

# Mr. Barnes, American

By ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

A Sequel to MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK

Copyright, 1907, DODD, MEAD & CO., N.Y.

## SYNOPSIS.

Burton H. Barnes, a wealthy American touring Corsica, rescues the young English lieutenant, Edward Gerard Anstruther, and his Corsican bride, Marina, daughter of the Paolis, from the murderous vendetta, understanding that his reward is in the hands of the English lieutenant. The four fly from Ajaccio to Marseilles on board the French steamer Constantine. The vendetta pursues and as the quartet are about to board the train for London at Marseilles, Marina is handed a mysterious note which causes her to collapse and necessitates a postponement of the journey. Barnes gets part of the mysterious note and receives letters which inform him that he is wanted by the vendetta. He employs an American detective and plans to beat the vendetta at their own game. For the purpose of securing the safety of the women Barnes arranges to have Lady Charlis lease a secluded villa at Nice to which the party is to be taken in a yacht. Suspicion is created that Marina is in league with the Corsicans. A man, believed to be the vendetta leader, is seen passing the house and Marina is thought to have given him a sign. Marina refuses to explain the sign which adds to his latent suspicions. Barnes plans for the safety of the party are betrayed by the Corsicans. The vendetta carrying their party to the local landing is followed by two men. One of the men is suspected to be the vendetta leader. They try to murder the American. The cook on the yacht—a Frenchman—is the party's enemy. The party anchors at St. Tropez. The yacht is followed by a small boat. The cook is detected giving signals to the boat. Barnes attempts to throw him overboard, but is prevented by Marina and Ed.

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"And why, to-night, against the regulations of my vessels," adds Anstruther, "he kept this galley fire unbanked so that the light shining through his open porthole indicates to the felucca what craft it is to pursue."

Marina puts these questions to the cook and translates the following answer. "The ice was necessary. After I am on shore to get it, I sent a telegram, as I promised, to Monsieur Demond, who had come to me in Marseilles and said: 'You go on the Seagull. The Cafe Vefeur will want you as soon as their grand chef Meudon goes to Paris. To engage you, they must know where you are. To miss your services would be a blow for the great restaurant. So they can communicate with you, telegraph me immediately on landing from each port the yacht stops, that they can get you the instant Meudon leaves.' He gave me money for this. Therefore the moment I am on shore, I telegraph simply: 'St. Tropez, I am here. Leboeuf.' Soon I received a return message: 'Hold the yacht three hours. I have vegetables to buy, also flowers. That takes time, after the market is closed. I don't hurry. What matters if a pleasure yacht leave a little later? From Marseilles I receive no further answer. The chef of the Vefeur has not yet gone, so I come on board. This night, the morning watch went on duty. Monsieur Graham says give it to them, so I leave my fire unbanked. It was very hot; I open the porthole of my galley. That's all. Voila, what I have done is simply business. I am a great cook. The Cafe Vefeur wishes to engage me; that is all."

"Aha," cries Edid generously; "you see the chef simply expected to get a good position in the kitchen of a leading Marseilles restaurant."

Listening to this, Edwin and Barnes go into consultation. Probably the memory of his magnificent cuisine makes them lenient to the artist. "I believe the little beggar is innocent," says the sailor.

"Simply a matter of vanity," remarks Burton. "He thought they wanted him very much for the Cafe Vefeur."

"If we don't put the little chap on shore, we must trust him," remarks the American. Then he says briefly to Marina: "Please show Leboeuf what danger he has placed upon us by his telegram."

And this being explained to him by the beautiful women, both fair ones almost speaking together, Leboeuf beginning to comprehend the plot against even their lives, the little Frenchman breaks out excitedly and gallantly in a mixture of pollygott: "Mille ton nerres, murder you, angels of mercy? Nevaire! I Felix Leboeuf, will defend you both with my life." He seizes and kisses their hands. "Zese assassins shall answer to me for making me zeir instrument. No more telegrams while I am a Seagull. Zat I swear to you," and the little fellow's eyes glow with gratitude as they rest upon the gentle creatures who, as they have stood between him and marlinpike and pistol, have seemed divine in mercy.

But despite the innocence and fealty of Monsieur Leboeuf, Edwin and Barnes leave his galley dismayed.

"We must settle exactly how we proceed," whispers Barnes to Edwin, the two ladies having retreated to the stern. "What do you propose?"

"Why, as not only a sailor but a man of common sense, I propose to get away from these sneaky devils as far as possible; crack on everything, round Sardinia, drive for the Strait of Gibraltar and up the Atlantic and Bay of Biscay to England."

