# THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

VOL. XXXIII

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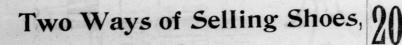
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Besides comfort, there is economy in buying shoes at HUSELTON'S. He buys direct from manufacturers, paying cash for them at lowest prices. HUSEL-TON is able to sell to the consumer shoes

TON is able to sell to the consumer shoes at same price that wholesalers sell to the etailer. We have done a larger trade in Slip-pers and Boots and Shoes this season, and, considering the weather, far larger than we expected. Our prices and styles were right—this is what did it. The balance of our Holiday Slippers will, all be closed at 25 per cent off for-mer price for cash.

mer price for cash. The only place in Butler where you can get Footweer at these prices and find all widths and sizes and styles strictly up-to-date is at BUTLER'S LEADING SHOE HOUSE, Opposite Hotel Lowry, B.C. Huselton. \*9c SALE! This will be a genuine Shelf Cleaning Sale; we must make room for Spring Goods. **RIGHT IN IT** 

25c chenille edge, 9c. 12 and 15c ribbon, 9c, 15, 20 and 25c buckels, 9c. 15 and 20c jet edge, 9, 15 and 20c veiling, 9c. 25c fascinators, 9c. 25c gloves, 9c. 50 and 75c silk caps, 9c. Ladies seamless hose, 9c. Pure linen 15c handkerchiefs, 9c. 15, 20 and 25c dress shields, 9c. Childrens all-wool hose, 9c.



CHAPTER III. MR. BARNES DISCOVERS AN ARTISTIC MUR-

DER. While the meal was progressing, a man silently passed through the room. No one would have guessed that he had any special motive in doing so, for he noticed no one. Neither would one have supposed that Mr. Barnes observed him, for he had his back turned. Yet this was the same individual who upon his in-struction had followed Rose Mitchel

when she left the train. During January and Breakfast over, the two men started February we will make to leave the restaurant. Reaching the stairway which leads above to the main

floor, Mr. Barnes courteously stood aside to allow his companion to ascend first. Mr. Mitchel, however, with a wave of the hand, declined and followed Mr. Barnes. Whether either had any special design in this was a thought occupying the minds of both as they silently passed up stairs. Mr. Mitchel had a slight ad-On all cash orders of Suits, Overcoats or Trousers made from vantage, in that being behind he could variant deing berind he could watch the detective. There seemed, however, to be little to see. To be sure the man who had passed through the restaurant was idly leaning against the doorway, but as soon as Mr. Barnes head appeared, and certainly before he could have been noticed by Mr. Mitchel, he stepped out into the street, crossed over and disappeared into the bank building opposite. Had any signal passed between these two detectives? Mr. variable, in that being beind he could watch the detective. There seemed, however, to be little to see. To be sure the man who had passed through the restaurant was idly leaning against the doorway, but as soon as Mr. Barnes' your choice of any material in the house These garments will have the same fit and finish which character-Do you catch on! between these two detectives? Mr. Mitchel, despite his shrewdness in send-

ing Mr. Barnes up stairs ahead of him, saw none, yet this is what occurred: Mr. Barnes said adien and walked away. Mr. Mitchel stood in the door-way, gazing after him till he saw him enter the elevated railroad station; then, looking carefully about, he himself Clothing. walked rapidly toward Sixth avenue. He did not glance behind, or he might have seen the man in the bank step out

and walk in the same direction. They had been gone about five minutes when Mr. Barnes once more appeared upon the scene. He stopped in the doorway where the other detective had been leaning. Keenly scanning the paneling, his eye presently rested upon what he was seeking. Faintly written in pencil were the words "No. — East Thir-tieth." That was all, but it told Mr. Barnes that Rose Mitchel had been fol-lowed to this address, and as it tallied with that which she herself had given to him he knew now that she could be found when wanted. Wetting his finger against the tip of his tongue, he drew it across the words, leaving nothing but

a dirty smudge. "Wilson is a keen one," thought the detective. "He did this trick well—saw my nod, wrote that address and got out my hod, wrote that address and got out of sight in an instant. I wonder if he can keep an eye on that shrewd scoun-drel. Pshaw! I am giving the fellow too much credit. I must leave it to Wil-

I am right in it when it comes to sel g Boots and Shoes. My trade has bee a steady increase since the day I oper

