



SATURDAY, MAY 26TH 1906.

clearly prove the guilt or innocence of Prosper; whereas he had only seized a love-letter written by a man who was evidently more anxious about the welfare of the woman he loved than about his own.

Vainly did he puzzle over the letter, hoping to discover some hidden meaning; twist the words as he would, they proved nothing for or against the writer.

The two words "absolutely everything" were underscored, it is true; but they could be interpreted in so many ways.

The detective, however, determined not to drop the matter here.

"This Madame Nina Gipsy is doubtless a friend of Monsieur Prosper Bertyon?"

"She is his particular friend?"

"Ah, I understand; and she lives here at No. 39?"

"You know it well enough, as you saw me go in there."

"I suspected it to be the house, monsieur; now tell me whether the apartments she occupies are rented in her name?"

"No, Prosper rents them."

"Exactly; and which floor, if you please?"

"On the first."

During this colloquy, Fanferlot had folded up the note, and slipped it into his pocket.

"A thousand thanks, monsieur, for the information; and, in return, I will relieve you of the trouble of executing your commission."

"Monsieur?"

"Yes, with your permission, I will myself take this note to Madame Nina Gipsy."

Cavillon began to remonstrate; but Fanferlot cut him short by saying:

"I will also venture to give you a piece of advice. Return quietly to your business, and have nothing more to do with this affair."

"That Prosper is a good friend of mine, and has saved me from ruin more than once."

"Only the more reason for your keeping quiet. You can not be of the slightest assistance to him, and I can tell you that you may be of great injury. As you are known to be his devoted friend, of course your absence at this time will be remarked upon. Any steps that you take in this matter will receive the worst interpretation."

"Prosper is innocent, I am sure."

Fanferlot was of the same opinion, but he had no idea of betraying his private thoughts; and yet for the success of his investigations it was necessary to impress the importance of prudence and discretion upon the young man; he would have told him to keep silent concerning what had passed between them, but he dared not.

"What you say may be true," he said, "I hope it is, for the sake of Monsieur Bertyon, and on your own account, too; for, if he is guilty, you will certainly be very much annoyed, and perhaps suspected of complicity, as you are well known to be intimate with him."

Cavillon was overcome.

"Now, you had best take my advice, monsieur, and return to your business, and— Good-morning, monsieur."

The poor fellow obeyed. Slowly and with swelling heart he returned to the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette. He asked himself how he could serve Prosper, warn Mme. Gipsy, and, above all, have his revenge upon this odious detective, who had just made him suffer cruel humiliation.

He had no sooner turned the corner of the street, than Fanferlot entered No. 39, gave his name to the porter as Prosper Bertyon, went upstairs, and knocked at the first door he came to.

It was opened by a youthful footman, dressed in the most fanciful livery.

"Is Madame Gipsy at home?"

The groom hesitated; seeing this Fanferlot showed his note, and said: "Monsieur Prosper told me to hand this note to madame, and wait for an answer."

"Walk in, and I will let madame know you are here."

The name of Prosper produced its effect. Fanferlot was ushered into a little room furnished in blue and gold silk damask. Heavy curtains darkened the windows, and hung in front of the doors. The floor was covered with a blue velvet carpet.

"Our cashier was certainly well lodged," murmured the detective.

But he had no time to pursue his inventory. One of the door curtains was pushed aside, and Mme. Nina Gipsy stood before him.

Mme. Gipsy was quite young, small and graceful, with a brown or rather gold-colored quadron complexion; and the hands and feet of a child.

Long curling silk lashes softened the piercing brilliancy of her large black eyes; her lips were full, and her teeth were very white.

She had not yet made her toilet, but wore a velvet dressing-wrapper, which did not conceal the lace ruffles beneath. But she had already been under the hands of a hair-dresser.

Her hair was curled and frizzed high on her forehead, and confined by narrow bands of red velvet; her black hair was rolled in an immense coil, and held by a beautiful gold comb.

She was ravishing. Her beauty was so startling that the dazzled detective was speechless with admiration.