Barnes glances over the stern—far away in the gloom of the coming morning is the felucca. "There's a practical proof that the vendetta is ever following us," he says, simply. "That cruel craft is sent to dog us in any port where we may land. In England, you will be too prominent to escape notice. Besides, do you or I want to live our lives always looking over our shoulders for some enemy behind us? No, there is one way—my original plan. Get the ladies concealed and guarded as carefully as possible with Lady Charlis at Villefranche, then you and I turn about and meet these devils, and, if necessary, destroy them; at all events, destroy the man who has the money, that permits these assassins to follow us to the ends of the earth."

"By heaven, you are right," answers Edwin.

"Now the best way to do it?"

"Over this they hold consultation, and the result is that next morning when they are off Porto Ferrajo, still finding the felucca in sight, they take the following action: That day, sailing well beyond the famed island of Monte Cristo, the night coming on dark and heavy, Anstruther put out every light on the vessel and turns about, and the next morning, piloted by Graham, who knows the sea, they are alone at anchor in a little cove, sheltered by the sterile rocks of Gorgona.

Here the English officer changes the appearance of the Seagull almost entirely. Paint pots are got out and she soon has a black hull; Miss Anstruther, who is now interested in the matter, painting a new name, the Wildfowl, on a piece of canvas, that is tacked over the stern. Then both topmasts of the vessel are sent down on deck and a leg-of-mutton mainsail that Graham reports in the vessel's sail locker, is bent on the main boom, the gaff being removed. In addition, the rigging is overhauled and made more slack and slouchy like that of some careless merchant trading schooner.

So the next day, beating out upon the sea between Elba and Corsica, is a very different vessel that left Marseilles. Upon deck are people also changed. The intimacy of a yachting excursion to young men and young women who love each other, generally makes the deck of the craft under soft suns

faces his beautiful fiancée as she steps from the large boat that, after the merchant fashion, has now been stowed on the deck amidships.

"Certainly! Hoping I had done you love an injustice, I have been trying to overhear some such revelation as this for the last few days." The girl's eyes are beaming now, tender with love and hope.

Then she breaks forth almost passionately. "You owe this to my love for you. Since you seemed reluctant to wear me as your bride, to accept my wifely devotion, my pride has suffered so much that you, Burton, cannot deny me the sight of that letter so that I may again trust the ardency of your desire to make me yours."

"Best give it to her," remarks her sailor brother, grimly.

"You advise it, then?"

"Yes, she will never rest without it now, if I know Edid of old."

Barnes wilyly places the accused threat against the woman whom he dares to marry and her offspring in the hand of his betrothed.

She carries it to the binnacle light and reads it carefully twice over. Then she returns to them, her eyes brilliant with determined devotion, yet swimming with tender love. "You let such a chimera as this little piece of paper, the ravings of some maniac on revenge, stand between you and my love."

"No, no; this threat—you have had proof enough—is a menace all our lives. I desire to put it author where he can do no harm to you before I wed you."

"Before? After you wed me!" cries his fiancée, in exalted mood. "Let us together face and annihilate this fiend."

"But remember this is an undying feud. Think what my self-reproach would be if I let your love for me bring miserable death to you, my adored," whispers Barnes.

"My death couldn't happen, sweet heart, unless you died also, Burton," she says simply.

"I demand of this gentleman," she continued, "who says he loves me, that he weds me the moment we go ashore at Nice even if it brings me into the unhappy feud proclaimed against

