## ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY

[Original.]

Murderers are not always discovered by sleuths. Sometimes accident gives them up.

For twenty years I have been a detective. Soon after I entered the profession Father Vost, a Roman Catholic priest, one of whose flock I was, called me one day into his study and told me the following

"What I am about to narrate happened last night. I know nothing about law or justice or the workings of the you, and you can make what use of it you think proper. It was about 11 o'clock, and I, who had been up later than usual visiting a sick parishioner, had just come in and was preparing for bed when the servant came to my room | sacre. and said that a carriage was waiting at the door to take me to give absolution to one about to die. I went downstairs and out to the carriage. I found a masked man inside.

"I was driven for a full hour. The carriage made few turns, and I fancy that I must have been driven to a suburb of the city, for after leaving the pavement we drove for a time over a dirt road, then again a pavement. I made an effort to engage my companion in conversation, but he gave me no re Finally the carriage came to s stop, and he bound my eyes with a handkerchief, the door was opened from without, and some one guided my steps over flagstones, I think, and we mounted steps. I counted six. Then after going a short distance we mount ed more steps - this time I counted twenty-and we made one turn. In another moment I was led into a warmer atmosphere, and the bandage was taken off by some one who slipped out of a door behind me. Before me, pale and baggard, stood a man who sank upon his knees.

'Father,' he said, 'I am about to be murdered. My murderers have been brought up in our church, whose influence, you well know, can never be entirely overcome. When I begged for absolution before being put out of their way, they could not refuse me. Shrive

"'Give me your name,' f said, 'and even if I can't prevent your murder I may at least bring about the punishment of your murderers.'

'Should I reveal the slightest circumstance you, too, would be put where you cannot harm them.'

"I received his confession and gave drawing of it as soon as I returned. I of long and shaggy eyebrows.

the drawing and handed it to me. It at police headquarters, as I was it down is taken up by a man. compared hundreds of them with Fa- is now finished. ther Vost's dreaming atways to find them different.

ing through the very street in which Father Vost had lived, not a block trem and arms are made in hollow molds. the house I passed a building which was being converted from a dwelling to a store. A crowd had gathered, and skeleton which, I was told, had been them." found bricked up in a chimney. Such been taken. The first thing to catch neck down to the ankles. my attention was a mantel which had

Going downstairs, I counted twenty steps and from the front door to the sidewalk six. At last I had stumbled by accident on the room of the murder. The wily murderer had drawn Father Vost out of the city and back to within a block of his house, returning by the same circuitous route.

I succeeded in getting the name of and hunted up people who had lived in the neighborhood during his occupancy but as it was very short-only three months they did not remember much about it. One day when I was examining the room, hoping I might find some concealed message from the murdered man, a workman engaged there handed me a bit of paper which he said had fallen from behind the mantel when it was taken down. I refred upon it

Italians in a word near —, where these were burging the body of a man they have murdered for his money. To keep m from hamping them they have brought

I hunted two years for Gamberti before I found him. Three mouths later growlin' at de world." I landed him on the gallows. His mate was never taken. Curiously enough Pather Vost shrived the murderer. CUTHBURT M'KINZIE

SHOW FIGURES FOR SHOPKEEPERS ARE COSTLY AFFAIRS.

so that they will stand erect."

look. It resembled the scene of a mas-

"The art of making show figures." said the dealer, "has improved." He took up in his hand the head of a young The red lips smiled, revealing white teeth; the brown hair curled gracefully; the eyes were bright; there

was a dimple in the cheek. "A head like this," he said, "is worth \$15. Heads range in price from \$7 to \$50. They are made of wax; they are hollow; the eyes are of glass, and the hair is buman hair. I'll tell you how they are made.

"Wax-a great quantity of it-is boiled in a big kettle until it has the consistency of water. It is then poured into a row of hollow molds, the molds of heads, that stand awaiting it. The molds are hung up and shaken about. the crust of wax has reached the thickness that the operator requires, whereed back into the kettle. About the keeper, or he might run the two to mold, which is made in two halves, a gether. jacket is placed, and the contrivance is put away to dry.

