

THE MAN WITH THE GREEN SHADE.

A DETECTIVE STORY.

By W. BERT FOSTER.

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"Speaking of bank cases," said Captain Spink, retrospectively, "I was up again on an affair early in my experience that pretty nearly drove me out of the business. They told me at headquarters on the strength of it that I wasn't cut out for a detective; I'd make a better dry goods clerk or truck driver. I tell you, it was a bitter experience for me, and one I wasn't allowed to forget for years."

"Tell me about it," I urged. "You'll never have a better chance to relieve your mind; confession is good for the soul."

"Humph!" said he, gazing at me through half-closed eyes; "it may be good for my soul, but it's good for so much per column to you—I know your newspaper fellows. You go up and down the earth like a man, seeking whom ye may devour. Everything's meat to you."

"Don't be so suspicious," I said. "It doesn't become you, and I'd furtively made ready a pad and pencil."

The captain went into a dreamy reverie over his cigar and I had to sit him up several times before he really got to the story. The affair happened when he had not long been promoted from the ranks and was still attached to the fourth metropolitan station. The fourth precinct wasn't any better in those days than it is now. A hard crowd hung out around Perry and Cross streets, and the crooks weren't on the best of terms with the police, as they have been since, under one or two captains. Old Captain Bob Warren, who was in command during Spink's apprenticeship, never let up on a rogue until he had him behind the bars or had driven him out of the precinct, and the bad crowd were at knives' points with the police.

One day Warren sent for Spink to come to his private office. He found the captain closeted with a young woman, one whom he was quite sure was the girl he had in the district. She was plainly and modestly dressed, and Spink wondered within himself how she had come into that locality where brazen women of gaudy attire held sway. She was a brilliant brunette, with fine eyes and an abundance of hair. Somehow the quiet attire seemed not to fit her; there was something oriental about her which suggested rich goods and jewels and other barbare splendor. She turned her brilliant eyes upon Spink and he, being young and chivalric, succumbed.

But old Warren had already been charmed himself by the girl. "I want you to listen to her story, Spink," he said. "It is a most valuable tip, if it proves true." The girl raised her eyes timidly to the gaze of the younger officer. "O, sir," she said, clasping her unglued hands, "you will believe me, will you not? I am a poor girl; I have nothing to gain and everything to lose by telling you this. I am driven to it by my conscience. I dared not speak while my father was well; he would have killed me, and then—and then—he is my father! But now that he is down and the thing is all planned I cannot let it go on."

"Come, come, my good girl," interrupted Warren, "go on with your story. Just repeat what you told me to Mr. Spink." Evidently he had heard a similar outburst before and did not fancy having it repeated to a subordinate. "The fact of the matter is, Spink, there's a plot to crack the Holystone bank."

"The Holystone?" exclaimed Spink, in undisguised amazement. The Holystone was one of the wealthiest and least accessible to burglars of any bank in the city and was situated within the Fourth precinct.

"He's my father," declared Warren. "Go on, girl."

The strange girl looked like a queen among them. It seemed shameful that so modest appearing a girl should be forced to live in such a locality. In fact, Spink managed to work up quite a chivalrous emotion regarding her, while she deftly shadowed her through the crowd. He was very sure she did not suspect his presence, for she made but one or two turns and never looked back. Finally she disappeared into the entrance of a certain court. Spink did not hasten his steps, but when he turned the corner he found her waiting for him. Naturally the detective felt a little sheepish, and he looked as he felt.

"Does your chief think that this is honorable treatment?" she asked, with a quiver in her voice. Her veil was down and he could not see her eyes, but his gaze fell before her. "I came to him voluntarily," she continued, as Spink remained silent, "and he repays me by having my steps shadowed."

"I assure you, Miss ——" began Spink. "You know it is not your fault, sir," she said very sweetly. "You were simply obeying your superior. Had he sent a less able man to shadow me I should have tried to throw him off the scent," continued the girl. "But that was useless with you. I have come straight home to you, this is the place in my home. To such are we now reduced. I live in that house yonder—on the top floor."

