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II. The weather was warm and sultry. Little air was stirring in the streets, but aloft there were light currents constantly varying in direction. The balloon was now to the south and west of its anchorage. The sea breeze, certain to spring up in the afternoon, would waft it probably in the opposite direction. If the wind were strong, the captive globe would taunt its wire and move around a large area; if light airs prevailed, the wire would become more nearly vertical. The safest place was obviously the house in which the wire was secured, because only in the far remote possibility of absolute calm could the balloon remain directly above the fastening point of its cable. The wire

fore half of the section supposed to be immediately menaced was thus cleared, the wind shifted, and the balloon swung over the Windsor hotel. While the police were emptying this hostelry the people previously ejected returned to their dwellings. The news had been telegraphed down town, and the desertion of the whole business quarter of the city followed. There was a simultaneous rush for the region of the residences—a rush of men frantic with fear and apprehension for their imperiled families. Great throngs thronged the streets and avenues. The populace saw the uselessness of trying to avoid a danger which constantly shifted its probable point of attack. The opposition became violent, riotous—and finally, the police, literally overwhelmed by numbers, ceased their efforts. The hotels and boarding houses remained empty; the occupants of dwelling houses returned, and began less hurried preparations for removal from the menaced district.



The Object of Their Attention Was a Balloon.

might be a couple of thousand feet long. No one just then felt like calculating how large an area of the city was menaced. That it was a large one, that it included both a densely populated section and rows of the most palatial residences in New York, was only too plain. The authorities at once put the superintendent's order into effect. The balloon being now directly over the Union League club house, squads of police invaded every residence for blocks around the menaced edifice, and forced the dwellers, not only into the streets, but out of all streets which might possibly be endangered by falling walls. The sick were carried out on their beds. All available vehicles were pressed into service to transport the children, the women and the aged. Be-

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ago, and since then it had been occupied by one Julius R. Crawford. "Then the question is," said the superintendent, "where is Julius R. Crawford?" "There was a slight commotion outside the room, and the young man called Julius, somewhat out of breath, made his way through the crowd of policemen and reporters. "That is my name," he said quietly. "I heard of this inquiry and returned here as quickly as possible. I had some difficulty in getting in." The murmur of surprise which ran around the apartment was hushed by the sharp order of the superintendent that the room be cleared. "You are under arrest," he said to Julius when they were alone, saving the official stenographer. "I suppose so."

"You are not obliged to answer questions which incriminate yourself, but anything you say may be used against you." "The usual formula?" "Ah, you have heard it before?" "We'll see. You occupy this room?" "Yes." "Any one else room with you?" "No." "Any business?" "Not now."

"The landlady says that that balloon and that safe have been here some time." "Does she?" "The superintendent looked at the man sternly. Julius returned his gaze with entire calmness. "You're not disposed to be communicative, I see," said the officer, finally. "Unlike the others?" "What others?" "Oh, come now. This game is up. Your friends have told everything, and—"

Julius laughed contemptuously. "I have nothing to conceal, no one has told anything, nor has any one anything to tell," he said, finally. "I did not send up the balloon." "Who did?" "I saw no one do it." "It certainly was sent up from this house; it is anchored in this room." "Quite so—during the night of Aug. 21, I understand." "Where were you at the time?" "Coney Island." "Was that balloon here when you left?" "Certainly. He was sewing up the holes in it." "Who?" "I decline to say." "Did he tell you what he was going to do with the balloon?" "No." "Did you ask?" "No—purposefully." "Why?" "I thought I should be questioned by the police and didn't want to know." "When did you return to the room?" "Just now." "That is rather a poor story, my man." Julius shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose," continued the superintendent, "that you know nothing about that notice tacked up there." Julius read it over quietly and smiled. "You'll find that there isn't much to laugh about before you get through. This is a matter of murder." "Why?" demanded Julius. "Why? Do you suppose that a lot of dynamite can be dropped into this crowded city without terrible destruction of life?" returned the superintendent.

