

The Great Impersonation

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

(Continued from Saturday.)
"A person of the name of Miller has arrived here, sir," he announced, from Newbern. He is, I understand a foreigner of some sort, who has recently landed in this country. I found it a little difficult to understand him, but her Highness's maid conversed with him in German, and I understand that he either is or brings you a message from a certain Doctor Schmidt with whom you were acquainted in Africa."

The waiting while the blow of that moment, and Dominey sitting round and stood at attention. His behaviour was perfectly normal. He let a hen pheasant pass over his head, and brought down a cork from very near the limit distance. He related before he turned to Parkins.
"Is this person in a hurry?" he said.
"By no means, sir," the man replied. "I told him that you would not be back until three or four o'clock, and he is quite ready to wait."

Dominey nodded.
"Look after him yourself then, Parkins," he directed. "We shall not be shooting him today. Very likely I will send Mr. Seaman to talk to him."
The man raised his hat respectfully and turned back towards the house. Caroline was watching her companion curiously.

"Do you find many of our acquaintances in Africa look you up, Everard?" she asked.
"Except for Seaman," Dominey replied, looking through the barrels of his gun. "With really does not count because we crossed together, this is my first visitor from the land of fortune. I expect there will be plenty of them by and by, though. Colonial has a wonderful habit of sticking to one another."

CHAPTER XXI.

There was nothing in the least alarming about the appearance of Mr. Ludwig Miller. He had been exceedingly well entertained in the butler's private sitting-room and had the air of having done full justice to the hospitality which had been offered him. He rose to his feet at Dominey's entrance and stood at attention. But for some slight indications of military training, he would have passed any where as a highly respectable retired tradesman.

"Se Everard Dominey?" he enquired.
Dominey nodded assent. "That is my name. Have I seen you before?"
The man shook his head. "I am a cousin of Doctor Schmidt. I arrived in the Colony from Rhodesia, after your Excellency had left."

"And how is the doctor?"
"My cousin is, as always, busy but in excellent health," was the reply. "He sends his respectful compliments and his good wishes. Also this letter." With a little flourish the man produced an envelope addressed to Dominey Hall, in the County of Norfolk, England.

Dominey broke the seal just as Seaman entered.
"A messenger here from Doctor Schmidt, an acquaintance of mine in East Africa," he announced. "Mr. Seaman came home from South Africa with me," he explained to his visitor.

The two men looked steadily into each other's eyes. Dominey watched them, fascinated. Neither betrayed himself by even the fall of an eyelid. Yet Dominey, his perceptive powers as their very keenest in this moment which instinct told him was one of crisis, felt the palpation, unbroken and unbroken, passed between them. Some commonplace remark was uttered and responded to. Dominey read the few lines which seemed to take him back for a moment to another world.

"Honored and Honorable Sir,
"I send you my heartiest and most respectful greetings. Of the progress of all matters here you will learn from another source."
"I recommend to your notice and kindness my cousin, the bearer of this letter—Mr. Ludwig Miller. He will say before you certain circumstances of which it is advisable for you to have knowledge. You may speak freely with him. He is in all respects to be trusted."
(Sgd.) "KARL SCHMIDT."

"Your cousin is a little mysterious," Dominey remarked, as he passed the letter to Seaman. "Come, what about these circumstances?"
Ludwig Miller looked around the little room and then at Seaman. Dominey affected to misunderstand his hesitation.

"Our friend here knows everything," he declared. "You can speak to him as to myself."
The man began as one who has a story to tell.
"My cousin here is to warn you," he said, "that the Englishman whom you left for dead at Big Bend, on the banks of the Blue River, has been heard of in another part of Africa."
Dominey shook his head incredulously.
"I hope you have not come all the way to tell me that! The man was dead."
"My cousin himself," Miller continued, "was based to convince. The man left his equipment with whiskey enough to kill him, that's enough to drink it all, and no food."
"So I found him," Dominey asserted, "discovered by his boys and ravine. To silence him forever was a child's task."
"The task, however, was unperformed," the other persisted. "From three places in the Colony he has been heard of, struggling to make his way to the coast."
"Does he call himself by his own name?" Dominey asked.

