

Theatrical Fraternal

"WE UNS OF TENNESSEE." Lee Arthur's beautiful love story...

"ARIZONA." Augustus Thomas's great play, "Arizona," which New Yorkers have been crowding the Herald Square theater to see during the last three months...



picturesque southwestern territory for the purpose of sketching "from life" the bits of Aravaipa Valley landscape and architecture which Mr. Thomas and his artistic mentor, Frederick Remington, insisted upon as the only possible enrichment for the dramatic story...

- MEETINGS TO-NIGHT. Naturalists' club. Company A drill. Concordia rehearsal. Nutmeg lodge, P. of A. Court America, F. of A. Mantow council, I. O. H. Hellmann Advance drum corps. Waterbury Debating club. Liberty lodge, A. O. U. W. Townsend lodge, I. O. O. F. Waterbury Medical society. Waterbury council, C. B. L. Continental lodge, F. and A. M. Lady Trumbull council, D. of L. Abraham Lincoln camp, S. of A. Washington convalescence, K. S. of V. St. Francis Xavier drum corps. Magnolia lodge, K. of P. Court Cecilia, W. M. L. O. F. Hendricken council, K. of C. Arbutus camp, W. of W. Patrick Sarsfield club. Painters and Decorators. Friendly league, English branches. Physical culture, dressmaking.

- COMING EVENTS. Polk's, December 13.—Odd Fellows' Minstrel show. Turn hall, December 14.—Waterbury Social club's sociable. City hall, December 16.—Grand sacred concert. Speedwell hall, December 18.—Broadway Social club's sociable. Carter's hall, Waterville, Dec. 8.—American Pin company's fire department sociable and dance. Speedwell hall, December 27.—Waterbury association football club's dance. Armory, New Year's eve, December 31.—Company G's lance. Leavenworth hall, New Year's eve, December 31.—French Canadian Institute annual ball. St. Patrick's Lyceum hall, January 10 to February 1, 1901.—Fair. Speedwell hall, January 19.—Waterbury Button Co's dance.

- Fallen Leaves. Leaves have their time to fall. And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath. Mrs. Hemans. Leaves, not green, but gray and gold. Fall and deck the faded grass. Brown and ebb the wind is cold. Summer days are gone, alas! Gone, the fields of fragrant corn. Gone, the orchard's gleam and glow. In the lane the aspens snow. At the coming of the snow! Amber, pearl and purple leaves. Sadly fall, while nature grieves. Sadly close their nesting lives! How they flutter from the trees. Like a flock of frightened birds. And are driven by the breeze. Like the hissing-driven herds! Low they lie in sallow shades. Yellow, crimson, orange, green; Autumn's opals set in jade. Autumn's scene, closing scene! Rachel-like, the mother tree. Weeps for her dead babies, sweet. How a fearful noise. How plain children at her feet. David James Evans, in Washington News.

THE STURGIS WAGER A DETECTIVE STORY.

By EDGAR MORETTE. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

CHAPTER XX. THE LEAD-LINED VAT.

Sprague seated himself upon the long pine box; and Sturgis, dropping into the only chair, began his narrative. As he talked, he carelessly whittled the cover of the wooden box with the knife which he still held in his hand. He began with an account of his investigation at the Knickerbocker bank, and explained the result of his observations and inferences down to the time of his visit to Murdock's house, omitting, however, to mention any of the names of the actors in the reconstructed drama.

