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GENERAL DIRECTORY.

County Officials.

Judges of the Circuit Court—James A. Pearce, Chief Judge; Edwin H Brown and William R Martin, Associates Terms—jury, 1st Monday in April and October; non-jury, 2d Monday in January, 4th Monday in June.

Clerk of the Circuit Court—Thomas L. Day.

County Commissioners—Wesley Jarrell, Pres.; James B. Wright, Franklin P. Medford.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—John F. Dawson, Chief Judge; J. Olan Clark, Wm. H. Deen, Associates.

School Commissioners—Thomas W. Jones, President; Henry C. Fisher and Albert W. Sisk.

School Examiner and Secretary—W. S. Crouse.

Register of Wills—Robert J. Jump.

States Attorney—T. Alan Goldsborough.

Sheriff—Wm. T. Hignutt, of E.

Professional and Business Cards.

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Denton, Md.

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WRITE ME TO-DAY.

H. S. GOLDEY, President,
Goldey College, Wilmington, Del.

MYSTERY OF THE BAYOU WOODS

By WALKER KENNEDY.

Copyright, 1903, by A. S. Kellogg Newspaper Co.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Herbert Wright goes to chief of police of Nilus in great agitation and tells him of his discovery of the murdered body of his father, John T. Wright, a wealthy cotton king, from whom he has been estranged, in the Bayou Woods near the town. The chief questions Herbert, whose answers cause former to suspect him of the crime. The chief, with a reporter, Irving Warde, goes to scene of murder.

CHAPTER II.—They find body and examine surroundings but fail to discover any reliable clue.

CHAPTER III.—Warde examines mysterious footprints in the snow and tells Col. Franklin, an old acquaintance of the murdered man, of them. Herbert is arrested on suspicion of being implicated in the murder.

CHAPTER IV.—Col. Franklin is a brilliant lawyer, but says he is unable to solve the mystery.

CHAPTER V.—At coroner's inquest strong circumstantial evidence against Herbert Wright is submitted and the jury charges him with the murder.

CHAPTER VI.—Warde goes to Herbert's sister, Miriam, who believes him innocent, and tells her he will do all in his power to clear her brother. Col. Franklin says he thinks a strong case has been made against Herbert.

CHAPTER VII.—An attempt is made to At this point Col. Franklin came in hurriedly and took Warde into his private office. "What can I do for you to-day?" he said, throwing off his cloak and dropping rather wearily into a chair.

"I wish to learn your views on the testimony brought out this morning."

"My dear boy," said the lawyer companionably, "I don't want to be quoted, you understand; but it was simply awful. It looked like the interposition of Providence. I have been so horrified at the revelations this morning that I have about determined to withdraw from the case. I could not very well prosecute for murder the son of the man who was my life-long friend."

"Do you know, colonel, I don't believe the young fellow did it," said Warde.

"In the face of that evidence this morning?"

"In spite of it; and I am going to discover the truth."

Col. Franklin looked seriously at Warde as if to see whether he were in jest or earnest, but detecting nothing humorous in the young man's face said: "It looks to me like a wild goose chase, but I hope that you will be able to establish Herbert Wright's innocence. It is a shocking case as it stands."

"I have just been up to see him."

"What does he say?"

"Claims to be innocent. He has some clew or other which I expect later on to add to those I already have, and with these threads I hope to get at the truth."

"Did he tell you what it was?" asked the lawyer with evident curiosity.

"No sir; I had hoped to get it from him, but he declined to tell me just yet. He intimated that what he had to say would be of such a startling character as to be considered at first absurd. Before I could induce him to change his mind and tell me his secret his wife came in and I left them together."

"It is the old story," said the colonel, smiling sadly. "The poor fellow is cornered, and he has not yet thought out what to say, and is putting up this bluff to gain time. A shrewd lawyer will probably take him in hand by to-morrow and tell him to shut his mouth. When a man is innocent of a crime, it can never hurt him or prejudice his case for him to speak the truth. I would advise you not to let Wright play upon you."

"But if he is seeking to establish a case on some one else he might place that person on his guard if he were to tell what he knows, and so injure his own chance. Besides, I am satisfied that whatever clew Wright has is only a partial one and that it will have to be joined with others to amount to anything like proof."

