried together over that telegram—tears of pure relief and rest from anxiety.

This was the happiest afternoon and evening we had spent for two months. True, tomorrow's meeting would be painful no doubt, but oh, the difference to have father really with us, if though he might be rather than to think of him as a poor lost soul alone in London, helpless and friendless and demented!

I thought the evening of that Wednesday would never come. How slowly the minutes crawled by! We prepared everything for father's comfort: we made his room look as inviting as loving hands could render them; we adorned them with flowers and pretty hangings and photographs; we spent hours in doing all this, and yet the time would not move on quickly enough for us.

The train was due at about the dinner hour, and Percy and I were at the station half an hour before time.

Now that the supreme moment had arrived, I felt unaccountably nervous and somewhat depressed. Percy rallied me upon my foolishness.

"Why, hang it, old man," he said, "this ought to be one of the happiest moments of your life!"

"Oh, no," I answered. "I am awfully happy. But I don't know what it is—I feel as though even now father will disappoint us somehow, as though all this were not a reality. What if this man should turn out to be not father, after all, but?"

"Oh, rot!" said Percy rudely. "Let's talk of something else. If you get thinking that kind of thing, you'll force yourself to believe that he isn't here, even when you see him with your own eyes."

"Oh, no," I shall know father," I murmured. "He really comes."

"Of course he'll really come," said Percy. "Whom do you expect? Come now, don't be an old ass. Boris. Your nerves are playing old Harry with you."

Then, almost as we spoke, the train came gliding and, as it pulled up, and the passengers began to get out and walk on the platform, and the usual crowd formed.

In the crowd, as we went to and fro looking for our travelers, I saw and surely Borofsky and another. At the first glance, I thought it was my father, and my heart gave a great bound for joy. Then I looked closer—and—

"Percy," I whispered—"Percy, for the love of heaven, tell Borofsky!"

"Well, tell him what? Where is he? Do you see them? What's up, old man?" said Percy.

"Tell Borofsky to wait. I must get home and prepare my mother. Tell him not to see us—tell him it isn't father. Percy, I'd swear with my last breath that it isn't."

"Good heavens, man!" began Percy. "See if you can avoid bringing him home at all!" I continued. "But many

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"Come!" said mother, and together we made for the wide staircase that led down into the huge entrance hall. But before we had reached the hall the carriage drove up. Mother heard and grasped my hand.

"We are too late," she whispered. "But now we are here, we will stand our ground together."

The hall porter, an old servant, ran to the big doors and flung them open, bowing low and greeting "Vladimir Antonich" (my father's patronymic). A tall man entered with Percy and Borofsky. He took no notice of old Gregory's greeting, which seemed to surprise the porter, who looked pained.

Conversing with Borofsky, while Percy followed, silent and depressed, the new arrival came toward us. Mother's hand tightened over mine. She gave me a convulsive grip and I looked up again. I saw her eyes brighten as she caught sight of his face and quickly grow dull again. He was like enough to father to flatter her hopes for but one second; then she saw, as she must inevitably see, how unlike was the likeness. The little group reached us and paused a moment. Borofsky was about to speak, but he suddenly realized how matters stood and refrained. Mother bowed and passed down stairs with me. Percy turned and came with Borofsky and the other continued their journey up stairs. I distinctly heard the fellow ask Borofsky who the lady was. This man that was her husband, forsooth, and my father!

Poor mother sank upon a couch in the hall and cried quietly. Thank God that she did that! I could say nothing to comfort her, excepting to blurt out that we should yet find father and restore him to her one day.

At all events, he is not mad, as we feared, mother," I added. "Almost anything is better than that. Have you the heart to go on hoping, in the face of this blow?"

Mother played the heroine that night. Not only did she assure me that she was still full of hope and confidence, but she comforted poor old Percy, who was disconsolate, declaring that this last misfortune and all the disappointment of it was entirely his fault (which it certainly was in a way), by telling him that she and I could be taken in by the portrait it was surely no wonder that he was taken in by the original.

"They are marvellously alike," said mother, "and yet, oh, how unlike! This is his brother, of course!"

"Mother, do you really think so?" I exclaimed. "How can he have escaped from Siberia?"

"That is another mystery," she said. "Perhaps the mystery of dear father's disappearance is connected with this one, and that with this wretched Andre."

And thus, as it were, in our hands we may learn something from him."

"Bah! I shall kick him out of the house in ten minutes if I have to get a couple of policemen to help me!" I raved.

"No, my son, we will allow him to remain. We will give him shelter and show him kindness. Then perhaps if he knows anything and if there is any particle of good in him he may help us in some way to unravel our mystery."

"Mother, it's impossible!" I said. "We can't have a brother of a fellow like this murdering, brutal rascal sleeping in the house. I shouldn't feel that you were safe. He would murder the whole lot of us for the price of a dinner."

"We will take precautions, of course. Let him remain, Boris—tonight at least."

"It would be wiser to give him money and turn him out of the house. Offer him more on condition he keeps away and still more for any news he can give us of father."

"Do nothing in a hurry," said mother. "He shall stay tonight at least. Tomorrow we shall see the land lies. What do you think, Percy?"

Percy agreed with mother, and the result was that the impostor remained. Borofsky came presently. He was depressed and very disconsolate. He had realized that the whole enterprise on the brilliant success of which he had so grided himself—had actually proved an utter failure and fiasco. The impostor had been too clever for him and had already confessed, or rather triumphantly declared, that he was an impostor, but that, having secured a footing in these comfortable quarters, he did not intend to relinquish it in a hurry. He was going to pass for the count, he declared, so far as the outside world was concerned. If the countess and her young whelp (meaning me) did not choose to acknowledge him, why, they needn't, but if they valued the honor of their family, and perhaps their lives, they had better not give him away either to the police or any one else, for he had a card or two up his sleeve that he could play if he liked, and he knew a thing or two, besides, that he might let out one day if he were left in peace and decently treated, something, in deed, which would be greatly to our advantage did we but share his knowledge.

"Oh, what does he mean, Borofsky, what does he mean?" interrupted mother. "Does he know where my dear husband is to be found? Go back and tell him he shall live in peace and all quietness and luxury, he shall have the best of everything that it is in my power to provide, no one shall interfere with him or know what he is—no one what he desires to be taken for—he shall have money, as much as he will, if only!"

At this point poor mother collapsed suddenly. She burst into tears and retired from the room, leaving Percy and Borofsky and me sitting like three dummies, silent and depressed. Not one of us possessing spirit enough to discuss the situation, or indeed, for some little while, to open his lips to make any kind of remark whatever.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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