Aldrich Chas. Curator,
Historical Dept

Crawford County s "Every Other Daily

THE DENISON REVIEW

Roosevelt in Denison June 2nd.

VOLUME XXXIX. DENISON, IOWA, THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1903. NO. 41

CHAMBERLIN IS STILL ALIVE AND FITTING GLASSES.

PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN

BY GEORGE E. WALSH

Copyright, 1902, by F. M. Buckles & Co., New York

CHAPTER XXI.

I WAITED with feverish anxiety for Tuesday night. It was natural that I should experience constant fear about the success of my little scheme. If either my master or Dr. Squires got a hint of my intentions, the game would be up and I would have all my labor for nothing. It would be such an easy matter, too, for either Miss Stetson or Mr. Jaimson to drop a word to some relative or intimate friend which would ruin everything.

I had not learned what Dr. Squires' mission was in leaving the mansion on Tuesday afternoon and evening, but I concluded that it had something to do with his prospective fortune, and this fortune, I felt reasonably certain, consisted solely of the stolen goods which had accumulated in his house. He had evidently reached the point where he thought it advisable to ship them away to some more convenient place where they could be disposed of to advantage. It would be comparatively easy to send them off by express to some distant city and melt up the silver pieces and sell the metal for what it would bring.

While he was making arrangements to escape with his unlawful goods I was planning to capture him and rob him of his sole title to a fortune. I did not doubt but he would take the lion's share of the spoils, leaving my master only a small portion, or probably he would at the last moment escape without dividing at all with him. He was capable of such a trick.

Shortly after dusk on Tuesday I approached the old mansion on foot. I had made sure of the doctor's disappearance. I saw him get on the train about noon and leave for the city.

As soon as it was dark enough to conceal myself from view I approached the house and looked through the kitchen windows. The old Indian servant was alone and seemed to be busily engaged in cooking his supper. When I had made sure of this, I hurried around to the front piazza and began to climb the post which had once before served me a similar good turn.

Knowing the way well, I made quick work in climbing on the roof of the house, and I reached the cupola without mishap. Here I found everything as I had left it during my previous visit. I opened the window without difficulty and proceeded to lift the trap door in the floor. The lock had not been tampered with, and nobody had ever been the wiser for my first visit.

In a few moments I found my way down the ladder and stood in the upper hall. The house was wrapped in darkness, except for the light in the kitchen. This all helped to make my plan easier.

I descended the front stairs noiselessly, and through the half open door I could catch a glimpse of the old servant. From this position I could

I had grasped his two arms.

measure his probable strength and powers. It was necessary that I should be able to cope successfully with him, and I was not going to run any risk.

For some time I watched his slow movements about the kitchen. He prepared his supper and ate it in silence. Then when he proceeded to wash the dishes I found that it was getting late, and for the success of my plan it would be necessary to expedite matters. I purposely dropped a heavy book in the front hall and then glided quickly behind the office portieres. The noise, as I expected, attracted the old man from his work, and he came catlike into the hall, peering intently ahead of him.

He did not expect to find any one in the house. The noise sounded as if it proceeded from the front piazza. The old man glanced through the plate glass of the front door before he opened it. This was my opportunity.

I sprang out of the darkness and landed plump upon the man's back, carrying him to the floor by my weight.

As we fell together I had grasped his two arms and held them securely locked behind him. For a moment he was so frightened by this sudden attack that he did not struggle, but when he felt me running a rope around his elbows and wrists he summoned all of his strength and fought desperately.

I had not underestimated his strength. He was thin and lithe, but powerful and sinewy. He was like a serpent in his wriggling, and I had the greatest difficulty in the world to hold him. We struggled and scuffled about the hall floor for ten minutes before I could tame him. Once or twice I felt that the battle was going against me, but I renewed my efforts and finally pinioned his arms behind him with the rope.

With his arms securely tied the man gave up the struggle and lay there panting and trying to speak. I saw that he was really dumb, although not deaf. He could not speak, but he could hear.

"Be quiet now, and I shall not hurt you," I said in answer to the question which I could plainly read in his eyes. "I'm not going to harm you; only you must submit to being bound for the rest of the night. I will make you as comfortable as possible."

