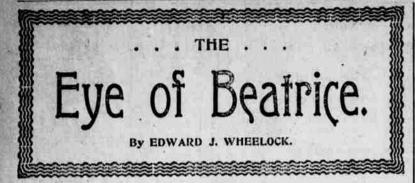
THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE---WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 22, 1895.



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Shortly before 3 o'clock on the morn- gether in his mind the scattered facts ing of the 7th of May, 1881, four young of a puzzling case he could hit at the men sat playing whist in an upper solution as by inspiration, without the room of one of the best-known clubs of New York.

For obvious reasons we will, in the Two weeks inter another young man present narrative, disguise the title of was killed in the marcon-papered room this organization under the name of of the "The Myrtle" in precisely the same way. His name was Hugues Nar-Of the four young men we are con-bon. He was a Parisian artist, had cerned with but one. This was Roger been in New York but a few months

He, too, had sut with his back to the

paken mintel and the Beatrice Cenci;

he, too, had fallen dead with a jagged

wound in the head made by a square

bullet; and his death had been pre-

ceded by the same mysterious swish-

ing sound that had been heard before

About this time there lived amid the

wilderness of upper Fifth avenue the Countess Claire Brodcky, of Saint

The Counters Claire was about 35,

Her social status was undoubted, be-

cause traveled Americans had attended

her salon in the Czar's capital, had met

her late husband, who was of the

Rover Larous's fall.

Petersburg.

Laroue, a black-haired, black-eyed on a visit, and was not a member of "The Myrtle," but had free entree there on a privileged card.



With a Scream of Agony He Threw Up Ilis linuds.

Czar's diplomatic suite, and all the world had heard of the tragedy of Decamber, 1879, when the Count Nicolai young fellow, with a shifting gaze and uncommonly good luck at cards. He Brodeky, having unwittingly stumbled was dressed faultlessly, appeared suf- into a next of Nibilists in the lower ficiently wealthy for all mundane purquarters of Mozeow while on a midposes, lived in a state of careless brehe- night roistering bout, had fallen with lorhood, had no known relatives living, twenty knife wounds in as many parts and had dropped into Gotham society of his body. It is a natural deduction, therefore, a year or so before from Paris or Ber-In or some other place where it would that the Counters Claire had no parbe equally impossible to hunt up his ticular love for Nihillats or the prinantecedent. clples they represented, and it was surprising to her friends that after her

In London such a man would be promptly black-balled at any respectable club. But in New York things are done differently, and Roger's application for membership in "The Myrtles" had been backed by two of the foremost leaders of the ulra-gilded set.

The room in which the quartette sat was in nowise different from dozens of such semi-private rooms in fashionable clubs the world over. It was papered in deep maroon. The furniture and wainscotting were of heavy oak. Upon one side of the room was the door, hung with a rich Oriental portiere. Upon another were two road windows overlooking the electric-lighted square Upon another there simply hung an etching or two in broad white and gilt frames.

Upon the fourth-was an antique mantel with oak paneling. Over this man-tel hung a beautiful copy in oils of the Breatrice Cenci, with those calm, lucid eves following every movement of the inmates of the room.

Through the disposition of the whis players Roger Laroue gat with his back to the mantel, and the Boatrice Cenci gazed down upon the top of his head.