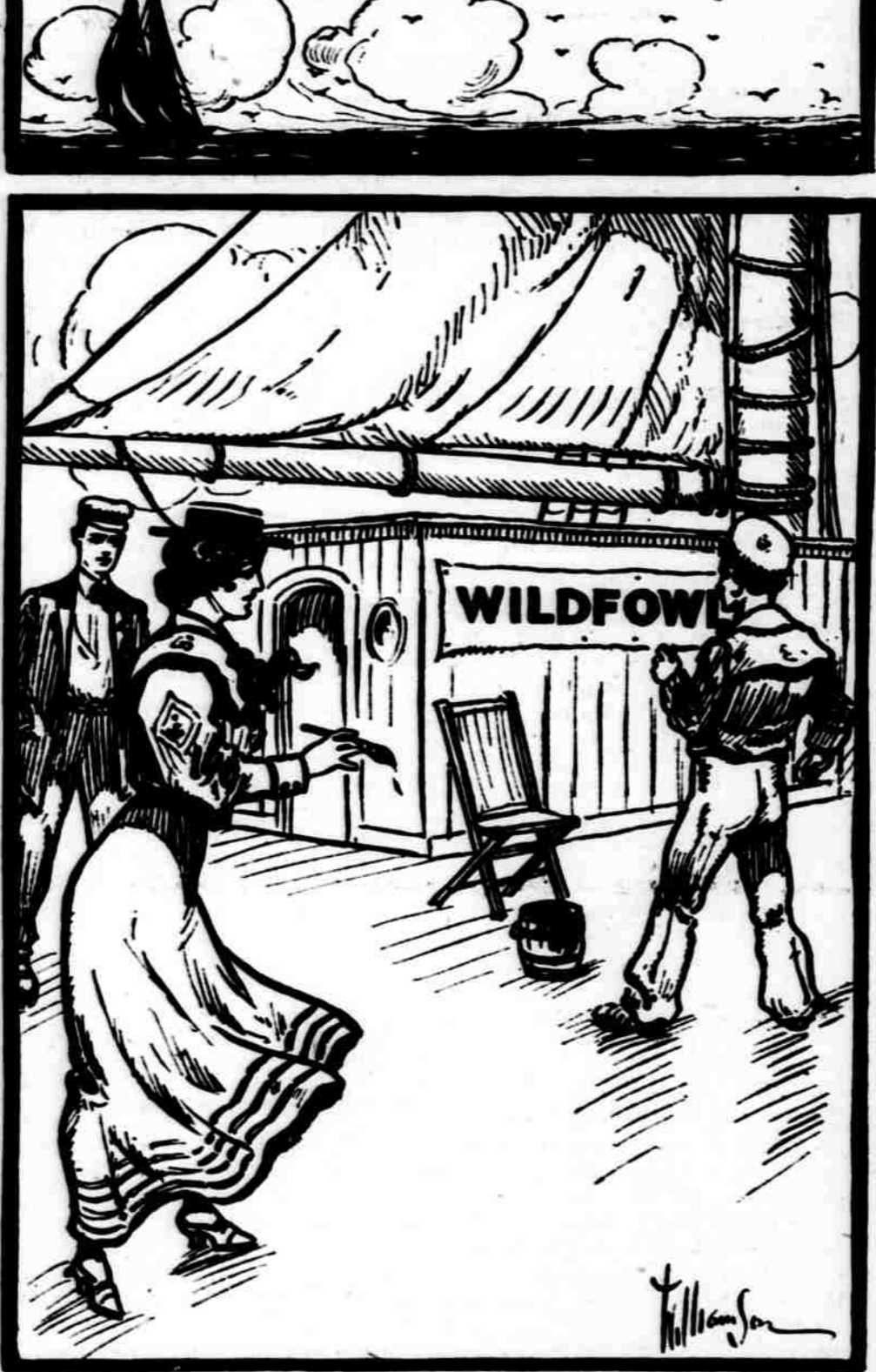
him. No, no; don't refuse me, Burton," she whispers, determinedly, "tis the last chance. You wed me then or never wed me! If you cannot trust me with your woe, I'll not take part of your joys."

More enamored than ever with the charming girl who will risk death to be his bride, Barnes silently extends his arms, and she falling into them, the yacht's deck becomes a heaven to these lovers.

The next day the sea again rises bright over the Mediterranean. The felucca is never sighted. Monsieur Leboeuf serves meals fit for a fairy princess in the salon, and Edid and Barnes have such appetites the cook is delighted.

A few days later the Seagull, under the name of the Wildfowl, drops her anchor in the little bay at Villefranche, coming in, not like a sprightly yacht, but like a slow, lumbering, carelessly sailed and inadequately handled merchant craft.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Miss Anstruther Who Is Now Interested in the Matter, Painting a New Name, the Wildfowl on a Piece of Canvas.

fanned by refreshing breezes, nigh upon a heaven, but haunted by the supposed deft detectors of Cipriano Danella, the Seagull is an inferno.

"The deck of this vessel has become," Edid muttered gloomily to Barnes, "nigh unto hell. Can't you see," he whispers despairingly, "that every day Marina grows more anxious and more nervous? My God, it is for me."

This remark is made to the American as the two men sit smoking between the main and the foremast late the next evening.

"Did you notice," adds Anstruther, with a sigh, "she had no appetite?"

"You mean your sister?" says the American.

"Certainly not; Marina! My wife didn't eat a mouthful."

"Neither did Miss Anstruther?"

"Nonsense! Edid was enthusiastic over our parlez-vous cook's culinary triumphs."

"Yes, with her lips, but not with her teeth," mutters Burton, grimly.

