

Milliner

A HISTORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By Colonel Whitley, Former Chief United States Secret Service

so he saw a signal of recognition between the man and the woman. The latter, having completed her seeming errand of love, peered cautiously around for a moment and retired from the cemetery. The detective thought she might have come there to meet this man, but had been foiled in her intentions by the appearance of a third person.

It was Sunday that the occurrence described took place. On the same day of the week following the detective, disguised as a decrepit old man apparently almost blind, went into the cemetery early and took a seat beside a tomb not far from the one upon which the woman had placed the flowers the Sunday before. It was nearly noon-day when the suspected woman with her basket upon her arm came in. The basket was filled with flowers as before. She was dressed in deep mourning and seemingly bent on a sorrowful errand. This time she did not kneel, but sat down beside the tomb and bowed her head as if in contemplation. After a short time the stranger of the week previous entered the cemetery and approached the sorrowing woman by a circuitous route. Neither of these persons seemed to take any notice of the old man leaning upon the nearby tomb. The stranger and woman met and engaged in conversation. They were partially concealed from the view of the old man, who now straightened up and hobbled towards them, upon which the stranger suddenly bolted over an adjoining tomb and took to his heels. The disguised officer rushed up to the widow and demanded to see what she carried in her basket. Upon an examination it was found to contain a set of dies for coining imitation silver half dollars.

The woman was arrested. Her little store was searched, but nothing of an incriminating nature was found there. The woman said her name was Wood, and that her husband had died but a short time before. She had since his death regularly visited the cemetery every Sunday for the purpose of decorating his tomb. She had a young daughter to support and had sorely pressed for money. The which she carried in her basket when left with her by a man who offered her to sell them for him. On she thought she had resolved not to do such an act might be wrong. She had gone to the cemetery that day for the purpose of returning them.

Her explanation was not altogether satisfactory to the mind of Fitzpatrick. The Widow Wood, notwithstanding her protestations of innocence, was placed upon trial charged with having counterfeited dies in her possession. There was no question in regard to the possession of these dies—but did she have knowledge of their nature, was she a victim of a cunningly devised scheme of a person who was using to dispose of them.

There were at that time existing in New Orleans as in other cities at least two classes of persons subject to these. On the one hand there were those who followed with the dark brow, and there was no great harm in counterfeiting money. On the other was the man who would commit a crime himself or induce another feeling for any purpose, swindling the public, or sympathy might get the person when called upon to sit down and try a woman for an offense.

Wood told a lame story of the counterfeit dies, but she struggled to maintain her head above water in the extreme. She shed sympathetic tears to the warm-hearted and chivalrous officers. They could not convict her.

Within a few months subsequent to the widow's honorable exit a good-natured gentleman, who had been falsely accused by the jury that had accused her on his way to his "job at your service," reappeared and gallantly rescued her from Carrondolette. He felt his coat around he was probably "tumbled" to the detective while he was eyeing her intently. She did not affect to notice him, but managed, however, to give him the slip.

Just before the train arrived at Jersey City, the suspected woman got up from her seat and stepped into the ladies retiring room at the front end. The detective was keeping his eagle eye on this place when the passengers in front of him arose to leave the car. He worked his way as rapidly as possible towards the front exit, and rushing to the ferry landing, he took a position where he could carefully view the face of every woman entering the ferry boat. Not seeing the suspected woman he was the first to spring ashore on the New York side where he again scanned the faces of the women as they passed. He was disappointed and ready to kick himself when he realized how neatly he had been done for.

New York city affords one of the best covers for all classes of criminals. Here the thief mixes with the throng and passes along unnoticed. It was a

year or more after the occurrence of the incident just related, when the same detective while rambling about the city chanced to meet a well-dressed woman who bore a marked resemblance to the little milliner. She turned her head and gave him a side glance as he passed. He kept along at a considerable distance and turned just in time to catch sight of her as she stepped into Johnson's millinery establishment. Taking up a position at a point diagonally across the street, and sheltering himself a little in a doorway, he was enabled to distinguish persons as they passed in and out of the shop. While he stood watching, a bright looking boy came along with a bundle of newspapers under his arm. The detective called him up and bargained with him to do a little "piping" for him. When the suspected woman came out of the millinery store she was pointed out to the boy who was told to follow her and, if possible, trace her to her home. The boy was promised \$5 for the job if his information proved to be correct, and he was to meet the officer later and report. When the boy came back to the officer he had followed the woman to a little shop on Ninth avenue. He said she went in and took off her bonnet as though she belonged there.

