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AN ARTIST IN CRIME.

BY RODRIGUES OTTOLENGUI.

Author of "A Conflict of Evidence," "A Modern Wizard."

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CHAPTER VII--CONTINUED.

Left to himself Mr. Barnes' thoughts took this form:

"Wilson is no match for Mr. Mitchell. That is evident. I wonder whether there is any real object in this game of hide and seek, or whether it is simply an intimation to me that he cannot be shadowed. If the latter--well, we shall see. Now let me think about those jewels found in New Haven. They tally exactly with the description. Their discovery complicates the case once more. I had almost concluded that those in the safety vaults were the ones stolen and that as they really belong to Mr. Mitchell, as proved by his receipts, he stole them to win his wager. In this way he ran no risk, since if the crime were brought home to him, he could not be imprisoned, though he would lose the bet. Now here is another set, evidently the right ones. Mr. Mitchell was plainly surprised at eight of the list which I found. I am sure he did not know of its existence. Therefore he may equally well have known nothing about this duplicate set of jewels. In that case the occurrence of the train robbery on the very night of the wager may be simply a coincidence. He says that the dead woman was a blackmailer and that he gave her the address of his Paris jeweler. May he not have bought his set from that very man and may not this woman have stolen the duplicate set recently and brought them to this country? Plainly the Paris jeweler must be looked up. I have his name, which I copied from the bill of sale. If this line of argument is true, some one has followed this woman from France in order to rob her, after allowing her to accomplish the risky business of smuggling. Is that person our friend Thaurer? Along this line of argument we arrive at the conclusion that Mr. Mitchell has not yet committed his crime. He hinted that I should remember this if I should exculpate him from those already committed. But do I? Why did he show me that ruby and say that he meant to present it to his sweetheart? Will he give it to her and then rob her of it? If so, will she be in the plot and make a hue and cry, so that the papers may make a noise? That was a part of the agreement in making his bet. But, after all, what about that button? No explanation explains which does not throw a light upon that."

Here Mr. Barnes was interrupted by the announcement that Mr. Randolph wished to speak with him. It must be remembered that Mr. Randolph was not aware of the fact that the conversation in the sleeping car had been overheard. Brought face to face with Mr. Barnes, he felt confused and hesitated.

"Mr. Randolph, I believe," said the detective, glancing at the card which had been sent in. "Be seated. You have come to see me about this Mitchell case?" The rising inflection with which the last word was spoken seemed almost unnecessary to Mr. Randolph. For if the man could ask such a question he might as well have made it a positive statement. This assumption of knowledge made him more than ever confident of the skill of detectives, and especially of the one before him.

"You know that?" said he. "Would you mind telling me how?"

"We detectives are supposed to know everything, are we not?" This was said with an affable smile, but the answer plainly indicated that Mr. Barnes preferred not to be interrogated. Mr. Randolph therefore concluded to hurry through with his unpleasant business.

"Mr. Barnes, I have a confession to make, and--"

"I must interrupt you, to remind you that whatever you say is unsolicited, and that if you incriminate yourself the evidence will be used against you."

"Thank you for your warning, but I have come here that I may not be incriminated. The facts, in brief, are simply these. Then he narrated as accurately as he could recall them all the circumstances in connection with the wager. Mr. Barnes listened as though it was all a new story to him. He even jotted down a few notes on a bit of paper as though for reference. At the conclusion he said:

"This is a most astounding tale, Mr. Randolph. It is very difficult to believe that a man like Mr. Mitchell, who certainly seems to be a gentleman, would undertake to become a criminal simply to win a sum of money. Now you must have been thinking this over, and, if so, you have some explanation to offer. Would you mind telling it to me?"

"I should be glad to do so," Mr. Randolph spoke eagerly. In his heart he was fond of his friend, and therefore his theory was one which in a measure would excuse him. He was delighted to have the chance of confiding his views to the detective. "You see," he continued, "it is one of the most difficult things in the world to say who is and who is not perfectly sane. Some experts contend that nine-tenths of the people in the world are affected by mania in some form or other. I hold that any man who makes a collection of any kind of things, using them for other than their legitimate uses, is in a measure insane."

