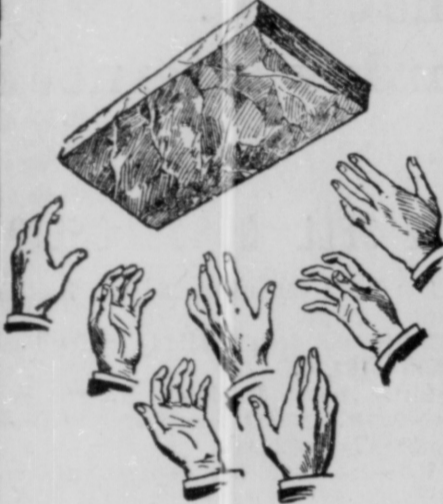


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Charlottetown Soap Works

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.

He took his meals at a restaurant in Tottenham Court road, Borofsky wrote. (I could not help laughing to hear this. Why, in the name of wonder, I thought, did father choose such a queer venue for a restaurant?) And it was at this place that Borofsky made his acquaintance. Having discovered father's weird eating house, Borofsky went one evening and dined there, choosing a table alongside that which father always occupied. (I am calling him "father" because both mother and I, and of course

Percy, were at this time quite agreed that the unknown was certainly my father and none other.)

Half way through dinner father came in and sat down at the table next to Borofsky, who presently started a conversation. Father began by being brusque and silent, but warmed up by degrees. They spoke in French, neither being proficient in English, but Borofsky, desiring to show that Russian was his natural language, suddenly upset the salt on purpose, uttering an exclamation of anger in Russian.

"Vni Kajetsya Russki!" ("Why, you're a Russian!") exclaimed father in surprise, and from that moment conversation was easy, and the unknown one became, in the joy of his heart to have met a compatriot, more communicative.

Borofsky introduced himself as a young Russian compelled, for political reasons, to seek an asylum outside his native country. The unknown one laughed at this.

"Ah," he said, "there are many in that position. I, too, might tell a tale, but that in this country—which is nevertheless the best in the world for those situated as some of us are—one never knows who are the bona fide politicians and who are the spies!"

Borofsky laughed with his companion at this sally and declared that if the stranger felt any compunctions as to confiding in him he at least need not return the compliment, for no one in his senses and with any elementary notion as to "who is who" would ever dream of mistaking for a spy so well known a personality as—the unknown himself.

"Do you mean to tell me you know who I am?" asked Borofsky's companion, scanning him suspiciously and freezing up a little.



In the old frontier days hundreds of pioneers were tortured and burned at the stake by cruel Indians. The tortures endured by these martyrs must have been something horrible. There are thousands of men to-day who are being slowly tortured to death at the stake of disease. Their bodies cry out but in a language that only the sufferers themselves can hear. When a man is suffering in this way his body cries out with an aching head, a sluggish body, muscles that are lax and lazy, a brain that is dull, a stomach that disdains food and nerves that will not rest.

A wise man will heed these warnings and will resort to the right remedy before it is too late. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the appetite keen and hearty. It invigorates the liver. It promotes the natural processes of secretion and excretion. It makes the digestion and assimilation perfect. It purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food. It tears down old and worn-out tissues and replaces them with the firm, muscular tissues of health. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It is the best nerve tonic. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, weak lungs, bronchitis, lingering coughs and kindred ailments. Found at all medicine stores. Accept no substitute that may be represented as "just as good." The "just as good" kind doesn't effect cures like the following:

"Twenty-five years ago eight different doctors told me that I would live but a short time, that I had consumption and must die," writes Geo. R. Coope, Esq., of Myers Valley, Pottawatomie Co., Kans. "I finally commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and am still in the land and among the living."

Don't suffer from constipation. Keep the body clean inside as well as outside. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and biliousness. They never gripe. All good dealers have them.

"Every one knows Count Landrinof!" said our acute little detective.

At this, wrote Borofsky, the count gave a great jump. Then he set down his knife and fork and began to laugh so that the table shook. "which shows," Borofsky commented, "that the count is not melancholy mad, whatever his ailment may be."

"Why," he said at last. "I did think I would pass unknown in these queer haunts, at any rate, but I suppose there are more people that know a big man like Landrinof than Landrinof knows." "There would be many to wonder why so big a man should have the fancy to live in these queer haunts, as your excellence calls them," said Borofsky, and the other replied that he was living in London strictly incog, in order to inquire privately into certain financial speculations in which he was engaged. "It cannot matter much to my friends at home whereabouts in London I pitch my tent," he added, and Borofsky agreed that every man was free to live where he liked.

"The countess would laugh to see a grandee of Russia dining in a restaurant in Tottenham Court road," he added.

"My wife has given me a holiday," laughed the count. "You needn't mention having seen me here. I wish my incognito strictly preserved."