The game had been in progress since midnight. One of the players, at the end of : two cities above all others which teem the electric bell and demanded a step-with the varied elements of repub-ladder. When this was brought and he parding the double crime at "The MATTHEWS BROS., Scranton, Penn. certain hand, touched an electric bell, and a moment later a club waiter apticanism and democracy. peared. New York society could find no fault "Alfonse, some more brandy, and with her. Her establishment was magsome cigars. nifecent, her entertainments were con-"A dash of absinthe with mine," mut-tered Roger Laroue, absorbed in the celved everywhere. She was a society hand which had fallen to his lot in the queen so far as any woman can be in covery. new deal. a country where "society" is but a Beatrice Cencl. Alfonse was not the typical club relative term and is applied indifferentwaiter. His dress uit was irreproachly to every stratum of the community. able, his face was clean-shaven, his at-But behind all this worldliness wa titude was respectful. But his cadavthe woman's heart and soul, the depthy erous face was disquieting, and he had erous face was disquieting, and he had big green eyes that made him an un-comfortable man to host full in the She had no intimate friends; she had comfortable man to look full in the no lovers. face. He claimed to be a Pole, and spoke English with a barbarous accent. She had been passionately devoted to her husband, and the shadow of his He was not a favorite with the memdeath hung over her still. bers, but as he had been with "The What had brought her to America? Myrtle" for six months, and no spe-If any one were impertinent enough cific fault could be found with him, he was tolerated. to ask her she would unhesitatingly reply that it was to escape the memo It the four young mon had been less ries of her happy married life which interested in the nainted bits of nastetormented her among the familiar board tonight they might have noticed scenes of St. Petersborg and Moscow. that Alfonse's green eyes were fastened upon Roger Laroue's face during the Cracow and Vienna, and other cities entire time he was in the room. where her husband's diplomatic duties And there was an ominous light flick- had called him. Besides, she averred ering in the depths of those callike an intense admiration for the Americans and the American character. orhs. The brandy and clgars were brought, "But there are Nihilists in Ameriand the game proceeded. For some ca," veatured an acquaintance on minutes the silence was only broken day. by the shuffle and flip of the cards "I know it," she replied, in a low He Made an Important Discovery. upon the table. voice, with a repressed shudder. Three was chimed by the silvery bell It really did not appear as though of a dainty ormula clock beneath the Stacey had made much progress on the Beatrice Cenci. case after a week's work, From the Suddenly there was a sharp, swift point of view of the average mortal swish in the air like the flight of a this was what he had done: heavy whip. Made a casual inspection of the ma-With a scream of agony, Roger La room-papered room, and found-nothroue threw up his bands, raining the cards about him, and, with a single Questioned the club servants one by moan, dropped heavily to the floor. one, and, of course, obtained-nothing. Not exactly, either, for there was When his friends went to his assistance he was dead. sees ahead of him the end of a difficult one point which Stacey seized and made use of as a possible foundation When one of the most skillful surproblem in calculus. geons in New York came to make the for same of his characteristic keen offi-He carefully lifted the heavy picture post mortem this was what he found. from its fastenings. In the wall where A jagged wound about a quarter of both men had been in New York but cial guessing. This was the fact tha it had hung was an orifice about the inch in diameter, situated in the an inch in diameter, situated in the a comparatively short time before their size of a silver dime, cut very smoothly death, and that both had previously and neatly through the marcon-colored rectly over the suture between the oc- lived in Paria. paper and the plaster. And the wall cipital and parietal bones. Relative to this point a cablegram sounded hollow when Stacey tapped it Imbedded deeply in the brain a small, with his cane. Carefully replacing the was forwarded upon Superintendent hard bullet, of evidently some composi-Byrnes' authority to the prefect of popicture, he rang again, had the steption of lead with antimony or copper. ladder removed, then, calling the stewlice of the department of the Seine askand nearly square in shape. ing for information as to the lives and ard, demanded to be shown into the

cut nearly through the entire thick-CHAPTER II. ness of lath and plaster, upon the other The sunken, cat-like eyes of Alfonse side of which shone a little round point the suavity of his movements, and the closeness with which he stuck to the of light from the eye of Beatrice. But what interested the detectiv detective's elbow while the latter was making his second and more complete examination of the marcon-papered mechanism which was mounted upon a species of rough foundation placed in

oom, had naturally drawn Stacey's atthe opening. Taking this out he extention to him. "You waited upon the parties in this amined it closely. It was a sort of miniature cannon with a barrel of burnished steel about room at the time when these men were killed, I believe," said the detective seven inches long. The bore (if such suddenly, turning upon him after a it could be called) was square-prob long look out of one of the windows. "Yes, sir," replied the walter. He ably a quarter of an inch square. Upon the rear end there was a curious clock work arrangement, with a piston been gazing fixedly at the calm face of Beatrice Cenci above the manfitting into the tube, and a figured tel, but when Stacey turned upon him scale which seemed to show that the

he dropped his eyes humbly to the machine could be set to be sprung at "You are always assigned to wait upon this room, I understand?" "Show me how the table and chairs

floor.

and

killed."

not good."

to notice it.

traveled.

