

THE TWO DETECTIVES

By WARREN GRANT FOX

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I was sitting in a railway station waiting for a train. A man sat near me, but I didn't look at him. All I remembered afterward was that he was a man. Presently I turned and saw on the seat where he had been a rectangular package. I looked about for its owner, but could see no one who appeared to have missed it. I took it up, not doubting for a moment that the person who had left it would come back for it. But although I remained there some time no one came. Then I opened the package, which proved to be a box containing jewels. It was plain to me that they were of considerable value.

While I was looking at them two men came up to me. Seeing them approach, I closed the box, but they told me to open it, and as soon as they saw its contents congratulated each other on finding, as they expressed it, the "Huntington jewels." They believed the story I told them of how I had come into their possession, "for," they said, "the man who has stolen them would not be examining them in a public place." They had received orders to watch this station for the thief, and he, doubtless suspecting that he would not be permitted to leave it without being searched, in order to avoid being caught with the plunder on him had left it on the seat. "Let us act like friends met by chance," said one of them, "for the fellow is doubtless watching us, his intention being to shadow you and trick you out of them."

So I put the box in my pocket, and the two men went away. I remained a few minutes longer, then left the station and went home. I was quite sure I was followed not only by the thief, but by the two detectives, but whether the former knew anything about the latter I did not know. I had not been at home ten minutes when there was a ring at my doorbell and the detectives entered.

"Well," said the spokesman, "I think we may at once turn in the jewels. The thief doubtless has marked your house and will try, either by diplomacy or stealth, to get possession of them. You'd better be prepared for him tonight; he may break in to your house and try to get them by force."

"I'm always prepared for such things," I replied, and, pulling out a drawer from a cabinet, I took up a six shooter. "Good for you," said one of the men. "I don't think any one breaking into your house will get much. Let me have the jewels. I'll take them to the police station, and if you'll call tomorrow I dare say you'll be paid a handsome reward by the owner."

"All right," I replied, "but you must give me some evidence that you're authorized to receive them." "Authorized!" exclaimed the spokesman. "We have found you in possession of the property, and it's our duty to run you in with the jewels. But you've told us straight a story that we don't wish to inconvenience you. If you don't give up the stolen goods we'll have to take you along."

"I'll go with you willingly," I said. For the first time a suspicion came to me that possibly these detectives might put me in a hole. When I said that I would go willingly they gave each other a look. It seemed to me that they didn't wish me to go with them; they preferred to take the gems themselves. They went into another room for consultation. This proved to me conclusively that they were not detectives, but very likely had themselves stolen the jewels, that they had feared arrest and had taken this method of getting their plunder out of the station. When they returned I had slipped the revolver up my sleeve. One of them stepped to the telephone and called for a carriage.

Now, if he had called for a police patrol wagon I should have known that he was a bona fide officer. As it was, I knew he wasn't; that they were going to pretend to take me in a carriage to a station, but really to secure the jewels on the way.

When the carriage arrived I had backed into a corner. They told me to come with them, but instead of doing so I shouted "Hands up!" and pointed my weapon toward them. Fortunately they were very near together and I could cover both at one time. One of them put his hands up at once, but the other made a move of his hand to his hip. I shivered the hand with a bullet, and the bloody hand went up immediately. Then, backing to the telephone, I held both men in position while I called up the police.

My two detectives were in a box. I could kill them if they moved, and if they didn't make a move to get away they would go to the penitentiary. But it was with them a choice between death and prison, and they chose prison. In a few minutes a patrol wagon dashed up to the house and several policemen, carrying cocked revolvers, came in.

"Hello, Tom Dugan!" said the sergeant in command. "Caught again! And you, Pete Miller! I thought you were working the west."

I had captured the Huntington jewels. But this wasn't all. The property was worth a hundred thousand dollars, and there was a reward offered of ten thousand. This reward, with a bonus, was paid me, for I had risked my life in retaining them.

The Reward

She Received For Bringing Washington Information

By MAY C. EBERHEDGE

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When Washington was at Cambridge in command of the patriot army holding the British shut up in Boston it was his object to capture them if he could, if not to force them out. He sent a spy into the city to learn of their strength and condition.

The young man selected for this work was Joel Armstrong, twenty-two years old, who a few days before had left Boston to join the army at Cambridge on the eve of his betrothal to Sally Perkins.