"He does not," Miller admitted. "My cousin, however, desired me to point out to you the fact that in any case he would probably be shy of doing so. He is behaving in an absurd manner; he is in a very weak state; and without a doubt he is to some degree insane. Nevertheless, the fact remains that he is in the Colony, or was three months ago, and that if he succeeds in reaching the coast you may at any time be surprised by a visit from him here. I am sent to warn you in order that you may take what steps may be necessary and not be placed at a disadvantage if he should appear."
"This is queer news you have brought us, Miller," Seaman said thoughtfully.

"It is news which greatly disturbs Doctor Schmidt," the man replied. "He has had the natives up one after the other for cross-examination. Nothing can shake their story."
"If we believed it," Seaman continued, "this other European, if he had business in this direction, might walk in here at any moment."
"It was in vain you of that possibility that I am here."

"How much do you know personally, Seaman asked, of the existent circumstances?"
The man shook his head vaguely. "I know nothing," he admitted. "I went out to East Africa some years ago, and I have been a trader in Mozambique in a small way. I supplied outfits for the coast and the hinterland. Afterwards he changed his mind. He wrote only those few lines I brought, but he told me those other things."
"You have remembered all that he told you?" Dominey asked.
"I can think of nothing else," was the reply, after a moment's pause. "The whole affair has been a great mystery to Doctor Schmidt. There are all things connected with it which he has never understood, things connected with it which he has always found mysterious."

"Hence your presence here, Johann Wolff, eh?" Seaman asked, in an altered tone.
The visitor's expression remained unchanged except for the faint smile which showed out of his blue eyes.
"Johann Wolff," he repeated. "That is not my name. I am Ludwig Miller, and I know nothing of the matter here, except what I have told you. I am just a messenger."
"Once in Vienna and twice in Cracow, my friends, we have met," Seaman reminded him softly but very insistently.
The other shook his head gently. "A mistake. I have been in Vienna once, many years ago, but Cracow never."
"You have no idea with whom you are talking?"
"Herr Seaman was the name, I understand."

"It is a very good name," Seaman scoffed. "Look here and think." He unfastened his coat and waistcoat and displayed a plain vest of chambray leather. Attached to the left-hand side of it was a bronze decoration, with a star and a number. Miller stared at it blankly, and shook his head.
"Information Department, Bureau Twelve, password—The Day is coming," Seaman continued, dropping his voice.
His listener shook his head and smiled with the puzzled ignorance of a child.
"The gentleman mistakes me for some one else," he replied. "I know nothing of these things."
Seaman studied the obstinate visitor for several minutes without speaking, his finger tips pressed together, his eyebrows gently contracted. His vis-a-vis endured this scrutiny without flinching, calm, phlegmatic, the very prototype of the bourgeois German of the tradesman class.
"Do you propose," Dominey enquired, "to stay in these parts long?"
"One or two days—a week, perhaps," was the indifferent answer. "I have a cousin in Norwich who makes toys. I love the English country. I spend my holiday here, perhaps."
"Just so," Seaman muttered grimly. "The English country under a foot of snow! Do you have nothing more to say to me, Johann Wolff?"
"I have executed my mission to his Excellency," was the apologetic reply. "I am sorry to have caused displeasure to you, Herr Seaman."
Seaman laid his hand on his forehead. He had already turned towards the door.
"You will spend the night here, of course, Mr. Miller?" he invited.
"I dare say, Seaman would like to have another talk with you in the morning."
"I shall gladly spend the night here, your Excellency," was the polite reply. "I do not think that I have anything to say, however, which would interest your friend."
"You are making a great mistake, Wolff," Seaman declared angrily. "I am your superior in the Service, and your attitude towards me is indecent."
"If the gentleman would only be here," the culprit begged, "that he is mistaking me for some one else!"
There was trouble in Seaman's face as the two men made their way to the front of the house and troble in his tone as he answered his companion's query.
"What do you think of that fellow and his visit?"
"I do not know yet what to think, but there is a great deal that I know," Seaman replied gravely. "The man is a spy, a favorite in the Wilhelmstrasse and only made use of on important occasions. His name is Wolff—Johann Wolff."
"And this story of his?"
"You ought to be the best judge of that."
"I am," Dominey asserted confidently. "Without the shadow of a doubt I threw the body of the man I killed into the Blue River and watched it sink."
"Then the story is a fake," Seaman decided. "For some reason or other we have come under the suspicion of our own secret service."
Seaman, as they emerged into the hall, was summoned imperiously by her side by the Princess Elderstrom. Dominey disappeared for a moment and returned presently, having discarded some of his soaked shooting garments. He was followed by his valet, bearing a note upon a silver tray.
"From the person in Mr. Parkins's room—to Mr. Seaman, sir," the man announced, in a low tone.
Dominey took it from the valet with a little nod. Then he turned to where the youngest and most frivolous of his guests was in the act of rising from the table.
"A game of tennis, Eddy," he proposed.