"Do you mean legally insane? That is to say, irresponsible?"

"As to responsibility, I cannot say. But I think such a mania might tempt a man to an illegal act. I must explain

my idea further. Postage stamps undoubtedly have a very important value. One who collects them after they have been canceled, paying many times their face value for them, is in my opinion somewhat crazy, since he pays a fictitious price for what has no intrinsic value."

"You might say the same thing of paintings. The intrinsic value represented in canvas and oil is little, yet thousands of dollars are paid for pictures."

"That, too, is an insanity, one, of course, which cannot be indulged in by any save the rich. But it is not the same as with the old stamp craze. Pictures remind us of nature and appeal to the senses of all mankind by recalling recollections brought into being by the scene presented. There is therefore a legitimate use for paintings, and a reasonable price as compensation for the work and genius of the artist is perhaps permissible. But should a man pay a fortune for a single canvas and then hang it in a room in his own house where it will be seen by few save himself, that man I should consider demented. So with jewels?"

"Ah! What of them?"

"Jewels have a market value, and a place in the world. But when a man goes about buying up every magnificent specimen that can be found, and then locks his treasures up in a safe, he is simply a crazy man pure and simple."

"What has all this to do with the case in hand?"

"Everything. My friend is a crank on the subject of jewels. Sensible and entertaining on any other topic, if you mention the name of any kind of jewel he is off in a minute, giving a long history of this or that celebrated stone. His special craze in this connection is to relate the crimes that have surrounded every stone of any great price. He has made my blood curdle at his ghastly tales of cruel ruder, committed to gain possession of diamonds and rubies."

"Then your conclusion is that by filling his mind with such thoughts he may have accustomed himself to the idea of crime in connection with jewels?"

"Exactly. The worst of it is that we may become habituated to anything. For instance, all ordinary men are abashed in the presence of the dead. No matter how strong minded a man may be or how much he may scoff at the idea of ghosts and the like, he will prefer company if he must sit up with a corpse. More than that, the slightest sound in the room, as the moving of the ice in the icebox, will cause a shiver to pass through him. Yet physicians who study frequently in the dissecting room come to have that contempt of a dead body that a butcher has for the meat which he sells."

"Your argument is not bad, Mr. Randolph. It is not impossible that your friend might be generous and gentle and yet with a mania for the possession of jewels, and with the knowledge of all the crimes that have been committed to gain them, the temptation to kill or steal would perhaps become overpowering, where his passion sees an opportunity to be satisfied. It is an odd world."

"Do you think that in a case of that kind the man would be excusable on the plea of mania? Legally, I mean?"

"Well, no, I do not! Psychologically, I admit that you may be correct, and I can sympathize with a man who became a criminal in such a way. But legally he would be culpable. At least I think so. The question to be answered is, Did your friend steal those jewels? You slept with him that night. What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think. He could not have left the berth without climbing over me, and, though I sleep soundly, that ought to have awakened me. Then besides, if he did get out and take the things, where could he have hidden them, and how did they get to New Haven? By the way, I suppose you have the description of the man who left the satchel at the hotel? Does it tally with that of my friend?"

"I can't say. It is rather vague. The clerk says the man was of medium size, with red hair and beard, while the porter who saw him also is equally positive that he had black hair and no beard. The last fits Mr. Mitchell better than the first, but it is a description which would do as well for 1,000 men found in a walk along Broadway."

"I almost think that after all the thief is some one else."

"Let us hope so, Mr. Randolph. I will say this much, if there is any comfort in it for you. At present there is not enough evidence against him to warrant his arrest."

The detective said this with a purpose. By relieving this man's mind he hoped to make him more communicative. After a pause he asked:

"You have known Mr. Mitchell for a number of years, I believe?"

"No, not more than a year and a half. He has not been in New York two years."

