

A WOMAN DETECTIVE

IT was between the lights on a gloomy December afternoon. I was the one occupant of the smoking-room of a "Literary and Artistic Club" which faces the Thames. I flung fresh coal on the gloomy embers, and stirred them till they sent up a blaze of light that drove the ghosts out of the shadowy corners, and then picked up a paper haphazard from the table, to dawdle over it till the waiter lighted the gas, or some human being wandered in to keep me company. It was an American paper. Some visitor to the club had left it behind him accidentally. I turned the pages listlessly, until suddenly my attention was arrested by a paragraph headed "Extraordinary Crime." It was the story of the robbery of the body of a lady from its grave. The whole affair was shrouded in mystery. On the 14th of the month there died in an American city the beautiful wife of an Englishman traveling for pleasure. In the same paper which contained this paragraph I found the heading of "Cradle, Altar, Tomb," the following: "On the 14th inst., in this city, Drusilla, the beloved wife of Blissett Emerton, of London, England, aged twenty-four." In due course the poor lady was buried, and during the night the church-yard was entered and the coffin carried away. No motive is suggested in this American paper for the crime. The husband is interviewed at his hotel. He is inconsolable for the loss of his beautiful young wife—mad with mingled rage and horror at the desecration of her remains. He tells his story to the reporter. He had only been married a few months. They were traveling for pleasure in America. His poor wife caught a cold a fortnight since, returning from the theater. He had medical advice, but the cold increased and inflammation of the lungs set in, and soon all was over. He buries his head in his hands and weeps, and the reporter leaves him alone with his sacred sorrow. The account in the paper I was reading by the firelight concludes thus: "Up to the present no clue to this mysterious affair has been obtained." I glanced at the date of the paper, and flung it down in disgust. It was two years old. I had grown interested in the affair, and here it was two years old already, and probably forgotten. Where should I find out how it ended? The shadows had grown darker and darker; the fitful flare of the fire had died down into a dull red glow, and the riverside lamps were being lighted. I flung myself back into the easy-chair, thrust my hands into my pockets, and half closed my eyes. Suddenly I was aware that I was not alone in the room. From the darkest corner there was a long black figure. It glided slowly toward me. I had placed the paper where I had found it, on the table, by my side. The figure seemed to be looking for something. It passed its hands over the tables and peered down among the papers. Presently it came to the table at my elbow. In the gloom, as I sat in the deep arm-chair, I believe I was almost invisible. The figure came right up to me, and, reaching out his hand, passed it over my table. Presently it seized something, and glided away with it to the window, on which the lamps without flung a flicker of light. Then I saw that it was a man, and that in his hand he held the American paper in which I had just read the account of a mysterious crime. He glanced at it, and muttered something that sounded like "how careless of me!" then folded the paper, thrust it into his breast pocket, and walked out of the room. Hardly had the door closed behind him when the attendant came in with lights.

"Who is that gentleman who has just gone out?" I said.

"Don't know his name, sir. Ain't seen him here often."

I remembered that at this club every man had to sign his name in a daily book kept in the hall for that purpose. I ran down stairs, and looked at the open leaf to see if that would afford me any clue. The first name that caught my eye was that of Blissett Emerton.

No wonder the figure I had seen in the darkness had been so anxious to find that paper. I saw at once what had happened. He had been in the room reading, fancying himself alone. He had laid the paper down thoughtlessly and dropped off to sleep. I had not noticed him in the gloom, and he was quite unaware of my presence.

One thing more I did before I left. I turned over the members' address book, and looked under the E's. There I found the name of "Blissett Emerton," and against it "No. 7 Blank Court."

Soon afterward I found time to dine at the club, and there I met an old friend of mine, a barrister, whom I had not seen for a year, who, after dinner, invited me to come to his chambers for an hour.

"Still in your old diggings then," I said.

