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**A. MACDONALD**

# THE MYSTERY OF COUNT LANDRINOF.

BY FRED WHISHAW

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(Continued)  
SYNOPSIS.

The hero of this story, Boris Landrinof, is a young Russian, who was sent to England to be educated. He is hastily summoned home by his mother owing to the sudden disappearance of his father, Count Landrinof. Shortly after, in London, he is astonished when a friend tells him he has just seen his father. Accompanied by this friend he returns to Russia. Boris discovers a clue, and sets out in search of two men who have as he supposes abducted his father.

### CHAPTER VIII.

IDENTIFIED BY PHOTOGRAPH.

It was but a few hours after the receipt of Percy's first telegram that a second message arrived. Percy now wired that he had succeeded in discovering "Robinson's address," which we were not slow to understand was intended to intimate that he had tracked father or his double—whichever it was—to some house in which he lived. Percy's telegram finished up with the words "starting back tonight." So that in three days we should know all that he had to tell us.

These three days were passed—by me at least—in a condition of suspense and anxiety difficult to be borne. I could settle down to nothing; neither did our little detective display any marked degree of dignified calm. He was greatly excited, and we spent the time together in playing billiards at home and discussing at great length and with much vain repetition the chances for and against the success of Percy's efforts. Borofsky was, though much excited, quite sanguine and almost confident that for some inexplicable reason my poor father had fled to London without warning mother of his departure and that Percy had accidentally found him there. He would not discuss the question as to why father should have done this. There would be plenty of time for explanations, he said, afterward. The main point now was to make sure that the count was safe and well and to know where to find him at any moment. It might not even be necessary to bring him back at once should he have good reason to desire to remain away. There might be financial troubles or a quarrel with the authorities.

"Both utterly impossible, Borofsky!" I said. "My father is a rich man, and the authorities from the lowest chivovnik to the czar respect and esteem him."

"My dear young sir," said Borofsky, "neither you nor I can see in the dark. Rather than grope about and knock his shins against the furniture the wise man will wait for light, and so will we!"

We had not mentioned to mother the object of Percy's trip to London. She had naturally concluded that he had business of his own to attend to, and was pleased and grateful when he prom-



There is implanted in every man a love of life strong enough to make him tremble and kneel before death when he thoroughly recognizes its approach. The trouble with men is that they do not recognize death unless it comes in some violent or rapid form. Consumption kills more men than wars, famines, plagues and accidents, but its approach is insidious, and men do not realize that they are in its clutch. While consumption is a germ disease, the bacilli will not invade sound and healthy lungs. The lungs must first be in a diseased condition. First a man feels a little out of sorts. Probably he is overworked and has given too little time to eating, sleeping and resting. His appetite falls off. His digestion gets out of order and his blood does not receive the proper amount of life-giving nutriment. The liver becomes torpid and the blood is filled with impurities. These are pumped into every organ of the body, building up unhealthy, half-dead tissues. The most harm is done at the weakest spot, and most frequently that spot is in the lungs. A slight cold leads to inflammation, the bacilli invade the lungs and we have a case of consumption. Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of consumption are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It restores the lost appetite, makes the digestion perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood, builds new and healthy flesh and drives out all impurities and disease germs. It cures weak lungs, spitting of blood, obstinate coughs and kindred ailments. No honest druggist will recommend a substitute.

Mrs. Ursula Dunham of Sistersville, Tyler Co., W. Va., writes: "I had a pain in my side all the time, had but little appetite and grew very thin. The 'Golden Medical Discovery' promptly cured the pain, restored my appetite and increased my weight."

ised her, at parting, that he would not be absent long and would return to help me in my discouraging task of finding father so soon as ever he could get away. We met Percy on the afternoon of the third day, and as Borofsky and I tramped the platform of the Warsaw station, awaiting the arrival of his train, I, for one, was in such a state of excitement and expectation that I had not a word to say to my companion by reason of the quaking of my jaws and the rapid beating of my heart, and I fancy Borofsky, though he had so much less at stake on the result of Percy's trip, was not much less agitated than I to hear what he should have to tell us.

Slowly and laboriously the train dragged itself into the station, as Russian trains do. There is none of that fine rushing in at full speed and pulling up short at the very platform in the admirable manner of our English engine drivers. The poor old Russian engine, a lumbering, wood burning thing, has had an immense distance to go, you see, and is no doubt so tired that it can scarcely drag itself and its heavy load of carriages into the haven where it would be. However, Percy's train crawled slowly and mournfully in at last, and out jumped Percy.

I could see at once by his radiant face and the pleased smile with which he greeted us that the dear old fellow had been successful, or believed himself to have succeeded, in his enterprise. I sprang to him and seized his hand.

"Well, old man," I murmured, scarcely able for excitement to articulate the words, "what luck?"

"The very best, as I sincerely believe!" said Percy, pressing my hand very hard. "I found the man, as I telegraphed, and I know where he lives and"

"Oh, is it father?" I blurted, a sort of black mist seeming to form before my eyes for very intensity of excitement.