Washington instructed him to discover just what supplies and ammunition the British possessed. The general knew the numbers and armament.

It is not far from Cambridge to Boston; indeed, they are now one city. Joel had no need to fear being taken in citizen's dress, for he had no uniform. He had always lived in Boston and knew all routes between it and its environs. He went through in the night, and in the morning when Sally had just lighted the fire in the kitchen and was swinging the crane bearing the pot to boil the water he walked in, and they were locked in each other's arms.

There was no great danger to Joel in going about the city so long as he was not liable to be caught with information on his person. The American army was considered by the British rather as a rabble than an organized force, and transitory at that. Joel collected all the information he wanted from patriot citizens who knew very well how General Howe was situated. But he did not dare trust to his memory. Besides, certain citizens were desirous of sending communications to Washington informing him of various matters important for him to know. Joel took all these letters and papers to Sally and asked her to sew them in the lining of his coat.

Now, it so happened that a British soldier whom Joel had known and had told that he was going to Cambridge to fight against the tyrant king saw Joel walking past Faneuil hall. This soldier saw the young patriot go into the house where Sally Perkins lived and told his captain of the circumstances. The captain told his colonel, and a guard was sent to the house to prevent Joel's going back to the American army, lest he carry information.

It so happened that Sally was sewing the papers in Joel's coat when looking out through a window from which she could see some distance down the street, she spied a squad of soldiers coming, the officer making inquiries as he came. She also saw a citizen point to her home. Quick as a flash she inferred that Joel was in danger. Pulling a huge chest out from under a bed, she put her lover into it and shoved it back as the soldiers stopped before the house and surrounded it. An officer walked in without knocking and found Sally at her spinning wheel.

Joel was not discovered, but the guard remained outside on watch so that if he were still there he could not leave. Sally told Joel of the situation, and he was much chagrined that he could not deliver the information he possessed to General Washington.

"I suppose I shall have to burn it all," he said.

"How would it do for me to take it?" Sally asked.

"Do you think you could?" "Of course."

So Joel transferred the papers to Sally, who concealed them about her person and walked out of the house in face of the guard. The officer looked dubious about letting her go, since he had received orders to permit no one to leave the house. But Sally paid no attention to him, though her heart was beating like a trip hammer.

Sally, fearing she might be followed, went among the shops making purchases. She saw a redcoat following her, but managed to elude him. When it was quite dark she started for Cambridge, keeping to the fields. Finding a boat on the Charles river, she appropriated it and, rowing across, was taken in by an American sentry. She asked to be conducted to the commander in chief.

Washington was conferring with people who called to see him on innumerable subjects when a sentry announced Sally Perkins.

"What can I do for you, Mistress Perkins?" asked the general.

"Nothing, general. I am doing something for you. You sent Joel Armstrong, a soldier in your army, to Boston for information. He is shut up there and cannot leave for the redcoats who are watching the house. Here is what he collected for you."

The general's face lighted at seeing the papers. He took them and, having glanced at them, said: "We are under obligations to you, Mistress Perkins, for these papers, which are of great value to us. What can I do in recognition of our appreciation of your heroic act? Is there anything I can give you?"

"Yes, general, a kiss. I would like to be able to say that I have kissed the commander in chief."

Washington, though he was old enough to be the girl's father, colored slightly. He was so dignified as well as modest that this reward given before a dozen persons was a great trial to him. He submitted to be kissed on the cheek by the girl, then said: "Now that this worthless reward has been given you must go and have something of value—a supper."

Joel Armstrong remained hidden till Boston was evacuated.

LEGALLY HANGED

By CHARLES LEWIS PHIPPS

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"Which one of all your cases," I asked Wilcox, the celebrated criminal lawyer, "has most excited your interest?" "That of Mathews, who was accused of murder."

"Was he innocent or guilty?" "Innocent."

"Did you secure his acquittal?" "No."

"Hanged?" "Yes; legally hanged."

"What do you mean by that?" "I'll tell you. Mathews was in the employ of Henderson, the man who was murdered. I don't care to go into the details of the case; I will only say that there was so much circumstantial evidence against him that from the first I despaired of saving his neck. I knew he was innocent, though he could do no more to explain the circumstances than pointed to his guilt than I could."

"How did you know he was innocent?" "By both experience and intuition. I defy any of my clients to deceive me in this regard. I simply took them in the eye, and that tells me the story."

