THE MYSTERY OF COUNT LANDRINOF.

BY FRED WHISHAW.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY THE AUTHOR. [SEE NO. 4534]

Continued from First Page.

that was already prepared for my use in case of need and lay folded ready on the cushion.

"I followed his droshky right across to the island side, down the first line, over the Tuchkof bridge and into the Peterburgskaya. He turned into a small street that led out of the prospekt, and I stopped in the main thoroughfare a few yards farther on, threw the cloak to my driver and hurried back to the corner of the small street.

"His droshky was returning empty, and he had disappeared, and I thought I had lost my man; but almost immediately another trap drove up, turned into the street and stopped at a little wooden house half way down it. So I limped toward the gate of that house—a beggar again, now—and took my stand near by

"No less than seven other individuals drove or walked to that gate, sir, and entered the little wooden house, though I was not exactly on the spot when all arrived, for the first that came gave me a grivenik (10 kopecks) and bade me go farther, very much farther; but we need not specify the destination he had fixed upon me. The next was no more polite, and rather than cause anger or rouse suspicion I moved a few doors away. When all had arrived—nine or ten there must have been in all—I waited a few minutes and then departed."

"Well done, Borofsky," said I. "You have certainly advanced matters today. It was undoubtedly a meeting of sorts. Our friend is up to no good, I'll be sworn! Well, now we know one of his haunts, anyway! We'll catch him out yet, and then we'll name our terms for saving his head from the only place it's fit to fill, and that's the noose."

"What manner of men were these friends of his?" asked Percy; "the other members of this charming committee? A set of desperate looking cutthroats, I'll bet."

"They were very mixed," said Borofsky. "There were some who looked quite respectable—officers; two fellows in civilian uniform; one or two awful looking specimens and a couple of students with plaids and long hair and white faces and spectacles, all complete. Our own men were far the most respectable looking of the company."

"I was disguised."

We made Borofsky happy by praising him for his skill this afternoon. He had been and still was very sore over his London fiasco and needed encouragement.

This interregnum was very trying, however, to mother and to me. To be obliged to hang about without advancing the matter we had so deeply at heart until such time as our impostor should think fit to commit himself to some villainy and we should find means to suspect or discover it and thus put himself in our power was tantalizing indeed.

Besides, there was always the chance that he had lied throughout and that in reality he had nothing to reveal as to father's fate. Perhaps he had never seen father and knew nothing more of him than his name, excepting the fact that, by a stroke of excellent luck, he must so nearly resemble the real Landrinof that he was able to pass as the count with all but his closest relations, and that the count's house was uncommonly comfortable and that, thanks, from beginning to end, to the accidental resemblance, his lot had fallen in extremely pleasant places.

My mother was assured that our disreputable guest was none other than my father's brother Andre. He could be no other, she said, for, though she now knew that there was nothing in the man's face to recall that of her dear Vladimir excepting the shape of the features and that it had been the grossest calumny upon the count even to mistake this other's photograph for his, yet the cast of the features was the same, and the man could be no other than the wretched Andre—supposed at this moment by the police to be far away in Siberia.

Our friend, however, had assumed an absolute ignorance of the existence of any such person as Andre Landrinof, the count's younger brother, when taxed by Borofsky with being that very individual. He had never heard of the man, he said. As for his own name, Borofsky would have to contrive to exist without knowing it if it depended on himself to tell it, because, said he, it was not Borofsky's business to know it.

But one evening our excellent friend rather gave himself away. He had taken to indulging somewhat freely in vodka, the spirit, distilled from rye, which is the favorite drink of the Russian people, and the vodka loosened his tongue.

Borofsky often sat with him of an evening, the only one of us who did, and on this occasion our guest, being slightly overrefreshed, suddenly broached the subject of Andre Landrinof.

"That brother of the count's you were talking about the other day, Borofsky," he said; "where is he, and what is he doing? Is he a count, too, and rich?"

"He isn't a count, but an infernal blackguard," said Borofsky, "and I should say he is just about as rich as the folks he has robbed are the poorer."

