

The Yellow Letter

by William Johnston

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10 SYNOPSIS.

Harding Kent calls on Louise Farrish to propose marriage and finds the house in great excitement over the attempted suicide of her sister Katharine. Kent starts an investigation and finds that Hugh Crandall, suitor for Katharine, who had been forbidden the house by General Farrish, had talked with Katharine over the telephone just before she shot herself. A torn piece of yellow paper is found at sight of which General Farrish is stricken with paralysis. Kent discovers that Crandall has left town hurriedly. Andrew Elser, an aged banker, commits suicide about the same time as Katharine attempted her life. A yellow envelope is found in Elser's room. Post Office Inspector Davis, Kent's friend, takes up the case. Kent is convinced that Crandall is at the bottom of the mystery. Katharine's strange outcry puzzles the detectives. Kent and Davis search Crandall's room and find an address. Lock Box 17, Ardway, N. J. Kent goes to Ardway to investigate and becomes suspicious of a "Henry Cook." A woman commits suicide at the Ardway Hotel. A yellow letter also figures in this case. Kent calls Louise on the long distance telephone and finds that she had just been called by Crandall from the same booth. "Cook" disappears. The Ardway postmaster is missing.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)
"Maybe that's why Rouser has disappeared," suggested the constable. "He's been spending a lot of money lately, Rouser has. Maybe he knew the inspector was coming and was short in his accounts."

"He couldn't have known it," I protested. "The inspector himself didn't know he was coming here until late yesterday afternoon, and there isn't any way possible that the postmaster could have been advised of his coming."

The arrival of the substitute official diverted the conversation. Miss Cox, an unimaginative, unattractive woman of thirty, in a most matter-of-fact way entered the building and took charge.

"The first thing," she said as she calmly hung up her hat and coat, "is for all you men to get out of here so that I can sort the mail."

Even the constable moved toward the door, impelled by the authority in her tone and his own respect for government property. I determined not to be routed so easily. It seemed to me that the occasion afforded me an excellent opportunity, not to solve the mystery of the missing postmaster, but to work out one of my own puzzles—who it was that had rented Lock Box 17.

"Miss Cox," I said, "as a personal friend of Post Office Inspector Davis, who is to join me here in a few hours in connection with an important matter, and for your own sake as well, I would suggest that you should keep at least two of us here as witnesses. This is government property. The postmaster has disappeared and some of the government's property may be missing. If your inspection is made in the presence of two witnesses there can be no question about your statement of the condition in which you found things. I really think it is a necessary precaution. I would suggest that two of us, say the constable and myself, be permitted to remain as witnesses."

"By ginger, he's right," said the constable, whose attitude toward me at once became one of decided friendliness.

"Maybe I had," said "ss Cox. "You two may stay, but the rest get out."

With a narrow sense of duty she insisted on sorting the morning's mail before she made any investigation. Meanwhile the constable and I discussed the case. From him I learned that Rouser, the postmaster, was a likable young fellow of twenty-five or six, who had held the office for two or three years.

"The way he came to be postmaster was this: His father had represented this district in Congress for twenty years or so before he died. The old man was an able citizen, but never had accumulated much money, though he gave the boy a good education. Charlie, however, wasn't much good. He was bright and smart enough, but he seemed to lack the grit-up and get-to for himself. After his father died he lived on the little money left him till it was all gone and then just drifted around, getting a meal where he could and his clothes growing shabbier and shabbier. The women-folks all liked him and was always trying to find something for him to do. He'd work if he had it, but he wasn't the kind of a fellow to be teaming or gardening or trucking, and it was the hardest sort of a job to find something that would suit him. The old postmaster died and the politicians was about equally divided as to who was entitled to the place. They didn't seem able to agree on no one. Then somebody suggested Charlie Rouser, some of the women-folks I guess it was, and first thing you know he had it."

"I don't pay much, only six hundred a year, but Charlie don't drink and don't gamble, so he's been able to get along on that well enough, and he ain't made a bad postmaster. He's a weak youngster and easily led, and he'd ever get into bad company if I can see his finish. Lately I've noticed he seemed to be spending a lot of money, though where it came from, if the books is all straight, is more than I can imagine."