I picked him up and carried him with difficulty to one of the bedrooms upstairs. After placing him in an easy position on the bed I tied him securely to the posts, running the ropes round and round his body and the bed. He looked more like a bandaged mummy than a living being when I had finished.

"Now, you'll remain there until I call for you," I said. "If I catch you attempting to escape, I'll shoot you."

I placed my revolver at his temple as I spoke to emphasize my words. He looked frightened and shook his head vigorously.

Then I left him, locking the door and windows securely, and returned to the scene of our recent struggle. I lighted a lamp long enough to give me an opportunity to clean up things which we had displaced in our struggle. I wanted everything to appear natural when the doctor returned home.

Leaving a dim light burning in the kitchen, I took the front door key with me and stepped out into the cool night air. "So far so good," I said to myself. It was then half past 8, and I had half an hour in which to reach the Stetson mansion in time to meet my appointment.

CHAPTER XXII.

IT WAS at Miss Stetson's promptly at 9 o'clock. Mr. Jaimson was waiting there for me, and Miss Stetson was all prepared for her strange journey.

"I don't like this at all," she said, biting her lip. "I don't know whether to regard it as a joke or not."

"It is not a joke," Mr. Jaimson replied seriously. "I fear it is far from it."

"Why not tell me all, then? I don't like mysteries."

"It is for him to tell you," he answered, pointing toward me.

Knowing that he took me for a detective, I answered evasively:

"We'll soon be there, Miss Stetson, and then you will know all."

I led them a brisk walk down the old highway until we reached the ground surrounding the old mansion. When I turned to go up to the house, Mr. Jaimson started and exclaimed:

"Is it Dr. Squires?"

I nodded affirmatively and increased my pace.

"Of course this is where Dr. Squires lives, but what of that?" inquired Miss Stetson, looking from one to the other.

Neither of us made reply, but trudged on in gloomy silence.

Without any formality or explanation I produced the key and opened the front door of the old house. I stepped inside and lighted the hall lamp. Then as they followed me I closed the door.

"Dr. Squires is not at home tonight," said Miss Stetson, "and I do not see why we should enter his house in this way. Where did you get the key and where is his old servant?"

"One thing at a time, Miss Stetson," I replied. "I will explain everything in a few moments. Please be seated in the hall until I light more lamps."

I left them in the hallway while I bounded up the stairs to see if the old servant was all right. I unlocked the room and glanced in. He was propped up in the same attitude on the bed, and his bandages were secure.

I closed and locked the door and turned then to the treasure room. I put two or three extra lights in this place, placing them so that the rays would glisten on the silverware and jewels. I drew off all the coverings of the stolen goods and even arranged many of them so they would show off to the best advantage. With the lights shining down upon them they made a feast for the eyes that was dazzling. It was a spectacular effect that gratified my little vanity.

I returned to the hall, where I had left my two companions, and said:

"If you will accompany me upstairs, I will make all this mystery plain."

They both eagerly followed me, even Miss Stetson showing more than her ordinary curiosity. She preceded Mr. Jaimson, and as she reached the door of the room I threw it open and said:

"Behold, Miss Stetson, Dr. Squires' secret! Here is the mystery which he has safely guarded from you and all the people around here."

She stepped into the room, shaded her eyes with one hand and then stepped back with a little cry of amazement.

"What does this all mean? What beautiful things? Where did they come from?"

"Examine some of them, Miss Stetson," I said. "Look at this handsome silver teapot and water pitcher."

She stepped forward and took them out of my hand and then nearly dropped them in her agitation.

"Why, they are mine! They have my mother's initials on. They are the ones stolen from my house."

"Yes, they belong to you, and if you will look around you will see plenty of others that you may recognize—not only those which belonged to you, but to your neighbors."

She picked up one after another, handling them with such eagerness that she nearly dropped them. Then she turned helpless toward me and Mr. Jaimson.

"What does it mean, Mr. Jaimson?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"That we have at last run the robbers to earth," he replied sternly.