She turned as she finished speaking and hastily entered the building indicated. Spink felt so much like a whipped cur that he did not even make inquiries to assure himself of the truth of her statement, but went back to headquarters and told the captain where he had located her.

"All right," said Warren. "We may want her as a witness when we gather the gang in. I've seen the bank people. They'll turn off their regular watchman. The boy has the reputation of being a good shot, but he's not a year, and you shall patrol the place at night. Spink, I'll have men ready here at your call. It's a big chance for you, but I'll be there with you."

Spink started in to "make his name"—and he did it, too, though it was not just the reputation he looked for. The Holystone bank stood upon the corner of two business streets and most of the buildings about it were occupied by wholesale firms. After nightfall it was a very quiet locality. Behind the bank building was a lane, opening upon which was a side door set deep in the brick wall, and used only by the bank clerks and the porter. Spink hung round the building and the lane night after night until he was quite ready to believe that the burglars had given up their plans, or the whole thing had been a "plant." Yet he could not convince himself that the girl had deceived them, and Captain Warren had quite as much faith in her story.

Thus a week or ten days passed. One night, about 8 o'clock, as Spink went on his lonely watch, he saw a bright light in the back room of the bank. "Some confounded clerk doing overtime," I suppose, growled the police officer to himself, and he went round to the side door. The light showed quite plainly at the little barred window in the door. He disliked speaking to the clerk, for the entire banking force was aware of his fruitless vigil and was inclined to jolly him a good deal upon it. But it was his duty to assure himself of the harmlessness of the person inside, so he stepped up to the door and knocked.

"There was a quick movement inside; he heard the door leading into the little entrance open and a voice asked: "Is that you, officer?"

"Yes," replied Spink. "What are you doing in there?"

"A little extra work," replied the voice. "I shall be here till late, I expect. Will you come in?"

thoroughly warmed and comfortable, went out upon the cold street again. He noticed the light in the bank at 2 o'clock and again at 3, but he kept under cover most of the time. About 5—just as it began to get gray above the housetops in the east—he was standing at the corner of the lane at the rear of the bank, talking with the regular patrolman, when the quiet of the street was broken by the sharp slam of a door.

"See, there, Spink!" exclaimed his brother officer, setting his arm. Spink turned to see the slight figure of the man of the green shade just leaving the side door of the bank. "It's all right," he said. "He's one of the clerks; been doing extra duty. He's been there all night."

The young fellow came down the lane, his soft hat pulled well down over his eyes, but he glanced up quickly as he passed the two on the corner, and Spink had a glimpse of a pair of wonderfully brilliant black eyes.

"Good morning, officer," he said, and passed on. The two policemen watched him idly, Spink wondering within himself where he had seen the man to those dark eyes before. At the corner the stranger turned at right angles to cross the street, and Spink saw at the instant of his stepping down from the curb a quite inadvertent motion of his hand, which startled every function of the detective's mind.

He watched the figure crossing the street breathlessly, and before it reached the other curb he was satisfied that he had made a remarkable discovery. The supposed bank clerk was a woman! As she started to cross the street she had quite unconsciously reached down to gather up the folds of a skirt or a handkerchief. For a moment Spink's only thought was that his chance of promotion in the ranks of the detective force were pretty slim. He had been fooled—completely tricked—and he knew by whom. He was sure now where he had seen such eyes as those of the man with the green shade. But his brain quickly cleared and the hue of resolution chased the uncertainty from his countenance. His brother officer saw that something was the matter.

"What's up, Spink?" he demanded. "What's the matter with you, man?" "Nothing," responded Spink, sharply. "Only I'm the biggest fool unburn. Rap for assistance and surround the bank!"