"When the drying is complete the clearing out the nostrils and ears and smoothing away the lines created here to him and invited him to sit down beand there by the junction of the mold's movement, glass eyes in the empty eye if he preferred not to be seen in my sockets.

"Now the head passes to a girl, a girl with a strange sort of needle, the eye of which is open, or split, at the top. The girl first puts on the eyebrows. She threads the needle with a hair, runs it through the wax and. him absolution. All the while, I con- withdrawing it, leaves the hair behind. fess, I was studying the room that I for the needle's eye, that is open at the might know it again. There was an top, makes it inevitable for the hair open fireplace, with a mantel, such as to stay where it is put. The girl works the beadwork in my mind and made a she has the head adorned with a pair

tried to find some other special mark "Next she puts on the hair. For this about the room, but there was nothing work she uses the same sort of needle, else unusual. I left the man prostrated the hair being in every case human. and was driven home, as I had come, For the cheaper heads, however, it is over pavement, dirt road and pavement | Chinese hair, a human, but very lusterless, coarse variety. Beside her stands Father Vost went to a desk, took out a tiny spirit lamp. This she applies to the wax when it becomes so hard that I was young in my business and de- the needle won't penetrate it easily. As termined to make some reputation for soon as she finishes one head she passes myself on this case. I did not report on to another, while the head she laid

forts were without success, and at last tints the cheeks, the ears and the nos-I gave it up. That was ten years ago, trils with carmine, and he paints the and since then I have been accused by lips with rouge. ▲ girl, a professional my conscience for not at once reporting hairdresser, now takes the head in the case. The only effort I have contin- hand, curis the hair and dresses it ued to keep up is an examination of all fashionably and applies a coat of old mantels offered for sale, and I have French powder to the face. The head

"Hands and feet are made, as a rule, of papier mache, enameled and painted One day recently, while I was pass a flesh color, so that they look like the best wax. Hands, feet, bodies, legs The dealer led the way to the back

of the shop.
"Here," he said, "are some men maksome workmen were carrying out a ing forms of papier mache now. Watch

The workmen had molds of various things may at any time be of service to sizes and shapes before them-one the a detective, and I went up to examine mold of a hand, another that of a foot, the room from which the bones had a third that of a whole figure from the

These molds were in halves. The pebeen taken down and was leaning pier mache that was to fill them looked against the wall. The moment I looked in its dry state like blotting paper. at it it seemed familiar. Taking out Wet it resembled gray pulp. With this Father Vost's drawing, which I always gray pulp the workmen lined the kept in my leather case for papers, I molds' interiors well, seeing to it that compared the two. They corresponded every cranny and nook got its thick lining. When the molds were filledsome were in numerous pieces-they were joined together, covered with their jackets and put away to dry.

The artists cannot protect, cannot copyright, their work in any way. Hence they are constantly being preyed upon by imitators and thieves. A dealer, for instance, will order an original head of a woman from a noted maker the tenant on the date of the murder of show figures. He will turn out a masterpiece. The dealer will make a mold of it and sell duplicates of the head broadcast.

There were in the past only three or four makers of show forms in America. Now there are over 200. The average workman at this business makes from \$20 to \$25 a week. The artist of great ability makes from \$40 to \$60. Show forms of the best sort are worth \$100 and more apiece. They are rented by their owners to shopkeepers more often than they are sold outright, the advantage of this method being that and am leavin' forever. Ef they the shopkeeper through it is able to caught me given the place away they' change his show forms often,-Phila-

So Many Like Him,

"What de matter wid him now?" "Set his mind on gittin' a dollar, an' somebody give him 50 cents."-Atlanta months. Constitution.