Cenel.

20

He Kept His Eye on Alphonse.

husband's death she should voluntarily

tified at the inquest."

"Yes, sir."

were arranged upon the two nights when these men were killed." to the conclusion that it was nothing Alfonse started ever so slightly, and more nor less than a powerful air gun. He also concluded that it was of his green eyes again sought the face of Beatrice, as though drawn by an irresistible fascination. "I-I don't think I remember, sir." ing within the province of the average "Try. The table is a square one, American workman.

there were four in the party on He carefully wrapped the deadly maand there were four in the party on each occasion, therefore one must have sat upon each side of the table. Now, in his coat pocket, replaced the white in his coat pocket, replaced the white able, seems to have no weight with the in his coat pocket, replaced the wall, board over the opening in the wall, forced the lock upon the closet door forced the lock upon the closet door believe in the efficacy of Radam's Microbe try to remember where Mr. Larouse and Mr. Narbon sat when they were apartment and quietly left the Killer or not. So long as the remedy cures "I-I think it was there, sir," indithe

"Well, you're mistaken; it was here," said the detective, moving in front of the oaken mantel. "At least, so the the oaken mantel. "At least, so the was now clear enough to him. But there remained the still more difficult other gentlemen who were present tesproblem as to the human intelligence that had acted behind this powerful lit- tation, and the fermenting matter was "Perhaps it was, sir; my memory is tle bundle of steel which now reposed so quietly in his coat pocket. "Apparently not. Now, come here,

Who had loaded the air gun, sent it to I want you to sit there for a moment." discharge its fatal square bullet at a and Stacey pointed to the fatal chair blonde, supple, wealthy and widowed. with its back to the mantel. "I-certainly, sir, if you wish," said Alfonse, with some hesitation. He cast a furtive glance once more up into the impassive face of the Roman woman, and took the chair.

Stacey took from his pocket two dia-

Who had loaded the air gun, sent it to discharge its fatal square bullet at a certain time, and trained its muzzle through the eye of Beatrice with such precision as to strike down the man who happened to be sitting with his back to the oaken mantel? Why had Laroue and Narbon been plcked out as its victims? What was the motive back of it all? The day after these discoveries Stacey was walking down Broadway above Union square with a fellow member of the force when, in the vicin-ity of Eighteenth street, he suddenly drew his compation in to the doorway of a cigar store. "Do you see that man going up the street on the other side? Wears a soft hat and has a half-slinking walk?" The dny a favor and find out where he goes. I cannot do it because he knows me." grams procured from the coroner's physician, showing the location of the wound and the direction taken by the bullet in each of the victims. With these as a guide he located upon Alfonse's head the spot marked by the wounds, and placed a finger upon it.

As he did so he felt that the man trembled slightly, but he appeared not He next gauged the track of the bul-

lets by means of his walking stick, which he held against Alfonse's head.

regulating its angle by means of the diagrams. This done Stacey felt certain that he had secured the line along which the fatal square bullets had

And, therefore, he was greatly surprised when, upon prolonging the line thus marked in the air by his walking stick he found that the other end terminated in the face of the Beatrice

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"Do me a favor and find out where he goes. I cannot do it because he knows me." Without a word the other detective started to follow the retreating figure, which was none other than that of Alfonse, the club waiter. Stacey con-tinued his walk downtown. Several hours later he received a re-port from his companion. Alfonse had proceeded up to Madison square, turned up Fifth avenue, and had finally dis-appeared in one of the brown stone mansions of the latter thoroughfare, entering by the rear way after making a short detour through several small Having very little of the artistic in his soul, the detective had heretofore paid but slight attention to the picture,

nis soil, the detective had heretofore paid but slight attention to the picture, excepting as one of the component parts of the room as a whole, possess-ing about the same relative importance in his eyes as the windows and the furniture. It now suddenly leaped into prominence as the one single feature of the apartment worthy of his attention. He dismissed Alfonse, and turned to the picture, It hung about eight feet from the oaken mantel. The canvas appeared to be about 24 by 30 inches, and was sur-rounded by a heavy gilt frame. Hav-ing observed this much from the van-tage ground of the carpet Stacey rang the electric bell and demanded a step-

husband's death she should volume to be the bar official career, but which guessing was, paris and afterward to New York-the tage ground of the carpet Stacey rang nevertheless, based upon what little of the whole tage and the tage ground of the carpet Stacey rang nevertheless, based upon what little of the whole tage and the tage ground of the carpet Stacey rang nevertheless.