"What's he been spending it for?"
"Well, I noticed him the other day wearing a big diamond in his necktie and he bought himself a gold repeater watch and he's always hiring horses at the livery stable and going off for drives in the evening. One night I seen him buy a sound of drinks that cost a dollar and ten cents. That's what I call spending."

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edge of her father's plight, too, might have driven her to try suicide. Old Elser possibly was one of the gang's dupes or agents who saw exposure coming, through Katharine's activity, and feared to face it. The one flaw in my theory, it seemed to me, was that it in no way accounted for the second woman's suicide, and in spite of Davis' prophecy that there would be more suicides, I was inclined to believe that perhaps, after all, it was only a coincidence. Learning her identity, I did not regard as half so important as to locate Crandall. I almost wished that I had gone in pursuit of him alone. I would have felt an unholy joy in rousing him up single-handed, while Davis followed after minor clues. I felt considerably annoyed that Davis apparently was more interested in learning who the dead woman was than in discovering Crandall's whereabouts.

"I have no idea what they have done with the clothes," I said almost crossly. "I suppose they are still in the room. The inquest was adjourned until tomorrow morning. Maybe they have been taken to the undertaker's. He came this afternoon and took the body away. I forgot to tell you that Crandall called up the Farrish house this morning and asked for Katharine—right from this very hotel."

"What did he say?" he asked apathetically.

I repeated the conversation with Louise word for word as she had told it to me.

"That," said I, "is definite evidence that Crandall, the man whom we suspect, was here in the place where you sent me—here under an assumed name. What greater proof of guilt can you have, unless it is actual confession?"

"The man you suspect," he corrected with some asperity, turning abruptly to the waiter, who had entered with our supper.

"Tell the proprietor to come up here at once," he said, "and tell him to bring with him the garments worn by the woman who killed herself."

If I had sent Mallon Williams such an order I am positive he would have paid no attention to it, but Davis was obeyed. So quickly that it almost seemed as if Williams had been listening outside the door the landlord appeared carrying the black coat and skirt the woman had worn. Perhaps it was something in Davis' authoritative manner.

"There's no use in your looking these over," I said. "They were carefully examined today, and there is not a mark on them. The only clue is the letter 'S' on two black-bordered handkerchiefs and a return ticket to Bridgeport. She signed her name as Mary Jane Teller, but there is none of the Bridgeport Tellers who an-

swered her description, nor are any of them missing. I found out all that long ago."

Davis was paying little attention to my conversation. I doubted if he sumably expected her to return last night, for he waited over several trains. This morning he was asking the station agent if he had seen her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



She Reached into the Slit and Brought Out a Neat Package of One-Hundred Dollar Bills.

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Shantymen of East Canada

Strenuous, Genial and Virile Type That Has Not Changed in Seventy Years.

Of all classes of laborers, the eastern Canada shantymen—particularly the French-Canadian woodsmen of Quebec province—is the most strenuous, while at the same time the most genial of workers.

Skilful in all that pertains to log making and the use of the ax, which he has learned to handle from early childhood, he is ever at home in the forest and wilds. Like the Indian, were he unable to find his outcrop before nightfall, he would assure you that it is not he, but the camp, that is lost, for he is at home anywhere in the forest, while cold and hardship have no terrors for him, since he can usually make himself comfortable in spite of the worst conditions imaginable.

Tracing the history of the shantymen through the romantic legends of the centuries de coupe, the transmission

AT THE LAUNCHING OF THE BATTLESHIP NEW YORK



FROM left to right—President Taft, Secretary of the Navy Geo. von L. Meyer, Miss Elsie Calder, who christened the battleship, and Miss Kathleen Fitzgerald, who acted as flower girl.

APACHES ARE FREED

Government to Select Reservations in West for Indians.

Tribe Long Held Prisoner of War After Conflict With Mexicans and Americans—Never Mixed With Whites.