## MAKING WAX FORMS A WARNING

The Way the Heads Are Molded a place to settle. One evening I reach- a canter. He is a little annoyed upon Dressed and Finished-The Hands ed a small towr and inquired the price finding that the first lesson consists and Feet, as a Rule, Are Made of of land in the neighborhood. Every almost wholly of oral instruction and a Papier Mache In Imitation of Wax. person I met had a "leetle" more land great part of it on foot at that. If "Wax forms, or dummies," said the than he had means to work and would the master is conscientious he will not dealer, "have iron feet. Why have be willing to dispose of some of it, but to interfere with a proper understandthey iron feet? To weight them down, all seemed to regard it a hardship to ing of the A B C of the art. Should the be obliged to do so. While talking in beginner apply at one of the big riding He stood in his workshop, a room as the store with a number of citizens academies in New York for instruction big as a concert hall. All around him who were expatiating on the desirabil- the first lesson will begin with the police force, but as it is your business | helpers were making legs, heads, hands, ity of the location, the richness of the leading by a groom of a horse, bridled to track crime I give the information to trunks, feet. Floods of clear light from | and, the sterling integrity of the peothe glazed roof fell upon heaps of pre, I noticed a cadaverous looking man limbs, upon rows of heads, upon mounds seated on a cracker box who said nothof bodies. The place had a ghastly ing. When I left the store he got up and followed me. "Think of settling here, stranger?" he

"Yes."

"Know anything about the place?" "No."

"Well," he said in a low voice and looking furtively about him, "the quicker you light out the better."

At the same moment he noticed two he cast a hurried glance and, before I could ask him to explain, turned and walked away.

I was not especially attracted to the place and made up my mind from the man's words to go on the next morning. I would have left that night, but no train stopped at the station till the next morning, so I was obliged to stay This process causes the wax to cool all night. I went to a small tavern, and to adhere in a crust to the mold's the only one in the settlement, and inside. The agitation is kept up until called for a room. It was as uninviting a hostelry as I ever stopped at. The landlord looked as if he had left upon the hot wax, the surplus, is pour- the field of robbery to become a tavern

After supper I sat in the office a: barroom, which were together, waiting for bedtime. Several ill favored lookmold is taken off, and a man goes over ing men came in and ordered drinks. the wax head with a sharp instrument. Then the man who had given me the mysterious warning entered. I spoke side me and have a cigar. He cast unhalves. He also inserts, with a deft easy glances at the men at the bar, as company, but the cigar overcame his preferences, and he joined me.

> "You were saying this afternoon." began, when he interrupted me. "I was a-sayin'," he said, "that this

yere country is the finest in the territory. The land is first rate, the people bang up and the climate salubr'us." It was evident that any information

he might have as to the true state of affairs could not safely be delivered was used 100 or 200 years ago. I fixed with great rapidity. In a few minutes before his fellow townsmen. I took the hint and turned the subject, hoping when we were alone he would tell me the truth. I was disappointed. He kept casting glances at the men in the room and after every glance trembled. apparently fearful of some revenge they would take if they knew he had warned me. Watching his chance when all backs were turned, he whispered: "Light out! Don't stop here! You'll quake in yer boots before mornin'! With this he arose and went out.

I was so fearful of being murdered in bed that I went out on to a small duty bound to do, but spent months in searching the newspapers to catch a sene. Then he paints it all over a cadaverous friend walked by and sec. tice of some missing man. My ef pleasant and inviting fiesh color. He cadaverous friend walked by and, seewhispered: "Don't sit there if you own suit, sometimes inviting her host value your life. Go upstairs and shet and hostess to join her at luncheon or yourself up." And he hurried away, dinner. trembling as he went.

The situation was growing horrible According to the man's warning I would be murdered where I was, and if I went to my room I could be more cape. I determined to sit it out where was. When the landlord came to lock the door I said to him:

"I think I'll stay here for awhile I'll lock the door when I come in." He looked surprised. Indeed, my sitting there was evidently not to his

"Any danger in my sitting here?" ! asked.