MILLIONS OF MICROBES Rock of oil is high, but toward the sky Like Mary Ann, who, from her can, most was a peculiar plece of compact The Real Cause of Every Known Disease.

> That people are shot By men who are loaded, Or guns that are not. THEY CAN BE ERADICATED BY RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER.

The summer girl as usual Simple, Natural Remedy-The Greatest In the sea's surf will be found. Unless the wits perchance do run her Into the cold, damp ground. Discovery of Modern Times-Inexpensive, Pleasant, Effective.

Mr. Wm. Radam is the discoverer of new theory of disease, and of a new method for the treatment of disease. This natura cortain hour at the will of the oper-ator. Every part of the apparatus was no signs of smoke or powder stains upon the machine, which drove Stacey to the conclusion dhat it more Stacey

Everything which has brought about gun. He also concluded that it was of foreign workmanship, such nicety and care in the handling of steel not be-judice and ultra conservatism of the profession generally. The fact that Mr. Radam's discovery has logic and reason on its side, and the fact that by his treat-

QUIPS AND JESTS:

She-What caused the trouble? Her Friend-Why, her hubby said that e could not afford to buy her a new bathng suit this year, and she said that she the people who take it do not care very could do just as well without.-Eyracuse Post.

Stranger (in burial ground, to sexton)this are very simple. Years ago Mr. Radam discovered that Do they die often here? Sexton-Not any oftener than they're disease in plants was caused by fermenborn.-Syracuse Post

alive; he found out that all the diseases of plant life were due to this one thing; The Marquis de Castellane says the American nation is "a nation of people without ancestors." But we have the that the rust on rose leaves was nothing but fermentation, the result of the action money and there is always plenty of an-cestry on the market.-Washington Post.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Oll on the fire pours. -New York Recorder.

Let a man get started in going down hill

And the world takes up the song, Which it heartily sings with a vigorous

"He's a good thing; push him along!"

Now doth ye gentle fisherman

Think about ye fly, And eke he wonders if he can

Concoct a bigger lie.

The prices are so steep.

Although it is dog cheap.

for sausage we've no appetite,

While beef and pork are out of sight

. . .

-Kansas City Journal

-Detroit Tribune.

-Cincinnati Tribune.

-Philadelphia Inquirer.

-Kansas City Journal.

It usually happens

Its value never soars,

COIN'S FATE:

"And now," said Grover, in his wrath, "Let's crush that serpent in our path, That premlum, triple-plated fool Who teaches 'Coin's Financial School.' And yet our measures just should be And merciful. So let him be Parbolled in oil and crucified, Then drawn and quartered and thenfried His ashes to the winds be cast, His memory hateful to the last, If others utter doctrines queer, Then 'twill be time to be severe. -Exchange.

. . . LITTLE ONES IN RHYME:

He'll soon be here-the fellow who Asks if it's warm enough for you; And likewise he-which is much wors Who jokes about him in bad verse. -Kansas City Journal.

He wrote for all the magazines-Great man, without a doubt; And this we note

Was what he wrote: "Is my subscription out?" -Atlanta Constitution.

When men attain perfection. With not a fault in view-Oh, terrible reflection-What will reformers do?

-Washington Star.

PROVERBS OF ALL NATIONS: Feeling hath no fellow. Human blood is all one color. God makes and apparel shapes. Honor and case are seldom bed fellows. Gentility sent to market will not buy