"Womanlike, she cried out about flet mignon and omelette souffie and affected to eat—but—"

"But stored away no cargo," suggests Anstruther. "So much the better for you, old man; when a girl gets off her food she's hard hit in some other part of her anatomy than her stomach. My sister's a good sailor, so it isn't sea sickness affects her."

"Sea sickness?" jeers Barnes, savagely. "Can't you see that every hour Edid grows more cold and more haughty to me, punishing me because I didn't wed her that day in Marseilles, when even Emory, the cold-blooded Yankee detective, shuddered and said it would be a crime for me to marry with this devilish threat I carry in my pocket against any woman who is unfortunate enough to become my wife."

"It concerns my sister; supposing you show it to me!" suggests Edwin.

"Supposing you show it to me!" comes to them in a clear voice from the neighboring cutter.

"My God, you overheard?" Barnes

him. No, no; don't refuse me, Burton," she whispers, determinedly, "tis the last chance. You wed me then or never wed me! If you cannot trust me with your woe, I'll not take part of your joys."

More enamored than ever with the charming girl who will risk death to be his bride, Barnes silently extends his arms, and she falling into them, the yacht's deck becomes a heaven to these lovers.

The next day the sea again rises bright over the Mediterranean. The felucca is never sighted. Monsieur Leboeuf serves meals fit for a fairy princess in the salon, and Edid and Barnes have such appetites the cook is delighted.

A few days later the Seagull, under the name of the Wildfowl, drops her anchor in the little bay at Villefranche, coming in, not like a sprightly yacht, but like a slow, lumbering, carelessly sailed and inadequately handled merchant craft.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Birds Share Nest.

A curious friendship between birds has been observed. A blackbird built her nest in a quiet covert and after laying four eggs she was joined by a thrush, who also laid four eggs in the same nest. Owing to the sheltered nature of their retreat the hospitable blackbird and her friend hatched the double brood in peace. This appears to be the earliest recorded instance of the maisonette in ornithology.—The Scotsman.

## Catching Buses in Europe.

Buses and trains do not stop on signal, but only at certain street corners indicated by signs. There they will receive only as many passengers as they have vacant seats, and in the order of the numbered checks presented to the conductor. These checks passengers draw from a box in the adjacent waiting room.—Travel Magazine.

# THE MAN WHO READS BLOOD

## How New York's Chemical Detective, a Scientific Sherlock Holmes in Real Life, Ferrets Out Poisoners, Murderers and Other Criminals When the Only Clue He Has Is a Blood-Stained Garment, a Fingerprint or a Faint Trace of Poison.

When the detectives searched the room in which the murder had been committed they found one or two clues which may establish the identity of the mysterious murderer and lead to his arrest.

The first was a man's handkerchief of fine quality. In one corner were several tiny drops of blood, showing that the handkerchief had been used to staunch a very small wound, such as a pin-prick or a scratch or a scrape.

The most important find of all was on the inner side of the door panel where the bloody imprint of a thumb and three finger-tips was visible. The portion of the door bearing the tell-tale finger-prints had been cut out and sent with the handkerchief to the laboratory of the chemical detective. An important arrest, it is announced, will follow the expert's analytical examination of the evidence now in his possession.

New York.—Here is a typical case for the chemical detective—the man who "reads blood." Substituting a test tube and powerful microscope for the ordinary detective's revolver and handcuffs, this scientific expert of the police department sets out to track down the murderer and the poisoner.

With a drop of blood, an empty poison bottle, a bloody finger mark or a hastily scrawled note as his only clue to work on, he exerts the whole force of his scientific knowledge as a probe to get to the bottom of the mystery or at least to find some slight clue which may eventually lead to a solution and to the arrest of the criminal. The chemical detective, owing to his success in solving many recent murder mysteries, is now regarded as a very important and necessary adjunct of the detective bureau in New York and other important cities. He is the man who reads that which to the average unscientific would be unintelligible.

He subjects the bloodstained handkerchiefs and other garments submitted to him by the police and detectives to certain microscopic and chemical tests, considers his findings in conjunction with every other scrap of information his expert chemical knowledge is able to develop about the case, and then he reports, advising the detectives to look for a consumptive-looking man about 28 years old, dark complexion, three gold teeth, the center one suspended from a bridge. Then follows a general description of the man, which in view of the facts the expert chemical detective has been able to deduce, may be considered fairly accurate.

## Seldom Meet Failure.

As cunningly and carefully as the regular police detective follows the dark and winding alleys of the city in the search of a clue that will lead him to the culprit, just so carefully does the chemical detective follow the channels of the body in his search for a clue to the poison or other cause that led to the death of the victim. No subterfuge, however cunning, can throw these unerring sleuths of the body off the trail, according to a writer in the New York World. The resources of latter-day chemistry, with persistence and perseverance, can extort from the body of a man long dead and buried the secret which his destroyers vainly imagine went to the grave with him.

