

THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

By WILL HAZEN

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MINARD HENDRICKS, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he will find the remains of a woman.

“Could the murderer have had the body cremated in another city?”
“Easier than here, and he had ample time,” said Hendricks in the tone of a man in deep and perplexed thought. “He might have had a little trouble in shipping the body, but to get the ashes back here would be a very simple thing. I would not be surprised at any development in this affair. There is one point that bobs up here which is so puzzling that it almost drives me insane.”
“What is that?” asked the doctor.
“It is this,” answered the detective. “You see, Caruthers had been out of the city—or rather was believed to have left New York ten days before I got my anonymous note telling me where I could find his remains. Now, if the writer believed that I would get the communication without delay the ashes were in Caruthers’ apartments a week before I got back from Boston.”
“Of course,” said Lampkin, in the automatic tone of one who speaks before deliberation. Then he ejaculated with force: “Oh, yes, certainly!”
“But,” said Hendricks, with strong emphasis on the word, “if the hell-scorned demon has had free access to my office, as I think he has had in my dining-room, then he could have seen the communication which he had mailed me lying on my desk during my absence. It may really have been part of his plan to have mailed that letter, knowing I wouldn’t get it at once.”
“But for what reason?” asked the doctor.
“To throw me off the track as to time,” said Hendricks. “I said the other day that this would prove the chief crime of all my experience. I am now afraid that it may actually be my Waterloo. I have never dealt with such wonderful tact and boldness cunning. The chief reason for my believing that he was on to my movements is that Gielow did not leave until the night I discovered the ashes.”

CHAPTER XI.

Two days later Hendricks was declared able to go down to his office. He had just finished dressing when his mother rapped on his door.

“You have a visitor in the drawing-room,” said the old lady, with a smile.
“A visitor?” grunted the detective, impatiently.
“A young lady,” smiled Mrs. Hendricks. “She would not give her name, but she is about the prettiest creature I ever saw. She is dressed in the latest fashion, and drove up in her own carriage.”

Hendricks turned quickly and flushed slightly.
“Tall and slender, erect, walks like a queen, golden brown hair, and heavy eyebrows over eyes like—?”
“Yes, I think it is Miss Huntington,” said Mrs. Hendricks when his fund of adjectives was exhausted. “She is very anxious to see you.”
“Tell her I’ll be right down,” said Hendricks. “She is just the person I wanted to see.”

A moment later when he entered the little drawing-room he found the heiress standing near a window.
“I am afraid I shall be a great intruder on your time,” she began, as she took his hand, in the cordial clasp of which there was a vague reassurance.
“But I have been to your office three times hoping to find you in.”
Hendricks cleared his throat. He was really shocked at the alteration in her. She had grown thinner, and her great lustrous eyes shone from sockets in which there was no sign of blood.

“I am certainly glad you came,” he said, leading her to a comfortable chair. “I would have been pleased to have met you—to have come to you, but I have been confined to my room by a slight indisposition.”
“So the office boy told me,” cried Miss Huntington, “and I was so sorry.”
“If there is any way in which I can serve you I would be delighted to do it,” said Hendricks sitting down near her.
The girl took deep breath, and when she spoke her voice vibrated with the importance of her mission.
“I went to my lawyers, Howell and Garney, last Monday. I told them I wanted to employ them and that I was ready if necessary to spend every cent of my inheritance in Mr. Gielow’s behalf. They of course were glad to tender their services, but when I told them of your politeness to me the other night, and that something seemed to tell me you would help me if I lay in your power, they declared at once that you could simply do anything you wished. And then they told me they had been reading the papers and had not noticed that you were employed on the case by the police, and said if I could retain you I ought to do it at once.”

Hendricks bowed and smiled uncomforably.
“I do not exactly understand,” he said, slowly. “I don’t exactly see how anybody at this stage could aid Mr. Gielow until we know more of the matter.”
“The lawyers agree with me,” replied the heiress, “that he ought to be found and brought back by his friends, and not wait till the police arrest him.”
“Oh!” And Hendricks’ exclamation showed that he was still in the dark.
“I happen to know some things that you are unaware of,” hastily added Miss Huntington, “and my lawyers agreed that if we could possibly retain you with what I know we could help a little. I am willing to let you name your own price.”

