

HOUSE WE USED TO LIVE IN.

The house we used to live in looks at us So wistfully as we go driving by: The wind that makes its near tree murmurous...

My Strangest Case

BY GUY BOOTHBY. Author of "Dr. Kikola," "The Beautiful White Devil," "Pharos, The Egyptian," Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

"This is a somewhat remarkable case," he said. "I will mention no names, but doubtless you can read between the lines. There was a man who murdered his wife in order that he might marry another woman. The thought which he gave to it, and the clever manner in which he laid his plans, not only for the murder but also for the disposal of the body, marked him as a criminal in the possession of a singularly brilliant intellect. He gave no hint to anybody, but left the country without leaving the faintest clew concerning his destination behind him. I was called in to talk over the case, but after some consideration could make nothing of it. I have no objection to admitting that I was completely baffled. Now it so happened that I discovered that the man's mother was of Irish extraction. He, believing that he would be safe on that island, engaged a passage on board a steamer from Havre to Belfast. She was to pick up at Southampton, Plymouth and Bristol, en route. My man, who, by the way, was a very presentable person, and could be distinctly sociable when he pleased, endeavored to make himself agreeable to the passengers on board. On the first evening out of port, the conversation turned upon the value of diamonds, and one of the ladies on board produced some costly stones she happened to have in her possession. The murderer, who, you must understand, was quite safe, was unhappily eaten up with vanity. He could not forego the boast that he was the possessor of a magnificent ring, which had been given him by ex-Emperor Napoleon III. Needless to say this information excited considerable interest, and he was asked to produce it for the general edification.

"He declared that it was too late to do so that evening, but said that he would do so on the morrow, or, at any rate, before he left the vessel. In the excitement of reaching Southampton, the matter was for the moment forgotten, but on the day that they arrived in Plymouth one of the lady passengers reminded him of his promise. This was followed by another application. Thus surrounded, the unhappy man found himself in the unpleasant position of being discovered in the perpetration of an untruth, or of being compelled to invent some feasible tale in order to account for his not being able to produce the ring. It was at this juncture that he made his great mistake. Anxious doubtless to attract attention, he returned from his cabin with the astounding declaration that the lock had been forced, and the famous ring stolen from his trunk in which it had lain concealed. He certainly acted his part well, but he did not realize to what consequence it would lead. The matter was reported to the police, and a search was made through the vessel. The passengers were naturally indignant at such treatment, and for the rest of the voyage the man found himself taking what you English call 'the cold shoulder.' He reached Belfast, made his way into the country, and presently settled down. Later on, when the pursuit had died down, it was his intention to ship for America, where he was to be joined by the woman, to obtain whom he had in the first place committed the crime. Now observe the result. Photographs of the missing man and of the murdered woman were circulated all through France, while not a few were sent to England. One of these pictures reached Plymouth, where it was shown to the officer who had investigated the case on the boat on its way to Ireland. He immediately recognized the man who had made the charge against his fellow-passengers. After that it was easy to trace him to Belfast and his hiding-place on land. Extradition was of course granted, and he left the place. Had he not imagined that in his safety he could indulge his vanities, I confidently believe I should never have found him. When you come to think