"Dear old Boris, I firmly believe it is," said Percy. "I cannot say for certain, but there could hardly be another so like him that I could be mistaken about. He has no twin brother, has he?"

"Oh, no!" I murmured. "I think it must be he. But why, why?"—I did not finish my sentence. I believe I burst into tears and was hurried into the carriage by Percy and Borofsky. There were not very many people about, the train having been nearly empty. I hope there were few witnesses to my weakness.

Borofsky took up the conversation in the carriage. "So you think it is really the count?" he began. "Tell me, did you get a snap shot?"

"I got three," said Percy with pride, "and was not caught at it. Twice, I



This is a hand camera," I said, "and I've just taken a snap shot."

know, he did not even see or notice me. The third time he looked straight at me and suspected me, I suppose, for he asked what I was doing.

"This is a hand camera," I said, "and I've just taken a snap shot of Marylebone church, with your kind permission." He only grunted and passed on." Percy paused and laughed.

"How did he talk English?" I asked.

"Rather brokenly—but that was all he said, so that I cannot judge very well."

"My father speaks perfectly, as you know," I said.

"It is nothing!" exclaimed Borofsky. "He would assume a foreign accent, supposing that he does not wish to be recognized as the count. Are the portraits successful?"

"The photos are not developed yet,"

replied Percy. "We'll do them together after dinner, or before, if there's time."

The developing of those three plates was an exciting operation. The printing from the negatives next morning was even more so. The prints represented a man whose dress and general appearance were plebeian and altogether unlike my dear patrician looking old father,

and the face—so far as I could see it from a portrait, and that a very small and not overclearly printed one—was my father's face. There was little or no doubt of it.

"Well?" said Borofsky, when I had made a prolonged and silent inspection of each of the three photos. "In a word, is it the count or is it not?"

"Heaven only knows," I murmured. "The clothes and the hat are things that father would never think of wearing."

"Do remember," said Borofsky, somewhat impatiently, "that if this is your father, he is—for reasons of his own which have nothing to do with us at this point of the investigation—disguised. The main question is not as to the clothes, but the man inside them. Is it your father or is it not? Go by the face. Is this the face of the count or another's?"

"If I must judge by the face alone," I said, "I should say this is a portrait of my father."

"Good!" exclaimed Borofsky. "And very good! I now propose that we show the portrait to the countess and obtain her confirmation of your opinion. When we have that, I shall know what next to do. Mr. Morris, you have done wonders and are to be congratulated. Speaking personally, you have no doubt that this man whose portrait you have taken so cleverly is the very Count Landrinof himself?"

"Personally I never felt any doubt about it until Count Boris pointed out that his father would never dress himself in this way, which is perfectly true."

"Ah, the clothes again!" said Borofsky. "You will not see that the count might desire to disguise himself."

"It is so unlike him to do so!" said Percy and I almost in one breath.

"Very likely. But is he any more accustomed to disappear suddenly without warning?" continued Borofsky pertinently. "A man who has done the one thing may do the other, both actions being, as you say, unlike him ordinarily."

There was no answer to this argument so far as my poor dazed brain could discern.

### CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNT'S CRIMINAL BROTHER.

There was a great surprise for me at least, in my mother's reception of the news, which it fell to Percy and myself to convey to her, that Percy, while in London, had seen one whom he believed to be my father, and had even photographed him and found out the house in which he was living. She fell on her knees and thanked God aloud for his mercies.

"I knew, I knew that my beloved was alive and that God would return him to us in his good time!" she sobbed. "You have seen him alive, dear Percy, and that is enough—the rest will all be clear one day, when my dear husband is restored to himself again—and to me. He has been poorly of late, Boris, but I never suspected that the malady was of this type, until—until that terrible day of his disappearance. I have feared that in some horrid spasm of temporary irresponsibility he might have—but God is merciful—he has been seen alive, all will be well."

My poor dear mother laughed and cried, and laughed again. She looked at the little photos and kissed them and said, "Oh, yes, there can be little doubt—but oh! poor dear, what a terrible suit of clothes and hat! Do you know what I think, Boris? the new tariffs have made a great difference of late in the profits of his iron works. He has been haunted by the idea that one day we shall be ruined, and this specter has driven him, for a little while, out of his senses, so that he has run away, poor dear soul, and dressed himself meanly in order to disguise himself from some imaginary creditors! Did he recognize and speak to you, Percy?"

"No, he did not, countess," said Percy dejectedly.

"There, it is all of a piece!" cried the mother. "He desires to remain disguised and unrecognized. I see it all, oh, how plainly!"

(To be Continued.)

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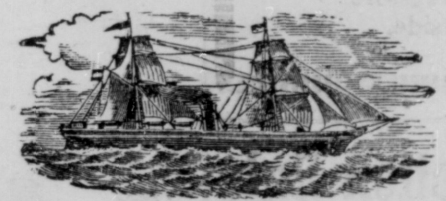
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