"Better to have no address than one in the purlieus of Tottenham Court



The count gave a great jump, road, excellence," said Borofsky, laughing also. "But what if your friends should be seriously anxious, being ignorant of your whereabouts?"

At this the count froze up at once. "That is a matter which may be left to my friends and myself," he said coldly, and the conversation closed for the evening.

This was the extent of the letter, which the writer had evidently penned while in a condition of great excitement. "The count parted from me in some displeasure," ended Borofsky. "But all will be well, for I intend to improve our acquaintance at the first opportunity, and if I do not bring the count back within a fortnight you need never trust me again."

CHAPTER XI. DETECTIVE'S LIFE IN PERIL.

Borofsky's letter was the source of much thought and of much agitated conversation among our little party of three, for, though it seemed indeed to establish the fact that he had seen my dear father himself, yet it did little toward elucidating the painful mystery of his disappearance or the still more painful and bewildering mystery of his silence.

Here was father obviously a free agent and able if he chose to write home with explanations of his absence, yet he preferred to live a secret and semi-hidden life in a slummy, or at least third rate, quarter of London. He was free and living alone. Those rascals who had carried him off from Erinofka and conveyed him over the frontier and away were no longer with him. He was out of their power. But, if out of their power, why did he not return or write? Had they some mysterious hold upon him, forbidding him under pain of sudden death—a death such as had befallen the unfortunate little talebearer at Erinofka—to communicate in any way whatever with those who were familiar with him at home?

"No," said I heartily, when this theory was put forward by Percy, "certainly not. Father would never tamely submit to such a thing. Once out of their hands and free to do as he liked, father would soon find means to turn the tables on the rascals, blackmailers or whatever they may be, and it is quite possible, if they exist at all in connection with this affair, that they are blackmailers."

"What would they blackmail your father for?" asked Percy quite indignantly. "He is not at all the man to have a skeleton in the cupboard that he is afraid to show to all the world."

"Quite true," I said, "but there's

to say, who would murder someone, they exist, may have been that it and are three—of which heaven knows what I do not pay up some huge sum of money. But even this doesn't explain his silence or his mysterious journey to London, either, unless he has some other raise funds. But he would have no other know as soon as he was free of an cocksure of it."

"Unless they have driven him out of his senses for the time being," mother sighed.

"No, mother," I said, "I'll tell you what I think. I've come to the conclusion that those Erinofka rascals have nothing whatever to do with it or with us. Their affair was merely a coincidence as regards father and his disappearance. They were there, granted, and they were up to some game which needed secrecy and even murdered a man who divulged their secret, but the dragged man (I conclude he was dragged) or the sick man was not father. We thought we had struck a trail, but it was a false scent."

"God grant it, dear Boris," said mother, "for I cannot bear to think of your father having fallen into such hands. But why have you come to this conclusion?"

"For two reasons—one is that if these fellows had any good reason for bagging father and carrying him away they would not have let him go free as they have done, and the other is that, as I have said, now father is free and we know that he is. If his silence and disappearance and all had been brought about by these people, he would certainly communicate with us. There must be another reason for his flight. These Erinofka fellows had nothing to do with it."

Yet, neither I nor mother nor Percy could put forth any good theory to replace the old one, and the situation remained unchanged and the mystery unsolved. We must await further developments from the other side of the water, and trust to Borofsky's talent and exertions to bring light into our dark places, and this he could only do by restoring poor father to his right mind and persuading him to return to us.

I think I should have set out myself, presently, in order to see father and find out, in person, what ailed him and whether an appeal from me, and in mother's name, would restore him to reason, but a few days later we had a second and a very exciting letter from Borofsky.

"I have met with astonishing success since my last letter," he wrote, "though not without much patience and some personal risk."

"Personal risk!" echoed mother, interrupting me as I read aloud.

"Then those rascals are still hanging about. May God protect dear Vladimir and also this poor Borofsky!"

I, too, had been surprised to see the expression used—"personal risk." I continued to read the letter aloud:

"The count, at our last interview, had suddenly closed the conversation, angrily giving me to understand that he considered my last remark a liberty. He rose from the table, bowed and left the restaurant, I following a minute later. The count returned home. I saw him to his lodgings and I re-entered my own, which were nearly opposite, and wrote and posted my letter."

(To be Continued.)

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To understand Bright's Disease is to know that in its advanced stages it is past the reach of human aid. The cells of the kidneys undergo a wasting change, which leaves them dead so far as performing their functions is concerned. Just think of having the kidneys dead. Think of the poisons left in the system when these organs could no longer perform their duties as filters of the blood.

It would be difficult to conceive of anything more dreadful, and yet this is the goal to which every case of neglected kidney disease must lead.

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