"Oh no," he answered. "I've moved since I saw you last into another set. I've got capital chambers at No. 7 Blank Court." I asked him at once if he knew Mr. Emerton.

"Only by sight," he answered. "He has chambers on the same floor, and we pass on the landing. We never speak."

I stayed longer than I meant to, and it was striking ten as we came out on the landing. The outer door of Mr. Emerton's chamber was ajar. As we passed, the inner door opened, and a man rushed out with a scared white face. It was Blissett Emerton!

"Help!" he cried, tearing at his collar as though it choked him. "Help! help!" Then there was a strange gurgling noise in his throat, and he fell forward in a fit. I dragged him into his chambers, which were in total darkness, and laid him on the floor, bidding my friend to run for a doctor at once. The man babbled in his frenzy. "The face," he cried, "the face—it was her face—there in the court below! Look between the trees! I looked out into the court."

The moon was up, and among the trees near the fountain I could see the figure of a woman. She was in deep black, and as presently she stood where the trunk of the tree threw her white face into relief, I could see that she was looking towards the window. Probably she mistook my figure blotted against the window for that of Emerton's, for as I looked she raised her arms with a strange menacing gesture and pointed at me. Then she glided in among the trees and was lost to sight. The doctor came, examined Emerton, and prescribed for him. "He's had a violent fright," he said, "but he'll be all right by and by. It's more hysterical than anything else. Where are his friends?"

If I wanted to learn something of this man's strange story, what could I wish for better than a night alone with him. The doctor gave me certain directions and left.

We had carried Emerton to his bedroom and put him on the bed. Seeing he was still, I went into the front room, piled up the fire, lit my pipe, and prepared for the night. I had just turned the burner down when I became aware of a soft grating sound at the outer door. Some one was softly opening the outer door with a key. The gas was low down. Hurriedly I picked up my overcoat and other traces of my presence and flung them under the large couch at the end of the room. It was an old-fashioned sofa with a hanging valance which reached to the floor. I then crept underneath, and waited for the curtain to rise on the drama. I had hardly got into a safe position when the outer door yielded, and I heard a step in the passage that intervened. Then the outer door was gently closed, expecting to see the inner door open in its turn and some one enter. The minutes went by, and no one came. Whoever it might be was in the passage. I could hear a slight movement every now and then, and the rustle of a woman's dress. It must have been quite ten minutes since I heard the outer door opened when I noticed that the inner one was swinging noiselessly back on its hinges, and something was gliding into the room. Slowly it moved across the floor till it stood right in the dim light of the turned-down gas.

I shall never forget the terrible sight that met my eyes. I would have screamed, but my tongue remained glued to my mouth. I was looking at a dead woman risen from the grave. Her face had been beautiful in life; now it was ashen gray. The eyes were sunken in their sockets, and her lips were pale and colorless. The figure was draped in a long, white shroud, and I fancied the room was heavy with the awful odor of an open grave. Slowly the phantom moved toward the next room, and glided in. For a moment all was still. Then came a faint cry. The man was awake, and alone with the apparition. "Drusilla!" he shrieked. "Mercy! Mercy! Have mercy!"

I heard a hollow voice answer him, "Rise and follow me."

"What would you have with me?"

"Confess."

"What shall I confess?" answered the wretched man, his voice trembling in an agony of fear.

"Confess the foul wrong you did me. Confess where my poor body lies, that it may be buried in holy ground."

Again the man's trembling voice wailed out, "I will confess all."

"Follow me."

The apparition glided from the inner room, and the man followed her.

"Write!"

I could see from a rent in the valance the whole scene. The man, white with terror, the beads of cold perspiration on his brow, sat and wrote.

The apparition glided behind him and looked over his shoulder.

Once he paused in his task.

"Write all," said the white figure.

And again the man wrote.

The figure then grasped the paper

with its waxen fingers. "Go!" it said, pointing to the inner room.

With his eyes fixed upon its livid face, the man backed slowly for some paces. With a violent effort and a little scream, he seized the door, swung it to, and bolted it on the inside.

