

SAFETY IN WEAKNESS.

An iron monarch rode the sea, A nation's hope and pride; Through storm and billows dashing free, It feared no wind or tide; Its banner waved in every land, With honor hailed abroad; Whene'er it hurried its fiery brand, The very deep was awed.

THE CARUTHERS AFFAIR

By WILL N. HARBEN

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SYNOPSIS.

Minard Hendricks, great detective, just returned from Boston, finds awaiting him an unsigned typewritten letter directing him to apartments in Palace hotel, where he will find remain of Mr. Weldon Caruthers—currently reported for past two weeks to be out of town.

CHAPTER II.

"You say you know Caruthers?" he asked. "Very slightly." "See if you recognize him in the ball-room." Lampkin studied the throng for several minutes, then he went nearer, and standing behind a crowd of men and a bunch of palms he studiously surveyed the ballroom. He went back to the detective. "See anything of him?" questioned Hendricks, taking his fixed gaze from the rug at his feet. "No." "Then we must ask for him at the desk." They approached one of the active clerks behind the counter. Hendricks drew out a visiting card and fingered it, his name downward. "I'd like to see Mr. Weldon Caruthers," he said. The clerk glanced at the key-rack behind him and shook his head. "He hasn't returned yet," he answered. "He is still out of town." "Where is he?" asked Hendricks. "I cannot tell you, sir," and the clerk turned to answer a question put by a man in evening dress on his right. "I am very anxious to see Mr. Caruthers, when he could get the clerk's attention again. It is a very important matter." The man in evening dress had overheard; he paused, interested. "Are you looking for Caruthers?" he asked. "I am," replied Hendricks. "That's odd," smiled the man. "I've seen a dozen people to-night asking about him. We were just discussing his queer conduct and wondering what was the matter with him. He has broken several important engagements without a word of explanation. His valet told my man this afternoon that his master had been called by a night telegram to Philadelphia and had written him that he would be detained there for a couple of weeks. I presume it was some urgent business." The speaker lighted a cigar and moved away to a group of men in the smoking-room. Hendricks drew the clerk aside. "I am a detective," he said, in a low voice. "Hendricks is my name." "Minard Hendricks?" exclaimed the clerk, in astonishment; his tone and manner suddenly apologetic. "I had no idea—"

find the apartments just as Mr. Caruthers left them. His valet said that his master had written him that the room must not be disturbed by anyone. Hendricks paused on the stair. "Did Mr. Caruthers not inform his man that he was going away?" he asked. "No; you see Mr. Caruthers' man is married and lives on the west side. He happened to have a day off and did not know what had become of his master till he got the letter." "I see," remarked Hendricks, and he started on again. Reaching the door opening into Caruthers' apartments, the clerk unlocked it and led them in. The first chamber was a private sitting-room, the dainty pieces of French furniture, draperies and rugs being in perfect order. "The gas is burning," observed Hendricks, looking up at the cut-glass globes. "As I said, no one has been in the rooms since Mr. Caruthers went away." "Not even his valet?" asked the detective. "It looks so, or surely he would have extinguished the gas. It seems to be burning in the next room too." This chamber was a large luxurious bedroom, and as they entered it Lampkin's imagination prepared itself for a horrible spectacle. To his great relief, however, everything here was also in perfect order. The white lace coverlet lay as smoothly as newly fallen snow, and the sheets and pillows looked as if they had never been used. The clerk now with a look of growing curiosity, if not of incipient horror, stooped down and looked under the bed. "Nothing there," he said. Then his attitude grew more serious, as he went to the large closets one by one and opened the doors. "There is the bathroom yet," he remarked, with a shudder, his mind perhaps busy with a bit of French history or some recent American horror. "It's getting mighty common nowadays to commit bloody crimes in bathrooms. Do you suspect foul play, sir?" "You are going entirely too fast," said Hendricks, in a curt tone. "Every matter I choose to investigate need not necessarily be a bloody one." He smiled and added to Lampkin: "My reputation among the people is as red as cranberry sauce." The clerk bore the reproof with becoming humility. He made no reply and hung back till the detective had opened the door leading to the bathroom. Here the gas was burning also, and the small chamber, with its polished tiled floor and glistening porcelain walls, revealed no hint of bloodshed. The face of the clerk fell; his appetite for sensation was not to be fed on this occasion. "What time did Mr. Caruthers leave the hotel the night he left?" Hendricks asked him. "I really don't know, sir," said the clerk. "I am pretty sure he did not mention it at the office, and that is customary among our guests. That is why I thought there might have been some underhand—"

one of his massive frowns, which always made his great brow resemble a miniature jutting crag. "And why?" "Because my anonymous correspondent says I shall find the remains of Weldon Caruthers in these apartments, and I believe on my soul he meant what he said." "But that man downstairs said Caruthers' valet has received a communication from his master in Philadelphia." "I'll bet my life it was forged." Lampkin started, and then he gazed into the detective's eyes steadily. "I can't follow you, and I won't try. Your mind darts out after things I never would dream of. Do you think you may find a trace of the missing man here?" "If my thinker would operate smoothly," This with a forced grin. "My trip to Boston has fagged me out. I am not normal. But it will not surprise me to find out that the same man wrote to the valet that wrote to me." "If so you have a deep villain to deal with." "As deep as the crucible of hell can turn out."