Half an hour later he was at headquar-ters talking with his assistants. Meanwhile Wilson followed Mr. only light which showed from any of

Meanwhile Wilson followed Mr. Mitchel to Broadway, then down to the Casino, where he stopped to buy tickets; then out again and down Broadway to the Fifth Avenue hotel, which he enter-it to be Mr. Mitchel, he hastily fol-lowed Then there wight be articiple be d He nodded to the clerk took his key lowed. That there might certainly be

BUTLER, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1896.

walked in, apologizing to the servant on the first landing for having "rung the wrong bell," and proceeded up to the fifth floor. Here he rang the bell of the private hall belonging to that special apartment. He could have rung the wer bell of this apartment at the outt, but he wished to make it impossible for any one to leave after his signal announced visitors. He stood several min-ntes and heard no sound from within. A second pull at the bell produced no better results. Taking a firm hold of the

better results. Taking a firm fold of the doorknob, he slowly turned it, making not the slightest noise. To his surprise, the door yielded when he pressed, and in a moment he had passed in and closed it behind him. His first idea was that, after all, he had entered an empty construct but a classe into the recomcriminals with whose haunts he was ac quainted. In this instance he was utter-ly in the dark, so could do nothing but him that it was a furnished parlor. He hesitated a moment, then walked stealth-ily toward that room, and, looking in,

Mitchel had gone, at least he might dis-cover at what time he returned to his hotel, and possibly Mr. Barnes might receive some valuable hint by the laps of time. With this idea Wilson returned to the Fifth Avenue hotel and waited and tastefully furnished. The windows to the Fifth Avenue hotel and waited patiently. He telephoned to headquare ters, only to hear that Mr. Barnes had gone back to Boston to bring Pettingill to New York. Seven o'clock arrived and yet his vigil was unrewarded. It suddenly occurred to him that, as he had seen Mr. Mitchel purchase tickets for the Casino, that might be a good place to watch, though of course there was no certainty that they were for that night. Upon this meager hope he hastened up town and stationed himself where he could keep an eye on all who entered. At 10 minutes parts 8 he was about con-cluding that his task was useless when

shadow the two, as the woman declined the proffered cab, perchance because the exhilarating though cold night air made a walk home inviting. He was, how-ever, somewhat amazed at last to see them enter the very apartment house on Thirtieth street to which he had traced Rose Mitchel in the morning. His mind was at once set at ease, for since both of his birds had flown to the same dovecot it seemed plain that they were connect. ed. Evidently it was to this house that ed. Evidently it was to this house that Mr. Mitchel had gone after eluding him in the more into a the second secon

"Blood and clotted." in the morning. At least so argued the astute detective.

<sup>6</sup> Mr. Mitchel had gone after eluding him in the morning. At least so argued the astruct detective.
<sup>6</sup> Wilson had waited opposite the build instruct detective.
<sup>6</sup> Wilson had waited opposite the build instruct of thought by the silence of the neighborhood, when he way startled by hearing a piercing shriek, lond and long continued, which then died away, long continued, which then died away, and all was still again. Whother it came from the apartment honse or one of the private dwelfings next to it he was in doubt. That it was a woman's cry he shriek of nightmare? He could not tell. That solitary, awful cry, disturbing the felt sure. Was it a cry of pain or the shriek of nightmare? He could not tell. That solitary, awful cry, disturbing the repeated, after he was on the alert, he would have felt better satisfied, but though he listened intently he heard nothing. Ten minutes later another thing occurred which attracted his attention. A light in a window on the fifth floor wes extinguished. There was man window on the fifth floor wes extinguished. There was man window on the fifth floor wes extinguished. There was man window on the fifth floor wes extinguished. There was man window on the fifth floor wes extinguished. There was man window on the fifth floor wes extinguished. There was man was and the pool of blood hear the door.

too much credit. I must leave it to Wil-son for today anyway, as I must get through with this Pettingill matter." Half an hour later he was at headquarjust by the bedstead, formed by blood which had trickled from the wound, ranning down the sheets and so drop ping to the floor, the two pools did not Barnes found it easy to be good natured.

reached his hand toward the bed, but his fingers had scarcely touched the waistcoat when Mr. Mitchel said withome good reason for hiding this woman's identity, or the scoundrel would not have been so thorough in his work," at turning from his shaving: thought Mr. Barnes. Just then, in re 'There is no money in that waistcoat.