Hendricks sat up in his chair and crossed his feet.
“We’d never quarrel over money matters, Miss Huntington, and as I am not employed by the other side I pledge myself to your cause.”
A glow of color faintly tinged the hitherto bloodless face of the heiress.
“You are so good!” she said, in a husky voice. “I know you will do all that can be done, and my lawyers think if we could get him to come back voluntarily, and give himself up, that we might be able to prove that he was insane.”
“Insane?” cried Hendricks, his surprise driving away his timidity.
“I am going too fast,” said the girl, plaintively. “I have not told you all, and my lawyers advised me to do so as soon as you promised to join us. We know that it would be folly to try to prove that he did not kill Mr. Caruthers, for, Mr. Hendricks, he actually confessed it to his servant, and I have something else that puts it out of the question to doubt Hendricks’ word—a letter from Mr. Gielow himself. In it he acknowledges the deed.”
“A letter from him?” exclaimed Hendricks.

“Yes, and in it there are absolute proofs of unsoundness of mind. Oh, Mr. Hendricks, it drives me wild to think that I have brought him to it, and that he may die for what he is morally accountable. My lawyers admit that it may be difficult to prove his insanity, but they say it is our only chance, and that we ought to begin our work at once.”

Hendricks contracted his brows and shrugged his shoulders.
“May I see the letter?”
Miss Huntington produced it from her pocket and eyed him as he perused it. It ran as follows:
“Charleston, S. C., Dec. 5.”
“Dear Dorothy: When you get this you will have heard of the murder of Caruthers. Go at once to the studio and make Henri tell you of my confession. Tell him I want him to testify against me, as I was no one else to be implicated in the slightest. I regret that I have done, but it is too late for that. I am going from this town to-morrow for a foreign port to begin a new life anew. Forget me and all the trouble I have brought you. I had one true friend in New York besides yourself. It is Count Bantini. He suspected that I was thinking of perpetrating a crime and plead with me almost on his knees, but I would not listen to reason. I was crazy from all. I confessed to Henri and the count in the studio. The count tried to persuade me to turn myself over to the police, but I eluded him and got away. I have been reading stories of crime and detection, and that, coupled with my trouble, turned my head. I fancied that I could invent a plan for doing away with my rival that would in its boldness defy detection. I even wrote a letter to Mr. M. H. Hendricks, asking him to think the crime was committed by a personal enemy of his, but at the last moment I was unable to face it all. That you may forget me is the last wish of yours,
“ARTHUR GIELOW.”

“Don’t you see that it is the letter of an insane man?” asked the heiress, her eager gaze resting on the face of the detective as he lowered the letter. “It is not at all like him.”
“Is it his hand?” asked Hendricks, his broad brow still wrinkled.
“Undoubtedly, I know his handwriting well. See, his name is written exactly as he signs his drawings.”
Hendricks glanced at the signature, his mind wandering to other things.
“We must submit it to a handwriting expert,” he said. “I know a graphologist who has never made a mistake. Will you kindly send me something else that he has written, and will you let me retain this?”

“Certainly,” answered the girl; then she moved herself to ask and hear the reply to a leading question: “Do you doubt his insanity, Mr. Hendricks?”
The detective put this letter in his envelope.
“I have seen nothing in this letter to indicate insanity on the part of Gielow.”
“You don’t?”
“You don’t?” Well, it is not at all such a letter as he would have written if himself, besides you have only to hear Henri describe how he acted when he confessed to the murder to know that he was insane that night.”

Hendricks smiled.
“I was behind a screen in the studio when you and your aunt came in that night. I heard Henri’s description.”
Miss Huntington shrank back, white and startled.
“You were?” she gasped, and then, while Hendricks was nodding with the slow movement of a toy donkey’s head, she added: “And—and you still see no proof of insanity?”
“I’m sure that I do not,” was the deliberate reply.