No more subtle crime exists than that of poisoning. Its detection is possible only to the acute analytical mind of the scientific man who has devoted the greater part of his life to the study of chemistry. Its victim is attacked without being given a chance to escape. The user of poison is a coward, but his cowardice is accompanied by a cunning that often proves more than a match for the keenest old-style detectives in the world.

## Varying Detective Work.

It is with a convenient disguise—perhaps a false mustache or beard—and a revolver in his hip pocket that the detective starts out on his search for a criminal. It is with a test tube and a Bunsen lamp that the chemical detective begins his search, perhaps for the same identical lawbreaker. Each

## Long and Careful Search.

The heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, brain and, in fact, nearly every internal organ of the dead man were taken from the body, hermetically sealed in

## BEAR KILLED BRUTAL MASTER.

Animal Waited for Time and Opportunity for Vengeance.

A terrible story of an animal's revenge comes from Helligenstadt, in Prussian Saxony. A bear trainer named Stanko has just fallen a victim to one of his own animals, which he had severely chastised. A wandering company of Bosnians had given a performance with 13 dancing bears in the village of Guenterode, and on leaving there proceeded to Helligenstadt. A portion of the party went on in advance by the main road, but Stanko, with two women and a boy of 14, delayed their departure till the evening. Each led a bear. Suddenly Stanko's animal turned, flung itself upon him, and threw him to the ground. A desperate struggle ensued, in the course of which the bear managed to free itself from its muzzle, and buried its teeth in the man's flesh. The women and the boy made frantic efforts to frighten the brute away from its victim, but unavailingly. Recognizing that they could do nothing without

arms of some sort, they ran back to Guenterode with their dreadful news. A message was at once sent by telephone to Helligenstadt, and villagers sallied out to the spot armed with pitchforks and axes. They were, however, too late, as the man was dead when they arrived. At about ten o'clock a gendarme came up with the other members of the troupe. The bear was then lying quietly over Stanko's mangled corpse. The gendarme wished to shoot the animal, but the other bear-leaders protested against the destruction of their valuable property, and were able to secure it without much difficulty. A considerable portion of Stanko's body had been eaten, and the flesh in other parts had been torn away to the bone. The dead man had been beating his bear shortly before it attacked him. Up to this outbreak it had always borne a very good character.

## Found No Living at the Bar.

It is estimated that in New York city there are 12,300 men who were educated for the bar who are in various employments outside of law offices.

## ASTOR MILLIONS SAFELY HELD.

Vast Wealth of Family Invested in New York Real Estate.

If ever the phrase "fat of the land" meant anything, it does so in the case of the Astor family. Land! That is the keynote of this wealthy organization, the solidest aggregation of self-increasing wealth in America, says the New York World Magazine. The Astor millions, invested in New York real estate, are absolutely intact and impregnable. By the most insidious methods of leasing, subleasing, purchasing, renting (but rarely ever improving property, themselves) the Astor heirs, ensconced in a plain, stout little two-story brick building just off Madison Square, are gradually picking up acre after acre of priceless land on Manhattan Island.

There are more than 50 heirs, many in the fourth generation, to the Astor millions, but upon the shoulders of William Vincent Astor, a lad of 16, will probably fall the management of the bulk of this enormous estate. At St. Paul's school and Eton, England,

## Makes Nest Lightening Proof.

The humming bird in Australia, no less than man, protects its habitation with a lightning rod. The humming bird before a devastating thunder-storm bursts prudently covers the outside of its little nest with cobweb. Silk is a non-conductor of electricity, and since cobweb is silk the humming bird's nest is thereby rendered lightning proof.

## Whoooping Cough at Ninety.

Whooping cough is generally regarded as an infantile disease, but in the Devonshire (Eng.) village of Upton, although no children are affected,

## Perils That Beset the Path of the Chemical Detective.

By Prof. Charles A. Doremus.

The value of the expert analytical chemist, now known as the chemical detective, through his cooperation with the New York police department and detective bureaus, is greater than is indicated merely by his work in ferreting out poison mysteries. His field of usefulness is by no means limited to that one class of crime. Many cases are on record where the chemical detective alone has been able to unmask the most ingenious forgers of wills, deeds and other papers. His expert knowledge of the composition, ingredients and the nature of explosives is relied upon to solve explosion mysteries, particularly bomb explosions, and to furnish clues, based on his investigations, without which it would often be next to impossible to make an arrest or secure a conviction. Tremendous risks must be taken by

## The Chemical Detective's Testimony in the Baum Poisoning Mystery Alone Convicted Dr. Henry Meyer of Having Administered the Poison.

the chemist employed to fathom an explosion mystery. The loss of a limb, an eye, disfigurement for life, or even death, may follow the slightest mishap while he is making his tests. Yet it is a risk which must often be taken in order to throw every possible light on the case and to develop every clue, no matter how slight, that may lead to the detection of a criminal.