"Well," he said to himself, as he remembered the noble, severe beauty of Madeleine, whom he had seen a

few hours previous, "our young gentleman certainly has good taste—very good taste—two perfect beauties!"

While he thus reflected, perfectly bewildered, and wondering how he could begin the conversation, Mme. Gipsy eyed him with the most disdainful surprise; she was waiting for this shabby little man in a threadbare coat and greasy hat to explain his presence in her dainty parlor.

She had many creditors, and was recalling them, and wondering which one had dared to send this man to wipe his dusty boots on her velvet carpets.

After scrutinizing him from head to foot with undisguised contempt, she said, haughtily:

"What do you want?"

"Any one but Fanferlot would have been offended at her insolent manner; but he only noticed it to gain some notion of the young woman's disposition.

"She is bad-tempered," he thought, "and is uneducated."

While he was speculating upon her merits, Mme. Nina impatiently tapped her little foot, and waited for an answer; finally she said:

"Why don't you speak? What do you want here?"

"I am charged, my dear madame," he answered, in his softest tone, "by Monsieur Bertyon, to give you this note."

"From Prosper! You know him then?"

"I have that honor, madame; indeed, I may be so bold as to claim him as a friend."

"Monsieur! You a friend of Prosper!" exclaimed Mme. Gipsy, in a scornful tone, as if her pride were wounded.

Fanferlot did not condescend to notice this offensive exclamation. He was ambitious, and contempt failed to irritate him.

"I said a friend of his, madame; and there are a few people who would have the courage to claim friendship for him now."

Mme. Gipsy was struck by the words and manner of Fanferlot.

"I never could guess riddles," she said, tartly; "you will be kind enough to explain what you mean?"

The detective slowly drew Prosper's note from his pocket, and, with a bow, presented it to Mme. Gipsy.

"Read, madame," he said.

She certainly anticipated no misfortune; although her sight was excellent, she stopped to fasten a tiny gold earring on her nose, then carelessly opened the note.

At a glance she read its contents.

She turned very red, then very pale; she trembled as if with a nervous chill; her limbs seemed to give way, and she tottered so that Fanferlot, thinking she was about to fall, extended his arms to catch her.

Useless precaution! Mme. Gipsy was one of those women whose inert listlessness conceals indomitable energy; fragile-looking creatures whose powers of endurance and resistance are unlimited; cat-like in their soft grace and delicacy, especially cat-like in their nerves and muscles of steel.

The dizziness caused by the shock she had received quickly passed off. She tottered, but did not fall, and stood up looking stronger than ever; seizing the wrist of the detective, she held it as if her delicate little hand were a vice, and cried out:

"Explain yourself! what does all this mean? Do you know anything about the contents of this note?"

Although Fanferlot displayed courage in daily contending with the most dangerous rascals, he was positively terrified by Mme. Gipsy.

"Alas!" he murmured.

"Prosper is to be arrested, accused of being a thief?"

"Yes, madame, he is accused of taking \$50,000 francs from the bank safe."

"It is false, infamous, absurd!" she cried. She had dropped Fanferlot's hand; and her fury, like that of a spoiled child, found vent in violent exclamations. She tore her web-like handkerchief, and the magnificent lace on her gown, to shreds.

"Prosper steal?" she cried; "what a stupid idea! Why should he steal? He is not rich?"

"Monsieur Bertyon is not rich, madame; he has nothing but his salary."

This answer seemed to confound Mme. Gipsy.

"But," she insisted, "I have always seen him have plenty of money; not rich—then—dared not finish; but her eye met Fanferlot's, and they understood each other.

Mme. Nina's look meant: "He committed this robbery in order to gratify my extravagant whims."

Fanferlot's glance answered: "Very likely, madame."

A few minutes' reflection convinced Nina that her first impression was the correct one. Doubt fled after hovering for an instant over her agitated mind.

"No!" she cried, "I regret to say that Prosper would never have stolen one cent for me. One can understand a man robbing a bank to obtain means of bestowing pleasure and luxury upon the woman he loves; but Prosper does not love me, he never has loved me."