The girl sat motionless. It was as if he had deprived her of her last hope. Her great eyes seemed to expand. Then he raised her gloved hands half way to her eyes and held them there as she said:
“You must believe him out of his mind! Look at the address on that envelope. He has directed it to me at the general delivery, Charleston, S. C. He knew I was not there. Surely you see—?”
“I noticed that,” remarked Hendricks when he saw she was going no further. “And I also saw that the envelope bore the postmark of a railway—the Atlantic Coast line. The letter was mailed on the train. You see that road runs from New York to Charleston, and from this postmark, it would be difficult to prove whether a letter were mailed on the train of that road near New York, or near Charleston.”

“I can’t possibly see what you mean,” said the heiress, helplessly.
“If the letter is a forgery,” explained Hendricks, “the writer of it would desire two things. First, he would want you to guarantee the belief that it came from that place; and, second, he would want you to get it. Now, how would a man without a confederate in Charleston succeed in gaining his point? If this letter is forged, the writer of it is an experienced villain, for he knows that the government prevents his postmasters mailing letters sent to them for that purpose. It was found to be an avenue for much secret rascality, so a law was passed prohibiting it. Well, we will grant, for the sake of argument that this forged knew that, so what did he do but direct this letter to you at Charleston and then drop a note to the Charleston postmaster requesting him in your name to forward your mail to your street address? I am confident there is something shady about it, for, as you can see from the postmark, nearly two days elapsed before it reached Charleston, as is shown by the postmark of that office. So you will see that I have good reasons for believing the letter was mailed near New York.”

“You must pardon me,” said Miss Huntington, the languid largeness of her eyes accentuating her despair; “but as I cannot believe it is not Mr. Gielow’s writing I am unable to enter into your deductions.”
She had risen, and Hendricks held out his hand.
“If you will post me the specimen of his handwriting at once, I’ll promise to tell you something more definite as soon as I see Prof. Westcott, the handwriting expert.”

“I will send it to your office at once,” she replied, despondently.
Hendricks went to the window and watched her as she descended the steps. He fancied she had left abruptly to keep from showing her emotion. As she was crossing the pavement she swayed to one side and he thought she would fall, but she regained herself, stepped firmly into her carriage and was driven homeward.
“Poor girl,” he muttered. “When I agreed to take the case she was almost dead, but now she has lost heart entirely. If I had told the poor little woman what I had suspected she would not sleep a wink to-night.”

MOTHERHOOD is woman’s natural destiny. Many women are denied the happiness of children through some derangement of the generative organs. Actual barrenness is rare. Among the many triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound is the overcoming of cases of supposed barrenness. This great medicine is so well calculated to regulate every function of the generative organs that its efficiency is vouched for by multitudes of women.

SORROWS OF STERILITY

Mrs. Ed. Wolford, of Lone Tree, Iowa, writes:

“DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound I had one child which lived only six hours. The doctor said it did not have the proper nourishment while I was carrying it. I did not feel at all well during pregnancy. In time I conceived again, and thought I would write to you for advice. Words cannot express the gratitude I feel towards you for the help that your medicine was to me during this time. I felt like a new person; did my work up to the last, and was sick only a short time. My baby weighed ten pounds. He is a fine boy, the joy of our home. He is now six weeks old and weighs sixteen pounds. Your medicine is certainly a boon in pregnancy.”

Mrs. Flora Cooper, of Doyle, S. Dak., writes:

“DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Ever since my last child I suffered with inflammation of the womb, pains in back, left side, abdomen and groin. My head ached all the time. I could not walk across the floor without suffering intense pain. I kept getting worse, until two years ago I wrote to you for advice, and began taking Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound. I had not finished the first bottle before I felt better. I took four bottles, and have been strong and perfectly healthy ever since, and now have two of the nicest little girls.”

MISSING VACANCIES.

There Was a Box of Them and They Were Held by the Agent for Charges.

A short time since quite a discussion arose among the officials of one of our prominent southern railroads as to the reason of the many vexatious delays in the transmission of local freight. It was claimed by the parties interested that it was caused almost entirely by the stupidity or inefficiency of the local agents, and as there was some difference of opinion on this point, it was decided that the matter should be tested.