"Danger? Oh. no. there ain't no danger. What danger could there be?" tone and his manner implied the reverse. I told him to go to bed, and I That kite means that the thing is a would come in when I got ready. He present and has not to be paid for. did as I suggested, and I sat on the Those who are not carrying crushed porch all night with a drawn revolver, salmon or taking up the street in givexpecting every minute to have to fight ing correct New Year's salutations are for my life. Daylight came at last. ! playing battledoor and shuttlecock. was thoroughly chilled with the night air. Indeed I was shaking like a leaf. though I fancied fear might have had something to do with it. In time breakfast was announced, and after breakfast I went to the station to wait for detective, "if they'd let me plan the my train. I had not been there long before the man who had warned me came down with a lean wife and three lean children, besides boxes and bun-

"Please tell me," I said, "what was the danger you warned me of last night."

"Hush!" he replied. "Here comes the train. When we're off I'll tell you." The train pulled up. I, the man and his family got aboard, and as we

steamed along I joined him. "Stranger," he said upon my repeat ing my inquiry, "it's ager; jist ager The kentry's full of it. Me and my family's all got it. I sold out yester. a' mobbed me."

"My friend,' said I angrily. scared me into sitting out all night "Great Scott! You didn't do that "I see dat ole Br'er Thomas is still did you? I told you to go in and shet yourself up. Did you get a chill?" "Now I think of it, I believe I did."

And I shook at intervals for many VINCENT C. HOLLOWAY.

The First Riding Lesson.

The pupil of a good riding master is lowed to do more in the first lesson. He expects to mount the horse at once, I was traveling out west looking for start off with a trot and wind up with and saddled, into the center of the ring. The riding master and the pupil take their stand close by, and the former begins to explain painstakingly the various parts of the saddle and bridle and their purposes. Before anything further is attempted the pupil must be able to answer simple questions in regard to the pommel and the cantle, the curb and the snaffle, and to know the uses of the two bits.

Omar Khayyam's Translator. To FitzGerald, careless, disorderly, unconventional, who had for so long followed his own sweet will, punctilmen come out of the store, at whom lous etiquette and fastidious neatness in attire were above all things hateful. He once said to a friend: "I couldn't be bothered with all those whimsdressing for this and dressing for that,

I couldn't put up with it."

He and a friend were dining at a hotel, and among the good things set before them was a noble fruit pie. But they had eaten so heartily of the first course that when it came to the ple's turn they were beaten. FitzGerald looked troubled. "Mrs. So-and-so (the hostess), who knows my partiality for fruit," said he, "will take it as a slight if we leave the pie untouched." So without more ado he cut out a good aliced wedge with a fair allowance of fruit and dropped it into his hat, which he covered with his vellow silk handkerchief, and rang the bell for the bili.-Wright's "Life of Fitz-Gerald."

Health Fads on the Brain.

To get all sorts of health fads on the brain is a disease in itself. It is a very prevalent disease too. With a few foolish rules to observe, a whole lot of hygienic quirks to adjust to and a schedule of superstitious sanitary notions diligently followed by day and dreamed of by night, is a malady which begins as a mental derangement and ends in a complete physical fizzle. No room left for a spontaneous life, no place for free, joyous liberty. Not a minute's space for rollicking disregard. Everything fixed, every minute disposed of, introspections without nuraber. Forebodings, misgivings, hove ~ ing vaguely about the mind, like flocks of carrion crows. Such a life is not planned. Miss Knox has arm ys been worth living .- Medical Talk.

Victoria Was Exclusive.

When Queen Victoria visited any of her subjects it was by no means a matter of course that people staying in the house should have the privilege of sitting down at table with their august fellow visitor. It was her majesty's custom not only to take with her to the house where she designed to "lie" (as the old phrase was) for a night or two her own bed and bedding, carriages, sionally her cook) but also to confine herself at meals to the company of her

The Fickle Fair Ones.

Engagements are entered into far more lightly and broken far more easily than used to be the case, when a beeasily murdered or at least would have trothal was as serious an affair as marless chance to defend myself or estriage. Now it is not unusual for a girl to be engaged once or twice before she is married, and people think none the worse of her. Young girls' ways are beginning to resemble those of nursemaids, who walk out with a man, but not always with a view to matrimony. -Lady Greville in London Graphic.