Mr. Barnes." "What do you mean to insinuate?" and which indicated that a bit of paper was in the pocket of the garment. Hastily he withdrew it, and was de-his hand quickly. Mr. Mitchel paused a

lighted to observe writing. "A clew at last," he murmured, hurrying to the front room window to read it. This was what he found :

TIST OF JEWELS. \$15,00 One emerald, 15/s .... One ruby, 15% carats One sapphire, 10 carats.... One pearl, pear shaped, whit 15,00020,000

One pearl, pear shaped, black. One pearl, white, egg shaped... One pearl, black, egg shaped... One canary diamond...... One tonaz. 200 carats 10,000 5,000 5,000 5,000 5,000

ulthily he reached his hand toward the rs across the band which stra moment before replying, deliberately This was all, no name being signed made one or two more sweeps with his razor, then turned and faced the detect-Mr. Barnes regretted this last fact, but felt that he held a most important pa-

'I mean, Mr. Barnes, that you forgot roborative of the woman's statement that I was looking into a mirror. that she had lost a lot of unset jewels Your remark indicated that I meant It was of great value to have so minute a description of the stolen goms. Fold-ing the paper carefully, he placed it in "Did it? I am sorry. But really you ould not adopt a thief's stealthy his wallet, and then returned to the vi

his wallet, and then returned to the vi-cinity of the corpse. Looking closely at the cut in the neck, the detective determined that the assassin had used an ordinary pocketmethods if you are so sensitive. When I invite a gentleman into my private room, I do not expect to have him fingering my clothing while my back is turned." knife, for the wound was neither deep nor long. It severed the jugular vein, which seemed to have been the aim of 'Take care, Mr. Mitchel, you are speaking to a detective. If I did stretch my hand toward your clothing, it was

the murderer. It was from this circum-stance that the detective decided that with no wrong intent, and you know it." "Certainly I do, and what is more I the woman had been attacked as she slept. This aroused the question, "Did the murderer have the means of entering the house without attracting attention?" Either he must have had a night piqued." "I don't understand." key, or else some one must have admit-

ted him. Mr. Barnes started as the thought recurred to him that Wilson "It hurt my feelings to have you treat me just like an ordinary criminal. That you should think I would let you come in here and make whatever examinahad seen Mr. Mitchel enter the house some time before the scream was heard and depart some time after. Was this the woman who had accompanied him to the theater? If so, how could she have retired and fallen asleep so quick-ly? Evidently further light must be thrown upon this aspect of the case. was to examine the buttons on my vest,

thrown upon this aspect of the case. While meditating the detective's eye

was it not?" amed about the room, and finally rest-Mr. Barnes was staggered, but did ed upon a shining object which lay on the floor near the trunk. A ray of light if. Barnes was staggered, but the not show it. Calmly he said: "As you know, I overheard your con-versation on the train. You spoke of having a set of five curious buttons and" from the front window just reached it and made it glitter. Mr. Barnes looked at it for some moments mechanically, stooping presently to pick it up, with little thought of what he did. He had "Pardon me, I said six, not five." Ince more Mr. Barnes had failed to trap scarcely examined it, however, before a the man. He suggested five, hoping that gleam of triumph glistened in his eye. He held in his hand a button, which Mr. Mitchel might claim that to have been the original number, thus elimiwas out a cameo, upon which was carved the profile head of a woman, beneath which appeared the name "Juliet." "'Of course you did say six, now I re-member," he continued, "and I think you will admit it was not unnatural cu-tiosity which led me to wish to see them,

### CHAPTER IV.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND. Mr. Barnes, after discovering the ameo button, immediately left the that-that-well, that I might recognate-that-went, that I might recog-nize them again." "A very laudable intent. But, my dear Mr. Barnes, I have told you that you may call upon me at any time and set was up or the time and there. Why nt. With little loss of time he reached the Fifth Avenue hotel. He found Wilson sitting in the lobby and loarned from him that Mr. Mitchel had not yet come down stairs. He made his subordinate happy by complimenting subordinate happy by complimenting him upon his work and exonerating him "They are in the vest. You may ex amine them if you desire it." from blame because of his having lost his man for a few hours the day before. Mr. Barnes took up the vest, and was puzzled to flud six buttons, three of Ju-liet and three of Romeo. Still he was With the button in his pocket Mr.

