

Better Have CHAMBERLIN Examine Your Eyes.

PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

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It was a fitful, moonlight night. The moon came up about 11 o'clock, but the clouds in the heavens partly shut it from view. It cast wavering, vanishing shadows upon the calm earth which were exceedingly aggravating. They were so deceptive in appearance that I felt my task would be doubly difficult.

My master left the house at the usual time and proceeded to walk leisurely toward the doctor's. I followed him at some distance, not making any special effort to keep him in view. I knew that he was not anticipating any shadowing, and we both made our way to the old mansion according to our own notions.

I hurried a little toward the end of the walk to make sure that he entered the house. I reached a vantage point just in time to see the door open and close behind him. Then I amused myself the best way I could for several hours.

Shortly after midnight I roused myself to action. The time was approaching when I must prove my skill. The house was all dark, and no signs came from it to indicate the presence of a living soul anywhere around it.

It was a full hour before the door opened. Then by the aid of the moon's white light I caught a glimpse of my master and the doctor. They were consulting together in the shadow of the porch. I saw the latter point down the road, but I could not understand anything he said.

A few moments later my master left him and glided rather than walked down the drive toward the highway. I waited for him, concealed in some bushes near the gate. His manner was quick, nervous, energetic—so unlike his natural habits. The professional burglar was aroused in him—a second self which had been carefully cultivated and developed.

We both moved down the highway cautiously, watching, listening and anticipating some unknown danger. I kept within ten yards of him, but always ready to increase the distance between us on the slightest sign from him that he intended to double upon his tracks. I was familiar with his tactics this time sufficiently to enable me to be prepared for the most unexpected movement.

Never did a detective shadow a criminal with more intensity than I did my master that night. He led me a chase two miles down the road; then without apparent reason he struck across the fields to one of the side roads which ran parallel with the main highway. A mile down this brought him to a fork in the road formed by the meeting of an old, deserted lane. Into this he turned his silent footsteps. Five hundred yards down it a small, purling brook crossed the lane. It was too broad to jump over, but only a few feet deep.

My master removed his shoes quickly and then plunged into the cool water, but instead of crossing he waded a long distance down stream and then regained the same shore again. I understood his maneuver. It was to throw bloodhounds off the track and to confuse any detective who might try to trace him back to the doctor's house.

I smiled at the trick and waited quietly for him to replace his shoes. Then once more he started on his journey. This time he ceased to pursue a zigzag course, but made a bee line for a large house not a hundred yards from the brook. This I knew was the scene of his night's work.

The house was a modern one and stood on a slight eminence overlooking the surrounding country. It was owned by an intimate friend of the Stetson and Goddard families—Mr. Jaimson by name—and it occurred to me as being very peculiar that my master should attempt to rob it. But what could not be expected of him after he had looted the Stetson house, the very home of the one whom he loved? Could such baseness be ever overlooked? Could such a man be reformed? For a few moments my resolutions wavered, and I thought of returning and telling all that I knew to Miss Stetson and let her decide the fate of the two men.

But a moment later I found myself pursuing my game with renewed animation. He had actually entered the

house through one of the basement windows. I waited a reasonable length of time before following him. Then when everything was quiet I climbed through the window at the risk of my own life, for I realized that my form was silhouetted against the outside light, while my master might be hidden in the darkness inside.

But I gained the interior of the basement without accident. I searched around for an open door, and, finding it, I walked catlike into a larger room. I knew that my master's first point would be the dining room, and I boldly climbed the stairs leading to it from the basement. Once there I heard the slight rattle of silver and caught the quick, flashing ray of his dark lantern. Then I concealed myself behind some curtains and waited.

I decided that it would be better to let him finish his job and then confront him with his booty in his hands. There would then be no question of his intentions.

He passed from the dining room into the library and then moved silently upstairs. In spite of his soft steps and quiet motions I could occasionally catch a sound which indicated to me where he was. If anybody had been awake, his presence would have been detected.

I kept myself pretty well concealed behind some curtain or portiere, for I dreaded lest at any moment he might flash the rays of his lantern in my direction and detect me. I was thus concealed from view in a small alcove opening upon the upper hall when I was startled by a peculiar noise.

As a professional burglar myself I knew the alarming nature of that sound. It was the distinct click of a revolver. I peered through the curtains to determine what it meant. As I did so there was another click, this time lower and less distinct. This was caused by the pressing of an electric button. The next moment the whole house was brilliantly lighted.

I stepped back into the alcove with trembling heart. The inmates of the house had been aroused, and my master as well as myself was caught. Through the filmy curtains I caught a glimpse of a dark shadow flash through the hall toward the front stairs. I knew that it was my master and that he was making a bold dash for freedom.

At almost the same moment I heard a door open and a loud voice exclaim: "Stop or I'll shoot!"

