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## AN ARTIST IN CRIME.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### MR. BARNES GOES SOUTH.

Mr. Barnes now began some researches into the past history of Mr. Alphonse Thaurat. Obtaining the date of his first registry at the Hoffman House, he found that to be about a month before the train robbery occurred. Finding the expressman who had brought his baggage to the hotel, it transpired that it had been taken from an English steamer, yet the name Thaurat did not appear upon the list of passengers. As it was certain, however, that the man must have arrived by the ship it was evident that Thaurat was an alias. Mr. Barnes copied the ship's list for future reference. A search for the name Rose Mitchell was fruitless, though extended to the passenger lists of all arriving steamers for two months prior to the murder.

Believing that Mr. Thaurat must have some communication with foreign friends and hoping to obtain some clew by the postmarks of any such letters, Mr. Barnes arranged an espionage of the man's mail. But though the hotel clerk reported to him daily for several weeks there was not one foreign letter. As to money, Mr. Thaurat appeared to be well supplied, paying his board bills promptly with checks upon a neighboring national bank, in which it was ascertained that he had deposited to his credit several thousand dollars.

Thus after a long investigation Mr. Barnes was chagrined to admit that he had discovered nothing save that Mr. Thaurat had come across the ocean under an assumed name, and even this meager knowledge was a mere matter of inference.

Though baffled in this direction Mr. Barnes had been more successful in another effort which he essayed. This was a line of investigation which he inaugurated hoping to discover the whereabouts of the child Rose Mitchell, who was so skillfully kept in hiding. He had first instructed Lucette as to the part she was to play, and that young woman, anxious once more to stand well with her employer, had exerted herself to her utmost, entirely succeeding in her mission. This was to obtain some of the writing of the child. "Go to the house again," Mr. Barnes had suggested, "and get into conversation with that same servant who met you at the door on your first visit. Then in some manner obtain a specimen of the child's writing. An old copybook would be just the thing." Lucette carried out these instructions to the letter, and by bribing the servant girl at the school obtained exactly what the detective had suggested, a copybook in which little Rose Mitchell had practiced writing.

Armed with this, and selecting a specimen which seemed best suited to his purpose, Mr. Barnes next bribed the mailboy at the Fifth Avenue hotel to examine all letters addressed to Mr. Mitchell until he should find one in the same hand. It was not until early in March that this patient work resulted in success. Then one day the boy reported to Mr. Barnes that the expected letter had at length arrived. The postmark indicated that it had been mailed at East Orange, N. J.

"So that is where the little bird is hidden," said Mr. Barnes to himself when this information reached him. Summoning Lucette, he sent her to East Orange with these instructions:

"Now, my girl, I'll give you another chance to redeem yourself. You are to go to East Orange and find that child. The most promising plan is through the postoffice. I will give you a note to the postmaster that will aid you. Should a letter be sent to the child either by Mitchell himself or by Miss Remsen, you will learn of it through the postmaster. The rest of course will be simple."

"But suppose," said Lucette, "that the child's letters are directed under cover to the parties with whom she is living? What then?"

"Why, stupid, that is what I send you down there for. As the postmaster is an acquaintance of mine I could get the address, should it reach him, without having you there. But that is only a faint hope. We know that the child is in East Orange. East Orange has just so many houses. You must examine every one, if necessary. Now go, and if you don't find the child I have no further need of you. I give you this commission partly as a chance to redeem your other mistake and partly because you have seen the child once and could recognize her."

"I'll find her," said Lucette, and she departed.

A week later Mr. Barnes was in New Orleans, where he devoted himself to discovering, if possible, the early histories of Mr. Mitchell and the murdered woman. Weeks passed, and he made no progress.

One morning in the latter part of April he was feeling somewhat dependent over his ill success, when, as he glanced listlessly through The Picayune the following paragraph caught his eye:

"Mr. Barnes, the celebrated New York detective, is in the city and stopping at the St. Charles hotel. It is believed that he is in search of a desperate criminal, and probably the news loving world will soon be treated to one of the

famous detective's clever elucidations of some mysterious crime."