of it, it is hard to come to the guillotine for a diamond that never existed, is it not? I agreed with him, and then suggested that we should amuse ourselves by endeavoring to find out how the dinner at the Cafe des Ambassadeurs was progressing. "They will proceed to a theater afterwards, you may be sure," my companion said. "In that case if you like we could catch a glimpse of them as they come out. What do you say?" I answered that I had not the least objection. "One night does not make much difference. To-morrow morning I shall make a point of meeting him face to face." "Should you require any assistance then, I shall be most pleased to give it to you," my companion replied. I thanked him for his offer, and then we left the restaurant together, hailed a cab, and drove to his flat. It consisted of four rooms situated at the top of a lofty block of buildings near the river. From his windows he could look out over Paris, and he was wont to declare that the view he received in exchange was the most beautiful in the world. Fine as it was, I was scarcely so enthusiastic in my praise. Among other things they were remarkable for the simplicity of their furniture, and also for the fact that in the sitting-room there was nothing to reveal the occupation of their owner. His clever old servant, Susanne, of whom 'twas said she would, did she but choose, make as clever a detective as her master (she had served him for more than 40 years), brought us coffee so quickly that it would almost seem as if she had been aware that we should reach the house at that particular moment. "We have plenty of time to spare," said my host. "In the meantime it will be necessary for us to find out what they are doing. If you will wait I will dispatch a messenger, who will procure us the information." He wrote something on a half-sheet of note-paper, rang the bell, and handed it to Susanne. "Give that to Leon," he said, "and tell him to be off with it at once." The woman disappeared, and when she had gone we resumed our conversation. Had he not had the good fortune to be such a great success in his own profession, what an admirable actor the man would have made! His power of facial contortion was extraordinary, and I believe that on demand he could have imitated almost any face that struck his fancy. "And now with regard to our little excursion," he said. "What would you like to be? As you are aware, I can offer you a varied selection. Will you be a workman, a peddler, an elderly gentleman from the provinces, or a street beggar?" "I think the elderly gentleman from the provinces would suit me best," I answered, "while it will not necessitate a change of dress." "Very good, then, so it shall be," he replied. "We'll be a couple of elderly gentlemen in Paris for the first time. Let me conduct you to my dressing-room, where you will find all that is necessary for your make-up." He thereupon showed me to a room leading out of that in which we had hitherto been sitting. It was very small, and lighted by means of a skylight. Indeed, it was that very skylight, so he always declared, that induced him to take the flat. "If this room looked out over the back, or front, it would have been necessary for me either to have curtains, which I abominate, or to run the risk of being observed, which would have been far worse," he had remarked to me once. "Needless to say there are times when I find it most necessary that my preparations should not be suspected." Taken altogether, it was a room that had a strange fascination for me. I had been in it many times before, but was always able to discover something new in it. It was a conglomeration of cupboards and shelves. A large variety of costumes hung upon the pegs in the walls, ranging from soldier's uniforms to beggar's rags. There were wigs of all sorts and descriptions on blocks, pads of every possible order and for every part of the body, humps for hunchbacks, wooden legs, boots ranging from the patent leather of the dandy to the toleless foot-covering of the beggar. There were hats in abundance, from the spotless silk to the most miserable head coverings, some of which looked as if they had been picked up from the rubbish-heaps. There were peddlers' trays fit-



TO MY OVERWHELMING SURPRISE NO LESS A PERSON THAN GIDEON HAYLE ENTERED THE ROOM.

