

## A Strange Revelation

By ELINOR MARSH

When John Dowling retired from the police, at a dinner given him he told the following story:

"Most of you will remember the Charney murder case. After a month had passed and we had given out every day or so that we were on the track of the murderer and would get him sure the public began to lose confidence and the papers were full of scathing remarks about the police. An election for city officers was coming on, and the chief told me one day to drop everything else and work on the Charney case, intimating that the administration's control depended on my discovering the murderer.

"I did a hard lot of thinking on the problem. Indeed, I began to fear that if I kept on I would run into monomania. I walked the floor nights trying to put this and that together to construct a theory of the murder. So my wife put me in a room by myself where I could prow without waking her or the children.

"One night after the usual brain racket I fell into a slumber. I don't know how long I slept, but I think it was about an hour. Then I woke up and started at seeing a man standing by my bed.

"Come with me," he said, "and I'll put you on to an explanation of the Charney murder."

"I jumped out of bed, hustled on my clothes, strapped on my revolver—for despite my anxiety to get the information he promised I did not forget that he had come into my house without being admitted, and I was somewhat suspicious of him—and followed him downstairs. A horse and buggy were standing at the door. We climbed into the vehicle, the fellow whipped up the horse, and off we went.

"I was so impatient and curious to know what was coming that I tried to pump it out of him, but his mouth was shut like an oyster, and never a word did he speak from the time we started till we pulled up in front of the house in which Charney's body had been found the morning after the murder. I knew it was that house, though I didn't know any one of the family of the murdered man. It had been shut up since the tragedy, but now there were lights in every part.

"My companion alighted, led me to the house and, opening the front door for me, bade me enter. What became of him after that I don't know. I didn't see him again, unless one of the persons about whom I am going to tell you was he.

"Hearing voices mingled with sobs upstairs, I ran up and stood in an opening on the second floor, looking into a bedroom through an open door. On a couch lay the figure of a man, but a number of persons were crowded about him so that I could not see his face. A young woman was on her knees beside the couch, hysterically clinging to the body, while another woman was trying to draw her away. A man was standing apart, wringing his hands. I stepped into the room, and the moment he saw me he collapsed. The woman trying to draw the girl away from the body turned and, seeing me, uttered a shriek. Then she dropped on her knees before me, and between her sobs said:

"Don't take him! He made a terrible mistake. Oh, why didn't I confide in him? Let me explain, and when you know how we suffer at what has occurred I am sure you will not add to our misfortune. This is my intimate friend—pointing to the girl beside the couch. 'She was married clandestinely to the man who lies here. The marriage could not be published because her father would disinherit her. I permitted them to meet here. My husband was away and did not know. Hers was here this evening, and she was expected. My husband came home suddenly and found him here with me, waiting for her. Mad with jealousy, without giving us time to explain, he seized a heavy glass ornament and brought it down on the victim's head. Please go away from here and say nothing. We are the only ones who know of the tragedy.'

"I was thinking what I could say to the woman to make it easy for her—for I felt obliged to report the matter—when the lights went out and left me in darkness.

"I was awakened in the morning by my wife in my own room from a heavy sleep or stupor. I don't know which. She could only get me up by telling me I would be late in reporting. I managed to get into my clothes, swallowed a cup of coffee and went to headquarters.

"I thought the matter over that day and the next told the chief that I had failed to find a clue to the Charney murder and advised him to keep feeding the public with stories of clues till after election and then let the matter drop. Now that I have unburdened myself I wouldn't mind hearing what

you think about it."

"Who do you think was the man who took you to the house?" asked one.

"I don't like to say, but my suspicion is he was the murdered man."

"Did anything ever come out about the murder?" asked another.

"Not that I ever heard."

The consensus of opinion was that Dowling had thought so much about the Charney case that he had dreamed it all.

A few years later a man on his deathbed confessed that he had killed Charney by mistake through jealousy which was uncalled for.

### Right Back at Her.

"Does your husband allow you to have things charged at the stores?"

"Oh, I think he would, but"—

"But the stores wouldn't. Is that what you were going to add?"

"Oh, no. I was going to say that he gives me plenty of money with which to pay cash. Does yours?"—Buffalo Express.

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