I imagined that my master did not obey, for the next moment two pistol shots rang through the house, followed by the loud shuffling of feet and the banging of doors.

Had a tragedy been enacted within sound of me or had my master escaped?

I waited and listened, expectantly and anxiously. The people of the house were evidently assembled in the hall below. They were too frightened to do much talking. Then matters calmed down a little, and I caught snatches of their conversation.

"The basement window was opened," somebody said. "He jumped out of that."

"Didn't you hit him, father?" asked a youthful voice which I recognized as that of the seventeen-year-old son of Mr. Jaimson.

"I don't know. Do you see any signs of blood in the basement?"

They went down another flight of stairs, and I would have made a bold dash for liberty then had not the presence of some of the frightened servants in the upper hall prevented me.

Half an hour later they returned upstairs. Fortunately for me no thought of a search for another burglar entered their minds. Mr. Jaimson tried to calm the servants and the ladies by saying:

"Now all go to bed again. There is no more danger. He has left the house, and we are safer than ever. A burglar never enters a house the second time."

Gradually they separated and returned to their bedrooms. Only the old man and his wife remained in the hall within my hearing. When everything was quiet again, he said:

"Ellen, I recognized the burglar tonight beyond doubt."

"Why, Edward, who was he?" his wife asked quickly.

"You will hardly believe me, Ellen, when I tell you, but it is true. I could

not have been mistaken." Then he lowered his voice and said: "It was Charles Goddard!" "Impossible, Edward; impossible! You were excited and could not see well!"

"No, Ellen; there was no mistake. I faced him in the hall and could have shot him dead. But the surprise at meeting him unnerved me. Then I merely tried to wound him and not to kill him when he rushed downstairs." Their bedroom door closed then, and I heard no more. But what more did I need? I saw the game was up. My master was recognized, and nothing but family friendship could ever induce Mr. Jaimson to hold his secret.

I waited in my concealed place for several hours before daring to venture out. Then as I saw daylight beginning to break I boldly left the alcove, walked downstairs with my shoes in my hand, unfastened one of the parlor windows and dropped out upon the soft grass. I did not stop to close the window, but hurried home in time to get in my room before the servants would be rising.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TRIED to catch a few hours of sleep that morning, but I had difficulty in losing consciousness. When I did forget myself in slumber for a brief time, unpleasant dreams disturbed me, and I awoke with a start.

It was still early in the morning when I dressed and knocked at my master's door. He was sleeping soundly, and I disliked to rouse him. But I was fearful lest he had been wounded the night before, and I could not leave the house on the mission I had in view until I had ascertained. I shoved his bedroom door open and entered the never locked it at night and asked him if he wished anything.

"No, William; not yet," he replied in a sleepy voice. "I am very tired this morning and shall not get up until lunch time. Have a good lunch for me, and I will be ready."

His face was pale, but not more so than usual after his night visits to Dr. Squires.

"There is nothing wrong with you this morning, I hope?" I ventured to remark.

"No, William, except that I'm very weary and sleepy. Why do you ask?" He looked inquiringly at me, and I stammered:

"Nothing, only you look pale. I thought maybe you were ill."

"No, I'm not sick—merely tired. Leave me for a few hours."

I closed the door softly, satisfied that he was unhurt.

After giving directions to the servants about an early lunch for my master I left the house and started on a brisk walk toward Mr. Jaimson's house. It was essential that I should have an interview with him before he saw my master or talked to anybody about the previous night's robbery.

He was at breakfast when I was ushered into the library. I insisted upon seeing him alone and immediately, urging the servant to report that my business was very important.

Ten minutes later he appeared in the library. He was a man past middle age, stout of figure and stern of feature. I realized that he was a man not easily turned from any course which he considered just. He bowed stiffly upon entering and said:

"I haven't the pleasure of knowing you, I believe."

I was dressed in a new suit of clothes, and I flattered myself that I would pass for a gentleman among strangers.

"No, sir, but that is not necessary," I said briskly and with the air of one of authority. "I have come to talk with you about last night's robbery."

He started visibly and then said smilingly:

"Ah, I see! You're a detective!" I made no direct reply to this, but added:

"I think the robbers who have recently been terrorizing the neighborhood will soon be cornered."

He smiled again and said:

"Possibly. I know something about it that may lead to important results."

"I know that," I answered, "and that is why I have come thus early to see you."

"How do you know it?" he responded.

"That isn't the point. I not only know that you know a good deal about it, but I know exactly the information that leads you to think you can expose the robbers."

He looked inquisitively at me and then said frowningly:

"What is it that I know or that you think I know?"

I looked around the room as if I expected somebody might be listening. "We are alone," he said shortly.

"You recognized the burglar last night before you shot at him," I said impressively.