"Oh, fair lady!" protested the gallant and insinuating Fanferlot, "you surely can not mean what you say."

Her beautiful eyes filled with tears, as she sadly shook her head and said: "I mean exactly what I say. It is only too true. He is ready to gratify my every wish, you may say; what does that prove? Nothing. I am too well convinced that he does not love me. I know what love is. Once I was beloved by an affectionate, true-hearted man; and my own sufferings of the last year make me know how miserable I must have made him by my cold return. Alas! we must suffer ourselves before we can feel for others. No, I am nothing to Prosper; he would not care if I—"

"But, then, madame, why—"

"Ah, yes," interrupted Nina, "why? you will be very wise if you can answer me. For a year have I vainly sought an answer to this question, so sad to me. I, a woman, can not answer it; and I defy you to do so. You can not

discover the thoughts of a man so thoroughly master of himself that never is a single thought passing in his mind to be detected upon his countenance. I have watched him as only a woman can watch the man upon whom her fate depends, but it has always been in vain. He is kind and indulgent; but he does not betray himself, never will he commit himself. Ignorant people call him weak, yielding; I tell you that fair-haired man is a rod of iron painted like a reed!"

Carried away by the violence of her feelings, Mme. Nina betrayed her inmost thoughts. She was without distrust, never suspecting that the stranger listening to her was other than a friend of Prosper.

As for Fanferlot, he congratulated himself upon his success. No one but a woman could have drawn him so excellent a portrait; in a moment of excitement she had given him the most valuable information; he now knew the nature of the man with whom he had to deal, which in an investigation like that he was pursuing is the principal point.

"You know that Monsieur Bertyon gambles," he ventured to say, "and gambling is apt to lead a man—"

Mme. Gipsy shrugged her shoulders, and interrupted him:

"Yes, he plays," she said; "but he is not a gambler. I have seen him lose and gain large sums without betraying the slightest agitation. He plays as he drinks, as he sups, as he falls in love—without passion, without enthusiasm, without pleasure. Sometimes he frightens me; he seems to drag about a body without a soul. Ah, I am not happy! Never have I been able to overcome his indifference, an indifference so great, so reckless, that I often think it must be despair; nothing will convince me that he has not some terrible secret, some great misfortune weighing upon his mind, and making life a burden."

"Then he has never spoken to you of his past?"

"Why should he tell me? Did you not hear me? I tell you he does not love me!"

Mme. Nina was overcome by thoughts of the past, and tears silently coursed down her cheeks.

But her despair was only momentary. She started up, and her eyes sparkled with generous resolution, she cried out:

"That I love him, and I will save him! I will see his chief, the miserable wretch who dares to accuse him! I will haunt the judges, and I will prove that he is innocent. Come, monsieur, let us start, and I promise you that before sunset he shall be free, or I shall be in prison with him."

Mme. Gipsy's project was certainly laudable, and prompted by the noblest sentiments; but unfortunately it was impracticable.

Moreover, it would be going counter to the plan of the detective.

Although he had resolved to himself all the difficulties as well as the benefits of this inquiry, Fanferlot saw clearly that he could not conceal the existence of Mme. Nina from the judge of instruction. She would necessarily be brought into the case, and sought for. But he did not wish her to take any steps of her own accord. He proposed to have her appear when and how he judged proper, so that he might gain for himself the merit of having discovered her.

His first step was to endeavor to calm the young woman's excitement. He thought it easy to prove to her that the least interference in favor of Prosper would be a piece of folly.

"What will you gain by acting thus, my dear madame?" he asked. "Nothing. I can assure you that you have not the least chance of success. Who knows if you will not be suspected as Monsieur Bertyon's accomplice?"

But this alarming perspective, which had frightened Cavillon into foolishly giving up a letter which he might so easily have retained, only stimulated Gipsy's enthusiasm. Man calculates, while woman follows the inspirations of her heart. Our most devoted friend, if a woman, rushes undauntedly forward, regardless of the danger.