New Year's In Japan. Most of the people you meet on the Japanese New Year'sday are carrying a squashed salmon with a piece of paper Though his words implied safety, his tied round its waist by a paper string which holds a little gold paper kite.

Very Easy.

"Don't you wish you were as smart as Conan Doyle's detective?"

"My dear sir," replied the modern crimes in the first place I could discover the facts in ways quite as extraordinary as those of any detective that an author ever put into a book."-Chicago Post.

After the Honeymoon.

"Anyhow, Jack, you cannot say that I ran after you at the time of our marriage." "You never spoke a truer word, Ma-

ria, but neither does the mousetrap run after the mouse, yet it catches 't all the same."

One Sense Keen, Rob-Say, Bob, loan me \$100, will you? Bob-Why, man, have you lost

my sense of touch.-Yale Record

your senses? Rob-Nope; at least not

Where Time Changes. The line where "time changes"where a ship loses a day going west and gains one going east-is drawn ir-

regularly down the Pacific east of New Zealand, whose time is nineteen and a baif bours "faster" than San FrancisNOT FOND OF SOCIETY.

usually disappointed at not being al- Attorney General Knox's Daughter, Who Is Soon to Wed.

Miss Rebecca Page Knox, only daughter of Attorney General Knox, whose engagement to James Robert Tindle of Pittsburg has just been made public, is the first young woman of the present cabinet circle to make such an

announcement. Miss Knox is about twenty-three years old, bright, pretty and vivacious, with a petite and graceful figure. She made her debut in Pittsburg just prior to her father's appointment to the cabinet, but has never been identified with Washington society, owing to her distaste for official life. Her acquaint-



REBECCA PAGE KNOX.

ance with Mr. Tindle dates back to her school days, although until recently there was no idea on the part of their friends of any serious attachment between the young people.

Mr. Tindle is one of a party with Miss Knox and Mrs. and Miss Mohler in Cairo, Egypt. Miss Knox has made three attempts to make a tour around the world. The first one had to be given up on account of ill health, and the second one was postponed because Miss Mohler became ill. The party finally got started last a They arrived in Egypt, but it is now nounced that they have abande and the idea of going entirely around the world and will return to this country sconer than was a chum of her father, who fondly describes her as "a level headed girl."

After the New York horse show of 1902 Miss Knox made a tour of the orient lasting all winter and also was one of the Roosevelt party at the

Charleston exposition. Her fiance. Mr. Tindle, is the son of the late Robert Tindle of Pittsburg and a grandson of James Wood, who was one of the prominent citizens of western Pennsylvania. Mr. Tindle is a man of independent fortune, fond of travel and as indifferent to society as ever since that miserable campaign his future bride. Miss Knox will I'd punch your head."
reach Washington in June, and the "If I were not past wedding will take place in Pittsburg next fall.

SKILLED IN DIPLOMACY.

W. W. Russell, New United States Minister to Colombia

W. W. Russell, who has been appointed United States minister to Colombia to succeed Arthur W. Beaupre, has been charge d'affaires and acting minister to Panama since the resignation of Mr. Buchanan.

At Bogota Mr. Russell will hardly find a warm welcome, Uncle Sam being decidedly unpopular there just now, the loss of Panama still rankling in the Colombian breast, Indeed, it



was owing to the extreme ill feeling shown toward Minister Beaupre that standing in the doorway when I turned be was recalled. Mr. Russell's postion is likely to be one of grave reconsibility and great difficulty for some time to come. The new minister, who is not yet for-

ty-five years of age, received his practical training at that most turbulent tween me and the general." of South American capitals, Caracas, Venezuela, and on several occasions proved himself a past master of diplomacy by the firm yet conciliatory poliof he adopted when dealing with the erratic Venezuelana.

## A DISPUTED WAR POINT

[Original.]

Two war veterans were sitting over a bottle talking about their campaigns. "Do you remember the day we moved out of Murfreesboro, Tenn., in the summer of '63?" asked one, Dargan by name.

"Perfectly," replied his comrade, Enfield.

"I was then lieutenant in the -th infantry and on staff duty."