He gave a startled look at me and stammered:

"Who told you—has my wife told anybody—she was the only one!" "Never mind that," I replied, waving my hands. "I know. That is sufficient for my present purpose."



"Ah, I see! You're a detective!" A look of suspicion entered his face, and, probably thinking that I was merely leading him on, he asked:

"If you know so much about it, please tell me who it was I recognized."

"Certainly. I'll whisper it in your ear."

I drew near to him and said impressively:

"It was Charles Goddard whom you recognized in your house last night and at whom you shot."

The last expression of doubt left his face, and he could only add slowly:

"Well, well, I don't understand how you found it out."

The man was completely mystified, as I hoped he would be, and I continued with a smile on my own face:

"Now, if you believe that I know what I'm doing we will enter into the details of my mission here this morning."

"Go on. I'm ready for anything."

"First, then, what did you intend to do with this information?"

"I hadn't made up my mind," he said doubtfully, taking a seat in an easy chair near me.

"Well, you either intended to inform the police or accuse Mr. Goddard of the crime to his own face."

"Yes, one or the other, but most likely the latter. Mr. Goddard's father and I were great friends. I should hate to see his name stained with dishonor."

"I thought as much," I replied, "and it is to prevent you from making a mistake that I have called this morning. I know more about this matter than you do."

"Probably. You seem to know all that I do. It's wonderful how you knew it, for I swear I never mentioned the matter to any one except my wife, and she's seen nobody but the servants."

"But other eyes may have recognized the man," I said suggestively.

"That's true. I never thought of that. Did some of my servants see him?"

"Don't worry yourself," I interrupted. "The person who saw him will not mention it further. I've fixed all that."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRIPLE CINCINNATI TRAGEDY.

Dead Bodies of A. M. Betty, Wife and Babe Found in Their Home.

Cincinnati, March 23.—There was a mysterious triple tragedy here at the home of A. M. Betty, local manager of the Washburn-Crosby mills of Minneapolis. The dead bodies of A. M. Betty, his wife, Lulu, and their boy, Harry, aged twenty months, were found by neighbors. A note written by Betty was found, in which he accused his wife of killing the babe, and the police think the woman may have killed herself and babe on account of domestic troubles. It is stated that divorce proceedings had been instituted two years ago and were withdrawn before the birth of their boy. Betty, it is thought, found the dead bodies on his return home and then deliberately took his own life. The body of the babe was found in the basin with no marks on it whatever. It is thought that Betty took it from the crib and tried to revive it by turning on the water. When he found it dead he lay down beside his wife's dead body to die from asphyxiation, and in that position their bodies were found. The odor of the gas led to the search that disclosed the three dead bodies. There is nothing to indicate how any of the family came to their death, except the lines left by Betty, and the fact that the gas was turned on. The coroner and others think Mrs. Betty was dead hours before her husband came home and that the babe possibly may have died after he returned.

COAL BARONS ENJOINED

Indiana Companies Accused of Violating Anti-Trust Law.

RESTRAINING ORDER IS ISSUED.

Cases Against Them Were Dismissed in State Court for Lack of Jurisdiction, but They Must Now Answer to the Federal Authorities.

Chicago, March 25.—Ten Indiana coal companies and ten individual operators were restrained by Judge Kohlsaat in the United States circuit court from continuing their combination for the regulation of coal prices and output. The defendants were given until April 6 to show cause why the order should not be made permanent.

The corporations and individuals enjoined are the same as were recently tried in the state court on the charge of raising the price of coal and restricting the output in Illinois, thus causing the coal famine in Chicago last winter.

They are restrained from entering into any combination among themselves to ship the bituminous coal mined and to be mined on their property in Indiana to the Crescent Coal and Mining company at Chicago, for uniform sale by that company to consumers in carload lots, on their several accounts, at prices arbitrarily fixed by them or their representatives, in such a manner as to destroy competition between themselves as to the sale of such coal as is or may be the subject of commerce among the several states and in violation of the Sherman act.

BAN ON SYMPATHETIC STRIKES.

Dominant Labor Union in Chicago Frowns Upon Hasty Action

Chicago, March 25.—Sympathetic strikes launched before the exhaustion of all efforts at arbitration were denounced by the teamsters' joint council, representing organizations just now dominant in Chicago labor union affairs. Resolutions were adopted foreshadowing the expulsion of any member or branch body that ventures on a sympathetic strike which has not been indorsed by two-thirds of the membership in Chicago. The first organization to feel the joint council's resentment against hasty sympathetic strikes is the Carriage and Wagon-makers' union, which quit work Monday and was refused aid unless it proposed or accepted arbitration of its differences. The committee representing the strikers asserted that the union had nothing to arbitrate and the answer was made that the teamsters then had no aid to offer.