The detective reported meeting the woman who had so nicely escaped him and had located her in a small store on Ninth avenue where there hung over the door a sign that read "Fine Millinery Work Done Here." It was quite reasonable to believe that the woman was none other than the naughty little milliner from New Orleans and that she was then doing business in New York. Officer Fitzpatrick of New Orleans was the only detective on the force that could positively identify her, but it wouldn't do to bring him for that purpose as she would be sure to see him first, and having been put upon her guard she might fly away.

The idea was to plan a ruse for the purpose of capturing her with evidence to convict. For this purpose

only stave off the trouble for a short time.

The good hearted southerner's sympathy was not confined to words alone. He went at once to her little store and paid the \$300 demanded by the keeper and left her \$100 besides to relieve her immediate wants.

It was only a few days following this when Detective Fitzpatrick concluded to enter the Widow Woods' place of business and make a thorough search. He had obtained some new evidence in regard to her dealing with "queer" money.

When he entered the suspected place he discovered that it was nearly empty. Everything of value had been removed. A number of cheap artificial flowers, bits of worn ribbon and lace and empty bandboxes constituted the stock. It was all appearance and no value. The little room in the rear of the place had been the Madam's living quarters; it also was empty except a few tattered garments strewn about.

What puzzled the detective most was to account for the removal of the goods without attracting his attention. The movements of the woman had been carefully watched and the detective had recognized the Carrondolette street broker as he visited the widow's store, and the exit shortly after of a man very much resembling the stranger who had met the Widow Wood in the cemetery on the occasion of her arrest. It finally came to light

ing lady came in here one day and tried on my bonnets; she wanted a nice one but I could not fit her. She said she lived somewhere in the suburbs and she was in a great hurry. She finally picked out one and said it would do well enough for size, but she wanted it trimmed differently. I have made the alterations as she described but have not seen her since. I have made bonnets for a number of wealthy people. Some of my customers ride in their carriages within a block of my store and walk the rest of the way, as it would not do for them to be seen in a little store like this. They have recognized the fact that I make the swellest bonnets and sell them at about half the price asked in the large millinery parlors."

"Well, I declare," said the old gentleman; "that is about the kind of a bonnet I want."

"I thought you would fall in love with it," said the little milliner, "as it is beautiful. The woman hasn't called for it, yet even if I thought she would, I will sell it inasmuch as it is going out of town and I can make her another just like it."

After haggling about the price for a time the old gentleman concluded to buy it.

"I will take it along with me," said he, as he laid down a twenty dollar bill of the National Shoe & Leather bank to pay for it.

The milliner picked up the note and looking it over for a moment, her face lit up with a smile of pleasant sarcasm, as she said, "Look here, old fellow, this bill won't do."

The curious expression upon her face was certainly amusing, and the countryman thought he noticed a lurking smile upon her countenance that betokened sympathy and indicated that she was posted on that kind of money.

"Look here, I know that stuff as well as you do, so you just keep it and give me something else."

They stood and looked each other in the face. There was a mutual sympathy—two souls with but a single thought.

"My name is David Kirkbride," naming a well-known counterfeiter.

"Good gracious," exclaimed the woman, "why didn't you say so? I have never met you before, but I have often heard my friend Eva Cole talk about you. What were you thinking about when you came in here?"

"Oh, just about what I told you; besides I thought it was a good chance to shove a twenty."

"Why," said she, "I buy these bonnets at Johnson's and keep them for a stall. If you really want this one you are welcome to it."

As she became more confidential she said, putting on a peculiar smile "Suppose I had given you your change in a bill like this one," as she produced a five dollar bill.

"Well, well," said the old fellow, "it would have been all right with me. But I am keeping pretty shady at this time; I carry my stuff concealed in my tobacco pouch and only keep a little on hand at a time."

"Oh," said she, "you men think you are smart at doing things, but you're slow. I was arrested in Cincinnati by the city detective because I offered a counterfeit bill in payment for a pair of gloves, but they searched me at the police station and couldn't find any of the 'queer' about me. I put up a nice spiel and was very indignant, and Jim Ruffin, the chief of police, got scared and turned me loose."

"What do you think? I had more than a thousand dollars of those five dollar bills with me at the time, but they couldn't begin to find them. Just look here," she said; and reaching her hand into an opening in her dress she pulled a string and drew her bustle to the front.

This on being opened at the end contained a pocket. The widow, by pulling the string, could move the bustle around her waist at will.

"What is this contrivance for?" Kirkbride inquired.

"You can put your hand into it and see."

