

The RETURN of TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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are its object. And so I am perfectly content to remain forever the son of Kala, the ape, who reared me after my own mother died."

"I do not admire you the less for your loyalty," said D'Arnot, "but the time will come when you will be glad to claim your own. You must bear in mind that Professor Porter and Mr. Philander are the only people in the world who can swear that the little skeleton found in the cabin with those of your father and mother was that of an infant anthropoid ape and not the offspring of Lord and Lady Greystoke. That evidence is most important. They are both old men. They may not live many years longer. And then did it not occur to you that once Miss Porter knew the truth she would break her engagement with Clayton? You might easily have your title, your estates and the woman you love, Tarzan. Had you not thought of that?"

Tarzan shook his head. "You do not know her," he said. "Nothing could bind her closer to her bargain than some misfortune to Clayton. She is from an old southern family in America, and southerners pride themselves upon their loyalty."

Tarzan spent the two following weeks renewing his former brief acquaintance with Paris. In the daytime he haunted the libraries and picture galleries. He learned what he could by day and threw himself into a search for relaxation and amusement at night. Nor did he find Paris a whit less fertile field for his nocturnal avocation.

He was sitting in a music hall one evening sipping his absinth and admiring the art of a certain famous Russian dancer when he caught a passing glimpse of a pair of evil black eyes upon him. He had had the uncanny feeling for some time that he was being watched, and it was in response to this animal instinct that he was strong within him that he had turned suddenly and surprised the eyes in the very act of watching him.

Before he left the music hall the matter had been forgotten, nor did he notice the swarthy individual who stepped deeper into the shadows of an opposite doorway as Tarzan emerged from the brilliantly lighted amusement hall.

As he turned in the direction he was accustomed to taking from this part of Paris to his apartments the watcher across the street ran from his hiding place and hurried on ahead at a rapid pace.

Tarzan had been wont to traverse the Rue Maile on his way home at night. Because it was very quiet and very dark it reminded him more of his beloved African jungle than did the noisy and garish streets surrounding it. If you are familiar with your Paris you will recall the narrow, forbidding precincts of the Rue Maile. If you are not you need but ask the police about it to learn that in all Paris there is no street to which you should give a wider berth after dark.

On this night Tarzan had gone two squares through the dense shadows of the small old tenements which line the dismal way when he was attracted by screams and cries for help from the third floor of an opposite building. The voice was a woman's. Before the echoes of her first cries had died Tarzan was bounding up the stairs and through the dark corridors to her rescue.

At the end of the corridor as the third landing a door stood slightly ajar, and from within Tarzan heard again the same appeal that had lured him from the street. Another instant found him in the center of a dimly lighted room. An oil lamp burned upon a high, old-fashioned mantel, casting its dim rays over a dozen repulsive figures. All but one were men. The other was a woman of about thirty. Her face, marked by low passions and dissipation, might once have been lovely. She stood with one hand at her throat, crouching against the farther wall.

"Help, monsieur," she cried in a low voice as Tarzan entered the room; "they were killing me."

As Tarzan turned toward the men about him he saw the crafty, evil faces of habitual criminals. He wondered that they had made no effort to escape. A movement behind caused him to turn. Two things his eyes saw, and one of them caused him considerable wonderment. A man was sneaking stealthily from the room, and in the brief glance that Tarzan had of him he saw that he was Rokoff.

But the other thing that he saw was of more immediate interest. It was a great brute of a fellow tiptoeing upon him from behind with a huge bludgeon in his hand, and then as the man and his confederates saw that he was discovered there was a concerted rush upon Tarzan from all sides. Some of the men drew knives, others picked up chairs, while the fellow with the bludge-

mightily swung that would have crushed Tarzan's head had it ever descended upon it.

But the brain and the agility and the muscles that had coped with the mighty strength and cruel craftiness of Sabor and Numa in the fastness of their savage jungle were not to be so easily subdued as these apaches of Paris had believed.

Selecting his most formidable antagonist, the fellow with the bludgeon, Tarzan charged full upon him, dodging the falling weapon and catching the man a terrific blow on the point of the chin that felled him in his tracks. Then he turned upon the others. This was sport. He was reveling in the joy of battle and the lust of blood.

At the end of the corridor without stood Rokoff, waiting the outcome of the affair. He wished to be sure that Tarzan was dead before he left, but it was not a part of his plan to be one of those within the room when the murder occurred.