Real Value of Chemist.

The chemist's value is undoubtedly greatest in homicide cases. Where a life has been taken no effort must be spared to bring the culprit to justice. It is often, however, long and tedious work. The poisoner is cunning. He rarely uses poisons without informing himself of their action, and the subsequent traces of them that may be found in the body. He often learns of other poisons that will counteract the effect of the first poison.

One of the first signs of morphine poisoning is a contraction of the pupils of the eye. Yet one murderer was

## Proved Three Murders.

It was the persistence of Prof. Doremus, the chemical detective in that case, which sent Dr. Meyer to prison for life. It was through the persistence and skill of the same detective that the conviction of Dr. Buchanan, accused of murdering his wife with morphine, was secured. It was through the skill of chemical detectives that the conviction of Carlyle Harris, accused of poisoning his wife with morphine, was secured. It was the chemical detectives that furnished the strongest evidence for the prosecution of Albert T. Patrick and many others.

The chemical detective's work in blood-reading tests requires a most extensive knowledge of the actions of various kinds of poisons on the human body. By carefully testing the blood he is often able to tell the exact cause of death, the kind of poison used and how it was administered. The importance of this in cases where the most careful autopsy reveals practically nothing will be readily understood.

In handwriting tests the chemical detective, who in this way has come to be identified as a handwriting expert, will often spend long hours studying one insignificant little letter "a" under his microscope and comparing it with other samples of handwriting. It is in this way that tiny clues have been found leading on to other and stronger clues and from there to complete solutions of some of the most complicated crimes on record.

## Typical Poison Expert.

There is no keener tracer of poison in this city than Prof. Charles A. Doremus. More than six feet in height, as straight as a gun barrel, with gray eyes that peer out keenly from beneath heavy brows, he is a typical chemical detective. His powerful, vigorous frame bespeaks the physical endurance necessary to pursue to the very end a trying and difficult test.

In his connection with famous poisoning cases in New York Prof. Doremus has demonstrated great keenness and a faculty. He detected antimony and arsenic in the body of Gustav H. Baum. Dr. Henry Meyer was convicted of having administered the poison. Without the assistance of the chemical detective it is possible that this mystery would never have been solved.

A man and a woman applied one morning at the office of a large insurance company to collect the insurance of a man, said to be the husband of the woman. In answering the questions of the insurance officials the couple became somewhat evasive and embarrassed. Their confusion led to a more thorough investigation. The body of the dead man was exhumed.

In the presence of Prof. Doremus and score of prominent physicians no trace of anything unusual was found on the body. A most careful examination failed to reveal anything that would even prompt a suspicion of poison. The circumstances of the man's death and the character of his companions, however, made the insurance company persist in its investigations.

## Long and Careful Search.

The heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, brain and, in fact, nearly every internal organ of the dead man were taken from the body, hermetically sealed in

## ASTOR MILLIONS SAFELY HELD.

Vast Wealth of Family Invested in New York Real Estate.

If ever the phrase "fat of the land" meant anything, it does so in the case of the Astor family. Land! That is the keynote of this wealthy organization, the solidest aggregation of self-increasing wealth in America, says the New York World Magazine. The Astor millions, invested in New York real estate, are absolutely intact and impregnable. By the most insidious methods of leasing, subleasing, purchasing, renting (but rarely ever improving property, themselves) the Astor heirs, ensconced in a plain, stout little two-story brick building just off Madison Square, are gradually picking up acre after acre of priceless land on Manhattan Island.

There are more than 50 heirs, many in the fourth generation, to the Astor millions, but upon the shoulders of William Vincent Astor, a lad of 16, will probably fall the management of the bulk of this enormous estate. At St. Paul's school and Eton, England,

## Makes Nest Lightening Proof.

The humming bird in Australia, no less than man, protects its habitation with a lightning rod. The humming bird before a devastating thunder-storm bursts prudently covers the outside of its little nest with cobweb. Silk is a non-conductor of electricity, and since cobweb is silk the humming bird's nest is thereby rendered lightning proof.