ted with all and every sort of ware, a faro-table, a placard setting forth the fact that the renowned Prof. Somebody or Other was a most remarkable phrenologist and worthy of a visit. In fact there was no saying what there was not there. Everything that was calculated to be useful to him in his profession was to be found in the room. For my own part I am not fond of disguises. Indeed on only two or three occasions, during the whole course of my professional career, have I found it necessary to conceal my identity. But to this wily little Frenchman disguise was, as often as not, a common occurrence. Half an hour later, two respectable elderly gentlemen, looking more like professors from some eminent Lycee than detectives, left the house and proceeded in the direction of the Folly theater. The performance was almost at an end when we reached it, and we mingled with the crowd who had assembled to watch the audience come out. The inquiries we had made proved to be correct, and it was not very long before I saw the man I wanted emerge, accompanied by a female, who could be no other than Mme. Beaumarais. Hayle was in immaculate evening dress, and, as I could not but admit, presented a handsome figure to the world. A neat little brougham drew up beside the pavement in its turn, and into this they stepped. Then the door was closed upon them, and the carriage drove away. "That's my man," I said to my companion, as we watched it pass out of sight. "To-morrow morning I shall pay him a little visit. I think you were quite right in what you said about the money. That woman must have made a fairly big hole in it already." "You may be quite sure of that," he answered. "When she has finished with him there will not be much left for anybody else." "And now to get these things off and then home to bed. To-morrow will in all probability prove an exciting day." I accompanied him to his room and removed the disguise which had enabled me to see Hayle without his being aware of my identity, and then, bidding my friend good night, returned to my abode. Before I went to bed, however, I sat down and wrote a report of my doings for Miss Kitwater. Little as I had to tell, the writing of this letter gave me considerable pleasure. I could imagine it coming like a breath from another world to that quiet house at Bishopstowe. I pictured the girl's face as she read it, and the strained attention of the two men, who, needless to say, would hang on every word. When I had finished it I went to bed, to dream that Gideon Hayle and I were swimming a race in the Seine for five gigantic rubies which were to be presented to the winner by Miss Kitwater. Next morning I arose early, went for a stroll along the boulevards, and returned to breakfast at eight o'clock. In the matter of my breakfasts in Paris, I am essentially English. I must begin the day with a good meal, or I am fit for nothing. On this particular occasion I sat down on the best terms with myself and the world in general. I made an excellent meal, did the best I could with the morning paper, but my French is certainly not above reproach, and then wondered when I should set out to interview the man whose flight from England had proved the reason of my visiting Paris. Then the door opened and the concierge entered with the words: "A gentleman to see monsieur!" Next moment, to my overwhelming surprise, no less a person than Gideon Hayle entered the room. CHAPTER IX. At the moment that I saw Hayle enter my room, you might, as the saying goes, have knocked me down with a feather. Of all that could possibly have happened, this was surely the most unexpected! The man had endeavored to get me out of his way in London, he had played all sorts of tricks upon me in order to put me off the scent, he had bolted from England because he knew I was searching for him, yet here he was deliberately seeking me out, and of his own free will putting his head into the lion's mouth. It was as astonishing as it was inexplicable. "Good morning, Mr. Fairfax," he said, bowing most politely to me as he spoke. "I hope you will forgive this early call. I only discovered your address an hour ago, and, as I did not wish to run the risk of losing you, I came on at once." "You appeared to be fairly desirous of doing so last week," I said. "What has occurred to make you change your mind so suddenly?" "A variety of circumstances have conspired to bring such a result about," he answered. "I have been thinking the matter over, and not being able to determine the benefit of this hole-and-corner sort of game, I have made up my mind to settle it once and for all." "I am glad you have come to that way of thinking," I said. "It will save us both an infinity of trouble. You understand, of course, that I represent Messrs. Kitwater and Codd." "I am well aware of it," he replied, "and in common fairness to myself, I can only say that I am sorry to hear it." "May I ask why you are sorry?" "Because you have the honor to represent the biggest pair of scoundrels unhung," he answered. "And in saying this I pledge you my word that I am by no means overstepping the mark. I have known them both for a great many years, and can, therefore, speak from experience."