"Who are they?" she gasped while her face turned white and red. "Not—surely not—Dr."—

"Yes, Miss Stetson, I fear Dr. Squires is one of the guilty parties."

"It can't be. How could he do such a thing? I—I—don't understand it."

She leaned against the wall for support. Mr. Jaimson put his arm around her waist.

"You must not give way to your feelings," he said tenderly. "You must be brave. There is more to do tonight. We must tell you the whole story, and you must be equal to the emergency. It is difficult"—

I interrupted him by touching his arm. The sound of wheels on the gravelly drive had attracted my attention.

"Somebody is coming," I said. "Go down to the office. I will follow you."

I turned the lights out quickly, locked the door and bounded down the stairs two at a time. Had the doctor unexpectedly returned earlier than he had promised?

When I reached the office, I shoved them into a closet shut off from the rest of the room with soft, sheeny curtains. The place was barely large enough for all of us to squeeze in. I warned them to keep quiet until I gave them permission to speak. Through the soft curtains we could see any one in the office, but nobody could see us.

We had barely closeted ourselves when the sound of a key in the lock of the front door announced the coming of the owner of the house. Heavy steps in the hall followed, and the voice of Dr. Squires could be heard saying:

"I suppose my man has retired, Charles. I told him not to wait up for me. Ah, he has left a light burning for me in the office. It always seems more cheerful to have a light waiting for you."

He entered the office, followed by my master. After turning up the light into a brighter blaze he removed his overcoat.

"No, Charles; you're wrong in imagining that I do not help you in my treatment. I can see marked improvement in you every week."

The doctor took a bottle from the mantelpiece and poured out some brandy, swallowing it with a gulp.

"But you know the effect your hypnotic treatment has upon me," my master replied. "Every morning after you subject me to it I'm so weak and languid that I do not care to do anything."

"Merely temporary—merely temporary, Charles. Nobody can be reduced to the hypnotic state without feeling some ill effects of it afterward. But they are merely temporary and not lasting; they leave no permanent illness. You soon rally from your fatigue?"

"Yes, I'm all right after a long rest, but it does not seem natural that such a reaction should follow."

"On the contrary, it is very natural—most natural. I should be surprised if it were not so. I cannot enter into a detailed explanation of hypnotism; it would require too much time, but I can assure you that it effects the nervous system for the time, and under the intense strain the nerves are subjected to the body must afterward feel worn and weary. That is all there is to it. If you were a weak, nervous person, I might hesitate, but one with your strong, vigorous constitution ought to stand it."

My master did not reply, but remained passive, looking intently at the fire in the grate.

"Why should you be so discouraged tonight?" the doctor added a moment later. "Has anything occurred to make you dissatisfied with my treatment?"

"No, except that I'm getting skeptical. I believe at times that I'm entirely well. I would never know that anything ailed me except when I'm reminded of it by my engagements with you. Then I go home from here and wake up the next morning with all the feelings of a man who had been through a severe fit of sickness. I don't understand it."

"My dear Charles, that is the peculiarity of your disease and of my treatment of it," the doctor replied. "I have succeeded in warding off any attacks of the disease itself, but at a slight expense of nerves. That you must expect. No medicine can cure an inherited disease without giving some counter shock to the system."

"So you've told me before, doctor, and I've accepted it trustingly. But now I want to know how much longer you will have to experiment with me? You admit yourself it is only experimental?"

"It was at first, but not now. I'm positive about the results. So well have I succeeded that I'm ready to announce that in half a dozen more treatments you will be entirely cured. There will then be no more danger of phthisis, and you can feel that you are free from any taint of heredity."

"That is consoling, and under such circumstances I will permit you to continue the treatment for another month. Then I will refuse to submit longer to these hypnotic trances."

"Very well; I accept the conditions, and I have reason to believe that you will always thank me for my perseverance."

"I shall if you succeed."

"Shall we make another experiment, as you call it, tonight? It will shorten your month by a few days."

"Yes, I'm willing."

Then a most remarkable scene occurred.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Siebecker Elected Judge.