"There was everything about Mathews' case to interest me. He was a younger son of a British country gentleman and in love with the daughter of another British gentleman. His mother had no knowledge of his having been accused of crime, much less having been convicted, for I could do nothing to prove him innocent. He showed me his mother's letters, and it was distressing to read them. His betrothed was also writing him without any knowledge that he was under sentence of death. A week before he was to be hanged a letter from solicitors in England was handed him, informing him that a bachelor uncle had died and left him a large fortune."

"Upon my word! It was an interesting case, wasn't it?" "I should say so. If ever there was a man who had everything to live for Mathews had. And to be judicially executed without ever having wronged any one in his life was simply awful. You have no idea how having a life on your hands wears on a man, and this case nearly drove me insane."

"But I braced myself for a gigantic effort. After conferring with Mathews I decided to cable the solicitors in England, giving them the situation and asking how much funds they could cable me within a few days. They placed £20,000 in my credit, and with this sum I went to work. There was no use in trying to secure delay or a new trial. What I must do was to interest the sheriff. I had a long secret conference with him, but could not move him to act for money, though I so far secured his judgment that he must do an official wrong in hanging Mathews if he consented to wink at any game I might practice, provided it could be kept secret."

"I got a friend of mine who was a professor in a medical college to apply for the body of Mathews as soon as he was dead. This enabled me to gain possession of the condemned man the moment the hanging was over. Then I 'fixed' every official who was to be present at the hanging. Mathews put in a request that there should be no spectators present. I could not even be present myself. But there was not one of the officials to whom I paid less than \$10,000, and the hangman got \$25,000. My friend the doctor was the only one present who got nothing. He had a coffin ready for the corpse as soon as it was taken from the gallows and a hearse to carry it to the hospital."

"Well, that night I went to the hospital and found Mathews locked in the doctor's room."

"But how was the hanging managed?" "I don't know; I never asked. There were half a dozen men paid by the state to see that Mathews was hanged, and I paid every one of them—in all \$100,000—to go through the process without hanging him. All I know is that I paid the money and found Mathews alive in the doctor's room. Some burnt cork, a woolly wig and a suit of clothes procured from a Jew tailor fixed him so that no one would know him. I had a steamer ticket for him in an outgoing steamer, and early the next morning he was on his way to England."

"He must have been very grateful to you."

"Grateful! I should say so. Before parting with me he made me promise that I would come over as soon as possible and see him. I couldn't go for a year, and then I found him in possession of £50,000 a year income and married to the woman he loved. He met me on the steamer, and the first thing he did was to impress it upon me that neither his mother nor his wife nor any one living except his solicitors knew that he was judicially hanged in America. He had often tried to bring himself to unburden his secret to his wife, but had always failed."

"Mathews entrusted me royally and begged me to suggest some way for him to pay the debt he owed me, even if it required every cent of his fortune. I assured him that I took more comfort in his case than in all the cases I had ever won, though I had lost it."

"After spending a month with him I left him to return. He could hardly bear to part with me and regretted that it wouldn't be safe for him to come to America or he would cross the ocean with me. He shed tears when I came away."

DODGING THE LAW

By M. QUAD

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Josephus Henderson was a man of forty when a startling event took place in his life. He was also a widower. He was exactly five feet high and weighed 110 pounds. These figures will convince you that Josephus was not numbered among the mighty men of earth. He had tried various ways of making a living, and in pursuing them he had got the reputation of being keen. He had at last turned peddler and was driving a horse and wagon around the country with dry goods, notions, groceries and tinware. That's the way he came to meet the widow Sopber, who lived on a farm.

The widow had passed forty. She was large and bony and strong. She was not handsome. The only thing on earth she feared was the law. She had once been arrested for kicking a man and had spent ten days in jail. The sheriff had made her stay as pleasant as possible, but she had never recovered from the shock.

"Peddlers are a jovial lot, and so are widows, and in time these two came to call each other Josh and Sally. Things would have gone no further but for the little man's keeness. He never made a sale to the widow without cheating her, and one day when he heard that she had come into possession of \$3,000 in cash through the death of a brother Josephus saw his way clear for the future. That money would set up a store in the village, and he would become a thriving merchant."