"Ha, ha! Good!" said the fellow. "So you think badly of him. Why?"

"Ask the police," said Borofsky.

"Not I! A set of infernal rascals!" exclaimed the other. "I tell you they are 50 times worse, any one of them, than this Andre Landrinof. Now, Andre"—

"Whom you don't know," laughed Borofsky.

"Wait—I—I think I have met him under a different name. I think he is one who is or was known as Kornilof. I met him in London."

"Not in Siberia—are you sure?" Borofsky put in.

"Curse you, why do you interrupt me?" shouted the other angrily. "I tell you I know nothing of Siberia. I met this man in London—Kornilof. He lives in London owing to persecutions in this infernal country, and has lived there for years."

"Then it can't be Andre," interrupted Borofsky again, "for Andre has spent the flower of his life in the mines of Siberia, where, it is to be hoped, he still blooms and will continue to bloom until judgment day or so."

"Oh, indeed! You seem to know a great deal of this Andre!" said our guest, with tipsy dignity and scorn. "Would you be surprised to learn that he is not such a confounded fool as you suppose, and, at the present moment, is thou—thousands of miles from Siberia and has no intention of re—returning there?"

"Kornilof, that is?" suggested Borofsky.

"Yes, Kornilof, or Andre—same thing—same man. Siberia is for fools, my friend, and the sooner you go there yourself the sooner you'll be in the place that's best suited for you."

CHAPTER XVII.

ANDRE'S STUDENT VISITOR.

After this conversation Borofsky declared that he had no doubt whatever that our sham count was Andre Landrinof. But, though mother and I were quite disposed to agree with him, we could not think of any way in which this fact could be brought into connection with the mystery of father's disappearance.

Nevertheless, though we knew it not, we were now at last on the eve of more important discoveries than that of the mere identity of our guest. We were about to strike a trail and a strong one.

Among those who visited our guest, whom I shall crave permission to call Andre henceforth, since it was from this time that we became accustomed to regard him as undoubtedly father's worthless brother; among the shabby looking persons who visited Andre and held long consultations with him in the apartments set aside to his use was a student, one of that plaided and spectacled class of individuals, half famished and obviously ill nourished and poverty ridden, of whom there are many hundreds in St. Petersburg and from among whom the ranks of the disaffected are principally recruited, for the lot of the Russian student is a miserable one indeed, and it is no wonder that he is a reckless, discontented individual, only too ready to become the dupe or the accomplice of those who preach crusades against property and those who possess it. For he is not like the undergraduate of Oxford or Cambridge, passing rich upon a more or less liberal allowance from his father or his guardian. The Russian student keeps himself and pays his own fees in most cases. He gives lessons during the hours which are free of lectures, and by means of the income thus earned he gains just enough to pay his university fees and to starve handsomely on what is left over. The little student who visited Andre caused poor Borofsky an immense amount of annoyance and trouble, for he was the only one of Andre's visitors (of whom there were several) whom he had hitherto failed to track to his home, wherever that might be. Borofsky now knew the address of all the rest of the friends of our highly respectable guest. He also knew all the houses haunted by Andre himself, which were doubtless the homes of these same worthies, but the student had been too clever for Borofsky and would never allow himself to remain long enough in view to be shadowed for more than a few minutes at a time.

"He's like a will o' the wisp," Borofsky complained. "You think you've got him safe in your eye, and, batz!—he's gone—whither? Heaven knows; I don't. Yet he doesn't suspect me. He has never seen me, except in disguise, and not twice in the same. Why is he so suspicious?"

"Bad conscience," said Percy, and I've no doubt he hit the right nail on the head.

One afternoon in November Borofsky came hurriedly into the billiard room, where Percy and I were busy knocking the balls about for want of a better occupation.

"I want your help, both of you," he said. "That confounded young student is in with Andre. When he goes away, we must make another attempt to follow him. I must and will know where he goes. Will you help, both of you?"