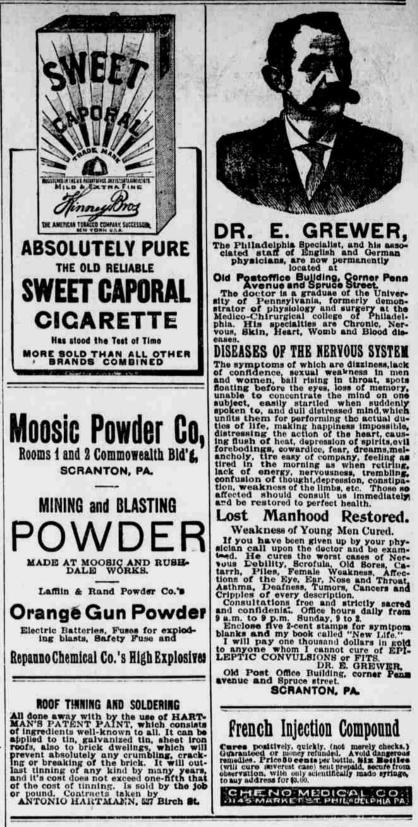
He that hath no money needeth no

He that plants trees loves others besides himself. He goes not out of his way who goes t

a good inn. He that lies down with dogs must rise up with fleas.

Get a name to rise early and you may lie abed all day.

He gets a great deal of credit who pays







French Injection Compound Curres positively, quickly, (not marely checks.) Guaranteed or money refunded. Avoid dangerous remadles. Price 30 ecents per boutto. Bix Mesiles (will cure severest case) sent prepaid, secure from observation. Wide only scientifically made syrings, to any address for \$3.00.

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Beyond this, nothing.

mony was that given by the three other card players, and this was mainly negative in character so far as the question as to what killed Roger Laroue

They had seen their friend sidting before them one moment; had heard him rant-have a highly useful faculty of scream and seen him fall the next. There had been no report, as of a gun or revolver, no smoke, no smell, no ers, nor, so far as was known, had there been anybody else in that portion of the clubhouse, the maroon-papered

room being in the third story. This was the standing of the case hen it was put into the hands of Ser-Byrnes' staff for solution. Stacey was not a shrewd detective

any means, but he had acquired in the man's appearance or actions. Illant guessers on the metropolitan was. That is to say, by putting to-

connection of Roger Laroue and apartment adjoining the maroon-pa-Hugues Narbon in the French capital. pered room. At the inquest the only relevant testi-Men possessed of the true detective instinct-the instinct of burrowing re-

neath the surface of things and inter proting appearances in an entirely diffint since from that they seem to war-

picking out from amid a crowd certain Stacey locked the door upon the inindividuals who, to the ordinary observer, appear in no way distinguished from the average run of mortals, but ment next to the maroon-papered room

Through the exercise of this faculty further divulge what he was doing by Stacey, upon his second visit to "The Myrtle," had picked out Alfonse, the Polish waiter, as the one man among the score or so of employes of the club upon whom he wanted to keep an

stancey was not a shrewd detective with the death of the two young men, thin board, painted white, had been

side.

ladder. When this was brought and he garding the double crime at "The was again alone he proceeded to make Myrtle."

a closer inspection of the picture. He The result of his guessing was that was no sooner at the top of the ladder he immediately dispatched an officer in and his face upon a level with the por- citizen's clothes to the clubhouse with trait than he made an important dis- a warrant for the arrest of Alfonse upon sight. The officer shortly re-There was no pupil in the left eye of turned with the information that Al-

fonse had resigned his employ at "The A little round hole had been cut Myrtle" the day before, and that his residence and present whereabouts

were unknown. Then Stacey took the warrant into

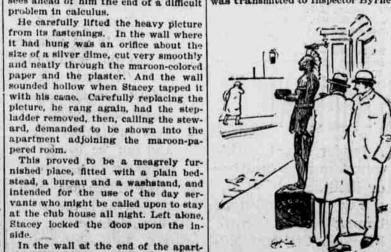
another one to go with it, was hastily driven in a cab to the Countess Brodsky's residence. There he was met with the information that the countess had that morning guletly left the country on the Etruria, intending to return to Russia, and that her household effects were at that moment being packed to be sent after her. An inspection of the mansion by the detective conformed the statement that the bird had flown.