The woman still stood where she had when Tarzan entered, but her face had undergone a number of changes with the few minutes which had elapsed. From the semblance of distress which it had worn when Tarzan first saw it had changed to one of craftiness as he had wheeled to meet the attack from behind; but the change Tarzan had not seen.

Later an expression of surprise and then one of horror superseded the others. And who may wonder. For the immaculate gentleman, her cries had lured to what was to have been his death had been suddenly metamorphosed into a demon of revenge. Instead of soft muscles and a weak resistance she was looking upon a veritable Hercules gone mad.

"Mon Dieu!" she cried. "He is a beast!" for the strong, white teeth of the ape-man had found the throat of



He Was in a Dozen Places at Once.

one of his assailants, and Tarzan fought as he had learned to fight with the great bull apes of the tribe of Kerkak.

He was in a dozen places at once, leaping hither and thither about the room in sinuous bounds that reminded the woman of a panther she had seen at the zoo. Now a wrist bone snapped in his iron grip, now a shoulder was wrenched from its socket as he forced a victim's arm backward and upward. With shrieks of pain the men escaped into the hallway as quickly as they could, but even before the first one staggered, bleeding and broken, from the room Rokoff had seen enough to convince him that Tarzan would not be the one to be dead in that house this night, and so the Russian had hastened to a nearby den and telephoned the police that a man was committing murder on the third floor of Rue Maile, 27.

When the officers arrived they found three men groaning on the floor, a frightened woman lying upon a filthy bed, her face buried in her arms, and what appeared to be a well-dressed young gentleman standing in the center of the room awaiting the reinforcements which he had thought the footsteps of the officers hurrying up the stairway had announced, but they were mistaken in the last. It was a wild beast that looked upon them through those narrowed lids and steel gray eyes. With the smell of blood the last vestige of civilization had deserted Tarzan, and now he stood at bay, like a lion surrounded by hunters, awaiting the next overt act and crouching to charge its author.

"What has happened here?" asked one of the policemen.

Tarzan explained briefly, but when he turned to the woman for confirmation of his statement he was appalled by her reply.

"He lies!" she screamed shrilly, addressing the policemen. "He came to my room while I was alone, and for no good purpose. When I refused him he would have killed me had not my screams attracted those gentlemen, who were passing the house at the time. He is a devil, monsieur. Alone he has all but killed ten men with his bare hands and his teeth."

So shocked was Tarzan by her ingratitude that for a moment he was struck dumb. The police were inclined to be a little skeptical, for they had had other dealings with this same lady and her lovely coterie of gentleman friends. However, they were policemen, not judges, so they decided to place all the inmates of the room un-

der arrest and let another, whose business it was, separate the innocent from the guilty.

But they found that it was one thing to tell this well-dressed young man that he was under arrest, but quite another to enforce it. One of them advanced to lay his hand upon Tarzan's shoulder. An instant later he lay crumpled in a corner of the room, and then, as his comrades rushed in upon the ape-man, they experienced a taste of what the apaches had but recently gone through. So quickly and so roughly did he handle them that they had not even an opportunity to draw their revolvers.

During the brief fight Tarzan had noted the open window and beyond the stem of a tree or a telegraph pole, he could not tell which. As the last officer went down one of his fellows succeeded in drawing his revolver and from where he lay on the floor fired at Tarzan.

The shot missed, and before the man could fire again Tarzan had swept the lamp from the mantel and plunged the room in darkness.

The next they saw was a lithe form springing to the all of the open window and leap panther-like on to the pole across the walk. When the police gathered themselves together and reached the street their prisoner was nowhere to be seen.

They did not handle the woman and the men who had not escaped any too gently when they took them to the station. They were a very sore and humiliated detail of police.

The officer who had remained in the street swore that no one had leaped from the window or left the building from the time they entered until they had come out. His comrades thought that he lied, but they could not prove it.

When Tarzan found himself clinging to the pole outside the window he followed his jungle instinct and looked down for enemies before he ventured below. It was well he did, for just beneath him stood a policeman. Above Tarzan saw no one, so he went up instead of down.

The top of the pole was opposite the roof of the building. So it was but the work of an instant for the muscles that had for years sent him hurtling through the treetops of his primeval forest to carry him across the little space between the pole and the roof. From one building he went to another, and so on, with much climbing, until at a cross street he discovered another pole, down which he ran to the ground.