Though I did not quite see of what use the addresses of all these rascals were to be to us, excepting as strengthening a case against Andre in the event of our requiring such evidence, I consented to help Borofsky to shadow his will o' the wisp, and so did Percy.

"Good," said Borofsky. "Now, see here. I am going to take up my stand at the corner of the palace bridge. I shall be in disguise. One of you can go toward the Liteynaya, to the right along the quay, and watch in some gateway or porch in case he goes that way. The other should wait until he hears the fellow departing. Keep this door open, and you'll hear him go down into the grand hall. I shall warn the porter to look which way he turns up or down the quay and to let you know the instant you appear. Don't lose a minute, but follow him."

Percy and I tossed up for the choice of duties, and I won. I chose that of shadowing our man from the very door. I preferred a chase to an ambush, having a strong objection to shivering in a gateway in hopes of catching sight of the quarry.

So away went Borofsky to the Dvortsovui Most, or palace bridge, and out sallied Percy to stand and shiver in his porch up Liteynaya way. I sat and read, expectant, prepared to dart forth after my quarry, like a tiger that lies and waits for the native postman just about due (as he knows) to trot through the jungle with the afternoon post; like a spider on the lookout for the fly which is audible, buzzing close at hand, but has not yet quite made up its mind to come and be eaten, and like a great many other things too numerous to specify.

At last I heard Andre's door open and shut. There were light steps running quickly down the marble stairs into the hall, the great door was open, and—and then I was up and after him.

"He's gone to the left," whispered old Gregory, the hall porter, "running like a hare."

Well, if it came to running like a hare, I flattered myself I could probably go one better than any Russian student, will o' the wisp or otherwise, that ever "sprinted a hundred!"

Away I scudded, running on my toes, noiselessly—I had put on a pair of tennis shoes on purpose, for I wished to do my best for poor Borofsky this time. It was nearly dark and a cold evening, very different from an English November evening. There had been a hard frost for a week, and the Neva was covered with rough pack ice. In a day or two the restrictions against crossing the ice world would be removed, and roads would be formed over Neva's bosom in every direction that a short cut to any conceivable spot would justify.

My man had not run far. I saw him pass beneath a lamp 30 yards in front of me, walking quickly. He did not turn to go over the palace bridge, though he appeared to be about to do so and changed his mind. Could he have seen Borofsky? I did, at any rate, and whispered to him as I passed:

"It's all right, Borofsky," I said. "Leave this hunt to me: I'm blood hot!"

Then I continued down the quay, past the admiralty and straight for the English quay and the senate.

There were very few people about. The student hastened along, half running, half walking, and I after him, about 30 yards away, going noiselessly.

Suddenly he turned and saw me, or saw, at any rate, that he was followed. He did not know me by sight. Observing this, the student spurted, going a very fair pace for a Russian, but I easily held my own. He turned and observed that he had gained nothing upon me and, like a wise man, slowed down.

As for me, I did not care whether he liked to be followed or not or what he thought about it. I intended to follow him to the end. I therefore made no attempt to conceal my intention, but just went straight on. I could see that the poor fellow was growing very anxious. He did not like it. He ran into the Admiralty square and dodged round the Great Peter statue and into the Galernaya, where there were more people and a better chance of giving me the slip, but when he turned to see I was still behind him.

Up the street he ran, or half ran, I after him and almost at his heels, for I was not going to be shaken off in the crowd, and so we reached the top, at the Nicholas palace, close to the great stone bridge of the same name, and over this bridge he made as though he would go.

But suddenly another idea struck him. He turned aside from the bridge and, running quickly down the steps that lead to the water, climbed the "danger" obstruction and got upon the ice with the evident intention of shaking me off by attempting the dangerous and forbidden enterprise of crossing the Neva before the ice had been pronounced safe.