## Whoooping Cough at Ninety.

Whooping cough is generally regarded as an infantile disease, but in the Devonshire (Eng.) village of Upton, although no children are affected,

## THE MAN WHO READS BLOOD

How New York's Chemical Detective, a Scientific Sherlock Holmes in Real Life, Ferrets Out Poisoners, Murderers and Other Criminals When the Only Clue He Has Is a Blood-Stained Garment, a Fingerprint or a Faint Trace of Poison.

When the detectives searched the room in which the murder had been committed they found one or two clues which may establish the identity of the mysterious murderer and lead to his arrest.

The first was a man's handkerchief of fine quality. In one corner were several tiny drops of blood, showing that the handkerchief had been used to staunch a very small wound, such as a pin-prick or a scratch or a scrape.

The most important find of all was on the inner side of the door panel where the bloody imprint of a thumb and three finger-tips was visible. The portion of the door bearing the tell-tale finger-prints had been cut out and sent with the handkerchief to the laboratory of the chemical detective. An important arrest, it is announced, will follow the expert's analytical examination of the evidence now in his possession.

New York.—Here is a typical case for the chemical detective—the man who "reads blood." Substituting a test tube and powerful microscope for the ordinary detective's revolver and handcuffs, this scientific expert of the police department sets out to track down the murderer and the poisoner.

With a drop of blood, an empty poison bottle, a bloody finger mark or a hastily scrawled note as his only clue to work on, he exerts the whole force of his scientific knowledge as a probe to get to the bottom of the mystery or at least to find some slight clue which may eventually lead to a solution and to the arrest of the criminal. The chemical detective, owing to his success in solving many recent murder mysteries, is now regarded as a very important and necessary adjunct of the detective bureau in New York and other important cities. He is the man who reads that which to the average unscientific would be unintelligible.

## Seldom Meet Failure.

As cunningly and carefully as the regular police detective follows the dark and winding alleys of the city in the search of a clue that will lead him to the culprit, just so carefully does the chemical detective follow the channels of the body in his search for a clue to the poison or other cause that led to the death of the victim. No subterfuge, however cunning, can throw these unerring sleuths of the body off the trail, according to a writer in the New York World. The resources of latter-day chemistry, with persistence and perseverance, can extort from the body of a man long dead and buried the secret which his destroyers vainly imagine went to the grave with him.

No more subtle crime exists than that of poisoning. Its detection is possible only to the acute analytical mind of the scientific man who has devoted the greater part of his life to the study of chemistry. Its victim is attacked without being given a chance to escape. The user of poison is a coward, but his cowardice is accompanied by a cunning that often proves more than a match for the keenest old-style detectives in the world.

## Varying Detective Work.

It is with a convenient disguise—perhaps a false mustache or beard—and a revolver in his hip pocket that the detective starts out on his search for a criminal. It is with a test tube and a Bunsen lamp that the chemical detective begins his search, perhaps for the same identical lawbreaker. Each

## Long and Careful Search.

The heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, brain and, in fact, nearly every internal organ of the dead man were taken from the body, hermetically sealed in

## ASTOR MILLIONS SAFELY HELD.

Vast Wealth of Family Invested in New York Real Estate.

If ever the phrase "fat of the land" meant anything, it does so in the case of the Astor family. Land! That is the keynote of this wealthy organization, the solidest aggregation of self-increasing wealth in America, says the New York World Magazine. The Astor millions, invested in New York real estate, are absolutely intact and impregnable. By the most insidious methods of leasing, subleasing, purchasing, renting (but rarely ever improving property, themselves) the Astor heirs, ensconced in a plain, stout little two-story brick building just off Madison Square, are gradually picking up acre after acre of priceless land on Manhattan Island.

There are more than 50 heirs, many in the fourth generation, to the Astor millions, but upon the shoulders of William Vincent Astor, a lad of 16, will probably fall the management of the bulk of this enormous estate. At St. Paul's school and Eton, England,

## Makes Nest Lightening Proof.

The humming bird in Australia, no less than man, protects its habitation with a lightning rod. The humming bird before a devastating thunder-storm bursts prudently covers the outside of its little nest with cobweb. Silk is a non-conductor of electricity, and since cobweb is silk the humming bird's nest is thereby rendered lightning proof.

## Whoooping Cough at Ninety.

Whooping cough is generally regarded as an infantile disease, but in the Devonshire (Eng.) village of Upton, although no children are affected,

## Perils That Beset the Path of the Chemical Detective.

By Prof. Charles A. Doremus.