Oklahoma City, Okla.—Maj. H. L. Scott, representing the war department, and Lieut. Ernest Stocker, Anadarko agent, representing the department of the interior, were appointed to select the new homes for the 269 Apache prisoners of war held by the United States government at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

The last session of congress granted liberty to these Indians, after holding them prisoners of war for twenty-six years, and the committee of two will select for them an open reservation somewhere in the west, but the probabilities are that their new home will not be within the boundaries of either New Mexico or Arizona. A reservation in either of those states might incite in the savage Apache Indians a memory of their forefathers' conquests and defeats, within those boundaries, and render their reimprisonment necessary.

The Apache tribe is one of the few tribes that never assimilated the white man's way of living, and since the year of 1858 have not been on friendly terms with any member of the white race.

In that year one division of the six branches into which the tribe is divided, went from the eastern line of Arizona, where they were ranging, into Old Mexico on a trading expedition. When near the outpost of the Kas-ki-yeh they camped, and, leaving their women and children, proceeded toward Casa Grande. Citizens from that town met them and entered into a treaty of peace with them, though the Mexican government had placed a price upon their heads, paying \$100 for a warrior, \$50 for a squaw and \$25 for a dead Indian child.

While in Casa Grande, trading, Mexican soldiers took advantage of their absence from camp and set upon the defenseless women and children, killing all within camp. When the warriors returned in the evening the Mexican soldiers opened fire upon them and the Apaches, being armed with bows and arrows, were exterminated, excepting Geronimo, who at that time was a young brave, and one other Apache. In this massacre Geronimo lost his wife and child, and, according to his own statement made after he became a prisoner of war of the United States, he swore eternal hostility to all Mexicans.

Geronimo returned to Arizona and sought aid from the other five Apache tribes, in seeking revenge on the Mexicans. The citizens of Casa Grande sent him a disclaimer of all knowledge of the massacre of his people after they had entered into the trading treaty with his band in Old Mexico, but Geronimo could never understand how it was the citizens had no control over these acts of the soldiers, and from that year until 1886 made annual raids upon the settlement within 200 miles of the northern boundary of Mexico.

The Apaches, while on their excursions to Mexico, ran off some cattle that were in charge of white cowboys, and shortly thereafter United States troops made their appearance, and the Apaches always professed to believe they came in response to the Mexican government's appeal for aid in exterminating the Apaches.

Geronimo died about eighteen months ago, and most of the old race of King Edward's reign, I was surprised, writes a correspondent, by a great glare of torches, and there emerged silently from the fog a number of men, like footmen, bearing torches, and behind them a group of gentlemen in cloaks surrounding some one walking heavily in the middle, and another body of torchbearers brought up the rear.

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SEVERE TESTS ARE REQUIRED

Seven Hundred Candidates for Aeronautic Corps Must Undergo Rigid Examinations in Paris.

Paris.—The 700 candidates for France's flying corps are to be subjected to very severe tests at the physical examination ordered by the ministry of war.

Among the requirements are perfect vision, normal color sense, sharp hearing and absolute soundness of the organs of respiration and circulation. It is specified particularly that no men who have to wear spectacles shall do any flying, a rule made more interesting because some of the world's most notable airmen, past and present, wore or now wear glasses.

The candidates are now learning to fly at the government aerodromes, some of them as pilots of dirigible balloons, but the majority as individual aeroplane pilots. The test is to be more severe for operators of aeroplanes than for balloon aeronauts.

So Sea Captain Believed and Fired a Volley to Awaken Citizens in Gotham Hotel.

New York.—Charles Hooser, a retired sea captain, blazed away with a rifle and revolver from his window in the Astoria. Neighbors called Policeman Mindheim, who made his way cautiously to Hooser's door. The captain confronted him, with the revolver and rifle ready for action, a grizzled, wild-eyed giant.

"Oh, you've come at last, have you?" he said. "I've been trying to attract a policeman for fifteen minutes. Someone has put a lot of electric wires and batteries in my bed and I want you to take them out. And I want you to arrest whoever put them there."