He pulled out a handful of clean five dollar counterfeit notes. As he did so he expressed great amazement at the ingenuity of her plan.

"I have carried 'phony' with me for years," she said, "but no one has ever discovered or even suspected it."

At this moment the Jersey farmer reached out and grabbed the widow's bustle. Unbuckling the belt that held it, he pulled it from her person. She was greatly surprised when she realized that she was at last fairly caught red-handed.

This charming little widow was now escorted to my branch office on Bleeker street. After a long and tedious questioning and convincing argument on my part, she so far yielded as to turn "squealer" and assist the government.

This little woman with the sparkling brown eyes was a fair sample of exquisite female shrewdness. The little dodge she played upon the detective who in parlance was "gunning" her in the car, was this. She stepped into the "retiring" room, let down her hair and braided it. Throwing her bonnet out of the window, she put a small worsted cap on her head. Turning her dress (that had been specially made for the purpose and artistically arranged so as to make it long or short) inside out, she bore the appearance of a school girl. Assuming a look of innocent childhood, she could meet the gaze of the officer and pass along without discovery.

She was now the entering wedge to the arrest of a number of persons connected with the Miner gang of counterfeiters, and the government was amply compensated for the money expended in running her down through the information she gave.

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HAD TO HIRE THE WASHING

Mrs. Daniels Tells How She Solved That Problem and Several Others As Well.

Slip, Ky.—"I was so sick for 3 or 4 years," says Mrs. J. F. Daniels, of this place, "that I had to hire my washing done most of the time. I had given up hoping for a cure, but my husband kept begging me to try Cardui, so at last I began to take it, and I hadn't taken half a bottle before I could tell it was helping me. Now I can do my washing, and tend my garden. I am fleshier than I ever was before in my life and Cardui made me so. I believe that I would have been in my grave, if I had not taken Cardui. Your medicine is all right. I can't praise it too much."

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients are mild herbs, having a gentle tonic effect on the female constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped over a million weak, tired, worn-out women, and should certainly benefit you.

Try it today.

N. E.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

She Raved.

Mr. Burble—That elocutionist is some queen, isn't she?

Mr. Bored—A raving beauty.

His Wife.

"What do you do for a living, Mose?"

"Ise de manager ob a laundry."

"What's the name of this laundry?"

"Eliza Ann."

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA AND BUILD UP THE SYSTEM (Take the Old Standard GUY'S TASTELESS CHILLS PINK. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malaria and the Iron builds up the system. Sold by all dealers for 30 cents. Price 10 cents.)

Burning Money.

Blobbs—How did he make his money?

Stobbs—In smoking tobacco.

Blobbs—Is that so? I've been smoking tobacco nearly all my life, but I never made any money at it.—Denver Times.

Long Time Coming.

Real College Boy (waiting for his change in department store)—This suspense is simply maddening. Emerald! Hadn't you better start a tracer after my change?

Saleswoman (meanly, but sweetly)—Just like money from home, isn't it, Archibald?—Drake Delphic.

A Poultry Problem.

"Which is correct," ask the summer boarder who wished to air his knowledge, "to speak of a sitting hen or a setting hen?"

"I don't know," replied the farmer's wife, "and what's more, I don't care. But there's one thing I would like to know: when a hen cackles, has she been laying, or is she lying?"

Malady Worth Having.

"I can't understand my husband, doctor; I am afraid there is something terrible the matter with him."

"What are the symptoms?"

"Well, I often talk to him for half an hour at a time and when I get through he hasn't the least idea what I've been saying."

"Don't worry any more about your husband. I wish I had his gift."—Stray Stories.

A Christmas Criticism.

Orville Wright, discussing flying in New York, said to a reporter:

"The French claim to make the best machines, but our foreign order books tell a different story."

"Our foreign order books give the game away like the little Dayton boy at the Christmas treat. He got from the tree at this treat a pair of trousers, and, waving them around his head, he electrified the entire Sunday school by shouting in a loud and joyous voice:

"Oh, ma, these pants must be new. Pa never had a suit like that."

OLD COMMON SENSE. Change Food When You Feel Out of Sorts.

"A great deal depends upon yourself and the kind of food you eat," the wise old doctor said to a man who came to him sick with stomach trouble and sick headache once or twice a week, and who had been taking pills and different medicines for three or four years.

He was induced to stop eating any sort of fried food or meat for breakfast, and was put on Grape-Nuts and cream, leaving off all medicines.

In a few days he began to get better, and now he has entirely recovered and writes that he is in better health than he has been before in twenty years. This man is 58 years old and says he feels "like a new man all the time."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