"No; but what is going to drop the dynamite?" "Can't you read that notice?" "Certainly; where does it say so?" "It intimates as much." "Not to my mind." "Do you mean to say that that balloon carries an explosive or not?" "I thought you just said that it did." "Never mind what I said—does it?" "I don't know." "That will do," said the superintendent, stepping to the door. "We shall find other means of dealing with you." The officer who entered snatched a pair of handcuffs on Julius' wrists. "As an accessory to sending up that balloon laden with a dangerous explosive."

"Which you do not know is there." "Take him!" "One moment, Mr. Superintendent!" There was a ring in the man's voice which made the officer relax his hold on his arm. "You have omitted to ask one question—and the most important of all. You believe that a great peril threatens. In dealing with it, you merely follow your instinct as a detective to find the perpetrator. There is a more pressing need than that. Will finding him avert the danger—if not, how is it to be met?" The superintendent saw the force of the remark, and motioned the policeman to wait. "Can you prevent it?" he demanded. "Yes."

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"Nevertheless you didn't send up the balloon, and don't know anything about it." "Very well. Prevent it, and you go free." Julius turned away contemptuously. Then he said: "Do you really suppose that that balloon, charged, as you say, with a deadly torpedo, was sent up simply that I might tell you how to avoid its effects in order to get clear of arrest for not having anything to do with it?" "What do you mean?" "Simply this. I can prevent this, and so save, as you believe, immense destruction of life and property. I will do so for \$100,000."

"A blackmailing scheme, then?" "How so?" "To send up this balloon and threaten to murder with it, unless you are paid not to do so." "I did not send up the balloon. Even the apprehension of its danger is all yours—not mine." "Your game won't work." "Very well; lock me up. But remember you are arresting me as the perpetrator of this supposed outrage—me, the very person, on your own showing, best able to apply the remedy—who is not only able, but willing. Have you read that notice? The hours are flying and it will soon be too late. And then whose is the responsibility for the dreadful result—yours or mine? Blackmail? Is it blackmail for the physician who fights the epidemic to ask their pay? Does the sum I ask equal in value the good I may do? When the time comes for public execution, Mr. superintendent, the people will judge between the man who offers himself as their savior and you, their servant, who condemned them to this calamity rather than give the just reward for their protection."

"And here the conversation ended. Julius was locked up in the nearest police station. Shortly afterward the mayor, having arrived on the scene, entered into earnest consultation with the superintendent. The result was the posting of hand-bills all over the city, and the publication in all the newspapers of a call for suggestions of ways and means to prevent the balloon dropping its load. For any successful plan a reward of \$5,000 was offered. And meanwhile, as Julius had predicted, the great strike was forgotten. [To Be Continued.]

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WHITTIER A TAX-DODGER.

In This Instance the Poet Was Without Honor in His Own Town. Horace Fletcher, one of the most charming of New Orleans' charming people, visited Boston last summer, and while there he determined to make a trip to Amesbury, the former home of the poet Whittier, says Eugene Field in the Chicago Record. Mr. Fletcher has a poetic nature, and he reveres the memory of the dear old Quaker lyricist. He got aboard an electric car and whirled to and fro amid the quiet scenes in which Mr. Whittier used to participate, and presently he could suppress his emotions no longer—he had to unbosom his thoughts to a fellow-traveler, a resident in Amesbury, an humble-looking man, seemingly a carpenter, for he had a kit of tools with him. Mr. Fletcher praised Amesbury and its people, and then he discoursed long and eloquently upon the poet Whittier, and upon the honors which his genius had reflected upon his townsmen and associates. Mr. Fletcher even quoted whole poems, by way of eliciting his argument with his fellow-traveler, but, curiously enough, the Amesbury man said silent and unmoved.

Finally, after our New Orleans friend had talked himself to the verge of bronchitis, the Amesbury man said coldly and forbiddingly: "We folks here in Amesbury don't think as much of Whittier as we did. You know we don't go much on a tax-dodger. While he wuz livin' he never paid no taxes on more'n \$4,000, but after he died—howlin' Jehosophat! it come to light afore the judge of probate that he wuz worth \$200,000."



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