The value of the expert analytical chemist, now known as the chemical detective, through his cooperation with the New York police department and detective bureaus, is greater than is indicated merely by his work in ferreting out poison mysteries. His field of usefulness is by no means limited to that one class of crime. Many cases are on record where the chemical detective alone has been able to unmask the most ingenious forgers of wills, deeds and other papers. His expert knowledge of the composition, ingredients and the nature of explosives is relied upon to solve explosion mysteries, particularly bomb explosions, and to furnish clues, based on his investigations, without which it would often be next to impossible to make an arrest or secure a conviction. Tremendous risks must be taken by

## The Chemical Detective's Testimony in the Baum Poisoning Mystery Alone Convicted Dr. Henry Meyer of Having Administered the Poison.

the chemist employed to fathom an explosion mystery. The loss of a limb, an eye, disfigurement for life, or even death, may follow the slightest mishap while he is making his tests. Yet it is a risk which must often be taken in order to throw every possible light on the case and to develop every clue, no matter how slight, that may lead to the detection of a criminal.

Real Value of Chemist.

The chemist's value is undoubtedly greatest in homicide cases. Where a life has been taken no effort must be spared to bring the culprit to justice. It is often, however, long and tedious work. The poisoner is cunning. He rarely uses poisons without informing himself of their action, and the subsequent traces of them that may be found in the body. He often learns of other poisons that will counteract the effect of the first poison.

One of the first signs of morphine poisoning is a contraction of the pupils of the eye. Yet one murderer was

## Proved Three Murders.

It was the persistence of Prof. Doremus, the chemical detective in that case, which sent Dr. Meyer to prison for life. It was through the persistence and skill of the same detective that the conviction of Dr. Buchanan, accused of murdering his wife with morphine, was secured. It was through the skill of chemical detectives that the conviction of Carlyle Harris, accused of poisoning his wife with morphine, was secured. It was the chemical detectives that furnished the strongest evidence for the prosecution of Albert T. Patrick and many others.

The chemical detective's work in blood-reading tests requires a most extensive knowledge of the actions of various kinds of poisons on the human body. By carefully testing the blood he is often able to tell the exact cause of death, the kind of poison used and how it was administered. The importance of this in cases where the most careful autopsy reveals practically nothing will be readily understood.

In handwriting tests the chemical detective, who in this way has come to be identified as a handwriting expert, will often spend long hours studying one insignificant little letter "a" under his microscope and comparing it with other samples of handwriting. It is in this way that tiny clues have been found leading on to other and stronger clues and from there to complete solutions of some of the most complicated crimes on record.

## Typical Poison Expert.

There is no keener tracer of poison in this city than Prof. Charles A. Doremus. More than six feet in height, as straight as a gun barrel, with gray eyes that peer out keenly from beneath heavy brows, he is a typical chemical detective. His powerful, vigorous frame bespeaks the physical endurance necessary to pursue to the very end a trying and difficult test.

In his connection with famous poisoning cases in New York Prof. Doremus has demonstrated great keenness and a faculty. He detected antimony and arsenic in the body of Gustav H. Baum. Dr. Henry Meyer was convicted of having administered the poison. Without the assistance of the chemical detective it is possible that this mystery would never have been solved.

A man and a woman applied one morning at the office of a large insurance company to collect the insurance of a man, said to be the husband of the woman. In answering the questions of the insurance officials the couple became somewhat evasive and embarrassed. Their confusion led to a more thorough investigation. The body of the dead man was exhumed.

In the presence of Prof. Doremus and score of prominent physicians no trace of anything unusual was found on the body. A most careful examination failed to reveal anything that would even prompt a suspicion of poison. The circumstances of the man's death and the character of his companions, however, made the insurance company persist in its investigations.

## Long and Careful Search.

The heart, lungs, liver, kidneys, brain and, in fact, nearly every internal organ of the dead man were taken from the body, hermetically sealed in

## ASTOR MILLIONS SAFELY HELD.

Vast Wealth of Family Invested in New York Real Estate.

When the detectives searched the room in which the murder had been committed they found one or two clues which may establish the identity of the mysterious murderer and lead to his arrest.

The first was a man's handkerchief of fine quality. In one corner were several tiny drops of blood, showing that the handkerchief had been used to staunch a very small wound, such as a pin-prick or a scratch or a scrape.

The most important find of all was on the inner side of the door panel where the bloody imprint of a thumb and three finger-tips was visible. The portion of the door bearing the tell-tale finger-prints had been cut out and sent with the handkerchief to the laboratory of the chemical detective. An important arrest, it is announced, will follow the expert's analytical examination of the evidence now in his possession.



Tracing a Murderer by Means of a Blood-Stained Garment.

shrewd enough to use belladonna in the eyes of his victims to effect the contraction caused by the first poison he administered.

It