Before going further with him I was desirous of convincing myself upon the point. "You knew them, then, when they were missionaries in China, I suppose?" "That's the first time I have ever heard what they were," he replied. "Kitwater a missionary! You must forgive my laughing, but the idea is too ludicrous. I'll admit he's done a considerable amount of converting, but it has been converting other people's money into his own pockets." He laughed at his own bad joke, and almost instantly grew serious once more. He was quite at his ease, and, though he must have known that I was familiar with the story, or supposed story, of his villainy, seemed in no way ashamed. "Now, Mr. Fairfax," he went on, "I know that you are surprised to see me this morning, but I don't think you will be when we have had a little talk together. First and foremost, you have been told the story of the stones I possess?" "I have heard Mr. Kitwater's version of it," I answered, cautiously. "I know that you robbed my clients of them and then disappeared!" "I did not rob them of the stones," he said, not in the least offended by the bluntness of my speech. "It is plain that you do not know how we obtained them. Perhaps it's as well that you should not, for there's more behind, and you'd go and get them. No! We obtained them honestly enough at a certain place, and I was appointed to carry them. For this reason I secured them in a belt about my waist. That night the Chinese came down upon us and made us prisoners. They murdered our two native servants, blinded Kitwater, and cut out Codd's tongue. I alone managed to effect my escape. Leaving my two companions for dead, I managed to get away into the jungle. Good heavens! man, you can't imagine what I suffered after that." I looked at him and saw that his face had grown pale at the mere recollection of his experiences. [To Be Continued.] A HAREM-SCARUM TIME. All-Sufficient Experience of a German Duchess in a Family Circle of Tunisian Ladies. Ladies contemplating a visit to the Barbary States would do well to inform themselves by reading a recent book, "Tunisia and the Modern Barbary Pirates," by Herbert Vivian, M. A., to which Mrs. Vivian has contributed a chapter describing those secluded parts of oriental dwellings which no masculine visitor is permitted to enter, and the etiquette prevailing there. In a harem, as in occidental centers of femininity, the costume of a lady visitor is a source of interest and curiosity. When Mrs. Vivian paid calls the whole family would gather round and pluck at her things, but on the whole she came off very well, the Tunisian ladies contenting themselves with poking and patting her gently and discussing her raiment—cost, cut and color—with each other. So exalted a personage as the duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was less fortunate. The gentleman who arranged for the duchess' visit to the harem of an old Arabian friend said to the man: "The lady who is coming to see you is the daughter of the emperor of all the Russias, and has married the son of the English queen." The old man was too polite to show incredulity; but when he saw a little lady dressed in ordinary English clothes, he was quite convinced that he had been hoaxed. "A great princess," he said to himself, "could not possibly go about except attended by a larger suite and attired in brocade or cloth of gold." The ladies of his household were apparently of the same opinion, for the duchess came out of the house terribly disheveled; they had pulled her hair about, taken the combs out to look at them; tugged at her dress to see how strong the material was, and even attempted to undo it to see what she wore beneath. The duchess was immensely amused. "But," she declared, "now that I have seen one harem, I am quite satisfied, and have no desire ever to visit another." When Endurance Rebelled. An Irish friend insisted that a Scotchman should stay at his house instead of a hotel, and kept him there for a month, playing the host in detail, even to treating him to all places of amusement, paying all the cab fares and the rest. When the visitor was returning to Dublin the Irishman saw him down to the steamer, and they went together to have a last cigar. "Now, look here," said the man from Dunedin, "I'll hae nae mair o' this. Here ye've been keepin' me at your house for a month, an' payin' for a' the amusements, and cabs and so on—I tell you I'll stan' nae mair o' it! We'll just hae a toss for this one!"—Scotsman. Too Bad, Too Bad. "When I came of age," said Mr. Soffleigh, "I promised mother that I'd never marry until I found the right girl." "Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Sharpe. "Yes, and—er—you're the right girl." "That's too bad, for you're the wrong man."—Tit-Bits. Willie Explained. Mamma—Willie! What's the baby crying for? Willie—Oh! he's ungrateful that's what he is. "Ungrateful?" "Yes'm. I jest showed him how to eat his cake and he don't prelate it."—Philadelphia Press.