"What matters the risk?" she exclaimed. "I don't believe any danger exists; but, if it does, so much the better; it will be all the more to my credit. I am sure Prosper is innocent; but, if he should be guilty, I wish to share the punishment which awaits him."

Mme. Gipsy's persistence was becoming alarming. She hastily drew around her a cashmere shawl, and, putting on her hat, declared that she was ready to walk from one end of Paris to the other, in search of the judge.

"Come, monsieur," she said with feverish impatience. "Are you not coming with me?"

Fanferlot was perplexed. Happily he always had several strings to his bow.

Personal considerations having no hold upon this impulsive nature, he resolved to appeal to her interest in Prosper.

"I am at your command, fair lady," he said; "let us go if you desire it; only permit me, while there is yet time, to say that we are very probably going to do great injury to Monsieur Bertyon."

"In what way, if you please?"

"Because we are taking a step that he expressly forbade in his letter; we are surprising him—giving him no warning."

Nina scornfully tossed her head and replied:

"She certainly is some people who must be saved without warning, against their will. I know Prosper; he is just the man to let himself be murdered without a struggle, without speaking a word—to give himself up through sheer recklessness and despair."

"Excuse me, madame," interrupted the detective; "Monsieur Bertyon has by no means the appearance of a man who has given up in despair. On the contrary, I think he has already laid his plan of defense. By showing yourself, when he advised you to remain in concealment, you will be very likely to make vain his most careful precautions."

Mme. Gipsy was silently weighing the value of Fanferlot's objections. Finally she said:

"I can not remain here inactive, without attempting to contribute in

some way to his safety. Can you not understand that this floor burns my feet?"

Evidently, if she was not absolutely convinced, her resolution was shaken. Fanferlot saw that he was gaining ground, and this certainly, making him more at ease, gave weight to his eloquence.

"You have it in your power, madame," he said, "to tender a great service to the man you love."

"In what way, monsieur, in what way?"

"Obey him, my child," said Fanferlot, in a paternal manner.

Mme. Gipsy evidently expected very different advice.

"Obey," she murmured—"obey!"

"It is your sacred duty," said Fanferlot, with grave dignity—"it is your sacred duty."

She still hesitated, and he took from the table Prosper's note, which she had laid there, then continued:

"What! Monsieur Bertyon at the most trying moment, when he is about to be arrested, stops to point out your line of conduct; and you would render vain this wise precaution! What does he say to you? Let us read over this note, which is like the testament of his liberty. He says: 'If you love me, I entreat you, obey.' And you hesitate to obey. Then you do not love me. Can you not understand, unhappy child, that Monsieur Bertyon has his reasons, terrible, imperious, reasons, for your remaining in obscurity for the present?"

Fanferlot understood these reasons the moment he put his foot in the sumptuous apartment of the Rue Capulot; and, if he did not suspect them now, it was because he kept them as a good general keeps his reserves, for the purposes of deciding the victory.

Mme. Gipsy was intelligent enough to divine these reasons.

"Reasons for my hiding! Prosper wishes, then, to keep everyone in ignorance of our intimacy?"

She remained thoughtful for a moment; then a ray of light seemed to cross her mind, and she cried:

"Oh, I understand now! Fool that I was for not seeing it before! My presence here, where I have been for a year, would be an overwhelming charge against him. An inventory of my possessions would be taken—of my dresses, my laces, my jewels—and my luxury would be brought against him as a crime. He would be asked to tell where he obtained so much money to lavish all these elegancies on me."

Then the detective bowed, and said:

"That is true, madame."

"Then I must fly, monsieur, at once! Who knows that the police are not already warned, and may appear at any moment?"

"Oh," said Fanferlot with easy assurance, "you have plenty of time; the police are not so very prompt."

"No matter!"

And leaving the detective alone in the parlor, Mme. Nina hastily ran into her bedroom, and calling her maid, her cook, and her little footman, ordered them to empty her bureau and chests of their contents, and assisted them to stuff her best clothing and jewels into her trunks.