For a square or two he ran swiftly. Then he turned into a little all night cafe and in the lavatory removed the evidences of his overrope promenade from hands and clothes. When he emerged a few moments later it was to saunter slowly on toward his apartments.

Not far from them he came to a well-lighted boulevard which it was necessary to cross. As he stood directly beneath a brilliant arc light, waiting for a limousine that was approaching to pass him, he heard his name called in a sweet feminine voice. Looking up, he met the smiling eyes of Olga de Coude as she leaned forward upon the back seat of the machine. He bowed very low in response to her friendly greeting. When he straightened up the machine had borne her away.

"Rokoff and the Countess de Coude both in the same evening," he soliloquized; "Paris is not so large, after all."

CHAPTER IV.

The Countess Explains.

"YOUR Paris is more dangerous than my savage jungles, Paul," concluded Tarzan, after narrating his adventures to his friend the morning following his encounter with the apaches and police in the Rue Maile. "Why did they lure me there? Were they hungry?"

D'Arnot feligned a horrified shudder, but he laughed at the quaint suggestion.

"Well," said he, "among other things it has taught you what I have been unable to impress upon you, that the Rue Maile is a good place to avoid after dark."

"On the contrary," replied Tarzan, with a smile, "it has convinced me that it is the one worth while street in all Paris. Never again shall I miss an opportunity to traverse it, for it has given me the first real entertainment I have had since I left Africa."

"It may give you more than you will sellish even without another visit," said D'Arnot. "You are not through with the police yet, remember. I know the Paris police well enough to assure you that they will not soon forget what you did to them. Sooner or later they will get you, my dear Tarzan, and then they will lock the wild man of the woods up behind iron bars. How will you like that?"

"They will never lock Tarzan of the Apes behind iron bars," replied he grimly. There was something in the man's voice as he said it that caused D'Arnot to look up sharply at his friend. What he saw in the set jaw and the cold, gray eyes made the young Frenchman very apprehensive for this great child, who could recognize no physical prowess. He saw that something must be done to set Tarzan right with the police before another encounter was possible.

"You have much to learn, Tarzan," he said gravely. "The law of man must be respected whether you relish it or no. Nothing but trouble can come to you and your friends should you persist in defying the police. I can explain it to them once for you, and that I shall do this very day, but hereafter you must obey the law. If its representatives say, 'Come! you must come; if they say, 'Go! you must go. Now we shall go to my great

friend in the department and fix up this matter of the Rue Maile. Come!'"

Together they entered the office of the police official a half hour later. He was very cordial. He remembered Tarzan from the visit the two had made him several months prior in the matter of the finger prints. Having heard Tarzan's story, he assured him that no harm would come to him from the police as a result of his night's adventure.

On their return to D'Arnot's apartments the lieutenant found a letter awaiting him from an English friend, William Cecil Clayton, Lord Grey-stoké. The two had maintained a correspondence since the birth of their friendship on that ill-fated expedition in search of Jane Porter after her theft by Terkoz, the bull ape, from whom she had been rescued by Tarzan.

"They are to be married in London in about two months," said D'Arnot as he completed his perusal of the letter. Tarzan did not need to be told who was meant by "they." He made no reply, but he was very quiet and thoughtful during the balance of the day.

That evening they attended the opera. Tarzan's mind was still occupied by his gloomy thoughts. He paid little or no attention to what was transpiring upon the stage. Instead, he saw only the lovely vision of a beautiful American girl and heard naught but a sad, sweet voice acknowledging that his love was returned. And she was to marry another!

He shook himself to be rid of his unwelcome thoughts, and at the same instant he felt eyes upon him. With the instinct that was his by virtue of training he looked up squarely into the eyes that were looking at him to find that they were shining from the smiling face of Olga, Countess de Coude. As Tarzan returned her bow he was positive that there was an invitation in her look, almost a plea.

The next intermission found him beside her in her box.

"I have so much wished to see you," she was saying. "It has troubled me not a little to think that after the services you rendered to both my husband and myself no adequate explanation was ever made you of what must have seemed ingratitude on our part in not taking the necessary steps to prevent a repetition of the attacks upon us by those two men."

"You wrong me," replied Tarzan. "My thoughts of you have been only the most pleasant. You must not feel that any explanation is due me. Have they annoyed you further?"