ON FOURTH OF JULY. Amnesty Edict Will be Proclaimed in the Philippines in Case Civil Government Bill is a Law by that Time. Washington, June 28.—At the meeting of the cabinet Friday the terms of an amnesty proclamation to the Filipinos, which it is contemplated to issue on the Fourth of July, were agreed upon. The war department for some time past has had under consideration the draft of a proclamation and has found it necessary to make a number of changes in its text. In its modified state it was agreed to by the cabinet and Secretary Root will cable it to Acting Governor Wright for his inspection. If it meets the latter's approval nothing will remain but for the president, if the Philippine civil government bill is a law on that day, as is now expected it will be, to issue on Independence Day a formal proclamation setting forth terms of amnesty for all political offenders in the islands, including Aguinaldo and those held at Guam. The proclamation is based on the general objects of the Philippine government bill, namely, to restore peace in the archipelago and substitute a civil for a military administration. That bill is now in conference and the proclamation will not be issued until the Philippine government measure has been agreed upon by both houses, and the president has affixed his signature to it. The proclamation will declare that a state of peace now exists in the Philippine islands, save in the parts of the archipelago where the Mindanao or Pagan tribes are giving the United States a great amount of trouble, and will declare in effect that with the transfer of the government of the archipelago from a military to a civil status all those arrested and held for political offenses shall be restored to liberty, granted full amnesty, and allowed to participate in the civil government that is to be inaugurated on the islands. There is no intention, it is stated, to release those prisoners convicted of other than political offenses, the benefits of the amnesty being limited to those in custody as a result of breaches of military law, leaving criminal offenders to the action of the proper authorities, under the coming civil government. The purpose is to demonstrate that motives of humanity and generosity dictate our course toward the Filipinos. When the islands are turned over to the civil authorities they will not be left without adequate military protection, as no more troops will be ordered home for the present, and every precaution will be taken for the military safeguarding of the islands under the new civil administration. The cabinet meeting was held in the president's temporary quarters on Lafayette Square and was the first time in 88 years that a regular session of the cabinet had been held outside the White House. TRADE REVIEW. An Increased Activity Reported in All the Manufacturing Industries. New York, June 28.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: Foreign markets were badly disarranged by the sudden illness of the king. Domestic financial conditions are exceptionally satisfactory and trade is well maintained, although low temperature interfered with the distribution of midsummer specialties. Manufacturing operations have increased in activity, especially in the iron and steel industry and textile production, while the constructive work on new buildings and bridges is very heavy. Labor difficulties have not improved in the anthracite coal region, but numerous settlements have been effected elsewhere. Most of the blast furnaces that were stopped by the scarcity of anthracite coal have resumed with coke, of which the ovens have established new records of output, and shipments have been still larger, owing to the stocks accumulated during the car shortage. Despite the vigorous pig iron production, numerous contracts have been placed abroad, and still the machine shops, manufacturers of stoves and implements, and consumers generally are seeking deliveries. Eastern manufacturers of footwear report a larger volume of contracts. There is still some conservatism regarding the future of this industry. More activity occurred in cotton goods, although at some concessions in prices. Woolen goods have been taken more freely, especially the better qualities, and clothing manufacturers are preparing for a large fall trade. Raw wool is in better request at eastern markets, but the new clip is held at a premium that limits trade. Agricultural prospects are far above the average, and rapid progress is made with winter wheat harvesting. Delays have been encountered from heavy rain, while injury has occurred in the southwest from drought, but these adverse influences are less extensive than usual. Failures for the week number 200 in the United States, against 204 last year, and 29 in Canada, against 23 a year ago. Closes 130 Religious Houses. Paris, June 28.—President Loubet has signed a decree closing the religious institutions which have not complied with the provisions of the law of associations. One hundred and thirty establishments are involved. A New Steel Plant. Philadelphia, June 28.—The North American says: Another steel company has been formed to compete with the United States Steel Corporation. Several of the highest salaried experts of the Pencoed iron works, part of the American Bridge Co., have left that concern and cast their lot with the capitalist who is now behind the new company. This man is Percival Roberts, Jr., formerly president of the American Bridge Co. The old plant of the Pottsville, Pa., iron and steel works has been purchased and will be reorganized.

10 PER CENT. RAISE.

The Steel Trust Gives It to All Non-Tonnage Workers.

The Advance Was Voluntary and 100,000 Men Are Benefited by It—Par Roll of Corporation Increased by About \$4,000,000.

Pittsburg, June 28.—The largest voluntary increase ever known in the wages of 100,000 men has been decided upon by the United States Steel Corporation. They will receive an advance of 10 per cent., which will increase the annual pay roll of the steel corporation by \$4,000,000. The advance applies to union as well as non-union men. Strictly speaking, the advance applies to non-tonnage men of every constituent company of the corporation.