"Well," thought Mr. Barnes, "I am kling to himself. satisfied, for they were identical with the one in his pocket. It occurred to him The thought which proved such a fund first on the scene this time, and no busy-bodies shall tumble things about till I have studied their significance.' up stairs had proved himself just as hu-This room had not been designed for a sleeping apartment, but rather as a man as ordinary criminals, since he had left behind him the very telltale mark which he had boasted would not be found after he had committed his crime. dining room, which upon occasion could be opened into the parlor, converting the upon an airshaft, and in an angle was a handsome carved oak mantel, with fire-Mr. Mitchel, and sent up his card just as any ordinary visitor might have done. place below. Mr. Barnes raised the curtain over the window, lettting in more light. Looking around, he noticed almost immediately two things—first, that a basin stood on a washstand half filled Mr. Barnes was shown up one flight with water, the color of which plainly indicated that the murderer had washed of stairs into a suit of two rooms and a bath overlooking Twenty-third street. off telltale marks before taking his de-The room which he passed into from the marking second, that in the fireplace was a pile of ashes. "The scoundrel has burned evidence against him and deliberately washed the blood from his person before going ond, that in the fireplac hall was fitted up like a bachelor's par-lor. Comfortable stuffed chairs and two sofas, a folding reading chair, an up-right piano in mahogany case with handsome piano lamp beside it, a carved away. Let me see, what was it that Mitchel said, 'I should have stopped to center table on which stood a reading lamp, eigar case in bronze, photo al-bums, handsome pictures on the walls wash the stain from the carpet while fresh, and also from the dog's mouth." in gold frames, elegant vases on the mantel, an onyx clock, a full sized figure That is what he told his friend he would do if bitten while committing a crime. In this instance the 'stain on the carpet' was too much for him, but he washed it luxury and refinement. Could this be the den of a murderer? It seemed not, un-less there might be some powerful hidfrom himself. Can it be that a man lives who, contemplating a deed of this character, would make a wager that he would not be detected? Bah! It is im-possible." Thus thought Mr. Barnes as den motive, which would make a man who was evidently a gentleman stoop to e studied the evidence before him. He such a crime. According to Mr. Barnes' ext turned to the woman's clothing experience such a motive must involve which lay on a chair. He rummaged a woman. As yet there was no woman in through the pocket, but found nothing. In handling the petticoat he noticed that this case, save the corpse which he had just left. All this flashed through the detective's mind as he noted his sur-roundings in a few swift glances. Then he heard a voice from the next room a piece had been cut from the band. Examining the other garments, he soon saw that the same had been done to them all. Like a flash, an idea struck him. Going over to the bed, he searched for ay: "Come in, Mr. Barnes. We must not stand upon ceremony with one another." Mr. Barnes, in answer to the invita-tion, crossed into the adjoining room and ome mark on the garments which were on the corpse. He could find none until he lifted the body up and turned it over, when he found that a piece had been cut noticed at once that the sleeping apart from the nightdress. "That accounts for the blood by the ment was as luxurious as the parlor. Mr. Mitchel was standing in front of a

of soven and asks to see the button found. Detective foolishly hands it to him. Then criminal smiles blandly and says: 'Mr. Detective, now I have seven buttons, and my set is complete again. What are you going to do about it?" " "And the detective would reply," said Mr. Barnes, falling into the humon of the situation, "Mr. Criminal, I will just take that back by force."

"Exactly. You catch the spirit of the stage picture. Then fight between two men, applause from the gallery, and vic-tory for either party, as the author has decided. That is the way it would be decided. That is the way it would be done in a play. But in real life it is dif-forent. I simply hand you back your button thus," handing button to Mr. Barnes and bowing politely. Then he remarked: "Mr. Barnes, you are wel-come to that. It is not a part of my set!" "Not a part of your set?" echoed the detective, dumfounded. "Not a part of my set Law come to

No. 4

"Not a part of my set. I am sorry to disappoint you, but so it is. I will even explain, for I sympathize with you. I told you the set was originally seven. told you the set was originally seven. So it was, but the seventh button has the head of Shakespeare on it. All seven were given to me by my friend, but as I could wear but six I returned to her this odd Shakespeare button, which I had made into a breastpin, ar '.ept the others, thus reducing the set a but-tons to six. The seventh is no 1 digra a button, you see.''

button, you see.' "But how do you account for the fact that this button which I have is plainly a portrait of your friend and a counter

part to those on your vest?" "My dear Mr. Barnes, I don't account for it. I don't have to, you know. That sort of thing is your business." "What if I should decide to arrest you

at once and ask a jury to determine whether your original set included this button or not ?"