"And I a captain in the -th cavalry, commanding the general's escort." "I was with Thomas' corps on the right. We moved a day ahead of you fellows in the center and left, you know, and swung across your front to the eastward. Well, the night before you moved we had got to a point in front and south of you. My general sent me up to Murfreesboro with dispatches for the army commander. It was a murky night, and I was obliged to ride ten or fifteen miles, though I had been in the saddle since 3 o'clock in the morning. I reached Rosecrans' headquarters-in a house-at midnight, Orders had been issued for the center left to move in the morning, and the members of the staff and other officers were in a big room chatting and laughing and singing. They would not have sung so loud if they could have been ahead - Chickamauga and being pent up in Chattanooga. I waited till I was sent for to go into the private room where I found plenty more in attendance on the commander in chief, while officers were coming and going every minute. I was handed an envelope containing a reply to my general's queries and was about to depart when I caught

the commander's eye. 'No one would ever take you for a soldier,' he said. 'You'll do. Go ahead.' "I couldn't very well understand what he meant, but as he told me to go I made no inquiries. Why, no one would take me for a soldier"-

"Well, now, this is very singular," Enfield interrupted. "The general said "You?"

"Yes."

"What had you to do with it?" "I have told you I commanded the

general's escort. He had just ordered me to take ten men and carry an order through to Sheridan, whose division was somewhere down in the front, and as I went out he looked at me and said: 'No one would ever take you for a soldier. You'll do. Go ahead.' I confess I never understood why he

't think I looked soldierly." "Why, Enfleld, you're crazy, I was looking the general straight in the eye when he spoke, and he couldn't Lave said the words to any one else."

"Now, Dargan, if he spoke them to you what's your explanation of them?" "I don't know. Perhaps he meant that though I didn't look soldierly I looked reliable."

"Nonsense!" "Supposing he was speaking to you, what's your explanation?" "Why-he meant-just what you

think he meant in speaking to you." "Enfield, you're a fool."

"And you're a conceited ass." "If it were not for the wound in my shoulder and that I've been rheumatic

"If I were not past sixty instead of twenty-one, as I was then, with a stiff ieg from the bullet I got in my knee at Mission Ridge I'd kick you out of

this room.' "What's all this noise, comrades?" inquired a man who, seeing the altercation, came up to the table where the

"vets" were sitting. "I'll tell you, Jernegan," said Dargan. "The night before the Army of the Cumberland moved out of Murfreesboro I was at Rosecrans' headquarters, and when I went away the general said to me: No one would ever take you for

a soldier. You'll do. Go ahead.' "Dargan's statement is correct." said Enfield, "except in one respect; the general said that to me. I commanded his escort and was to take dispatches through to Sheridan. Those were the last words General Rosecrans said to me before I went. Now, Jernegan, don't you think it more likely that he spoke to me, commander of his escort, whom he had sent out on duty, than to Dargan here, whom he had probably never seen before?"

Before the statement was finished Jernegan began to laugh. He laughed so loud and so long without speaking that the contestants' anger was turned from each other to him.

"What are you giving us?" asked Dargan sharply.

"Stop your horseplay and tell us what you're laughing at," said Enfield. "Why," said Jernegan, repressing his mirth, "he spoke the words to me."

"You?" exclaimed both the others. "Yes. I can explain the whole matter. Listen. That evening my captain called for volunteers to go out and do spy work. I volunteered and was accepted. My captain sent me up to General Rosecrans' headquarters all rigged out in 'butternut.' General Rosecrans told me that I was to work my way down to the southwest and find out whether Bragg was going to hold the gaps or evacuate. I had got my instructions and had started out. I was to take a last look at the general, wondering whether I'd ever see him again, when he looked me in the eye and said: 'No one would ever take you for a soldier. You'll do. Go ahead.' It's likely both you fellows were standing be

Jernegan's explanation was so unimpeachable that it ended the dispute. Dargan and Enfield both set up a fresh bottle, and the convivialities went on

peaceably. ARCHIBALD STEARNS.