The detective sat down in a chair near the bed and, taking from his pocket the anonymous letter, he studied it in silence. After a minute he said, reflectively: "You will observe he does not say I shall find the body of Caruthers here, but the remains, and he has underscored the word heavily. Furthermore, he boasts of the skill with which the crime has been accomplished; that, old man, means something." "But it seems to me that you have looked into every possible nook and cranny," said the doctor. "As if under a sudden inspiration Hendricks sprang up, and going to the bed he pushed aside the silken curtains of the canopy, turned down the sheets and doubled up the mattress. Then he drew himself up and began to examine the brie-a-brac about the room. He thumped with his knuckles a marble statue of Venus de Milo in a corner, and then stood still in the center of the room and stared at the articles of ornament on the mantel-piece. He walked slowly backward to the doctor and laid a hand on his shoulder, and pointed to a large covered Japanese vase, shaped like an ancient urn. "Doctor," he said, "the man who selected all the brie-a-brac in this room did not select that vase." "It does seem a little out of harmony," admitted Lampkin. "Rather cheaper than the rest, don't you think?" "It is a disgrace to such a collection," returned the detective, "besides it has been crowded in between those beautiful bronze pieces. Old man, I have an idea." Lampkin said nothing as he watched his friend place a chair near the mantel-piece and mount it. The chair raised the detective so high that the cover of the vase was on a level with his chin. Hendricks removed the cover and looked into the vessel. Lampkin saw him pick up something inside the vase, examine it and lay it back. For a moment the detective stood, his back to the doctor, a hand on either side of the vessel. Then he lifted it, cautiously stepped down to the floor, and placed it on the table. "Prepare to be horrified, old man," he said, grimly. "It is here." Lampkin started. "You don't mean—"



HE SAW HIM PICK UP SOMETHING.

"I have only one isolated claw," he said, putting the severed hand back on the ashes. "What is that?" "In his effort to cut and wrench this hand from the joint at the wrist, the murderer allowed his sharp nails to sink into the flesh. The marks did not show at the time, but the process of decomposition has brought them out distinctly. Doctor, the fellow who did the job manicures his finger-nails to sharp points, as is the vogue among society men of a certain class." Lampkin made an examination. "You are certainly right," he said, returning the hand to the vase. "Shrewd and cautious as the perpetrator evidently was that did not occur to him." "God has never yet made it possible for a human mind to be full of a hellish deed and at the same time master details that will completely overcome detection," was Hendricks' reply. "You do not think that the body could have been reduced to ashes in these apartments," said Lampkin, tentatively. Hendricks shook his head, and pointed to the open fireplace where lay the ashes of a wood fire. "No, this is the only fireplace and it has not been used for a fortnight." "Are you sure?" incredulously. "Quite sure. This chimney seems to come straight down from the roof, and raindrops have fallen and left their imprints here. It rained two weeks ago and has been clear ever since." "I would never have thought of that." "It is my business to think of everything." Lampkin's face betrayed the birth of an important idea. "Surely," he said, "the body could not easily have been removed for the purpose of cremation elsewhere without being dismembered. Perhaps if you made a careful examination you might find traces of its having been cut up." "Thanks for the suggestion," said Hendricks. Lampkin watched him as he went into the bathroom and closely examined the porcelain tub and white-tiled floor. "No," he said, coming back. "I think he managed to remove the body in its entirety." "You think that?" remarked the doctor, not convinced. "Yes; it would be an easy thing to do. As Caruthers was supposed to be leaving, it would be natural for him to take a trunk, and his luggage going out would not attract much attention." "Good heavens!" exclaimed the doctor. "In his own trunk!" At this juncture the door leading into the corridor swung open and the clerk who had shown them upstairs entered suddenly, his eyes alighting on the severed hand which lay across the somewhat narrow mouth of the vase. "My Lord!" he exclaimed, his eyes bulging from their sockets, "has—has he been murdered, Mr. Hendricks?" An expression of deep annoyance settled on the face of the detective. "Yes," he said. "But leave us alone for a few minutes, and please don't say anything about this down in the office just yet. We would be interrupted by sight-seers." The clerk thrust his white, horrified face forward and peered into the vase. "Surely not—no cremated, Mr. Hendricks!" he gasped. "That's about the size of it," retorted the detective. He went to the door and held it open. The clerk took the hint and backed out of the room. "Don't lay it to me if this gets out sooner than you wish," he said. "A member of the detective force was down there in citizen's clothes and recognized you when you first came in. He had heard of the remarks going round about Mr. Caruthers' absence, and seeing you on hand made him more curious. He has Mr. Caruthers' man down there now, asking him questions. It seems nothing has been seen of Mr. Caruthers since he had the row with Mr. Arthur Gielow at the club." Hendricks leaned against the door-folding. "They had a row, eh?" "That's the general report, sir." "Did you hear what it was about?" "Some dispute over a woman, I think." "Who was the woman?" "Miss Dorothy Huntington was the name I heard mentioned." "Ah," broke in Lampkin, coming forward. "I remember—"