"They never cease," she replied sadly. "I feel that I must tell some one, and I do not know another who so deserves an explanation as you. You must permit me to do so. It may be of service to you, for I know Nikolai Rokoff quite well enough to be positive that you have not seen the last of him. He will find some means to be revenged upon you. I cannot tell you here, but tomorrow I shall be at home to M. Tarzan at 5."

"It will be an eternity until tomorrow at 5," he said as he bade her good night.

From a corner of the theater Rokoff and Paulvitch saw M. Tarzan in the box of the Countess de Coude, and both men smiled.

At 4:30 the following afternoon a swarthy, bearded man rang the bell at the servants' entrance of the palace of the Count de Coude. The footman who opened the door raised his eyebrows in recognition as he saw who stood without. A low conversation passed between the two.

At first the footman demurred from some proposition that the bearded one made, but an instant later something passed from the hand of the caller to the hand of the servant. Then the latter turned and led the visitor by a roundabout way to a little curtained alcove off the apartment in which the countess was wont to serve tea of an afternoon.

A half hour later Tarzan was ushered into the room, and presently his hostess, smiling, and with outstretched hands.

For a few moments they spoke of the opera, of the topics that were then occupying the attention of Paris, of the pleasure of renewing their brief acquaintance which had had its inception under such odd circumstances, and this brought them to the subject that was uppermost in the minds of both.

"You must have wondered," said the countess finally, "the object of Rokoff's persecution could be. It is very simple. The count is entrusted with many of the vital secrets of the ministry of war. He often has in his possession papers that foreign powers would give a fortune to possess—secrets of state that their agents would commit murder and worse than murder to learn."

"There is such a matter now in his possession that would make the fame and fortune of any Russian who could divulge it to his government. Rokoff and Paulvitch are Russian spies. They will stop at nothing to procure this information. The affair on the liner—I mean the matter of the card game—was for the purpose of blackmailing the knowledge they seek from my husband."

"Had he been convicted of cheating at cards his career would have been blighted. He would have had to leave the war department. He would have been socially ostracized. They intended to hold this club over him—the price of an avowal on their part that the count was but the victim of the plot of enemies who wished to besmirch his name was to have been the papers they seek."

"You thwarted them in this. Then they concocted the scheme whereby my reputation was to be the price instead of the count's. Was it not too horrible? But I happened to know

something of M. Paulvitch that would send him to the gallows in Russia if he were known by the police of St. Petersburg. I dared him to carry out his plan and then I leaned toward him and whispered a name in his ear. Like that—and she snapped her fingers—"he flew at my throat as a madman. He would have killed me had you not interfered."

"The brutes!" muttered Tarzan. "Why do you not turn the scoundrels over to the authorities? They should make quick work of them."

She hesitated for a moment before replying.

"There are two reasons," she said finally. "One of them is that keep the count from doing that very thing. The other, my real reason for fearing to expose them, I have never told—only Rokoff and I know it. I wonder why it is that I want to tell you the thing that I have not dared tell even to my husband. I believe that you would understand and that you could tell me the right course to follow. I believe that you would not judge me too harshly."

"I fear that I should prove a very poor judge, madame," Tarzan replied, "for if you had been guilty of murder I should say that the victim should be grateful to have met so sweet a fate."

"Oh, dear, no," she expostulated. "It is not so terrible as that. But first let me tell you the reason the count has for not prosecuting these men: then, if I can hold my courage, I shall tell you the real reason that I dare not."

"We are Russians. Nikolai has been a had man since I can remember. He was cashiered from the Russian army, in which he held a captaincy. There was a terrible scandal for a time, but after awhile it was partially forgotten and my father obtained a position for him in the secret service."

"There have been many terrible crimes laid at Nikolai's door, but he has always managed to escape punishment. Of late he has accomplished it by trumped up evidence convicting his victims of treason against the czar, and the Russian police, who are always only too ready to fasten guilt of this nature upon any and all, have accepted his version and exonerated him."

"Have not his attempted crimes against you and your husband forfeited whatever rights the bonds of kinship might have accorded him?" asked Tarzan. "The fact that you are his sister has not deterred him from seeking to besmirch your honor. You owe him no loyalty, madame."

"Ah, but there is that other reason. If I owe him no loyalty, though he be my brother, I cannot so easily disavow the fear I hold him in because of a certain episode in my life of which he is cognizant."