This both annoyed and puzzled Mr. Barnes. He had not told any one his true name and could not guess how the reporters had found his identity. While he was thinking of it a card was brought to him which bore the name, "Richard Sefton."

He directed that the gentleman should be shown to his room, and soon after a man of about 35, with dark complexion, black hair and keen hazel eyes, entered, bowing politely and saying:

"This is Mr. Barnes, I believe."

"Be seated, Mr. Sefton," said Mr. Barnes coldly, "and then tell me why you believe me to be Mr. Barnes, when I registered as James Morton."

"I do not believe you to be Mr. Barnes," said the other, coolly seating himself. "I was inaccurate in using that expression. I know that you are Mr. Barnes."

"Oh! You do! And how, pray, do you know that I am Mr. Barnes?"

"Because it is my business to know people. I am a detective like yourself. I have come to help you."

"You have come to help me! You are very kind, I am sure. But since you are so very clever, perhaps you would not mind telling me how you know that I need help and in what direction?"

"With pleasure. You need help because, pardon my saying it, you are working on a case in which time is precious to you, and you have already wasted about six weeks. I say wasted, because you have learned nothing that will aid you in your search."

"In my search for what?"

"Mr. Barnes, you are not overcordial. There should be some fraternal courtesy between us. I have come to you as a friend, honestly wishing to aid you. I have known that you were in the city for some time. I have heard of you, of course. Who in our business has not? Therefore I have spent a great deal of spare time watching you. I did so simply to notice and perhaps to learn something from your methods. In this way I became acquainted with the fact, first, that you are interested in the name Mitchell, and, secondly, in the name Leroy. I have simply put the two together and jumped to the conclusion that you are trying to learn something about Leroy Mitchell. Am I right?"

"Before I reply to you, Mr. Sefton, I must have more assurance of your good will and responsibility. How do I know that you are a detective at all?"

"Quite right! Here is my badge. I am in the department here."

"Very well so far, but now how can you prove that you have any good reason for assisting me?"

"You are a hard man to help, I declare. Why, what object but a friendly one can I have?"

"I am not prepared to answer that at present. Perhaps I shall be able to do so later."

"Oh, very well! You can look me up all you want to. I can stand it, I assure you. But, really, I did want to help, though of course I have no right to intrude. As you say you do not need me, why I?"

"I did not say that I would not accept your aid. You must not think me ungracious. I am simply a detective, and careful from habit. I certainly should not speak confidentially to a man that I meet for the first time, and so disclose any of my own purposes. But it is different with you. You must have had a definite idea by which you expect to give me assistance or you would not have come here. If you are earnest and honest, I see no reason why you should not disclose the main purpose of your visit at once."

"If only to prove my honesty I will do so. I believe you are looking for Leroy Mitchell. If so, I can tell you how to find him in a few hours, or, at the worst, in a day or two."

"You know of a Leroy Mitchell who is now in this city?"

"I do. He is over in Algiers, a worker in one of the carhouses. He is a common, drunken brute, and that is the only reason why there would be any difficulty about finding him. When he is sober, he is easy to see, but as soon as he gets some money he is off on another spree."

"Do you know of a woman of the name of Rose Mitchell?"

"Certainly--that is, I did know such a woman once. But she has not been in New Orleans for years. At one time any one could have given you her address. I see now that this man is the one whom you want, for once he passed as this woman's husband."

"You are sure of this?"

"Positive."

"When and where can I see this man?"

"He works in the shops of the Louisiana and Texas railroad, over in Algiers. You can find him through the foreman."

"Mr. Sefton, it may be that you have given me information which will be of service to me. If so, you will not regret it. I will myself examine into the matter. For the present, if I do not make a confidant of you, you must attribute it to caution rather than to distrust."