"Possibly. If I can be of any assistance I shall be glad to put my services at your disposal," said Franklin. "But I am against being led away by every wild theory that Wright may advance. A desperate man will stop short of nothing."

"I should be glad to have your advice at times, but I hardly think it would be proper for me to reveal anything I may learn unless you should become Wright's attorney."

"Certainly not," answered the colonel promptly. "I have no desire to pry, but I shall watch your investigation with interest, and shall be glad to learn from time to time that you are making progress. But—I have an engagement at the hotel at half past three, and I shall have to beg you to excuse me."

He rose to indicate that he could spare no more time, and Warde betook himself leisurely toward the office of the Gazette.

CHAPTER VII.

After supper Warde was busy in his office writing a resume of the facts brought out in the Wright case and was employing considerable skill in making prominent the unexplained side of the crime. He knew very well how the other morning paper, the Journal, would treat it; how it would be described as a perfect case of circumstantial evidence; and how the old proverb "murder will out" would be worked into its weary place again for the edification of those who like their crime mulled with a bit of moralizing. Warde was endeavoring in a really skillful way to emphasize the mystery in which the case was involved, and to create a doubt in young Wright's favor. It was while he was

[illegible]

"Ordinarily it would, but there is something behind all this."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, when I took out this pistol Mrs. Wright was dumfounded for a moment. Then she declared that it was not her husband's pistol, and that when she had left the house this afternoon that weapon had not been there, for she had examined the one that was—an old affair—in order, she said, to see whether it had been fired or not. She asserted positively that some one had changed the pistols in her absence."

"By Jove!" cried Warde, "this grows exciting."

"I don't claim to be an extra good judge of human nature," said the detective, "but in my opinion the woman was telling the truth. She led me to the pistol without a particle of hesitation, and I never saw any person's face fall as hers did when I took out the shining revolver. I put it up this way, that the man who changed these revolvers must have taken a hand in the murder, or else is a bitter enemy of young Wright. At any rate, my idea of the case has changed considerably since this morning."

"I have an idea," said Warde, "and if you will help me perhaps we can hit on a solution of this riddle."

"I will do anything consistent with my official duty."

"I ask nothing more. It is your duty, as I conceive it not to bolster up any pet theory or anybody's hobby, but to get at the truth and unmask the real criminal."

"You are right. I agree with you thoroughly."

"Let me make a suggestion to you. Go back to Mrs. Wright to-morrow and find out whether she has any proof that the old pistol was there yesterday morning; if she has not, perhaps some of her neighbors could tell whether anybody visited the house while she was away. If you can find the man who put the pistol there, you are in a fair way to find the man who killed John T. Wright."

"I'll go out there to-morrow and see what I can do. In the mean time I must turn in this new link of evidence against that young fellow."

The detective retired, and Warde mused awhile before resuming his work. It was indeed singular that, while the mystery was deepening, at the same time the visible proofs were accumulating against Wright. He had more reason now than ever to believe that a still darker crime that involved something besides murder lay beyond the prima facie case that had been made out. For the first time he felt that he was contending with an unseen antagonist, and that while he was endeavoring to clear the name of Herbert Wright some one was fighting him step by step and was trying to fasten the guilt upon the young man. It could not be the authorities. They were, of course, merely doing their duty to the best of their ability and they could not be expected to yield anything to the sentimental side of the case.

From this time on Warde never ceased to feel that he and the unseen were engaged in a desperate game, in which a human life was involved. He silently accepted the unwritten challenge to battle and made up his mind that he would not be defeated.

The next morning Nilus was treated to a sensation, the startling evidence obtained by the authorities being supplemented by an exclusive piece of news published in the Journal. When Warde sat down to breakfast and picked up that paper he was cold with amazement at what he read, for in large, glaring headlines, he saw that Herbert Wright, "stung by a guilty conscience, had endeavored to take his own life." The attempt, it seemed, was discovered by the "alert and tireless jailer," who had promptly sent for a physician, and the young man's life was saved. Wright had taken morphine, but the physician, who had arrived promptly, administered an emetic, and so checkmated the would-be suicide.