I confess I did not like it. It was too cold and too dark for a bath. There was no particular reason for shadowing this unfortunate little wretch all night, until in desperation he should dart into the squalid hole he called his home. What did his address matter to us? I felt that I was doing a foolish thing. Yet I felt also that I must follow. Not because I expected to gain anything by it, but because the English blood in me was of the real old obstinate, bulldog vintage, I suppose, and I must stick to a thing once undertaken until I had carried it through.

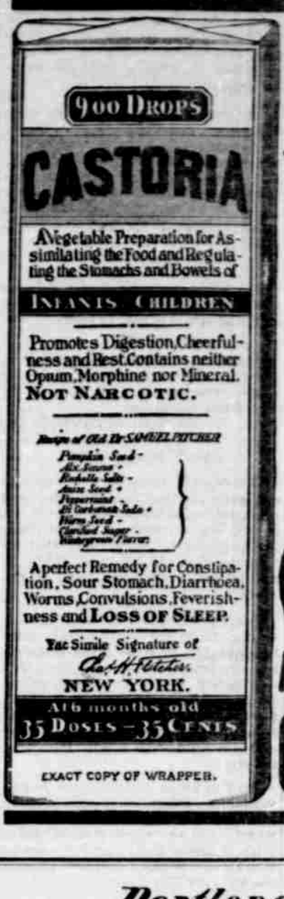
So I followed with scarcely an instant's hesitation, and—well, sometimes the things which appear to be the most foolish turn out to be the wisest. I followed—risking my life—which was so unspeakably valuable to my dear mother, without once reflecting upon that domestic circumstance—and followed in the wisdom of utter foolishness, and—

Away scudded my little will o' the wisp, taking a diagonal line in the direction of the mining corps, which is a good half mile or more from the bridge on the other side, and away scudded I after him.

I could hear him run and pant in front of me, though it was so dark out here in midriver that I could not see him.

We had run, I should think, some 200 or 300 yards over the roughest possible ice that twisted one's ankles and "barked" one's shins at every other step when suddenly there was a scream, followed instantly by a splash and an agonized cry for help.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Portland Business College

Portland, Oregon

A. P. ARMSTRONG, LL.B., Principal. J. A. WESCO, Penman & Secretary.

THE BUSY WORLD OF BUSINESS

gives profitable employment to hundreds of our graduates, and will to thousands more. Send for our catalogue. Learn *what* and *how* we teach. Verily,

A BUSINESS EDUCATION PAYS

$40 CASH $40

That means YOU can now ride the highest type of cycle construction as represented by the

1899

Rambler

Bicycles

FITTED WITH THE GREAT

EASY RIDING **G. & J. TIRES** EASILY REPAIRED

A MIGHTY FINE COMBINATION AT MIGHTY LOW PRICES

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO WALK with the line and prices we present; for if your purse will not admit the best you can still ride second only to the Rambler, the

$20 $22 | **IDEAL** | $25 $30

W. H. GAULT,

HILLSBORO, ORE. AGENT.

A big yield of both profit and satisfaction will result if you plant

FERRY'S Seeds

They are always the best. Do not accept any substitute—buy none but Ferry's. Sold by all dealers. Write for the '99 Seed Annual—free.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Karl's Clover Root Tea

Beautifies the Complexion, Purifies the Blood, gives a Fresh, Clear Skin, Cures Constipation, Indigestion, and all Eruptions of the Skin. An agreeable Laxative Nerve Tonic. Sold on absolute guarantee by all druggists at 25c., 50c. and $1.00.

S. C. WELLS & CO., LEROY, N. Y. SOLE PROPRIETORS

For sale at the Delta Drug Store.

Eureka Harness Oil is the best preservative of new leather and the best renovator of old leather. It oils, softens, blackens and protects. Use

Eureka Harness Oil

on your best harness, your old harness, and your carriage top, and they will not only look better but wear longer. Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes from half pints to five gallons. Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

NERVITA PILLS Restores VITALITY, LOST VIGOR AND MANHOOD

Cures Impotency, Night Emissions and wasting diseases, all effects of self-abuse, or excess and indiscretion. **A nerve tonic and blood builder.** Brings the pink glow to pale cheeks and restores the fire of youth. By mail **50c** per box, **6** boxes for **$2.50; with a written guarantee to cure or refund the money.** Send for circular. Address,

NERVITA MEDICAL CO.
Clinton & Jackson Sts., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale by Delta Drug Store.