FLATTERED THE EMPRESS. China's Ruler Looks With Favor Upon Jung Lu, Who Has His Heart Centered Upon Usurping the Throne. Port Townsend, Wash., June 30.—According to advices brought from the orient by steamship Glenogle, China still continues in a state of uncertainty which borders on a revolution. The China Discussion says the empress dowager has pinned her faith in Jung Lu, who for many years has had his mind and heart centered on usurping the throne. He has a friend at court in the personage of one of the chief eunuchs, through whom he has succeeded in flattering the empress dowager to such an extent that troops have been increased and he has been placed in command. He now believes himself invulnerable. The empress dowager has been his tool and the general feeling now prevails that his next move will be to cast her aside and place himself on the throne.

THEY HAD THE PLAGUE. The Steamer Nippon Maru Brought the Disease from the Far East—Bodies of Two Victims Cremated. San Francisco, June 30.—Dr. Babata, bacteriologist of the board of health, has just returned a report of his examinations of the glands of the two Japanese who were drowned while trying to escape from the steamer Nippon Maru, now held in quarantine on account of three suspicious deaths which occurred on the vessel on her trip from China and Japan to this port via Honolulu. Dr. Babata found the bacilli to be those of the bubonic plague, and, to make his determination doubly sure, will propagate their growth. The bodies of the Japanese were cremated, and Dr. Lawler, the health officer of this city, states that the danger of the disease being introduced into this city, as every precaution has been taken to prevent any...

Young Filipinos. Victoria, B. C. from Hakodadi, returned from the steamer that in the south of the Philippines are cons against emergency garrisoned by a teers, whose very crude of them being (Remington's). They are, however, of patriotism and state that they will not yield to the Americans, though the whole of the islands are destroyed.

Will Otis Succeed Alger? Washington, June 30.—It is said at the white house that Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, who recently returned from Manila, will be a guest of the president the last of the week. It is reported that the post of secretary of war will be offered him. With the report is coupled the statement that the president will ask Secretary Alger to retire on account of the criticisms of the administration by Gov. Pingree in connection with the governor's support of Secretary Alger for the Michigan senatorship.

Aguinaldo Wants Information. Manila, June 30.—One of the most prominent Filipinos living in Manila yesterday morning received verbal instructions directly from Aguinaldo, who is at Tarlac, instructing him to make the most complete report possible of the situation in Manila, both political and military. This is capable of a double interpretation. Possibly Aguinaldo desires to know what the chances are in the event of his surrender, or, it is possible, that he wants to obtain information as to what places are bringing produce into the country.

Help for Tornado Sufferers. Hudson, Wis., June 30.—Chairman H. Ingram, of the New Richmond relief committee, has issued an official circular to the public as the first fruits of their investigations. The circular states that a careful estimate shows the money loss from the tornado to be \$750,000. Subscriptions thus far amount to only about \$80,000, a large portion of which has been spent in clearing away the debris and in lending temporary assistance to the people.

Terrible Storm at Morgantown, W. Va. Cincinnati, June 30.—A Morgantown, W. Va., special says: A terrific storm visited this section last night and dozens of houses were unroofed. The wind blew like a hurricane. A rain fall of several inches accompanied the storm. Bransom Troy was struck by lightning and killed. Tremendous damage was done to crops of every description. Bridges were washed away and roads are impassable.

Eleven Found Watery Graves. Toledo, June 30.—Eleven lives were lost by the foundering of the steam barge Margaret Olwill in Lake Erie yesterday morning. Duncan Coyle, a deckhand, whose residence is Port Huron, is the only survivor so far as known. He was rescued from the wreckage after being in the water for over four hours.

Slew Him Because He Cared. New York, June 30.—The coroner's jury brought in a verdict that Henry J. Ramsey was murdered by his wife while she was temporarily insane. She cut his throat and gave as a reason that he snored. As Mrs. Ramsey was on her way across the Bridge of Sighs to the Tombs she attempted to thrust a hatpin into her neck.