"That would be inconvenient to me, of course. But it is one of those things that we risk every day—I mean arrest by some blundering detective. Pardon know just what you were wishing to do. Know just what you were wishing to do. You must not get angered so easily. I should not have used the words which I was boundering detective. I allow me, do not get angry again. I do not allude to yourself. I am quite sure that you are too shrewd to arrest me."

"And why so, pray?" "Because I am surely not going to "Because I am surely not going to run away, in the first place, and, second-ly, you would gain nothing, since it would be so easy for me to prove all that I have told you, and in your mind you are saying to yourself that I have not lied to you. Really I have not." "I have only one thing more to say to you, Mr. Mitchel," said Mr. Barnes, rising. "Will you show me that sevent

you, Mr. Mitchel," said Mr. Barnes, rising. "Will you show me that seventh button, or breastpin?" "That is asking a great deal, but I will grant your request upon one condi-tion. Think well before you make the bargain. When I made that wager, I did not calculate the possibility of en-tangling in my scandal the name of the woman whom I love dearest on earth. That is the portrait of the woman who will soon become my wife. As I have said, she has the other button and wears it constantly. You will gain nothing by it constantly. You will gain nothing by seeing it, for it will simply corroborate my word, which, I think, you believe my word, which, I think, yon believe now. I will take you to her, and she will tell you of these buttons, if you promise me never to annoy her in any way in connection with this affair." "I will give you that promise cheer-fully. I have no wish to annoy a lady." "That is for you to decide. Meet me in the lobby at noon precisely, and I will take you to be rhouse. And now

will take you to her house. And now will you excuse me while I complete mon toilet?"

#### THE TATTLER.

Mrs. Russell Sage, the wife of Gotham's great financier, is very much interested in the logal education of women. "Inspector of homes" is the newest of-fice created by the guardians of San Fran-cisco and delegated to Mrs. Rose M. Erepch.



duty to do this until relieved by further orders. In these days of telephones it is easy enough to make hurried reports to headquarters and then continue the pur-duty to do this until relieved by further and the second days of telephones it is to be abandoned the pursuit, going back wilson saw that it was not Mr. Mitchel, so he abandoned the pursuit, going back duckty toward the apartment house. case enough to make intrited reports to headquarters and then continue the pur-soit. The Fifth Avenue is not a pronis-ing place in which to watch a man, pro-vided the man knows that he is being vided the man knows that he is being watched. It has three exits-one on Broadway and one each on Twenty-third and on Twenty-fourth street. Wilson flattered himself that Mr. Mitchel was unsuspicious, and therefore whichever way he might leave the building he would first return his key at the desk. He consequently kept that point in view. Not half an hour had elapsed when his man appeared, gave up his key, as expected, and passed out by the Broadway door. Crossing the avenue he walked down Twenty-third street east-ward. Wilson followed cautiously, going through the park. At Third avenue Mr. Mitchel climbed the elevated stairway, and Wilson was compelled to do the way, and winson was compensed to to the same, though this brought him unpleas-antly close. Both men took the same train, Mr. Mitchel in the first coach, Wilson in the last. At Forty-second street Mr. Mitchel left the train and rossed the bridge, but instead of taking he annex for the Grand Central depot, as one is expected to do, he slipped through the crowd to the main platform and took a train going back down town. Wilson managed to get the same train, but he realized at once that his man either knew that he was followed or else either knew that he was followed or else was taking extrawfinary precautions. At Thirty-fourth street station the trick was repeated, Mr. Mitchel crossing over the bridge and then taking an up town train. What puzzled Wilson was that he could not detect that his man had no-ticed him. It seemed barely negable as ticed him. It seemed barely possible, as they had encountered crowds at both places, that he had escaped unobserved. He was more satisfied of this when at Forty-second street again Mr. Mitchel once more left the train, crossed the bridge, and this time went forward, takbridge, and this time went forward, tak-ing the coach for the Grand Central. Evidently all the maneuvering had merely been prompted by caution, and not having observed his shadow the man was about to continue to his true destination. Mr. Mitchel had entered the coach by the first gate, and was seated quietly in the corner as Wilson nassed on, going in by the gate at the seated quietly in the corner as Wilson passed on, going in by the gate at the opposite end. A moment later the guard slammed the gate at Wilson's end and pulled the bellrope. As quick as a flash Mr. Mitchel jumped up, and before he could be prevented had left the coach just as it started, carrying away Wilson, completely outwitted and damfounded. As soon as the train stormed he darted As soon as the train stopped he darted down stairs and ran back toward the Third avenue station, but he knew it was useless, as it proved. He saw nothing of Mr. Mitchel. Milson was greatly disheartened, for which was greatly disheartened, for he was most anxious to stand well with Mr. Barnes, his chief. Yet in revolving over the occurrences of the last half hour he could not see how he could have presented the example of his way, since prevented the escape of his man, since it was evident that he had intentionally