"Oh! I see. A Boston man?"

"No, I think he came from New Orleans."

A curious sensation passed over Mr. Barnes. There is a superstitious belief, much esteemed by many, that a shudder or chill of this character means that

some one is walking over the spot where the person affected is to be buried. Therefore an uncanny thought accompanied it. With Mr. Barnes it is different. He is free from all such notions, yet insensibly he is moved when this occurs to him, because it has so often happened that at the time he just hit upon a clue. Therefore he stopped to consider. All that Mr. Randolph had said was that Mr. Mitchell, he thought, had come from New Orleans. In a moment it flashed across Mr. Barnes' mind that the dead woman had told him that she had lived in New Orleans. Was there any significance in this fact? Did the man and the woman know each other in the southern city?

"How do you know that he is a southerner?" asked Mr. Barnes.

"Oh, that was easily discovered by his accent," replied Mr. Randolph. "Besides, he claims to be from the south, though I think he is rather inclined not to speak of his home. I have an indistinct recollection of his telling me once that he was born in New Orleans and that he had some painful recollections of the place. That is the only time that he ever alluded to it, however."

"I would like to ask you a question about another man, Mr. Randolph. I wonder whether you have met him. His name is Thaurer."

"Alphonse Thaurer? Yes, I know him, and I do not like him."

"Why not?"

"I don't exactly know. Perhaps it is only a prejudice. Still we are apt to form quick estimates of men, and I have distrusted this man from the first instant that I met him."

"Distrusted him?"

"Yes. I may be entirely wrong, and perhaps I should not tell you the story, but I will do so. It was at one of my clubs about two weeks ago. Some gentlemen were playing whist, and then Thaurer was of the number. Others were looking on. The stakes were small; still there was money up. Thaurer and his partner seemed to have a great deal of luck. Ordinarily, of course, two packs are used, but for some reason there was but one that night, so that the bottom card would be the trump. Now it is pretty well known that as the cards run in whist, each trick containing four of a suit mainly, it is a mathe-

matical certainty that if the pack is shuffled twice only, and the dealer is skillful enough to handle the pack so that the two halves split each other exactly both times, the result will be that the majority of trumps will go to himself and partner. Cutting does not alter this fact at all. Now what I observed was that Thaurer dealt in that way every time. He and his partner won about \$200 during the evening. I think he cheated."

"Who was his partner?"

"I do not know."

"Was Mr. Mitchell present that night?"

"Yes, and agreed with me that the man is a card sharp. Yet of course we may be doing him an injustice. After all we only know that he shuffled his cards twice, and played in good luck. I have since seen him lose at the same game."

"Well, I am much indebted to you, Mr. Randolph, for the information which you have given me. I will say that if I can prove that your friend had no hand in this affair I shall be most happy."

The detective arose and Mr. Randolph accepted the action as a hint that he was dismissed. After his departure Mr. Barnes sat down again. In his mind he wondered whether this partner in the card game might have been the accomplice of Thaurer in the jewel robbery, and whether he was the man who left the jewels in the hotel at New Haven. Why he should have done so, however, was a mystery.

A few minutes later Mr. Barnes left the building and walked rapidly toward Third avenue, where he took the elevated road, getting out at Seventy-sixth street. Going eastward a few houses, he rang the bell of one, and was shown into a modestly furnished parlor. A few minutes later a comely young woman of about 24 or 25 entered. The two talked together in low tones for some time, and then the girl left the room, returning in street attire. Together they left the house.

Four days later Mr. Barnes received a note which simply said, "Come up." He seemed to understand it, however, and was quickly on his way to the house on Seventy-sixth street. Once more the girl joined him in the parlor.

"Well," said Mr. Barnes, "have you succeeded?"

"Why, of course," replied the girl. "You never knew me to make a failure, did you? You don't class me with Wilson, I hope?"

"Never mind about Wilson; tell me your story."