He was across the street in four quick strides and darted around the corner after the erstwhile bank clerk. A carriage was rolling rapidly down the street, but not a pedestrian was in sight. Spink put on an extra burst of speed and followed the vehicle. It turned several corners before he caught up. Then he brought the driver to a sudden halt by the display of his revolver, rushed to the door and threw it open and found a suit of men's clothes and a soft hat in a heap upon the carriage floor; but the bird had flown!

And Spink never again set eyes upon "the man with the green shade," nor the girl whose conscience would not allow her father's name to rob the Holystone bank. But he had the pleasure, several years later, of seeing her picture in the record book of the Chicago detective bureau. She proved to be one of the most successful "crooks" of the west, had planned several shrewd bank burglaries before the Holystone and was altogether the coolest and keenest woman "in the business."

Probably a more daring, yet better executed job, was never planned than that of the Holystone case. The police and bank officers did just as the gang expected them to; they sent away the regular watchman, who had the run of the banking rooms, and put an officer outside. The rest was easy. While Spink was sitting by the fire, drinking hot coffee and chatting with the supposed clerk, the three male members of the gang were lying in the vault room with their work already well advanced.

And if the rest of the gang had been as smart as the girl they would have got well away with a cool hundred thousand. She gave them an hour's start, it seemed, before she left the bank, but somebody made a fumble and two of them, with all the swag, fell into the hands of the police within twenty-four hours.

YANKEE SLEUTH IN SPAIN

"Fernandez del Campo," Captain of the Texas Rangers, Dines with Camara.

DOINGS OF "THE ENVOY FROM MEXICO"

Lionized in Madrid and Cadiz and Shown All About the Fleet and Harbor Mines—His Telegrams to Washington.

Mention was made in the dispatches a few weeks ago of the doings of an alleged American spy in Spain. The story in detail, as related by a correspondent of the London News, is as follows: The last century marking the six or seven weeks ago there arrived in Madrid a wealthy Mexican gentleman. His speech, manner and dress showed him to belong to that class of wealthy and aristocratic Spanish-Americans that travel about Spain much in the luxurious style of English noblemen of the last century making the grand tour on the continent, i. e., accompanied by couriers, hiring hotel suites of rooms at hotels, sending presents to prima donnas, spilling servants with their largesses, and, in short, throwing their money broadcast. An American—a Spanish-American—is looked upon in Spain much in the same manner as a "Mildred" was looked upon in France last century. People admire him for his wealth—real or apparent—and at the same time look upon him as a pigeon to be plucked and despise him accordingly.

Well, Spink, I shall call him Madrid just after the war broke out and hired a suite of rooms on the first floor in the first hotel of the Spanish capital. He was soon a great favorite in society and was known, by reputation at least, in every Madrid drawing room. He was a man of about 37, good-looking, a typical Spaniard with thick, raven black hair, thick black mustache, black, sparkling eyes and firm chin and lips, showing character and determination. The Mexican minister to Madrid vowed that he had never heard of Fernandez del Campo. But when the Mexican minister was unacquainted, at least by name, with one of the largest landowners in the state of Chihuahua and a friend of President Porfirio Diaz? And, on the part of a diplomatist, is not silence the highest eloquence? Fernandez himself replied to the subject of his name, but he had no further object than to write his impressions of Spain in the Etiole Belge. But that was a little too thin. Fernandez replied that he knew French as well as his native language—a fact to which I can testify—he having spent three years as a boy at the Lycee Napoleon in Paris. But that was no argument, because he spoke German equally well, and a London correspondent introduced to him at the Casino found that he had learned English grammatically, and with a little practice would soon become proficient.