"They tell me that pool is one of your great accomplishments," he said.
"I'm pretty useful," the young man confessed, with a satisfied chuckle. "Give you a break at snooker, what?"
Dominey took his arm and led him into the billiard-room.
"You will give me nothing, young fellow," he replied. "Set them up, and I will show you how I make a living for two months at Johannesburg!"

CHAPTER XXII.

The evening at Dominey Hall was practically a repetition of the previous one, with a different set of guests from the other world. After dinner, Dominey was absent for a few minutes and returned with Rosemond upon his arm. She received the congratulations of her neighbors charmingly, and a little court soon gathered around her. Doctor Harrison, who had been dining, remained upon her outside, listening to her light-hearted and at times almost brilliant chatter with grave and watchful interest. Dominey, satisfied that she was being entertained, obeyed Teralloff's gesture and strode with him to a distant corner of the hall.
"Let me now, my dear host," the Prince began, with some eagerness in his tone, "continue and, I trust, conclude the conversation to which all that I said this morning was merely the prelude."
"I am entirely at your service," murmured his host.

"I have tried to make you understand that from my own point of view—and I am in a position to know something—the fear of war between this country and our own has passed. England is willing to make all reasonable sacrifices to ensure peace. She wants peace, she intends peace, she will maintain, my young friend, it is better for you to disappear at once from this false position."
"I am sincerely my own master," Dominey replied. "You yourself must know that. I am here as a servant under orders."
"Join your protest with mine," the Prince suggested. "I will make a report directly I get back to London. To my mind, the matter is urgent. If anything should lead to the discovery of your false position in this country, the friendship between us which has become a real pleasure to me must seriously undermine my own position."

Dominey had risen to his feet and was standing on the hearth, in front of a fire of blazing logs. The Ambassador was sitting with crossed legs in a comfortable easy-chair, smoking one of the long, thin cigars which were his particular fancy.
"Your Excellency," Dominey said, "there is just one fallacy in all that you have said."
"A fallacy?"
"You have come to the absolute conclusion," Dominey continued, "that because England wants peace there will be peace. I am of Seaman's mind. I believe in the ultimate power of the military party of Germany. I believe that in time they will thrust their will upon the Kaiser, if he is not at the present moment secretly in league with them."
"If I shared that belief with you, my friend," the Ambassador said quietly, "I should consider my position here one of disaster. My master is at peace, and my charge is from the Kaiser's lips."
Stephanie, with the air of one a little weary of the conversation, broke away from a distant group and came towards them. Her beautiful eyes seemed tired, she moved listlessly, and she even spoke with less than her usual assurance.
"Am I disturbing a serious conversation?" she asked. "Send me away if I am."
"His Excellency and I," Dominey observed, "have reached a cul-de-sac in our argument—the blank wall of good-natured but fundamental disagreement."
"Then I shall claim you for a while," Stephanie declared, taking Dominey's arm. "Lady Dominey has attracted all the men to her circle, and I am lonely."
The Prince bowed.
"I deny the out-of-date," he said, "but I yield our host! I shall seek my opponent at billiards."
He turned away and Stephanie sank into his vacant place.
"So you and my cousin," she remarked, in the same room for Berlin. "So far as I am concerned, I have never met any one, of any nation, whose character I admire more."
"Maurice lives his life listlessly. He is one of the few great aristocrats I have met who carries his nobility of birth into his simplest thought and action. There is just one thing," she added, "which would break his heart."
"And that?"
"The subject upon which you two disagreed—the war between Germany and this country."
"The Prince is an idealist," Dominey said. "Sometimes I wonder why he was sent here, why he did not send some one of a more intriguing character."
She shrugged her shoulders.
"You agree with that Frenchman," she observed, "that no ambassador can remain a gentleman—politically."
"Well, I have never been a diplomat, so I cannot say," Dominey replied.