"So you see," he concluded, "we have established the identity of the body in the cab, and of the young man who disappeared after the cab was whittled. But one of the most salient features of the case, from the start, was the fact that neither of these two men had derived much, if any, pecuniary profit from his crime. The bookkeeper, as we have seen, was a mere cat's-paw in the control of the accountant, and his posthumous confession has given us the explanation of the power exerted over him by his accomplice. It was not so easy to establish the motive which controlled the actions of the accountant, who was himself only a tool in the hands of a higher intelligence. The dens ex machina of this crime is a man of genius who has hardly appeared upon the scene at all, but whose traces I have found at every turn. He was the brains of the whole scheme; the other men in his hands were mere puppets. Through the accountant, this master spirit managed the bookkeeper; and the accountant himself was controlled by him more directly, but no less surely. If he held the former through his fear of exposure and consequent ruin, he influenced the latter through even more potent motives. He is the father of a beautiful girl, whom he did not scruple to use as a decoy. The price agreed upon for the accountant's assistance was the hand of this daughter, for whom the young man had doubtless conceived a passionate love. Whether or not the leader would have had the power to carry out his part of the contract matters little; for it is highly probable that he never had the slightest intention of so doing. He evidently realized very early in the game that the bookkeeper could not long escape the clutches of the law. But as he had taken every precaution to prevent him from knowing anything of his very existence, the fate of the unfortunate bookkeeper would have mattered little to this heartless villain, had not the probability remained that, when brought to bay, the bookkeeper would denounce the accountant's connection with the crime. This would have been extremely awkward, since the accountant was very likely in possession of some dangerous secrets. The safest way out of the difficulty was to quietly suppress the name of the bookkeeper. This plan was decided upon, and would doubtless have been carried into execution, had not fate otherwise decreed. After the bookkeeper's death, under the circumstances which I have related, it became quite probable that the accountant's connection with the case would be discovered; for luck had been against him from the start, and he became more and more entangled in the chain of circumstantial evidence of whose existence his leader was soon fully aware. In the first place, the accountant was wounded; and thus not only partially disabled, but also—what is far worse—conspicuously marked. A man who carries his arm in a sling can hardly fail to attract attention, especially when this distinguishing mark is accompanied by another equally glaring one in the form of a head of brilliant red hair."

"Hold on, Sturgis!" interrupted Sprague, who had been listening with growing interest; "don't you know the accountant's name?" "Yes," replied the reporter; "his name is Thomas Chatham."

"Thomas Chatham!" exclaimed Sprague, as the image of the miserable young man came to his mind. "Yes," replied Sturgis, answering his thought, "the man you met only a few hours ago."

There was a brief silence, broken at last by Sprague, who asked: "Has he escaped?" "Sturgis hesitated. "That depends upon how we look at it," he said, gravely, at length; "he has paid the penalty of his crimes."

"What do you mean?" "He is dead," answered the reporter. "Dead? But I tell you I saw him—I know; but he has died since."

and he appears to have brought wholesale murder to a science. "Do you mean to say that wholesale murder can be indulged in with impunity in a city like New York, at the end of the nineteenth century?" asked Sprague, aghast.

"Yes; when it is done in the systematic and scientific manner that has been employed here. For this murderer is the most remarkable criminal of modern times. He has not been satisfied with killing his victims; he has succeeded in completely wiping them out of existence. Criminals have often attempted to destroy the bodies of their victims, but they have never before succeeded as this man has. He is a chemist of remarkable talent, and he has discovered a compound in which bone as well as human tissue is rapidly and totally dissolved. There it is in your tank. See how completely the liquid has destroyed the bone handle of this knife."

Sturgis, after showing the damaged knife to his companion, resumed his whittling upon the cover of the box, as though the artist was seated. "Chatham's body has been dissolved in that tank within a very short time. It has entirely disappeared; this flattened bullet alone is left, leading being one of the few substances which are not soluble in the contents of the tank. Fortunately he overlooked that fact. Genies has its lapses."

Presently Sprague ventured to say: "If numerous crimes have been committed here, as you intimate, I do not understand how it is that suspicion has never rested on this house before."

"The author of these crimes has taken every precaution to render the chance of discovery quite remote. His dwelling-house on one street, and the bogus Chemical company on the other, are in communication through this underground passage, while apparently having no connection with each other. Moreover, he is too shrewd to make frequent use of this death chamber. That does well enough as a last resort, when he is obliged to commit the murders with his own hands; but I suspect that this man has other agents like Chatham, who do the dirty work for him and then quietly ship the bodies here for annihilation, as it was intended should be done with Arbogast's. Ah! yes; I thought so. You are sitting upon one of these bodies now."

Sprague started up to his feet; and, following the direction in which Sturgis was pointing with his open knife, he vaguely discerned, through the opening which the reporter had whittled, a small surface of what had once been the features of a human being. After gazing for some minutes in horror-stricken silence at the distorted face, the artist asked in a low voice: "How did Chatham meet his death?" "I don't know yet," answered Sturgis, gravely; "this man is no ordinary criminal. His work is clean and leaves no blood-stains and no disorder to tell of its accomplishment. He takes life with his own hands only when he is forced to do so; but, when he does, his method is masterly. It was easier to make away with Chatham than to pay him the price agreed upon for his complicity in the Knickerbocker bank embezzlement; and so his life was taken. I hope to discover how before I leave here."