But what of Alfonse? He had certainly not left upon the Etruria, because it was less than five hours since he had been going into the Fifth avenue house. But a diligent search of the city by the metropolitan police, and a close watch kept upon departing steamers for weeks after failed to locate him. and he very likely slipped away in some sort of disguise and joined the

through the canvas-a hole hardly countess upon the other side of the Atlarge enough to admit the end of a lead lantic. And so Stacey was baffled, after all. pencil, otherwise it would have been

noticeable from the floor of the room, and the two warrants which he had passage of a weapon of sufficient call-passage of a weapon of sufficient call-But that his guesses in the matter But that his guesses in the matter but quite large enough to permit the sworn out became so much waste pa-

which had been found imbedded in the victims' brains. were not so wild as one might infer from the facts at his disposition is Stacey felt that species of elation proven by the following statement from which comes to the mathematician who the head of the Parisian police, which was transmitted to Inspector Byrnes by



"Find Out Where He Goes."

cable two days after the flight of the countess

"Laroue and Narbon were member of a notorious revolutionary society of Montmartre known as 'Les Couteaux Rouges.' Both were fugitives from Russia, where they were implicated in the Nihilistic outbreak in Moscow on the night of Dec. 4, 1879, which resulted in the murder of Count Nicolai Brodsky.'

Excursion posters printed at The Trib-une office in many different and attractive

but a small debt.

IT WAS A SURPRISE. From the Chicago Times.

Two sweet young things met in a street car. They hadn't seen each other "for ages," and they had to retail the ages' accumulation of news. "Oh, do you know," said the one in verse with.

brown, "that Harry Flitters is to marry Blanche Hilton?" "I hadn't heard of it," said the one in another one to go with it, was hasily "Well, I've heard it from several sources and I must say that I don't think Blanche

is to be congratulated." "Why not?" "Why, don't you know what a wretched flirt Mr. Flitters is?" The one in gray shook her head. "Well, it is so. And that isn't the worst of it."

"What else ?" "He's awfully fast." "Really ?" 'Yes, everybody knows it. Goes with

the rapidest men in the city. Gambles bets on horse races, drinks. 'Oh, surely not?"

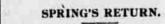
"Fact, Drinks like a fish. Was carried home in a very mellow state one night last week "I can't believe it!"

"Oh, it's true. They say Blanche won't believe it either. Aren't you sorry for her?"

"Well, perhaps she doesn't deserve any ympathy for marrying such a fellow. Ion't sympathize much with her myself.' "I don't believe she is going to be man led to him," said the one in gray. "Don't you? Why?"

"Because I am to be married to him myelf next month. This is my corner. Good And the sweet young thing in gray

stepped off the car, leaving the oung thing in brown gazing after her n wide-eyed amazement.



In spring, when the green gits back in the

And the sun comes out and stays, And yer boots pulls on with a good tight squeeze, And you think of yer barefoot days;

When you ort to work and you want to not And you and yer wife agrees It's time to spade up the garden lot-When the green gits back in the trees-Well! work is the least o' my idees When the green, you know, gits back

in the trees! When the green gits back in the trees, and

bees Is a-buzzin' aroun' agin, In that kind of a lazy "go-as-you-please" Old gait they bum roun' in; When the groun's all bald where the hay

rick stood. And the crick's riz, and the breeze Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood, And the green gits back in the trees. I like, as I say, in sich scenes as these, The time when the green gits back in

the trees! When the whole tail-feathers o' winter

Is all pulled out and gone! And the sweat it starts out on A feller's forrerd, a-gittin down At the old spring on his knees-

in the trees -James Whitcomb Riley.

He who peeps through a hole may see vhat will vex him. Fetters of gold are still fetters and silken cords pinch. Go neither to a wedding nor a christenng without an invitation. He who desires to sleep soundly let him buy the bed of a bankrupt There are only four things worth living for, old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends to con-

CURES

Asthma.

RADWAY & CO., New York.

PILLS.

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HE 1

of Me.

18th Day.

For cale by Matthews Bros., Druggist

THE GREAT SOTH Day.

1st Day. IV

Coughs, Colds.

Sore Throat,

Influenza,

Bronchitis,

Pneumonia,

Badway's

His life-

long

Lumbago,

Frostbites,

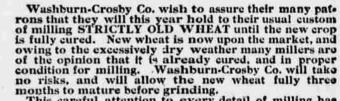
Headache,

Toothache.

Inflammation,

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This careful attention to every detail of milling has placed Washburn-Crosby Co.'s flour far above other





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