Milwaukee, April 8.—The judicial election in Wisconsin came off very quietly. Judge Robert G. Siebecker of Madison, judge of the Ninth circuit, was elected to the place on the Wisconsin supreme bench, made vacant by the recent death of C. V. Barden. Comparatively few mayors were elected in the state and there was few political changes in the cities. Oshkosh re-elected Mayor Mulva (Dem.) and LaCrosse defeated the Republican candidate. Fox Lake, Waukesha, and Marinette went for Republicans. The Democrats carried Neenah, Menasha, Amherst, Berlin, Portage and Beaver Dam.

Admiral Schley at St. Paul.

St. Paul, April 8.—Admiral Schley arrived from the west and was met by a local reception committee at Litchfield. At the station the admiral was greeted by Governor Van Sant, Mayor Smith and another committee of citizens and escorted to the Aberdeen hotel. He addressed the students at Hamlin college this morning and this afternoon a public reception will be held at the state capitol. A parade will precede the reception.

Guthrie, Okla., April 8.—C. M. Barnes, ex-governor of Oklahoma, was elected mayor of Guthrie by 300 majority. The Republicans elected nearly all the other officers.

PRESIDENT MEETS INDIANS

Chiefs Present Him an Address and Pipe of Peace.

VISITS SCENES OF RANCH DAYS.

Roosevelt Has Very Enjoyable Time in North Dakota—Newspaper Correspondents Will Not Be Allowed to Enter Park.

Mandan, N. D., April 8.—President Roosevelt has been traveling through familiar country and received hearty greetings wherever his train stopped. At many places he recognized old friends.

At Fargo, Jamestown and Bismarck he made stops of from half an hour to an hour and discussed the conditions in the Philippines, the tariff and the general prosperity which the country is enjoying. Stops also were made at Casselton, Tower, Valley City, Dawson, Dickinson and Medora. At Bismarck the president was introduced to a number of Indian chiefs, some of whom had fought against Custer. He had traded with two of these Indians eighteen or twenty years ago and he instantly recognized them. The chiefs presented an address and a pipe of peace to the president, who had a few words of greeting and thanks for each man. The most interesting ceremony occurred at Medora, where the president at one time owned a ranch and which was his postoffice address sixteen years ago, when he was sheriff of Billings county. Medora is a small place, but the ranchmen from the surrounding country had come into the town and they gave the president a truly western reception. Joe Ferris, who was the president's old foreman, and his brother, S. M. Ferris, met the president at Bismarck and rode with him to Medora.

Butte, Mont., April 8.—Plans for the reception and entertainment of President Roosevelt in the national park have been completed. Major Pitcher will meet the special train at Gardner with troop C and will escort the president into the park. Major Pitcher and two or three troopers will be with the president constantly in order to keep him in communication with the outside world. Newspaper correspondents will be accorded every courtesy as long as they obey the regulations that have been imposed. In case any of them attempt to enter the park or follow the president he will be arrested and placed in the guard house, there to remain until after the president shall have finished his visit. Telegraph wires have been strung from Cinnabar to the park, and over these wires all executive business will be handled.

Gotham Saloon Men Boycott Farmers.

New York, April 8.—Resolutions were passed by the Retail Liquor Dealers' association boycotting all products of the New York state farmers. The proposed boycott is the outcome of the additional tax of $400 a year put on liquor dealers. In bringing about such a boycott the saloon keepers have two objects in view, first, to even up in a measure a long felt prejudice against the ruralist legislators, and second, to so affect the pocketbooks of the farmer that he will be made to feel resentment at Governor Odell, to whose influence the liquor men attribute the passage of the new tax. The Retail Liquor Dealers' association practically has bound itself to buy no cheese from the New York state farmer, which means millions of dollars to him, and the boycott, if possible, will be extended to all products.

Hill Attacks Roosevelt.

Albany, April 8.—President Roosevelt, in his official capacity of governor of the state of New York, came in for a sound berating by former Senator David B. Hill during his argument as counsel for the corporations in the special franchise tax case before the court of appeals. Mr. Hill attacked President Roosevelt for his course as governor of this state, with reference to the passage of the special franchise tax law. He emphatically denied that the corporations were responsible for the alleged unconstitutional features of the law, declaring that Governor Roosevelt himself recommended them in so many words.