"Very good. Don't be impatient. You know me. I take my own way of

doing things. Well, you left me in Madison Square park. I sat on a bench and watched Wilson. Two hours later a man came out of the hotel and Wilson followed him. It made me laugh to see the gawk skulking along in the rear. He's no artist. Why, any booby could tell in a minute that he was on the trail."

"I told you to omit remarks about Wilson."

"I know, but I choose to tell you about him, because I make you appreciate me more. So there he was chasing after your man Mitchell. You see I have found out his name. You didn't tell me, but that could not trouble me long, you know. It was real fun. One minute Wilson would be actually running to keep up, and all of a sudden Mitchell would stop so short that Wilson would almost bump into him. Of course he knows Wilson by this time, and just has fun with him. I wanted to get one good square look at him myself. I jumped on a car and reached Third avenue ahead of them. I ran up stairs to the platform of the elevated station and hid in the waiting room. Soon up came Mitchell, and away he goes to the end of the platform. Wilson stopped in the middle and tried to look natural, which, of course, he didn't. When the train came along, I got aboard and walked through till I found my man, and down I sat right opposite to him. I just studied his face, you bet."

"Yes, miss, and he studied yours. You are a goose, and you disobeyed orders. I told you not to let that keen devil see you at all."

"That's all right. It came out straight enough. At Forty-second street he got out, and so did Wilson, and so didn't I."

"Why not?"

"Because then he might have suspected me. No, sir; I rode on up to Forty-seventh street, crossed over, took a train down, and was waiting in the station when Mitchell came along the second time. This time he was alone, evidently having eluded Wilson at Thirty-fourth street. He took the down train. So did I, this time keeping out of sight. He went straight to his lay, and I after him. It is a house in Irving place. Here is the number." She handed a card to Mr. Barnes.

"You have done well," said he, taking it. "But why did you not report to me at once?"

"I am not through yet. When I take up a case, I go to the end of it. Do you suppose I would track that man and then let you turn Wilson on him again? Not much. Next day I called at the house and rang the bell. A servant girl opened the door. I asked to see the mistress. She asked what I wanted, and I told her that I had been sent for to take a situation. She looked surprised, because, of course, she had not been notified that she was to be discharged. I quickly went on to say that I would not like to make her lose her place, and asked what sort of people they were who lived in the house. I got her talking and soon found out that it is a kind of private boarding school, and that there is a child there, a girl of 14, named Rose Mitchell, and that your man is her father. How does that strike you?"

"My girl, you are a genius. But still you knew this the day before yesterday. Why did you not report?"

"I went down again yesterday to try to learn more. I sat out in the park and watched the young girls when they came out for an airing. I could not find a chance to speak to the girl, but I found out which is she by hearing the others call her name. I had my camera along, and I took her portrait for you. What do you say now? Have I wasted my time?"

"Not at all. You are clever, but you will never be great, because you are too conceited. However, I have nothing but praise for you this time. Get me the picture."

The girl went up stairs and returned with a small, rather dim photograph of a young, pretty girl, and gave it to Mr. Barnes. About half an hour later he left the house.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A HERO IN KNICKERBOCKERS.—A little boy's heroism was tested not long ago through a mistake. A gentleman in a country town proposed to drive with his wife to the beautiful cemetery beside the river beyond the town.

Calling his son, a bright boy some 4 years old, he told him to get ready to accompany them. The child's face fell, and the father said:

"Don't you want to go, Willie?"

The little lip quivered; but the child answered:

"Yes, papa, if you wish."

The child was strangely silent during the drive, and when the carriage drove under the wide archway, he clung to his mother's side, and looked up into her face with pathetic wistfulness.

The party alighted, and walked among the graves and along the tree-shadowed avenues, looking at the inscriptions on the last resting places of the dwellers in the beautiful city of the dead.

After an hour so spent they returned to the carriage, and the father lifted in his little son.

The child looked surprised, drew a breath of relief, and asked:

"Why, am I going back with you?"

"Of course you are. Why not?"

"I thought that when they took little boys to the cemetery they left them there," said the child.