"Oh, I am not easily offended. I would act in the same manner in your place. But you will find that I am your friend. You can count on me to aid you on demand. I won't trouble you again

till you send for me. A note to headquarters will reach me quickest. Good morning."

"Good morning, Mr. Sefton, and thank you," Mr. Barnes extended his hand, feeling that perhaps he had been unnecessarily discourteous.

Mr. Sefton took it with that genial smile of friendship so common to the native southerner.

Left alone, Mr. Barnes at once prepared for a trip to Algiers, determined not to let any more time be lost. He reached the shops just after the men had knocked off for luncheon. The foreman, however, told him that Leroy Mitchell had been at work in the morning, so he waited patiently.

When the men came back to resume work, the foreman pointed out a man who he said was Leroy Mitchell. The fellow had a bad face, and if ever he was a gentleman he had sunk so low through drink that no evidence of it remained in his appearance. Mr. Barnes went up to him and asked when he could have a talk with him.

"Now, if you pay for it," replied the man insolently.

"What do you mean?" asked the detective.

"Just what I say," said the other. "We get our pay here by the hour, and if you want my time, why, you'll have to pay for it at union rates." And he laughed as though a good joke had been propounded.

"Then," said Mr. Barnes, taking in the kind of a man with whom he had to deal, "I'll engage you on a job that I have for you and pay you double wages as long as I use you."

"Now you are talking," said the fellow. "Where'll we go?"

"I think I'll take you to my hotel." And thither they proceeded. Up in his own room again Mr. Barnes felt at ease, while his companion certainly made himself comfortable, selecting a rocking chair and putting his feet up on the window sill.

"Now then," began Mr. Barnes, "I want to ask you a few questions. Are you prepared to answer them?"

"That will depend on what they are. If you don't ask impertinent questions or ones that I think I ought to get more than double wages for answering--why, I am with you."

"In the first place, then, are you willing to say whether you ever knew a woman who called herself Rose Mitchell?"

"Well, rather. I lived with her till she broke me."

"Do you know where she is now?"

"I don't, and I don't care to."

"Suppose I were to tell you that she is dead, and that she had left \$100,000 which is unclaimed?"

The man jumped to his feet as though shot and stood staring at the detective. He gave a long, low whistle, and a keen, tricky gleam came into his eye, which Mr. Barnes noted. At length he spoke:

"Are you giving me this straight?"

"I am telling you the truth. The woman is dead, and that amount of property is where I can get it for the man who can prove that he is entitled to it."

"And who would that be?" He waited eagerly for the reply, and Mr. Barnes saw that he was playing trump cards.

"Why, Mr. Mitchell, that is what I am down here for. You see, I thought the party would be willing to pay me a good commission for proving him the heir, and that is why I am hunting him up. I started out with the idea that I might find her husband. He would have a claim."

"I see," saying which, he sat down and seemed lost in thought. The detective deemed it well to wait for him to speak again, which he did.

"See here," he exclaimed. "How much do you want for getting this money for me?"

"I cannot get it at all unless you are the woman's husband," replied the detective.

"Well, I am her husband. Didn't I tell you I lived with her till she broke me?"

"Yes, but are you legally married to her?"

"Why, to be sure. Don't I tell you I am her husband?"

"Then, in the name of the law, I arrest you," said Mr. Barnes, suddenly rising and standing over the man.

"A rest me," said the fellow, jumping up, pale with fright. "What for?"

"Rose Mitchell has been murdered, and the man who killed her has confessed that he was hired to do it by you."

"He's a blasted liar."

"I hope so for your sake. But as you admit that you are her husband, you are the man we are looking for. I'll have to take you to New York."

"You certainly would not refuse to help me convict her murderer." As he expected, the last word brought him back.

"Murderer? Did you mean to intimate that she has been murdered?" Saying this he stopped for a second, and then slowly returned and sat down again.

"Rose Montalbon was murdered in New York some months ago. I believe that I am on the track of the guilty man. Will you aid me?"