Then, for the first time, the dead woman trembled.

She seemed strangely nervous and agitated now. She clasped the paper closely, then put it in her bosom and glided from the room.

I had got over the sudden terror inspired by such a strange light, and had made up my mind that I had detected some terrible imposture. There was a slight pause in the lobby, and the noise of a garment being drawn off; then the outer door opened and the visitant passed out on to the staircase.

I followed as quickly as I could. The staircase was lighted with gas. As I trod on the second landing the ghost heard the noise and looked up. She was dressed in an ordinary black costume now, and her face was a natural color. To my intense surprise she neither screamed nor attempted to run away. She stood still, and beckoned me to her side.

"What are you going to do?" she said.

"To give you into custody."

"Are you a friend of his?"

I answered "Yes," mechanically.

"Then let me go free if you value his life."

"If I let you go I am your accomplice," I murmured; "your accomplice in some vile imposture."

"No. If you are my accomplice tonight, you are an accomplice in the holiest deed a woman ever wrought. Pass me through the gates if you doubt me; watch me; follow me home; give me into custody if you like; I don't care, I've got what I wanted."

I took her arm as though I had been a policeman, and said: "Pass through the gate then, and if you attempt to get away from me I shall call for help."

She nodded to the proposition. The man at the gate was half asleep. I roused him, and from his box pulled the cord and let us pass through the wicket door into the Strand.

I then listened to the strangest story that ever mortal lips had uttered, and there was no doubt that every word of it was true.

The confession which the trembling wretch had written at her dictation—as he believed at the dictation of his dead wife—I had read. It was a plain statement of how he had poisoned the poor girl whom he had married in a fit of mad jealousy, and how he had concealed his crime; how at the last moment he had overheard a whisper that some one suspected foul play; and how, fearing the body might be exhumed, he had, with the assistance of an accomplice, since dead, stolen the body that night and re-buried it in the garden of a house in a lonely part of the American town where this accomplice lived.

This woman was his wife's sister, and she had suspected foul play from the first. She was an actress, and was away on a provincial tour when Blissett Emerton wooed and won Drusilla and took her abroad with him. Emerton had never seen this sister. The marriage had been secret and hurried, and he had seemed strangely anxious to leave the country. They were to be back in five months.

Drusilla—poor trusting fool!—idolized the man and obeyed him. To her he was a knight without reproach.

But soon his conduct to her altered strangely, and she began to suspect that all was not right. He grew cold and cruel, and she was miserable and unhappy.

She wrote secretly to her sister, told her troubles and how quickly her husband's conduct had altered. The sister urged her to leave him and come home. She was expecting her to do so when there came the news of her illness and death, and then of the mysterious disappearance of the body. From that moment Drusilla Emerton's sister made up her mind to fathom the mystery and bring the guilt home to the murderer. She refused to accept the explanation of her sister's death. She believed Blissett Emerton to be quite capable of carrying out a carefully matured plan to get rid of her. The disappearance of the body strengthened her suspicions. She concluded at once that he feared the corpse might afterwards be exhumed, and as it turned out her suspicions were correct. When some time afterwards he arrived in England, she commenced to put her plans into execution. She would terrify his secret from him. I have said she was an actress by profession. She was also an exact counterpart in height and feature of her dead sister.

When Emerton went to live in chambers, she managed, by a clever artifice, to get a duplicate set of keys. The place is open night and day, and as there are only one or two men in a residence, it is easy to choose a time to step up the stairs unnoticed. By getting into the

inclosure before twelve, one would not even be seen by the gate porter.

The plan which had occurred to the murdered woman's sister had been put into execution for the first time that night. Early in the evening she had let him see her face among the trees. I had been an unsuspected witness of the success of her appearance as one from the dead.