Many a man does not show the heroism in the face of death that the child evinced in what to him had evidently been a summons to leave the world.

Miscellaneous Reading.

SCORED BY McLAURIN.

Hot Shot For Pearson--Defense of South Carolina and of Tillman.

The heated controversy that occurred between Colonel Talbert, of South Carolina, and Mr. Pearson, of North Carolina, was published last Friday. It seems that during his speech, Pearson referred to Tillman as an anarchist, and made some slighting remarks about South Carolina. Next day Mr. McLaurin took the matter up and in a five minutes' speech, scored Representative Pearson unmercifully. The following is excerpted from The Congressional Record:

The gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Pearson] refers in bitter terms to a speech made by Senator Tillman in the senate as "hoisting the red flag of anarchy or the black flag of dynamite in this country," and as trying "to carry us over into a new secession movement." I am not here to answer for Senator Tillman; he is fully capable of taking care of himself; but, sir, it would have been better had some senator possessed the nerve and courage to reply in an arena where he could be fully answered, not behind these walls and through the eloquent mouth of the gentleman from North Carolina. In my State, when I thought Senator Tillman wrong I have said so, and opposed him; when I thought him right, I defended him. Let me tell the gentleman from North Carolina that the manner in which this speech is received is an omen of trouble.

Those awful words were but the echo of unexpressed thought in the bosoms of millions of American citizens. Instead of referring to Senator Tillman as an anarchist, let my friend turn his abuse upon those who render it possible for such utterances, to go unchallenged in the United States senate. I was present, sir, and witnessed the shock to "senatorial dignity," and when all eyes turned toward the "David" from New York he failed to produce his "slings" and smooth rocks which have slayed so many Goliaths. There are all sorts of anarchists in this country; the poor devil shivering with cold at a switch crossing, the maniac in the legislative gallery, and the fat, round, anarchist, robed in power, who, by changing the unit of value, has robbed the toiler of his just reward, and the producer of the fruits of his labor.

Oppression and extortion in high places breed the most disastrous forms of anarchism. Rid us of this class and the former will disappear and the upper house recover its normal "senatorial dignity," which of late has been so rudely disturbed. [Laughter and applause.]

TILLMAN AND COXEY.

They Meet in Washington and Swap Experiences.

Washington Post, Saturday.

Senator B. R. Tillman and General Jacob S. Coxey were introduced to each other in the lobby of the senate yesterday afternoon. For the next 10 minutes one couldn't hear anything but the sound of the machinery. At the expiration of that time the entente cordiale had been spilled all over the floor and the statesmen were saying politely sarcastic things to one another.

It all started out with Tillman's recent speech. The senator is proud of that speech, and proposes to have about 2,000,000 copies of it printed. If the postoffice authorities do not prohibit its passage through the mails for statutory reasons, Uncle Sam will have to carry it free under the Tillman frank.

The senator told all of this to the leader of the commonwealth army, and was predicting several surprising things which would result from the farmer's perusal of The Speech.

"I don't know," said Coxey, with a faraway look in his eyes. "After I spoke before the finance committee I printed and circulated over half a million copies of my speech, 'Cause and Cure.' It cost me an awful lot of money."

"The people are going to buy MY speech," responded Mr. Tillman.

"Are they?" inquired Mr. Coxey. "If you had tried to sell things around this country half as hard as I have, you'd change your mind about that."

"No, I wouldn't," answered Mr. Tillman, stoutly, as he nudged the door of the chamber open with his foot. "Do you see that desk in there? See that pile of letters? Well, that's from people who commend my speech. That's just one mail."

"Yes, I know," replied the unimpressed general. "That's just the sort of mail I used to get when I was in jail. The chief thing I noticed about it was that it didn't get me out. I got some thousands of letters, but there are 70,000,000 people in this land."

"Every one of whom read my speech," inserted Mr. Tillman. "Here's a good specimen of their comment."