Denver and Rio Grande

RAILROAD.

Scenic Line of the World

Weekly Excursions

TO THE

EAST

Upholstered Tourist Sleepers

In charge of experienced conductors and porters.

Mondays To Kansas City Chicago Buffalo, Boston without transfer, via Salt Lake Mo. Pacific and Chicago and Alton Ry.

Tuesdays To Omaha, Chicago, Buffalo, Boston without change via Salt Lake, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry.

Wednesdays To St Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis, without change via Burlington Route.

Thursdays To Kansas City and St. Louis, without change via Salt Lake & Missouri Pacific Railway.

A day stop-over arranged at Salt Lake and Denver.

A ride through the famous Colorado Scenery.

Ask your ticket agent for a ticket on the Denver & Rio Grande excursion.

For rates and all information, call on or address

R. C. MCHOL, Gen'l Agent. F. B. Duffy, Travelling Agent. 251 Washington Street, Portland Oregon.

S. K. HOOPER, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent, Denver Colorado.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D.C.

EAST SOUTH

THE SHASTA ROUTE

—OF THE—

SOUTHERN PAC. CO.

EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY:

				South		North
6.00 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar		Ar	9.30 A M
8.15 A M	Ar	San Francisco	Lv		Lv	8.00 P M

Above trains stop at all stations between Portland and Salem, Turner, Marion, Jefferson, Albany, Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, Harrisburg, Junction City, Eugene, Cottage Grove, Drain, Oakland, and all stations from Roseburg to Ashland, inclusive.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY:

8.30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	Lv	4.30 P M
5.20 P M	Ar	Roseburg	Ar	Lv	7.30 A M

DINING CARS ON OGDEN ROUTE.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS

— AND —

Second-Class Sleeping Cars

ATTACHED TO ALL THROUGH TRAINS.

West Side Division.

BETWEEN PORTLAND & CORVALLIS

Mail Train Daily (Except Sunday).

7.30 A M	Lv	Portland	Ar	Ar	5.50 P M
8.50 A M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	Lv	4.20 P M
11.55 A M	Ar	Corvallis	Lv	Lv	1.25 P M

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of the Oregon Central & Eastern Ry.

Express Train Daily, (Except Sunday).

4.00 P M	Lv	Portland	Ar	Ar	8.35 A M
6.10 P M	Lv	Hillsboro	Lv	Lv	7.03 A M
7.00 P M	Ar	McMinnville	Lv	Lv	6.00 A M
8.00 P M		Independence			4.30 A M

Through Tickets

To all points in the Eastern states, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from C. F. Friendl, agent or John H. Gault at the Independent office Hillsboro.

C. H. MARKHAM, Gen'l Pass. & T. Agt.

R. KOEHLER, Manager, Portland. 644

on Interested?

THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK

On the Resources of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are requested to forward the addresses of their Eastern friends and acquaintances and a copy of the work will be sent free. This is a matter all should be interested in and we would ask that every one take an interest toward such as these to W. H. HURLBURT, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co. Portland.

O.R.&N.

TIME SCHEDULE.

Depart for	From Portland	From
Fast mail 8 p. m.	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, & East.	Fast mail 6:45 p. m.
Spokane Flyer 2:10 p m.	Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis St. Paul, Duluth Milwaukee, Chicago & east	Spokane Flyer 8:30 a. m
8 p. m.	Ocean Steamships. For San Francisco sails every five days	4 p. m.
8 p. m. Ex Sundy Saturday 10 p. m.	Columbia River To Astoria and way Landings	4 p. m. ex. Sundy
6 a. m. Ex Sundy	Willamette River Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & way landings.	4:30 p. m ex. Sundy
7 a. m. Tuesday Thursday and Satur	Willamette & Yamhill Rivers Oregon City, Dayton and way landings	3:30 p. m Mon We. and Fri
6 a. m. Tues Thur and Sat.	Willamette River Corvallis and way landings	4:30 p.m. Tues Thu and Sat
Lv Riparia 30 Daily	Snake River Riparia to Lewiston	Lv Lewiston 12 Daily

Address, W. H. HURLBURT, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Dodwell Carlill & Co. Gen'l Agts. Nor. Pac. S. S. Co.