All this was told at the trial in America. He was extradited and I went over as a witness. But not even on the scaffold would he tell where reposed the remains of his victim. The avenging sister is now a member of Mr. ———'s dramatic company, and the story, although well-known in the States, is now, perhaps, known for the first time in England.

A MODEST MAN'S TROUBLES.

M. B. PRENTICE MULFORD thus writes from Vienna:

After a while I discovered that the Viennese who did wash themselves washed themselves all over at the great public baths and not in the little pint pitebers of water they kept in their bedrooms. So I went to a public bath. I did not know what to ask for, but I knew German enough for water. I went in and said, "wasser." They took my meaning immediately, or they might have seen that I needed washing. I declare the ridiculous amount of water they furnish one leads to dreadful results. There are two passages leading into the great five storied bath barrack—one for males, the other for females. Of course I took the wrong one, and was shoved back by a woman with a towel. I didn't see that it made much difference, for the attendants on both sides were females. Marie showed me to my bath room. Marie was a big, brown, black-eyed Austrain maid, in round short skirts. She went ahead of me with an armful of towels. She opened my bath room door. I went in. She came in after me. I was quite unprepared for this. But she wasn't. She seemed used to it, and went to work. She spread a sheet on the bottom of a bath tub. I don't know what it was for, but they always do it. At all events it takes off the rough edge of the zinc for one's skin. Then she turned on hot water and waited. I waited also. Out of regard for the proprieties, I removed only my hat. I would not even take off my collar before Marie. The water seemed a long time running in. It generated a cloud of steam which gradually filled the small bath room, and through which vaporish atmosphere Marie and I saw each other dimly. Finally she gave me all the hot water I was entitled to and left. Relieved I sprang to the door. There was no lock upon it. I hunted in vain for some kind of a fastening. I sat down uneasy. Then I removed my coat and collar. Then Marie burst in again with another towel. Then she went out. How was I to bathe in peace with that confounding girl continually intruding on me? Then I tried to turn some cold water and couldn't. By this time I had removed many of my garments, and barricaded the door with my jackknife. Instead of having sensible faucets, by which a man could regulate his own flow of water, these require the use of a wrench to turn them. The wrench, I suppose, was kept by the waiter outside. I did not know any German for wrench, and, if I had, dared not call for one with the prospect of the young lady's bringing it. So I sat down on the chair which I had backed up against the door as an additional security against Marie, and waited for the water to cool. It takes hot water a long time to cool in Austria. Finally I got into the tub. I think it could not have been much below boiling temperature. I got out again pretty quickly, blushing all over and sympathizing more heartily than ever with boiled lobsters. It was an uncomfortable bath. I suffered externally from the water and internally from fear of that possible Marie. But she never came again. She left a large pile of linen for me. I examined it. There was one towel about as large as a napkin, and two long aprons, which reached from my head to my heels. The aprons puzzled me. I utilized them for towels. A friend afterward told me their use. They are to put on, on getting out of the hot bath, and you sit in them and ring the bell for the attendant to enter, turn off the water and let on the cold. Marie all this time was waiting for my bell, to come and turn on cold water. She never heard that bell. I put on but one of these aprons—the forward one. It fitted me perfectly. It would fit anybody. It was a splendid dress for hot weather—so easy to put on and off; so loose, cool and comfortable; so easy to slip out of, and if need be, fan yourself with the skirt.

He who indulges his sense in any excesses, renders himself obnoxious to his own reason; and to gratify the brute in him, displeases the man, and sets his two natures at variance

MUSSER & ALLEN
CENTRAL STORE
 NEWPORT, PENN'A.

Now offer the public
A RARE AND ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF
DRESS GOODS
 Consisting of all shades suitable for the season

BLACK ALPACCAS
 AND
Mourning Goods
 A SPECIALITY.

BLEACHED AND UNBLEACHED
MUSLINS,
 AT VARIOUS PRICES.
 AN ENDLESS SELECTION OF PRINTS!