acted in a way to prevent pursuit. one but knows or suspects that he is be-ing shadowed the Third avenue elevated road, with its bridges at Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets, offers the most effectual means of eluding the most skillful detective. If Wilson had known mything whatever about the man who had escaped him, he might have been ble to guess his destination, and so have caught up with him again by hur-rying ahead and meeting him, as he had

frequently done when following noted

nd passed up stairs. Evidently he lived no mistake Wilson walked raj Wilson, of course, had no further enough to reach the avenue corner ah definite instructions. From Mr. Barnes' of the man when he crossed, so timing backward nod he had understood that himself that he passed in front of the the was to shadow this man, and, under the circumstances, it was his simple the circumstances, it was his simple Taking a quick but thorough look, Taking a quick but thorough look,

ward him. Breathing a sigh of relief, he passed, then crossed the street, and with his usual skill meadily kept Mr. Mitchel in sight until he entered the Fifth Avenue hotel. Wilson saw hi take his key and go up stairs, so that h felt that his vigil was over for the night. Looking at his watch, he note that it was just 1 o'clock. Going int the reading room, he wrote a report of the day's occurrences, and then, callin a messenger, sent it to headquarters ad dressed to Mr. Barnes. This done, he fel entitled to hurry home for a short slee -short, because he knew it would be his duty to be on the watch again the next day and until he received further instructions from Mr. Barnes.

Mr. Barnes had immediately after his arrival obtained the requisition p pers for which he had telegraphed, an which he found awaiting him With these he had returned to Boston the same day, and obtaining his prisoner succeeded in catching the midnight train once more, arriving in New York with the loss of but a single day from the new case which so absorbed all his interest. Thus the morning after that on which

the jewel robbery had been discovered he entered his offices quite early, having delivered his prisoner at police head quarters. When he read Wilson's letter, the only

sign which he gave of dissatisfaction was a nervous pull at one corner of his mustache. He read the paper through three times, then tore it carefully into tiny pieces, doing it so accurately that they were all nearly of the same size

A gleam of triumph glistened in his eye. and shape. Any one who should attemp to piece together a note which Barnes had thus destroyed would have a Standing by the window, he tossed them high in the air and saw them scat tered by the wind.

At half past 8 o'clock he stood before the apartment honse in East Thirtieth street. The janitor was sweeping from the pavement a light snow which had fallen in the early hours of the morning. Mr. Barnes, without speaking to the man, walked into the vestibule and scanned the names over the letter boxes. None of them contained the one which he sought, but there was no card in No. 5. Recalling that in Wilson's report a light had disappeared from a window on the fifth floor, he knew that it could not be nnoccupied. To get in he resorted to a trick often practiced by sneak thieves. He rang the bell of No. 1, and when the door silently swung open he