"That depends upon circumstances. You say the woman is dead. That alters my position in this matter very much. I had reasons, good ones to me, for refusing to converse with you on this subject. But if the woman is dead the objections vanish." Mr. Barnes thought he understood. Here was one of those who had been ruled by fear, as Chambers had said.

"What I want from you, Mr. Neully, is very simple. You either can or you cannot give me the information that I wish. Did you know a man named Leroy Mitchell who was at one time this woman's husband?"

"I knew him very well. He was a scoundrel of the deepest dye, for all that he had the manners of the polished gentleman."

"Do you know what became of him?"

"No; he left this city suddenly and has never returned."

"Did you know little Rose Mitchell?"

"Many a time has she sat upon my knee. This man was her father. He wronged one of the sweetest little girls that ever lived."

"You knew this girl? Knew her name?"

"I did."

"What was it?"

"That is a secret I have guarded for too many years to be willing to yield it now to a stranger. You must show me good reasons for giving it to you before I tell it."

"I will explain. This man Mitchell is now in New York. He is about to marry a sweet, good woman. Yet I think that he murdered Rose Montalbon, or Mitchell, to get her out of his way. I think that she was blackmailing him. Besides, he has his child with him."

Mr. Neully started up and paced the room for some time, much agitated. Finally he stopped and said:

"You say he has the child with him?"

"Yes. Here is her likeness." He handed Mr. Neully the photograph made by Lucette.

Mr. Neully looked at it, muttered "very like, very like!" then remained silent for some moments; finally he said:

"And you think he murdered this woman, Montalbon?"

"I do."

"It would be terrible to hang that child's father. What dishonor! What dishonor! But justice is justice!" He seemed to be talking rather to himself than to Mr. Barnes. Suddenly he turned and said:

"I cannot tell you the name for which you ask. But I will go with you to New York, and if this story of yours is true I will move heaven and earth to see justice done. That villain must not ruin another young life."

"Good," exclaimed the detective, delighted with the result of his visit.

"One more point, Mr. Neully. What do you know of the existence of another Mr. Leroy Mitchell?"

"I never met him, though I knew of him. There was a mystery about that which I never could unravel. I think that he loved this same girl. At any rate, shortly after she died he lost his reason, and is now in an insane asylum. Of course he cannot help us."

Mr. Barnes, after arranging where to meet Mr. Neully, returned to the St. Charles to make his own preparations for going north. Up in his room he found Chambers awaiting him.

"Well," said the detective, "what have you learned?"

"Nothing that will please you, I am sorry to say. Only I have found the other Mitchell. He is a lunatic in an asylum out in the suburbs. But the fellow up north is your man sure. This one, they say, went crazy because his sweetheart gave him the mitten."

"Did you find out the woman's name?"

"I could not do that. It seems as carefully hidden as though it was a state secret. That gives you an insight into what the creole pride is."

"Very well. I think you have worked for me faithfully. Here is a \$100 bill. Will that satisfy you?"

"Perfectly. I wish you luck."

An hour later a telegram was handed to Mr. Barnes, which read:

Have found the child. LUCETTE.

In the afternoon Mr. Barnes started for New York accompanied by Mr. Neully. That same night Mr. Robert Leroy Mitchell received a telegram which read:

Barnes off for New York. Has old Neully with him. If the last named knows anything, you must be careful. SEFTON.

After reading this Mr. Mitchell completed his toilet, used the dispatch to light a cigarette and then took his fiancée to the opera.

TO BE CONTINUED.

In 1813 postage rates in the United States were: "Single letters by land, 40 miles, 8 cents; 90 miles, 10 cents; 150 miles, 12 cents; 300 miles, 17 cents; double letters, twice the single rates; ounce at the rate of four single letters."

It is poor encouragement to toil through life to amass a fortune to ruin your children. In 9 cases out of 10 a large fortune is the greatest curse which could be bequeathed to the young and inexperienced.