Strikers Decide to Keep the Peace.

Rotterdam, April 8.—At a meeting of 3,000 dock laborers it was resolved to make common cause with the striking railroad men, but it was also decided that order must be preserved, so as to give the government no excuse for the adoption of harsh measures. One hundred men were tolled off to act as pickets with instructions not to use violence.

HARRISON WINS AGAIN

Elected Mayor of Chicago for Fourth Term.

RACE IS CLOSE WITH STEWART.

Plurality is Only About One-Fourth of What it Was in the Last Campaign—Gains Made by Kansas Republicans—Results in Other Places.

Chicago, April 8.—Carter H. Harrison was elected mayor of Chicago for the fourth time, his majority by unofficial count over Graeme Stewart, the Republican candidate, being 6,948. The local total vote was: Harrison, 143,335; Stewart, 137,265; Cruice (Independent Labor), 7,500; Breckon (Socialist), 7,200; Haines (Pro.), 1,375. In the last mayoralty election the total vote was: Harrison (Dem.), 156,756; Hanecy (Rep.), 128,413. The early returns were in favor of Stewart and at one time he was 2,000 ahead, but the later returns cut down his plurality steadily, and the Republican leaders in private conversation admitted Stewart's defeat by about 6,000. In the first precinct of the Twenty-first ward, in which both Harrison and Stewart reside, the vote was: Harrison, 41; Stewart, 101.

The Republicans elected John F. Smulski for city attorney by 8,700 plurality and Fred C. Bender for city clerk by 3,700. The Democrats elected Ernest Hummel for city treasurer by 21,700. The new city council will be 35 Republicans, 33 Democrats and 1 independent Democrat.

Mayor Harrison said: "I regard the present election as less of a personal victory for myself than as a victory for municipal ownership—a victory which should lead to the development of public, national as well as municipal, utilities."

DEMOCRATS WIN IN ST. LOUIS.

Five Republicans and One Independent Candidate Elected.

St. Louis, April 8.—Election returns, completed at 1:30 this morning, show that St. Louis went Democratic by a plurality of over 18,000. Five Republicans and one Independent candidate were elected to the house of delegates. The other twenty-two members elected are Democrats. The Democrats elected their six candidates for the city council. The Republican and Democratic nominees for the board of education were elected and the Democratic nominee for inspector of weights and measures won. The Republicans claim gross frauds were committed at the polls.

It is considered that the election results have been for the purification of the law-making body of the city and have swept out the "combine" element.

Throughout the state the Democrats lost in three third class cities that they formerly controlled, but made enough gains in others to fully preserve their political equilibrium.

Municipal elections were held in most of the Missouri cities. The Republicans carried Jefferson City, Carthage and Lamar. The Democrats were victorious in Nevada, Mexico, Rich Hill, Warrensburg, Kirksville, Butler, Richmond, Excelsior Springs, Moberly and Joplin, and an independent ticket won at Sedalia.

The most surprising Democratic gain was in Kirksville, which had been held continuously by the Republicans for more than forty years.

At Jefferson City the Democrats attribute their defeat to the enforcement of the Sunday closing law by the present Democratic administration.

Elections in Minnesota.

St. Paul, April 8.—Elections were held in villages throughout Minnesota. Mayors elected were as follows: Wilmar, B. Qvale; Sauk Center, Dr. J. A. Dubois; Wabasha, Dr. J. F. Milligan; Lesuer, J. H. Termatch; Marshall, M. E. Matthews; Fergus Falls, E. J. Webber. The election at Mankato was an exception to the rule that prevailed in the other cities. The contest there was keen and resulted in a sweeping Democratic victory. Charles T. Taylor was elected mayor, defeating A. G. Meyer (Rep.) by sixty-six votes.

Wet and Dry the Issue in Nebraska.

Omaha, April 8.—Hardly a town in the state placed a party ticket in the field, the all-absorbing issue being that of "for or against license," and party lines were almost entirely lost sight of. The result has been that many towns, which have had a no-license party in office and which were designated as "dry," have gone "wet," and vice versa. Many villages compromised on a high-license ticket which had no opposition.