"That accounts for the blood by the mirror shaving himself, being robed in any statements are accurate. I said that six statements are accurate. I said that six is the out of the bed to get her nearer to "Pardon this intrusion," began Mr. is the entire set. Now you ask me what is the entire set. Now you ask me what was the original number, and I reply the light, so that he could find the in-itials marked on the clothing. While she lay by the door the blood flowed and acat any time, and"-

cumulated. Then he put her back in bed, so that he would not need to step "No excuses necessary, except from me. But I must finish shaving, you know. A man can't talk with lather on over her in walking about the room. What a calculating villain! There is one significant fact here. Her name cannot have been Rose Mitchel, or there would ne side of his face. "Certainly not. Don't hurry. I can wait.

have been no reason for destroying these marks, since she had given that name find that armchair by the bed comforta-This is an odd hour to be making Mr. Barnes next brushed the charred one's toilet; but, the fact is, I was on ashes from the grate upon a newspaper and carried them to the window in the front room. His examination satisfied Barnes, wishing "At the club, I suppose," said Mr. front room. His examination satisfied Barnes, wishing to see if Mr. Mitchel him of two things—the murderer had would lie to him. In this he was disap-

burned the bits of cloth cut from the various garments and also a number of letters. That the fellow was studiously Russell, you know, has returned. I had careful was plain from the fact that the promised a friend to go, so we went. burning had been thoroughly done 'A gentleman?'

gust Mr. Barnes threw the ashes back Mr. Barnes looked gad saw an oi where he had found them.

portrait were truthful. Here was a significant fact. Mr. Mitchel said that h fruitless. He found nothing but blank paper and envelopes, and these of com-non kind.

Once more returning to the room where the corpse lay he noticed a trunk from which protraded a part of a gar-thing within in a promiscuous pile. Evi-dently it had been hastily searched and carelessily renacked. Mr. Barnes took the phong where the muradred wom-where the corpse lay he noticed a trunk from which protraded a part of a gar-thing within in a promiscuous pile. Evi-dently it had been hastily searched and carelessily renacked. Mr. Barnes took the phong here and did he go into her apartment a phong where the muradred wom-bly searched at the costory, and there and did he go into her apartment there and did he go into her apartment the phong here and the searched and the phong here and the phong here and the searched and the phong here and the phong here and the searched and the phong here and th dentify it had been hasn't scatched and carelessly repacked. Mr. Barnes took each article out and examined it closely. Everything upon which a name might have been written showed a place where a piece had been cut out. "There must

that this man who was so careful in his night have lied as to the Mrs. Jerry Simpson was recently thrown from a wagon and run over. For a few hours she was in a critical condition. Her husband was driving the team. number in the set, and have said six when in reality there were seven. A few questions about the buttons seemed op-

"I should have done so. I do so now.

husband was driving the team. The beauty of the Japanese court is the Princess Kita-Shirakawa, the tall and stately wife of the emperor's cousin, a ma-jor general in the imperial army. Mrs. Kelley, the venerable actress, whose ninetieth birthday was recently celebrated In London, sang the mermaid's song in a performance of "Oberon," conducted by Weber himself in 1826. Erneste Frist, 80 years old and last of "These are very beautiful, Mr. Mitchel, and unique too. I have never heard of cameo buttons before. I think you said they were made expressly for you." Mr. Mitchel dropped into a cushioned rocker before he replied :

"These buttons were made for me and they are exquisite specimens of the graver's art. Cameo buttons, however, are not so uncommon as you suppose, though they are more usually worn by women, and, in fact, it was a woman's idea to have these cut. I should not

"By Jove !" said Mr. Barnes, "the Romeo buttons are copies from your likeness, and good portraits too."

"Ah! You have noticed that, have 'Yes, and the Juliets are copies of that picture." Mr. Barnes was getting

excited, for if these buttons were por traits, and the one in his pocket was that of the woman whose likeness stood on the easel, it was evident that they acted Mr. Mitchel eved him

"Mr. Barnes, you are disturbed. What is it?" "I am not disturbed."

"Yop are and it is the sight of those buttons which has caused it. Now tell me your reason for coming here this

Mr. Barnes thought the time had oome to strike a deciding blow. "Mr. Mitchel, first answer one ques-tion, and think well before you reply. How many buttons were made for this

set?" "Seven," answered Mr. Mitchel, so promptly that Mr. Barnes could only

repeat, amazed: "Seven? But you said six only a mo-ment ago!"

"I know what I said. I never forget may statement that I make, and all my statements are accurate. I said that six even. Is that clear?"