We sell and do keep a good quality of
SUGARS, COFFEES & SYRUPS
 And everything under the head of

GROCERIES!
 Machine needles and oil for all makes of
 Machines.
 To be convinced that our goods are

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST,
 IS TO CALL AND EXAMINE STOCK.

No trouble to show goods.
 Don't forget the

CENTRAL STORE,
 Newport, Perry County, Pa.

The Blood is the Life.

LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

Is rapidly acquiring a national reputation for the cure of

Scrofulous Affection, Cancerous Formation,
 Erysipelas, Boils, Pimples, Ulcers,
 Sore Eyes, Scald Head,
 Tetter, Salt Rheum,
 Mercurial and all Skin Diseases.

This remedy is a Vegetable Compound, and cannot harm the most tender infant. Ladies who suffer from debilitating diseases and Female Complaints, will find speedy relief by using this remedy.

C. W. Lincoln, of Massachusetts, O. says it cured him of Scrofula of thirty years. Two bottles cured Mrs. E. J. Dukes, of Colfax, Ind., of ulcerated ankle and big neck. Lindsey's Blood Searcher cured my son of Erysipelas—Mrs. E. Smeltzer, Larimer Station, Pa.

THE BLOOD SEARCHER is the safest, surest and most powerful purifier ever known. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

R. E. SELLELS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

To Regulate The Liver.

Use only SELLELS' LIVER PILLS, the best and only true Liver Regulator. Established over 40 years. They cure Headache, Biliousness, Costiveness, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague, and all similar diseases like magic. Get the right kind. Sellers' Liver Pills, 25 cents.

The great worm destroyer—SELLELS' VERMIFUGE. "Expelled 400 worms from my child, two years old."—Wm. Sarver, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cents each. R. E. SELLELS & CO., Proprietors, Pittsburgh, Pa. Send for circulars. 40 15.

EVERY LADY
 WANTS TO BUY OUR
NEEDLES!
 WE WANT
MALE AND FEMALE AGENTS

To Sell Our Needle Package.

It contains: 5 papers, best large-eyed, cloth-stuck English Needles, 2 steel bodkins, 2 long cotton darners, 2 short cotton darners, 3 extra fine cotton needles, 2 carpet needles, 2 yarn darners, 3 button needles, 2 carpet needles, 1 worsted needle, 1 motto needle. These needles would cost at retail, 61 cents. We will send full sample package for 25 cents, with full terms to agents. 1 Dozen postpaid \$2.00.

You Want to buy Our Stationery.
Pride of The West.
Stationery Package!

Contains 18 sheets fine paper, 15 extra envelopes, 1 pen, 1 good penholder, a nice lead pencil, and a very handsome piece of jewelry. Also, one package in every dozen has an order for 1 set of handsome silver plated tea spoons. Agents are making from 5 to 10 dollars a day selling this package. Sample package and full terms to agents postpaid 25 cents, 5 packages by mail postpaid for 1.00. 1 dozen by express for 1.75. Remember this is the fastest selling package ever offered to agents.

Address all orders to
KIRTLAND & CO.
 No. 648 Main St., Saybrook, Conn.
 Please say you saw the advertisement in this paper. 17 8t

J. M. GIRVIN. J. H. GRIVIN
J. M. GIRVIN & SON,
FLOUR, GRAIN, SEED & PRODUCE
 Commission Merchants,
 No. 64 South Gay St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

We will pay strict attention to the sale of all kinds of Country Produce and remit the amounts promptly. 45 17, 2

J. M. GIRVIN & SON.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that John A. Nesbit, of Madison township, Perry county, Pa., executed a deed of voluntary assignment in trust for the benefit of creditors of all his estate real and personal and mixed, to the undersigned, on the 25th day of March, A. D. 1880.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the said Assignor will make payment and those having accounts will present them for settlement to
ANDREW ADAIR, Assignee.
 March 20, 1880. Chas. H. Smiley, Att'y.