Mindheim took the captain before Magistrate Leach, in Long Island city police court, who held him in \$500 bail for examination. The captain owns the house in which he lives and other realty in the neighborhood.

Warrensburg, Mo.—A mad dog in the farming community south of Holden bit hogs, cattle, horses and mules and infected them with rabies. Six head of cattle belonging to one farmer have since died of hydrophobia and another reported the loss of ten hogs. A score of other farmers report the loss of horses, hogs cattle and mules. The animals show unmistakable signs of hydrophobia and have to be shot in order to protect other animals from infection. The farmers are also exterminating all the dogs.

HERCULES STEALS BIG SAFE

Porch Climber Tosses Strongbox From Window of Residence in Chicago.

Chicago.—Wilmette was visited by a "Hercules porch climber," who entered the home of Albert Bersbach, treasurer of the Manz Engraving company, at 539 Washington street, Wilmette, and with apparently little effort seized a small safe and threw it from the window to the ground. The strong-armed robber was accompanied by a medium-sized companion, who was armed with a revolver to make up for what he lacked in physical make-up. The latter stood guard at the foot of a stolen painter's ladder, while "Hercules" entered the residence.

"The robbers, one of whom was the strongest and largest man that ever visited this suburb, stole a ladder in the neighborhood and entered the second story of my residence at about 6:15 o'clock last evening," said Mr. Bersbach today. "The robbers are evidently the same men who entered my house less than two weeks ago and stole jewelry valued at a couple of hundred dollars. The strength of the man who entered the house was amazing. He took up the safe, which weighs about 150 or 200 pounds, and threw it to the lawn as if it were a toy."

"My son-in-law, David F. Anderson, was at home with my wife and daughter, and they thought they heard some one upstairs. Mr. Anderson started upstairs, and on the steps assured himself some one was in the house. He went down to inform some neighbors, and as he left the house he was covered by a revolver held by the man on watch, who raised his overcoat to his face to hide his features. An automobile was awaiting them near by, and they made their escape in it."

Minneapolis is Charged With Stealing Everything From a Polywog in Alcohol to Bible and Ether.

Minneapolis.—Loot, the variety of which is said to be the most marked in the history of the Minneapolis police department, according to officials, has been recovered by the police from the home of Stanley Wartkes, who was placed under arrest. The goods, which according to the police was stolen from a hospital and two hotels where Wartkes worked, range from a polywog in alcohol to a Bible, and from artificial flowers to ether, silver, linen and clothing worth \$1,000 are said to have been taken by Wartkes while employed at the hotels.

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FOG DOESN'T RESPECT KINGS

How the Late Edward VII. Walked to Buckingham Palace by Light of Torchbearers.

London.—Recently the king had the experience of driving home from the theater with torchbearers tramping in front. The incident recalls the most curious sight in a pretty varied London life.

Gringing down St. James street early one foggy night about the middle

of King Edward's reign, I was surprised, writes a correspondent, by a great glare of torches, and there emerged silently from the fog a number of men, like footmen, bearing torches, and behind them a group of gentlemen in cloaks surrounding some one walking heavily in the middle, and another body of torchbearers brought up the rear.

BRIDGE TO BE MONUMENT

Minister of Belgium Pays \$200,000 on Structure to Stand as His Father's Memorial.

Boston.—Lars Anderson, minister to Belgium, has paid \$200,000 to the state treasurer to build the Anderson bridge, between Boston and Cambridge, near the Harvard stadium. The bridge is given in memory of Mr. Anderson's father, Nicholas Longworth Anderson of Cincinnati, a graduate of Harvard in 1858 and a brigadier general in the Civil war.

Mail to Buckingham palace. The king had been dining with Mrs. George Keppel in Portman square. It was a curious sight to see and made one think of the London of Charles II.

Callioid Collars Barred. Bristol, Pa.—The Philadelphia, Bristol and Reading Railway company has just ruled against conductors wearing callioid collars because several have been burned by the ignition of the collars through the blowing out of fuses on the back platform.