Port'and, - - Oregon.

MEN! You can be cured

If you suffer from any of the ills of men, come to the oldest Specialist on the Pacific Coast.

DR. JORDAN & CO. 1051 Market St. Est'd 1852.

Young men and **middle aged men** who are suffering from the effects of youthful indiscretions or excesses in mature years. Nervous and Physical **Debility Impotency Lost Manhood** in all its complications; **Spermatorrhoea, Prostatorrhoea, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Frequency of Urinating, etc.** By a combination of remedies, of great curative power, the Doctor has so arranged his treatment that it will not only afford immediate relief but permanent cure. The Doctor does not claim to perform miracles, but is well-known to be a fair and square Physician and Surgeon, pre-eminent in his specialty—**Diseases of Men.**

Syphilis thoroughly eradicated from the system without using **Mercury.**

EVERY MAN applying to us will receive our honest opinion of his complaint.

We will guarantee a POSITIVE CURE in every case we undertake, or forfeit **One Thousand Dollars.**

Consultation FREE and strictly private. *CHARGES VERY REASONABLE.* Treatment personally or by letter. Send for book, **"The Philosophy of Marriage,"** free. (A valuable book for men.)

VISIT DR. JORDAN'S **Great Museum of Anatomy** the finest and largest Museum of its kind in the world. Come and learn how wonderfully you are made; how to avoid sickness and disease. We are continually adding new specimens. *CATALOGUE FREE.* Call or write.

1051 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

A FEW INTERESTING FACTS

When people are contemplating a trip, whether on business or pleasure, they naturally want the best service obtainable so far as speed, comfort and safety is concerned. Employees of the Wisconsin Central Lines are paid to serve the public and our trains are operated so as to make close connection with diverging lines at all junction points.

Pullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains.

Dining Car service unexcelled. Meals served a la Carte.

In order to obtain this first-class service, ask the ticket agent to sell you a ticket over

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

Direct connections at Chicago and Milwaukee for all Eastern points. . . .

For full information call on your nearest ticket agent, or write . . . . . .

JAS. C. POND, Gen. Pas. Agt., Milwaukee, Wis. JAS. A. CLOCK, General Agent, 246 Stark

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.* The Kind You Have Always Bought

AMERICA'S REPRESENTATIVE FASHION MAGAZINE

THE DESIGNER

Published Monthly

WITH HANDSOME COLORED PLATES.

ALSO ILLUSTRATES THE CELEBRATED Standard Patterns

The only reliable patterns, because they allow seams.

Subscription Price: $1.00 a year. 10 cents for single copies.

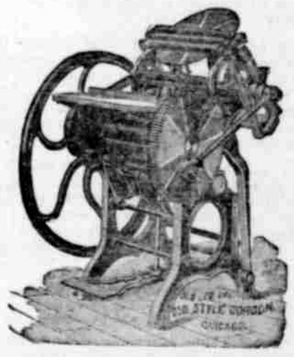
CANVASSERS WANTED FOR THIS PUBLICATION.

Liberal cash commission. Write for sample copy and terms to Subscription Department,

THE DESIGNER, 32 West 14th St., New York City.

WE DO THE BEST JOB PRINTING IN THE COU TY.

Prices Reasonab e



Quick Work

Mail orders promptly attended to.

Prices on application

We are still offering you the

INDEPENDENT and WEEKLY OREGONIAN,

one year for on y $2.00.

Address all orders to

"INDEPENDENT,"

Hillsboro, - - Oregon