Josephus went courting. He found the widow behind the plow in a field. As he courted she plowed. He had no objections, as time was money to both of them. Josephus confessed that he had entertained a sneaking affection for the widow since his first call, and, though she didn't say much, she seemed pleased.

Josephus was told to call two weeks later, but at the end of nine days he was back again. He said it was his beating heart that fetched him. He had cut the time down, but the widow was ready for him. Several days previous she had gone to the village and paid a lawyer \$5 to answer the question:

"Can the law trouble a wife who licks her husband?"

And his answer had been: "Not if you do not lick him too hard. There is neither assault nor battery in what may be called a moderate licking. Don't break any bones and don't seriously injure his eyes."

"I have been thinking," said the widow to Josephus; "I have been thinking and wondering if you loved me."

"Heaven, can you doubt it?" he exclaimed.

"And you will always love me?" "Forever and forever!"

"Then we'll say two months hence." "One month—a week—a day?"

Josephus knew of a store to rent in the village, and he wanted that \$3,000. The widow insisted that she must have two weeks at the very shortest, and a date was settled on. The marriage was to be private and be celebrated in her home. In due time the happy day came round—a preacher and two witnesses and the deed was done. An hour later, as the happy couple were left alone, the widow changed her dress, rolled up her sleeves and brought out a new horsewhip bought for the occasion.

"What's up?" asked the wondering Josephus.

"Take off your coat and stand out."

"For what love? I want to talk with you about opening a store in town."

"Plenty of time for that, Josephus. The first sale you made to me was five yards of roller towel. You bent me on the price and on the measure. I'm going to tan your jacket for it!"

"But, love?"

She took him by the collar and laid on the whip till he howled. A woman who could twist a plow around in clay soil could handle the little Josephus.

"The second sale," continued the wife as she rested, "was five tin pans. Four of them leaked, and you bent me out of 10 cents beside. Here is licking No. 2."

"But I am your dear husband!" he protested as he squirmed about.

"And that's why I can lick you and dodge the law. Here goes!"

Josephus' hide was tickled again. He attempted to fight, but was taken by the hair and his head banged against the wall till he grew quiet. When the performance was over and the wife had got her breath she said:

"You sold me ten yards of calico for a dress and warranted it to wash. It was three-quarters of a yard short on the measure and the colors ran into each other. Josephus, some more horsewhip!"

"I'll have you arrested for this!"

"You can't. That's what I paid \$5 to make sure of. Come to time!"

And Josephus was licked for selling short weight groceries, and for charging 50 cents too much for a pair of shoes, and for selling black stockings that croaked, and when he had got his last stroke the wife said:

"Josephus, darling, it was a cousin of mine that got the \$5,000, but you've got me, and here we dwell, and you do the farm work and do it well or you'll get some more of this! The mercantile business is not for us, dear. What we want is the free air of the country, with honest prices and good measure thrown in!"

Goldsmith, Miss Marjorie Caulfield, Mrs. L. A. Morris, Mrs. M. D. Latour, etto.

Seven Divorces Granted. Decrees of divorce were granted Monday in the following cases: Marjorie R. Moir vs. Thomas R. Moir, Pearl H. Rose vs. Joseph H. Rose, Silma C. Richard vs. Frank J. Richard, Lottie Handley vs. John Handley, O. J. Cravens vs. Thasie Cravens, Francis L. Cheshire vs. James J. Cheshire, Sarah Fall vs. Reginald Fall. An order of default and reference was made in the case of Percival Walton vs. Emma P. Walton.



The Reason. "I hear that Gustav is going to marry." "In love at last?" "No; in debt."



Limited. "Smally has a whaling big wife, hasn't he?" "You bet. He can't hold his own."



Bless the Darling! "Can the law trouble a wife who licks her husband?" "Not if you do not lick him too hard. There is neither assault nor battery in what may be called a moderate licking. Don't break any bones and don't seriously injure his eyes."



And Toot Your Own Horn. "Young man," said a tutor, "be a taxicab meter—in other words, keep everlastingly at it."



There Are Others. "Why does Grabem always walk with his hands in his pockets on Sundays?" "Reckon he wants a change. He has 'em in other people's on other days in the week."



Able to Hold His Own. Mrs. Fuzzy (the landlady)—Mr. Bejones has just had his breakfast, Mr. Grouchem, and he made no complaint about the butter. "I suppose not. Bejones is something of an athlete."

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