"I might as well tell you all," she resumed after a pause, "for I see that it is in my heart to tell you sooner or later. I was educated in a convent. While there I met a man whom I supposed to be a gentleman. I knew little of the nothing-about-men and less about love. I got it into my foolish head that I loved this man, and at his urgent request I ran away with him. We were to have been married."

"I was with him just three hours—all in the daytime and in public places—railroad stations and upon a train. When we reached our destination, where we were to have been married, two officers stepped up to my escort as we descended from the train and placed him under arrest. They took me also, but when I had told my story they did not detain me, other than to send me back to the convent under the care of a matron. It seemed that the man who had wooed me was no gentleman at all, but a deserter from the

army as well as a fugitive from civil justice. He had a police record in nearly every country in Europe."

"The matter was hushed up by the authorities of the convent. Not even my parents knew of it. But Nikolai met the man afterward and learned the whole story. Now he threatens to tell the count if I do not do just as he wishes me to."

Tarzan laughed. "You are still but a little girl. The story that you have told me cannot reflect in any way upon your reputation, and were you not a little girl at heart you would know it. Go to your husband tonight and tell him the whole story just as you have told it to me. Unless I am much mistaken he will laugh at you for your



She Found Herself Face to Face With Nikolai Rokoff.

fears and take immediate steps to put that precious brother of yours in prison, where he belongs."

"I only wish that I dared," she said, "but I am afraid."

As Tarzan was leaving her a short time later he wondered a little at the clinging pressure of her hand at parting and the firm insistence with which she exacted a promise from him that he would call again on the morrow.

As the countess turned back into the room after Tarzan's departure she found herself face to face with Nikolai Rokoff.

"How long have you been here?" she cried, shrinking away from him.

"Since before your lover came," he answered with a nasty leer.

"Stop!" she commanded. "How dare you say such a thing to me—your sister!"

"Well, my dear Olga, if he is not your lover accept my apologies, but it is no fault of yours that he is not."

The woman put her hands to her ears.

"I will not listen. You are wicked to say such things as that. No matter what you may threaten me with, you know that I am a good woman. After tonight you will not dare to annoy me, for I shall tell Baron all. He will understand, and then, M. Nikolai, beware!"

"You shall tell him nothing," said Rokoff. "I have this affair now, and with the help of one of my servants whom I may trust it will lack nothing in the telling when the time comes that the details of the sworn evidence shall be poured into your husband's ears. The other affair served its purpose well. We now have something tangible to work on, Olga. A real affair—and you a trusted wife. Shame, Olga!" And the brute laughed.

So the countess told her count nothing, and matters were worse than they had been. From a vague fear her mind was transferred to a very tangible one. It may be, too, that conscience helped to enlarge it out of all proportions.

CHAPTER V.

A Plot Against a Woman.

FOR a month Tarzan was a regular and very welcome devotee at the shrine of the beautiful Countess de Coude. Often he met other members of the select little coterie that dropped in for tea of an afternoon. More often Olga found devices that would give her an hour of Tarzan alone. She grew to speculate much upon the strange force which seemed to attract her toward the gray-eyed stranger. She did not wish to love him, nor did she wish his love. He was honorable and chivalrous. She trusted him she had felt instinctively from the first.

From a distance Rokoff had watched this growing intimacy with malicious glee. Ever since he had learned that Tarzan knew that he was a Russian spy there had been added to his hatred for the ape-man a great fear that he would expose him. He was but waiting now until the moment was propitious for a master stroke.

Tarzan was nearer to contentment than he had been since the peace and tranquility of his jungle life had been broken in upon by the advent of the marooned Porter party.

Sometimes D'Arnot accompanied him on his visits to the De Coude home, for he had long known both Olga and the count. Occasionally De Coude dropped in, but the multitudinous affairs of his official position and the never ending demands of politics kept him from home usually until late at night.

Rokoff spied upon Tarzan almost constantly, waiting for the chance that he should call at the De Coude palace at night, but in this he was doomed to disappointment.

Finding that it seemed impossible to trap Tarzan through any voluntary act of his own, Rokoff and Paulvitch put their heads together to hatch a plan that would trap the ape-man in all the circumstantial evidence of a compromising position.