This decision has just been reached by the executive committee of the United States Steel Corporation after numerous conferences with the highest officials of the underlying concerns. The first men to profit by the increase were those of the Carnegie Steel Co., who were not already working under a private scale. The next advance will come to the employees of American Steel and Wire plants.

In the Pittsburg district something like 30,000 men will be entitled to the increase. Chief among them will be the blast furnace workers, all day men, laborers and machinists. The wages of the blast furnace workers and day men of the Edgar Thompson and Homestead steel workers and all furnaces operated by the Carnegie Steel Co. were advanced without notice.

Workmen working under a private scale will be debared from the advance, as well as coal miners, coke workers, rod men and tube workers. It is estimated that out of the total number of employees of the corporation, one-third of them are paid on the tonnage basis. It is expected that the largest independent steel and iron producers of the country will grant their laborers, machinists and blast furnace workers a similar advance.

JUDGE LONG DIES.

A Famous Michigan Jurist Crosses the Great Divide.

Detroit, Mich., June 28.—Justice of the State Supreme Court Charles D. Long died here Friday after a long illness.

Justice Long was born at Grand Blanc, Mich., June 14, 1841. He was about to enter college when the civil war broke out and he enlisted as a private in the Eighth Michigan infantry. In the battle of Wilmington Island, Ga., April 16, 1862, he received two severe wounds, both of which rendered him an invalid for life. A shot shattered his left arm, which had to be amputated above the elbow. A bullet at nearly the same time struck and pierced his hip. This bullet it proved impossible to remove, and to the hour of his death this never-healing wound, which had to be dressed every day, caused him untold suffering.

He returned to his home and studied law. In 1887 he was elected to the supreme bench and was re-elected in 1897 for a second term of ten years. He was prominent in G. A. R. circles.

Judge Long was well known by reason of his suit against Pension Commissioner Lochren, which he carried to the United States supreme court, to compel him to restore his pension to \$72 per month. It had been reduced on the ground that Judge Long was not totally disabled.

Mob Killed a Missionary.

Peikin, June 28.—The viceroy of the province of Sze-Chuan has notified the government that the American and British mission buildings at Tien-Ku-Chao have been destroyed by a mob and that a missionary has been murdered. His name and nationality were not reported. An imperial edict just issued deprives the local magistrate of Tien-Ku-Chao of his rank and orders the extermination of the rioters. Several leaders of the outbreak are reported to have been beheaded. Apparently this was an anti-indemnity rising, like those which have occurred elsewhere in China.

Murdered His Mother.

St. Joseph, Mo., June 28.—William Coates, aged 17, was arrested here Friday on suspicion of being the murderer of his mother, whose partially decomposed body was found in her home on a farm south of this city. Coates, after a brief sweating at police headquarters, made a full confession, implicating his father, James Coates, who soon afterwards was taken into custody. The parents have been separated for several months. The son says he choked his mother to death.

A Growsome Find.

Buffalo, N. Y., June 28.—The body of Mary Lucille Murphy, the six-year-old daughter of Cornelius Murphy, who disappeared two weeks ago, was found last evening in a small lake in Forest Lawn cemetery. The child's hands were bound behind her back with rope. The feet were also bound tightly together and the body was wrapped in newspapers which were held in place by rubber bands. The body was badly decomposed.

A Lawyer Suietides.

New York, June 28.—James E. Pearson, 65 years of age, a well-known lawyer, whose home is at Hempstead, L. I., and who had an office in Brooklyn, was found dead in his office Friday. He had killed himself by inhaling illuminating gas. In his hand was the photograph of a woman. He left a letter, in which he said: "It is of no use. I have prayed for death and it does not come. I am a defaulter and thief, and where all the money is gone, I cannot tell. My wife and children are left penniless." Pearson had six children.