Mr. Tillman fished out a letter and handed it to Mr. Coxey. "That is from Indianapolis. Read it," he said.

"Well, this seems to be about the hottest roast I ever read," commented Coxey after reading a few lines, "and it's from Philadelphia."

Mr. Tillman looked grieved. "I guess I gave you the wrong letter," he said. "I get a few of those, but they don't hurt me."

"Well, they hurt me a whole lot," said Mr. Coxey, ruefully, "and I'm only just getting over it. Now you take that editorial. What sort of an idea are the readers of that paper going

to get of you? They are going to get the same idea of you that they had of me, and you can't get away from it. It seems to me your speech is going to drive away the very people we want to attract."

Apparently the "we" hurt the senator, for he stiffened perceptibly. "There is very little unfavorable comment," he suggested.

"You didn't see the Pittsburg and Philadelphia papers I guess," suggested Mr. Coxey.

"You can't trust newspapers," answered the senator. "Look how they had the people scared about you and your army. Nobody scared a cent when they saw you."

Coxey rallied gamely and deftly countered with his belated non-interest bond plan.

"The trouble about your speech is that it doesn't suggest any remedy," said Mr. Coxey. "Now I have a remedy that will wipe out this evil you talk about, and bring wealth, peace, and prosperity to the nation. I would wipe out all interest--"

"You can't abolish interest," said Mr. Tillman, positively.

"And you can't pass the silver bill," retorted Mr. Coxey. "It requires the law in both cases. Why, the government has abolished interest as far as furnishing money to the national banker is concerned. All the money the national banks get from the government they get without interest. Now, why should not the government furnish money direct to all the people without interest by setting the idle and unemployed people to work on public improvements?"

This shot was fired at a muzzle velocity of 98,768,549 feet a second, and it carried the South Carolina senator back into the chamber.

THREE GOOD BUSINESS HINTS.—Lloyd's Commercial Guide gives the following advice to its readers:

Never sign a paper without reading it; and if, after reading, you do not understand it, have it thoroughly explained before you put a signature to it. It is best to get some third person who is not interested in the matter at all, to explain the meaning of what is not clear, or point out words that may have two meanings in the document.

Always make a memorandum in your little book of any contract you undertake for money or any agreement to work. It saves much trouble to keep a memorandum book and put down the dates you either pay or receive money. Whenever money passes on account, set it down. If any money or thing of value passes through your hands, give a receipt for it, and make a memorandum. Your receipt settles the amount that passes, and that cannot be disputed. When you pass it to a third party, get a receipt and keep it. This form is as important in the transfer of income, trust money or valuables among your own family as with other persons.

Never allow a third person to do any service for you without first agreeing upon the cost to you. This rule, strictly adhered to, will save you many annoyances.

ANECDOTE OF LINCOLN.—John Wanamaker, at a dinner party given by the Philadelphia Association of Underwriters, told the following story of Abraham Lincoln: "While at Washington it came under my notice in the postoffice department that Abraham Lincoln in his early life had been postmaster at a small Ohio town. In the changes that took place the office was consolidated with Salem, and the man twice wanted for president was for once not wanted for postmaster. Years afterward it was discovered that no settlement had reached Washington of the affairs of that little postoffice. A visit was made to Mr. Lincoln and the case stated, when the always great man rose from his desk, and walked over to a chest of drawers and took out a bundle of papers, among them an envelope containing \$17 and some cents, the exact sum in identical money of the government safely in keeping until called for. As he handed it over to the agent of the postoffice department, he said: 'There it is. I never use any other man's money.'"

DON'T USE BIG WORDS.—In promulgating your esoteric cognitions, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let all conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensiveness, coalescent consistency and a concatenated cogency. Eschew conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittacous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent vapidities. Shun double entendres, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscure or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely, truthfully. Keep from "slang"; don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say. And do not use big words!—Journal of Education.

Asbestos towels are among the curiosities of the day. When dirty it is only necessary to throw them into a redhot fire, and after a few minutes draw them out fresh and clean.