"The Young Idea.
(Ever Heard This?
A small boy, asked to name the four seasons, replied: "Pepper, salt, mustard and vinegar." Another, asked for the principal gases, said: "Oxygen and Cambriden."

A girl who doesn't know one card from another may be an adept at holding hands.

Furness Line
From London To London
Via Halifax Via Halifax
July 31—S. S. Comino Aug. 20

Manchester Line
From Manchester To Philadelphia
Via Montreal and Manchester
July 15—S. S. Man. Exchange Aug. 5

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OPTIONAL ROUTES VIA
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MARITIME PROVINCES TO WINNIPEG VIA QUEBEC.

City	Time	A.T.	Sa.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
Lv. Sydney	7.00 a.m.
Lv. Charlottetown	8.10 a.m.
Lv. St. John	9.00 a.m.
Lv. Moncton	10.05 p.m.
Lv. Quebec	5.20 p.m.
Ar. Winnipeg	6.00 p.m.

TRAIN EQUIPMENT.—Standard sleeping and dining cars between Halifax, and Lewis (Quebec), Observation Parlor Car and Dining car between Quebec and Winnipeg; Tourist Sleeper between Cochrane and Winnipeg; Colonist car between Cochrane and Winnipeg.

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THE MARITIME PROVINCES.—PACIFIC COAST.
VIA MONTREAL, OTTAWA, PORT ARTHUR, FORT WILLIAM.

City	Time	A.T.	Sa.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
Lv. Montreal	6.10 p.m.
Ar. Port Arthur	7.15 a.m.
Lv. Winnipeg	7.00 a.m.
Ar. Vancouver	8.00 p.m.

TRAIN EQUIPMENT.—Standard sleeping and dining cars between Sydney, Halifax, Montreal and Montreal—Montreal and Winnipeg; Cafe Parlor car between Montreal and Sault Ste. Marie; Observation car between Montreal and Winnipeg.

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GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, MONCTON, N. B.

MAINE NEWS

Monday, August 16.
Arrived Saturday.
S.S. Governor Dingled from Boston and Maine ports.
Sailed Saturday.
S.S. Governor Dingley for Boston.

CANADIAN PORTS.
Halifax, Aug. 13.—Ard str Comino, London; Lewiston, Chbarburg; Watika, Santiago; Caronia, Liverpool.
Said—Str Julius Keesler, Cuba; Taw Custodian, Montreal.

Montreal, Aug. 13.—Ard str Gaw Thorpe, Liverpool.
Said—Str Pretorian, Glasgow; Scotlan, London; Santa Andrew, Naples; Manchester Corporation, Manchester; Andria, Gibraltar for Italy; Eastside, Helsinki, Helsinki.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 14.—Ard str Arizona, from Yokohama.
Campbellton, Aug. 12.—Ard str Shandon, 1847, McCutcheon, Manchester G. B.; sch Harris (Dan), 148, Harris, Coleraine, Ire.; sch Cape D'Or, 373, C. Wilkie, Pictou, N. S.

Old, Aug. 12, str Shandon, 1847, McCutcheon, for Manchester, Eng., with full cargo saws spruce lumber, sch Harris (Dan), 148, Harris, for Coleraine, Ire., with full cargo sawn spruce lumber.

Cargo On Fire
Cape Town, Aug. 14.—A radio message received here today from the British steamer Kaduna, which arrived at Cape Town August 4 from Montreal, and later sailed for other South African ports, indicates that the cargo in hold No. 3 was on fire.
The message added that the vessel was steaming toward Simonstons, twenty miles south of Cape Town.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Ties" will be received at this office until twelve o'clock noon, Tuesday, 31st day of August, for 1,500,000 Railway Ties to be made and delivered between December 1st, 1920 and November 1st, 1921, in accordance with The Specification No. 2354, dated March 18th, 1919.

400,000 to be delivered on Transcontinental (District 5) south of the St. Lawrence River.
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