Suddenly she rushed back to Fanferlot, and said: "Everything will be ready to start in a few minutes; but where am I to go?"

"Did not Monsieur Bertyon say, my dear lady, to the other end of Paris? To a hotel or furnished apartments?"

"But I don't know where to find any."

Fanferlot seemed to be reflecting, but he had great difficulty in concealing his delight at a sudden idea that flashed upon him; his little black eyes fairly danced with joy.

"I know of a hotel," he said, at last, "but it might not suit you. It is not elegantly furnished like this room."

"Would I be comfortable there?"

"Upon my recommendation you would be treated like a queen, and, above all, concealed."

"Where is it?"

"On the other side of the river, Qui Saint Michel, the Archangel, kept by Madame Alexandre."

Mme. Nina was never long making up her mind.

"Here are pen and paper; write your recommendation."

He rapidly wrote, and handed her the letter.

"With these three lines, madame, you can make Madame Alexandre do anything you wish."

"Very good. Now how am I to let Cavillon know my address? It was he who should have brought me Prosper's letter."

"He was unable to come, madame," interrupted the detective, "but I will give him your address."

Mme. Gipsy was about to send for a carriage, but Fanferlot said he was in a hurry, and would send her one. He seemed to be in luck that day; for a cab was passing the door and he hailed it.

"Wait here," he said to the driver, after telling him that he was a detective, "for a little brunette who is coming down with some trunks. If she tells you to drive her to Qui Saint Michel, crack your whip; if she gives you any other address, get down from your seat, and arrange your harness. I will keep in sight."

He stepped across the street, and stood in the door of a wine store. He had not long to wait. In a few minutes the loud crack of a whip apprised him that Mme. Nina had started for the Archangel.

"Aha," said he, gayly, "I hold her, at any rate."



SHE CLIMBED DOWN THE RAIN-SPOUT.

Can'ten and Newark and on Wednesday they were married in Dover, Del., at the parsonage of Rev. Louis E. Barrett.

The youthful bride, who is really pretty, said, when interviewed: "When I was caught and taken home I made up my mind that that house would not hold me, and my ambition was increased when I was locked in the room without any clothing.

"How did I get out? Well, I stayed in the room until about four o'clock in the morning; then I put on my brother's trousers and coat and slid down the rainspout to the street. I had no shoes, and I hurt my right arm, too, for I fell when about halfway to the pavement, but I got that fixed up all right. It was raining in torrents and I got soaked, but I did not mind that. I went to the home of a girl friend, only a few blocks from my home, and there I remained until about nine o'clock next morning, when I dressed in her clothes and went out to see Mr. Boss."

After telling of her marriage, she said: "On our return to Baltimore we were summoned to the office of Detective Captain Humphrey. That was a fine climax for our romance, now wasn't it? Well, as soon as we got there the captain telephoned for my mother. When she saw me she cried, and so did I, but I don't know why, for I am perfectly happy and ask for nothing more. I am rather young, I'll admit, but I thought I might as well get married now and have it over with."

Annoying.

Mr. Gardner—Well, dear, how are the tomatoes you planted?

Mrs. Gardner—Oh, John! I'm afraid we'll have to buy what we need this year.

Mr. Gardner—Why, how's that, Mary?

Mrs. Gardner—I recollected to-day that when I did the planting I forgot to open the cans!—Puck.

A Literary Note.

"Really," said Br'er Wolf to the other denizens of the forest who were organizing a literary club, "we must make the porcupine president. His style is full of good points."

"Permit me," remarked Br'er Rabbit, "to recommend a reptile friend of mine. He can put up a rattling tail."

—Philadelphia Press.

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**TO BE CONTINUED.**  
**GIRL DONS BROTHER'S CLOTHES AND ELOPES.**  
Locked in Room, She Appropriates Male Apparel and Climbs Down Rainpout.  
Baltimore.—After being forbidden to meet her lover, this order being supplemented by being locked in a room without any other clothing than a wrapper, Miss Maude Imogene Tompkins, aged 15, put on her brother's clothes, and at four o'clock in the morning, during a driving rain,