## Miscellaneous Reading.

### ELLERBE FOR GOVERNOR.

The Ex-Comptroller General Formally Announced as a Candidate. From the Columbia Register of Monday.

General William H. Ellerbe, of Marion is a candidate for governor.

This announcement was made yesterday by a member of the Colleton delegation in the general assembly, who said he was authorized to speak for General Ellerbe.

This announcement was not unexpected, for The Register, several weeks contained an interview with a legislator, in which he stated that if Governor Evans became a candidate to succeed Hon. John L. M. Irby in the United States senate, General Ellerbe would seek to succeed him as the tenant of the executive mansion.

While there has been no authoritative declaration from Governor Evans or any of his friends as to his intentions, the announcement of Ellerbe's gubernatorial aspirations, coming from the source whence it issues, is almost tantamount to a declaration of Evans's senatorial candidacy, as it would be a waste of time and money for Ellerbe to run for governor if Evans were seeking re-election.

General Ellerbe was one of the original Reformers and did much to bring about the triumph of the movement in 1890, when he became comptroller general, which office he held four years, filling it to the entire satisfaction of the taxpaying public, of whose interests he was always a vigilant guardian.

In 1894 General Ellerbe was a candidate for governor, canvassing the State and making vigorous speeches from the stump in every county. When John Gary Evans defeated him for the Reform "suggestion" in the Colleton primary, he gracefully submitted and turned in and helped Evans defeat Dr. Samps Pope, the Independent candidate. This conduct made him many friends, especially among the supporters and admirers of Evans, who vowed then that if the chance ever came they would make amends by supporting him for governor.

The only other openly avowed Democratic gubernatorial candidate at present is Col. E. B. Watson, senator from Edgefield, whose platform is opposition to State support of institutions for higher education.

It may be that other candidates will enter the Democratic primary. There was some talk talk yesterday of the possibility of General McLaurin's entering the gubernatorial race, but the general consensus of opinion was that he would go back to congress, in which he has made a particularly good record. Whoever the Democrats name as their candidate he will have to beat that chronic office-seeker, Sampson Pope, who is reported to be determined to play a lone hand once more.

PROF. SMITH MAKES A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.--The Charlotte Observer of last Thursday contains the following:

The first experiment with the Roentgen photographic process in the South has proven successful. At Davidson college, Prof. Henry Louis Smith, of the chair of physics, demonstrated to his class the utility of the cathode ray. A bullet was fired into the dissecting room of the medical department. The photograph discovered the bullet, the x ray penetrating not only the flesh but the bone, and showing the ball behind the bone in the middle finger.

The bullet from a 32-calibre pistol went obliquely into the palm of the hand near the wrist. The bullet lodged under the central bone of the palm. The photograph was then taken with the purpose of showing the location and the bony articulation of the hand. The flesh in the photograph appears as a faint shadowy envelope bordering the finger bones and connecting the bones of palm, except very near the wrist, where the palm bones are larger and fill almost the whole space. Looked at from the origin of the cathode rays, the bullet, an oblong slug, was exactly behind the bone, yet the rays traversed flesh and bone and give the exact position of the ball, as well as its shape and size. The bones are much more clearly defined than in the Yale and Columbia and most other American photographs which have appeared in the scientific journals, but not so distinct as Prof. Roentgen's.

Coins in a purse, a bullet buried in a cubic inch of fat meat and bird shot wrapped in many thicknesses of heavy paper, were photographed with perfect distinctness.

In Behalf of Cigarettes.

A delegation from the Timmons-ville board of trade is in Columbia to protest against the threatened action of the legislature in imposing a tax of 25 cents per package on cigarettes. The delegation claims that the Northern tobacco manufacturers have threatened to boycott the product of this State in case the bill becomes a law, and as the South Carolina product is of the quality which is for the most part suitable for the manufacture of cigarettes, the growers in this State will be greatly damaged unless the members of the general assembly see fit to change their minds.