For days they watched the papers as well as the movements of De Coude and Tarzan. At length they were rewarded. A morning paper made brief mention of a smoker that was to be given on the following evening by the German ambassador, De Coude's name was not absent from the invited guests. It was among these that the countess would be absent from his home until after midnight.

On the night of the banquet Paulvitch waited at the curb before the residence of the ambassador, where he could scan the face of each guest that arrived. He had not long to wait before De Coude descended from his car and passed him. That was enough. Paulvitch hastened back to his quarters, where Rokoff awaited him. There they waited until after 11, then Paulvitch took down the receiver of their telephone. He called the number of the apartments of Lieutenant D'Arnot.

"M. Tarzan?"

"Ah, yes, monsieur, this is Francois in the service of the Countess de Coude. Possibly monsieur does poor Francois the honor to recall him—yes?"

"Yes, monsieur. I have a message, an urgent message from the countess. She asks that you hasten to her at once—she is in trouble, monsieur."

Paulvitch hung up the receiver and turned to grin at Rokoff.

"It will take him thirty minutes to get there. If you reach the German ambassador's in fifteen De Coude should arrive at his home in about forty-five minutes. It all depends upon whether the fool will remain fifteen minutes after he finds that a trick has been played upon him, but unless I am mistaken Olga will be loath to let him go in so short a time as that. Here is the note for De Coude, hasten!"

Paulvitch lost no time in reaching the German ambassador's. At the door he handed the note to a footman. "This is for the Count de Coude. It is very urgent. You must see that it is placed in his hands at once," and he dropped a piece of silver into the willing hand of the servant. Then he returned to his quarters.

A moment later De Coude was apologizing to his host as he tore open the envelope. What he read left his face white and his hand trembling:

M. le Count de Coude—One who wishes to save the honor of your name takes this means to warn you that the sanctity of your home is this minute in jeopardy. A certain man who for months has been a constant visitor there during your absence is now with you. If you go at once to your countess' boudoir you will find them together. A FRIEND.

Twenty minutes after Paulvitch had called Tarzan, Rokoff obtained a connection with Olga's private line. Her maid answered the telephone, which was in the countess' boudoir.

"But madame has retired," said the maid in answer to Rokoff's request to speak with her.

"This is a very urgent message for the countess's ears," replied Rokoff. "Tell her that she must arise and slip something about her and come to the telephone. I shall call up again in five minutes." Then he hung up his receiver. A moment later Paulvitch entered.

"The count has the message?" asked Rokoff.

"He should be on his way to his home by now," replied Paulvitch.

"Good! My lady will be sitting in her boudoir, very much in negligee, about now. In a minute the faithful Jacques will escort M. Tarzan into her presence without announcing him. The count will break in upon a very pretty love scene in about fifteen minutes from now. I think we have planned marvellously, my dear Alexis. Let us go out and drink to the very good health of M. Tarzan in some of old Pisancon's unparalleled abetment, not forgetting that the Count de Coude is one of the best swordsmen in Paris and by far the best shot in all France."

When Tarzan reached Olga's Jacques was awaiting him at the entrance. "This way, monsieur," he said and led the way up the broad marble staircase. In another moment he had opened a door and, drawing aside a heavy curtain, obsequiously bowed Tarzan into a dimly lighted apartment. Then Jacques vanished.

Across the room from him Tarzan saw Olga seated before a little desk on which stood her telephone. She was tapping impatiently upon the polished surface of the desk. She had not heard him enter.

"Olga," he said, "what is wrong?"

She turned toward him with a little cry of alarm.

"Jean!" she cried. "What are you doing here? Who admitted you? What does it mean?"

Tarzan was thunderstruck, but in an instant he realized a part of the truth. "Then you did not send for me, Olga?"

"Send for you at this time of night? Jean, do you think that I am quite mad?"

"Francis telephoned me to come at once; that you were in trouble and wanted me."

"Francis? Who in the world is Francis? He spoke as though I should recall the fact."

"There is no one by that name in my employ. Some one has played a joke upon you, Jean," and Olga laughed.

"I fear that it may be a most sinister joke, Olga," he replied. "There is more back to it than humor."

"What do you mean? You do not think that?"

"Where is the count?" he interrupted.

"At the German ambassador's."

"This is another move by your estimable brother. Tomorrow the count will hear of it. He will question the servants. Everything will point to what Rokoff wishes the count to think."

"The scound