Sprague started as the reporter ceased speaking. "The price of his complicity?" he claimed, laying his hand upon Sturgis' arm and looking earnestly into his eyes. "Yes," replied the reporter, steadily meeting his friend's gaze, "his daughter's hand."

"Come quick! We must get out of here!" and he led the way through the subterranean passage toward the cellar of the Manhattan Chemical company. CHAPTER XXI. THE DEATH CHAMBER.

Before the men had gone many steps a grating opened beneath their feet from the direction of the skylight. They looked up and saw sliding steel shutters slowly and ponderously close, like grim jaws; and suddenly they felt themselves cut off from the outside world.

Sturgis, taking up his lighted candle, made his way to the door of the subterranean passage and tried in vain to open it; the heavy iron bolt remained immovable in its socket. Inch by inch he scrutinized the door with growing anxiety. At last he abandoned the search and returned in the direction of the square chamber. "That explains why he wanted to shut me in here when I was in his office," he muttered under his breath. "What is the matter?" asked Sprague.

"We are caught like rats in a trap," replied Sturgis. Then, feeling he added "I do not know how this will end, old man. I have bungled, and I fear the game is lost. If our lives are the forfeit, you will owe your death to my stupidity."

Sprague looked at his friend, as if surprised to hear him apparently abandon the fight. "Don't worry about me," he said, kindly; "I came here of my own free will. But," he added, as a vision of Arbogast flashed upon his mind, "I have no intention to die just yet, if I can help it. Are we not both able-bodied men and armed? What can one man do against two?"

"It is not an open fight," said Sturgis, "but I am glad to see your spirit. I do not give up; but I want you to realize that we are in a critical situation, with the odds enormously against us."

"Why, what can Murdock do?" "Perhaps what he did to Chatham. It will probably not be long before we discover what that was."

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As I have already suggested, he has made some perhaps excusable mistakes; but, then, as he himself stated the other night, "a detective has a lifetime in which to correct a blunder. A lifetime! It is not in accordance with Mr. Sturgis' usual practice to use so vague a term. A lifetime is not necessarily a very long time, Mr. Sturgis."

During this tirade Sturgis and Sprague had remained standing with their eyes fixed upon the gleaming carbuncles which peered at them from behind the grated peepholes at the top of the stairs. The artist seemed to realize that the fight was lost. His attitude was that of a brave man accepting, with calm despair, an unpleasant but inevitable doom. The reporter had drawn his revolver at the first sound of Murdock's voice, but had immediately returned it to his pocket upon realizing that the chemist was protected by a bullet-proof grating. Now, pale and collected, he remained inscrutable. It was impossible, even for the sharp eyes of Murdock, to determine whether he was at last resigned to his fate, or whether his active mind was still on the alert for a loophole of escape.

The bit of candle which he held in his hand had burned so low that at last he was unable to hold it without risk of burning his fingers. Whereupon he coolly set it down upon the stone floor, where presently the wick fell over into a pool of molten paraffine, and the flame sputtered noisily, sending fitful gleams through the darkness.

(To be Continued.)

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To the Board of County Commissioners for New Haven County: I hereby apply for a license to sell spirituous and intoxicating liquors, ale, lager beer, Rhine wine and cider, at 147 Baldwin street, town of Waterbury. My place of business is not located within 200 feet in a direct line of a church edifice or public school house, or the premises pertaining thereto, or any postoffice or public library. SIMON F. KEMMIE, Applicant. Dated at Waterbury, this 20th day of November, A. D. 1900.

To the Board of County Commissioners for New Haven County: I hereby apply for a license to sell spirituous and intoxicating liquors, ale, lager beer, Rhine wine and cider, at 147 Baldwin street, town of Waterbury. My place of business is not located within 200 feet in a direct line of a church edifice or public school house, or the premises pertaining thereto, or any postoffice or public library. SIMON F. KEMMIE, Applicant. Dated at Waterbury, this 20th day of November, A. D. 1900.