To this end a tracer was prepared in due and formal shape, calling for the whereabouts of “One Box of Post-holes,” which it alleged was missing from a prior shipment. This was sent out in the regular order of business, with nothing except its “internal nothingness” to draw attention to its unusual character, and passed agent after agent without enquiry or comment or information save the stereotyped indorsement: “Not here.”

CHEAP LEGAL ADVICE.

A Man Who Believed in Paying a Lawyer for His Opinion.

The other day an old fellow slouched into Attorney Oscar Kahn’s office, on Legal row, and introduced himself as Mr. Smith, Jones, Brown, or something of a neighboring county. He said he wanted to consult a lawyer, and was accorded a seat and one of the attorney’s sweetest smiles.

He then explained that while he was away from home the sheriff or some deputy had attached his wife’s sewing machine and bureau for taxes. He didn’t propose to tolerate such imposition, he declared, and came to Paducah to consult a lawyer about it.

THE BEST SPRING TONIC.

As winter passes away it leaves many people feeling weak, depressed and easily tired. This means that the blood needs attention and sensible people always take a tonic at this time of year. Purgatives are not the right medicine—they weaken instead of strengthening.

Dr. Williams’ Pink Pills for Pale People are the best tonic medicine in the world and do not act on the bowels. They stimulate the appetite, enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and make people feel bright, active and strong.

There was a box of them and they were held by the agent for charges. Some 15 or 18 local agents were actually passed in this way, until the tracer fell into the hands of a bright young fellow who was accustomed to looking into the general office with his hands, and who speedily came to the conclusion that the tracer had gone far enough. At any rate the document went speedily back to the general office with the following indorsement: “Box of Post-holes, as per enclosed, held at this station for local charges to amount of \$2.50. Will be forwarded on receipt of the local agent’s indorsement as written.”

PLUNGES THROUGH A WINDOW.

Frightened Heifer Creates Diversion in Baltimore’s Business Streets.

A runaway heifer plunged into the large plate-glass window at the bicycle establishment of the Little Joe Weisenfeld company, northwest corner of Baltimore and Howard streets, Baltimore, the other night. Besides smashing the glass window and upsetting articles on display, the animal, in an effort to get into the store, broke the inside glass door of the window, together with the woodwork, and after upsetting two bicycles walked complacently up and down the store and gazed out at the large crowd of persons who had been attracted to the scene.

The heifer was one of a herd of 16 cattle which became frightened at the corner of Pratt and Eufaw streets while being driven from Light street wharf to the Claremont stock yards.

Mystery of the Two Sleeves.

One must be unusually quick-witted to endure the cross-examination of a skillful lawyer. In an action for payment of a tailor’s account, a witness swore that a certain overcoat was badly made, one sleeve being shorter than the other.

“You will,” said the lawyer slowly rising to cross-examine, “swear that one of the sleeves was shorter than the other?”
“I will,” said the witness.
“Then, sir,” thundered the lawyer, quickly, with a flash of indignation, “I am to understand that you positively deny that one of the sleeves was longer than the other?”
Startled, the witness said: “I do deny it.”
A storm of laughter ensued. After it had died away, the lawyer said, meaningly: “Thank you, sir; I have no more questions.”—Philadelphia Saturday Post.

Hard Man to Get At.

The manager is a hard man to get at. Shut in his private office and with a well-trained boy in the ante-room, he is inaccessible to anyone whom that boy does not know. You cannot even get your card sent to him; the boy always says he is not in. You will get the same answer at the box office. I remember hearing an old manager once say to his office boy: “My son, if you don’t learn to speak other people’s lines you will not succeed in this business. I have written a part for you. Whenever anyone you don’t know says: ‘If Mr. Brown is in,’ that’s your cue to answer: ‘No, sir; I wish you to be dead letter-perfect in that line from this time on.’—Scribner’s.

Some men are so mean their best friends don’t like them very well.—Athenian Globe.

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