TEA IMPORTERS UNITE.

Object Said to Be to Prevent Importation of Impure Teas.

New York, March 25.—One hundred and sixty importers, wholesalers and retailers of tea throughout the country have united to form the National Tea association of the United States. The objects of the association are declared to be the support of the law of 1897, forbidding the importation of impure teas, and the promotion of the consumption of tea in the United States by disseminating information in regard to its quality and the proper methods of its preparation.

Smallpox Patient Given 25 Lashes.

Columbus, O., March 25.—The whipping post was resorted to at the smallpox hospital to maintain discipline. Hugh Murphy, a negro suffering from smallpox, attacked and badly wounded T. V. Flowers, another patient, with a fork. Dr. Beibel, superintendent of the hospital, decreed that Murphy should receive twenty-five lashes on his bare back, and the punishment was inflicted by the superintendent himself after the offender had been tied to a post by attendants.

Kaiser Invites American Warships.

Washington, March 25.—The Post says: "Emperor William of Germany has given further striking proof of his desire to maintain friendly relations with the United States. In a personal cablegram to President Roosevelt, he has invited the battle fleet of the United States in North American waters to visit Kiel, Germany, during regatta week in May. The emperor's message will not be made public until the president has sent his reply."

Land Business Is Brisk.

Washington, March 25.—A statement at the general land office relative to the cash sales of public lands during the first half of the present fiscal year shows that there were 23,015 entries, covering 1,663,613 acres, for which the government received \$4,747,563. As compared with the corresponding period of last year a very remarkable increase is shown. This increase is due largely to the operation of the timber and stone act.

PACKING FIRMS COMBINE

Big Packers Head New Corporation of Lesser Concerns.

CAPITAL PLACED AT \$15,000,000.

J. P. Lyman is Named as President of National Company, While Armour and Swift Figure as Directors.—Expect to Do \$150,000,000 Business.

Chicago, March 25.—Announcement of the incorporation of the National Packing company, capitalized at \$15,000,000, and including several of the smaller plants in Chicago, Omaha and elsewhere, was made by J. P. Lyman, president of the company.

The incorporation papers were taken out in New Jersey and it is announced that the following are the companies purchased: Omaha Packing company, Hammond Packing company, the G. H. Hammond company, Hutchinson Packing company, Anglo-American Provision company, United Dressed Beef company and Fowler Packing company.

The purchase, it is stated, is made for investment, with the idea of doing a business of between \$140,000,000 and \$150,000,000 a year. The directors, whose names follow, are all interested in the big packing companies of Chicago: J. P. Lyman, J. Ogden Armour, G. F. Swift, Edward Morris, P. A. Valentine, Arthur Meeker, L. F. Swift, E. F. Swift, Ira Morris, James D. Standish, Kenneth K. McLaren, J. D. Standish is secretary and treasurer.

WILL PUSH THE CHAF.

Kansas City Police Department Cused of Serious Irregularities.

Kansas City, March 25.—The investigation of the police department, started by charges of crooked work, filed last week by City Jailer Todhunter before the board of police commissioners, has already developed sensational disclosures and will be pushed.

TEXILE WORKERS TO STRIKE.

Lowell, Mass., March 25.—The state board of conciliation and arbitration had several conferences here, both with Secretary Southworth of the Lowell Manufacturers' association and representatives of the unions, but without definite results. Meetings were held by four unions affiliated with the textile council. The report from all was as follows: "We have voted to force the issue and have instructed our delegates to the council to do everything in their power to do the same in the council meeting tomorrow." By this it is understood that unless the wage advance is given the strike order will go into effect Monday morning.

BOLD ROBBERY AT CHICAGO.

Chicago, March 25.—Thieves drove off with a wagon loaded with fifty-seven cases of merchandise, valued at \$5,000, from in front of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy freight depot. The driver went inside with his freight receipts, leaving the wagon standing in the yard. He was gone about fifteen minutes, and when he returned the wagon was gone and none of the other employees of the freight house could tell him who had driven it away, or in which direction it had gone.

BLACKLISTS ARE PRIVILEGED.

Milwaukee, March 25.—Judge Halsey, in the circuit court, rendered an opinion to the effect that so-called blacklists are privileged communications. The libel suit of Valentine Gerhardt against Armour & Co. for \$10,000 damages was non-suited. It will be appealed to the supreme court. Gerhardt brought suit for damages after he had been refused a supply of meat because a previous bill had not been paid.

HAZELTON, PA., MARCH 25.—DURING

a quarrel at McAdoo, resulting from a lawsuit, Mrs. Joseph Tamos shot and fatally wounded Mrs. Rafael Farinena. The wounded woman is dying at the Miner's hospital here and Mrs. Tamos is in the Pottsville jail.