His Ostensible Mission. For the last fortnight rumors had been afloat in Madrid about a Mexican alliance against the United States. I was in Madrid at the time and I remember reading several articles on the subject. One of the best, was, I think, in the Impartial. The writer showed that such an alliance would be useful to Spain and Mexico, but chiefly to Mexico. It was just as these doctrines were ripening in the mind of the writer that Fernandez del Campo came among them. He did not stop long, however, and after a few days he told everybody that he would go to Cadiz, where there was something to see. Everybody in Madrid was very curious to see him, and he was called on by Fernandez del Campo with a number of introductions to the governor of Cadiz and the admiral in command of the reserve squadron. The "Mexican Confidential Envoy" (for even that title was given him) declined the introductions rather haughtily: "If the Duke de Najera," he said, "and Admiral Camara want to see me they know where to find me; I shall be staying at the Hotel de Paris." Fernandez del Campo became the lion of Cadiz. The day after his arrival a major who sat next to him at the Hotel de Paris asked him if he would be so good as to call on the governor. Fernandez said he would be very happy and a few minutes later he was conferring with the Duke de Najera. "You will find Cadiz a dull place after Madrid, I am afraid," remarked the duke. "I will do our best to show you everything. By the way, you would like, of course, to see Admiral Camara. He told me he would be happy to see you. You had better call on him tomorrow morning."

Some days after this Admiral Camara called in uniform at the Hotel de Paris and asked Fernandez del Campo to dinner. "My dear admiral," said Fernandez, "I think you had better be my guest this evening." "Very well," said Admiral Camara, "but only on condition you dine with me this week. I will be some suitable companion to you."

The dinner took place in the hall of the Hotel de Paris and was witnessed by an English newspaper correspondent. The latter subsequently met Fernandez in the reading room, but the Mexican, like a thorough gentleman, changed the conversation the moment it referred to military matters.

His Naval Friends' References. "Are you staying long in Cadiz, Senor Fernandez?" he asked the officer who sat beside the Mexican at Admiral Camara's table. "A few days," was the reply. "I should like to see your squadron off." "A few days," exclaimed the officer; "you mean a few weeks. We cannot possibly be ready before a month, and I don't think I shall sail from Cadiz before six weeks." "Don't write that to the 'Etiole Belge,'" called out another officer, and the whole table laughed at this joke at Fernandez's expense. "He is no more a newspaper correspondent than I am," said Fernandez, who just handed his card to Fernandez del Campo, with an invitation to honor the officers of the Rapido by dining on board with them a few days hence. "Fernandez," remarked another, "is an officer in the Mexican army, and he may soon be fighting in our camp against the Americans. I have heard all about it from Madrid."

That night Fernandez challenged some of his new friends to play, and he lost 100 duros with them at monte. Like a true caballero, however, he bore his defeat cheerfully. It is a frequent custom in that city, he would entertain them to dinner and take a hand at cards with them. He played and lost again, and his guests came to the conclusion that a Mexican, at least at cards, was no match for a Spaniard. The dinner on board the Rapido passed off very gayly. Fernandez del Campo may remember a few days before the war, from the Nord-deutscher Lloyd by the Spanish government. The German engineers who look her out from Cadiz ran for 12 o'clock. The three gentlemen entered the hotel and said they wanted to see Senor Fernandez del Campo. "You should have called an hour ago," said the waiter. "He is not here." "When is he coming back?" We have orders to arrest him." "He sent all his luggage early this morning on board the Tangier steamer, and after paying his bill he walked out alone by the back door. The steamer left her moorings half an hour ago."

Recognized at Tangier. I was at Tangier a week or so ago. Shortly after arriving in Tangier I went up to the terrace of my hotel. In front of me a man was looking through a telescope, examining the Spanish coast, which that day could be seen distinctly from Gibraltar to San Fernando, near Cadiz. He turned round, and I recognized the distinguished Mexican. "Halloa, Fernandez, what are you doing here?" I suppose you are back to Cadiz by next steamer?" "I am not going back to Cadiz." "What is the matter? You speak good English now, and you have caught an American accent?" "I am an American." "I do not mean 'American,'" "Exactly. I am a United States citizen, an American officer. I graduated at West Point, and I hold a United States commission as captain of the Second Texas Rangers." I was dumfounded. "What is the matter? You speak good English now, and you have caught an American accent?" "I am an American." "I do not mean 'American,'" "Exactly. 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