"Then the other button has been lost?" "Not at all. I know where it is." "Then what do you mean by saying hat the set now is only six?" "Excuse me, Mr. Barnes, if I decline to answer that question. I have replied now to several since I asked you why you came here this morning." "I will tell you," said the detective

playing his trump card, as he thought. "I have been examining the place where your crime was committed, and I have found that seventh button!" If Mr. Barnes expected Mr. Mitchel to recoil with fear, or tremble, or do anything that an ordinary criminal does when

pointed, for the reply was: "No; I went to the Casino. Lillian that an ordinary criminal does when brought face to face with evidence of his guilt, he must have been disappointed. But it is safe to assume that by this time so skillful a man as Mr. Barnes did But it is safe to assume that by this time so skillful a man as Mr. Barnes did not expect so consummate an actor as Mr. Mitchel to betray feeling. He did show some interest, however, for he Mr. Barnes he asked simply: "Are you not getting inquisitive? not expect so consummate an actor as Mr. Mitchel to betray feeling. He did show some interest, however, for he

Mr. Barnes he asked simply: "Have you it with you? May I see it?" Mr. Barnes hesitated a moment, won-dering if he risked losing the button by

handing it to him. He decided to give it to him and did so. Mr. Mitchel looked at it closely, as

Weber himself in 1826. Ernesta Frisi, 80 years old and last of the family that included Guilia Grisi, the singer, and Carlotta Grisi, the dancer, is dead. Ernesta was the elder sister of Car-lotta and coustn to Guilia. At Boston one day recently Mrs. Bal-lington Booth made three addresses, ro-viewed the local Salvation Army and at-tended a reception in the evening. Sho was at work again next day before 10 o'clock. Miss Caroline Rustad, a Scandinavian spinster, 65 years old, living in Whitehall, Wis., has turned over her savings for the

last 12 years, amounting to \$200, to the fund for relieving the Armenian sufferers

fund for relieving the Armenian sufferers in Turkey. It is an intéresting fact that Maine was the birthplace of three noted singers. An-nie Louise Cary Raymond was born in Durham, Me.; Lillian Norton Gower (Nordica) was born in Farmington, Me., and Emma Eames Story was born in Bath, Me. Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, who owns one of the largest and most valuable collections of paintings and statuary in the west, has offered to open her art gal-lery to the public on payment of a modest admission fee, the receipts to go to funds of the Students' society of the Chicago university. university.

Iniversity. Gry de Maupassant's mother, to whom he left 10,000 frances a year by his will, re-cently applied to have her son's will set aside on the ground of mental inchaseity, as she would have received much more if he had died intestate. As the will was made long before the novelist broke down, however, she lost her case. Miss Alice C. Eitcher who has devoted

Miss Alice C. Fletcher, who has devoted Miss Ance C. Fletcher, who has devoted years to the study of the customs of the Indians of the northwest, has been elected one of 'he soctional vice presidents of the American Association For the Advance-ment of Science. The honors to Miss Fletcher are the first of the sort extended to a women by the association to a woman by the associa

to a woman by the association. Louise Michel was 65 years old last May, her birth certificate, which describes her as "the daughter of Mile. Marie Anne Michel, chambermaid," establishing that fact. She was given a good education by her mother's employer, and when forced to rely on her own resources became the schoolmistress of her native village.

DREAMS OF DRESS.

Cloth skating costumes braided, hussar ashion, are not new, but are highly fash-

Green, gray, blue in several shades and brown in many tones are the prevailing colors in cloth gowns.

Embroidered kid and thin leather bands, vests, collars and trimmings of various kinds are very much in vogue this winter.

dations and worn over princess slips of slik the color of the tulle.

There seems now to be very trustworthy foundation for the assertion that both skirts and sleeves have mached their ut-most limit, and this being so an inevitable

most limit, and this being so an inevitable reaction is likely to set in. Short, full shoulder capes of mink, otter or chinchilla are stylishly worn over three-quarter capes of gray or brown velvet or cloth lined with satin brocade and fitted very closely on the shoulders. Some of the newest Louis coats of black or dark green velvet are made with revers attached to a very deep sailor collar of cream white satin, bordered with fur be-how a band of Persian embroidery of rich colored sliks and beads. New York Post.