Warde was in despair when he read this. It was the virtual confession of a guilty conscience, and it would be useless to continue his investigations. As soon as he had swallowed his breakfast he jumped on a street car and went to the jail.

Wright was very glad to see him, and the jailer allowed the newspaper man and the prisoner to have an interview in the rotunda of the jail.

"You have read the Journal?" said Wright, with a smile.

"Yes, and it knocked me cold!"

"But I am prepared to astonish you."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that account is a lie from beginning to end."

"Well, I am certainly glad to hear that."

"The fact is, an attempt was made here in the jail last night to poison me."

"To poison you!"

"Yes, to poison me. The drug was put into my food, and of course I ate it. I noticed a peculiar taste, and shortly afterward found myself growing very drowsy. I called for the jailer at once and told him I thought I had been drugged. Fortunately he had a doctor here in five minutes who detected the evidences of morphine and immediately took steps to relieve me. The eructation was preserved and examined at my request, and the doctor found that the poison in it would have rendered me a corpse in less than an hour."

"Have you found the man who made this attempt?"

"No, and I fear it will be impossible. It was agreed by the jailer, the doctor and myself to say nothing about it until a thorough investigation could be made. The poison could not have been put in accidentally by the cook, for no one else in the jail was effected. The food must have been poisoned after it was put into the bowl—my supper was a sort of gruel—and it must have been done by the man who handed me my bowl. I could not tell who did this, as several of the prisoners volunteer each day to act as waiters."

"Of course," said Warde, "you could not have a personal enemy among these men."

"Certainly not."

"It is evident that this poisoning scheme was designed outside of the jail, and that some one of the prisoners was bribed to slip the drug into your portion of the food."

"It looks that way beyond a doubt."

Irving Warde felt that the unseen antagonist was again at work. He shivered when he thought of the resources of his adversary, who could affect the changing of the pistols in the suburbs south of the city, and the attempted murder of a prisoner in the jail in the northern part of the town. He realized now that it was no ordinary foe that young Wright had to fight. Shrewd intelligence, an abundance of money, a command of ready tools, perfect unscrupulousness, and murder itself were all pitted against the man.

The attempt on Wright's life had one reassuring quality, it convinced Warde that the mind engineering these operations was not satisfied with the case already made out against the young man, otherwise the law might have been allowed to take its course. There were flaws in the evidence, fatal weaknesses which might lead to the discovery of the real criminal; and somehow the life of Herbert Wright stood in the way of the accomplishment of a veiled purpose. The same motive which demanded the life of John T. Wright now demanded that of his son; and Warde could not help thinking that some tremendous issue was at stake, or some far-reaching programme was in jeopardy from Herbert's being alive.

These thoughts were running rapidly through his mind while Wright continued to discuss the affair of the night before; and finally the reporter asked:

"If you three made up your minds to keep this thing secret, how did it leak out?"

"That I cannot say. The jailer says the only person who left the jail last night was the doctor. The doctor, who was here quite early, tells a rather curious tale. He says that at the nearest corner he was saluted by a rough-looking fellow who wore a red flanel shirt and whose face was covered with stubble. 'Is he dead, doctor?' asked this man. 'Who?' said the doctor. 'Why, Wright. I heard a nigger say that he had taken poison.' 'No, he is not dead,' replied the doctor. That was all that was said. It did not occur to the doctor till afterward that it would have been impossible for any news to have got out when all the prisoners were in their cells and the jailer alone could have communicated it to the outside world."

"Then the Journal reporter did not come here to get the facts?"

"No; he must have obtained them outside of the jail."

"This man in the red flannel shirt—was nothing further heard from him?"

"Nothing. But the jailer remembers that such a man had applied for admission to the jail yesterday to see a prisoner named Billy Maloney."

"Have you questioned Maloney?"

"Yes, and he tells a pretty straight story. He says that he never saw the stranger before, and that the man told him of a friend named Bill Maloney, and he came to see if this was the same fellow, but it was not. Maloney says the man hung around some time talking to the prisoners, but he did not pay any particular attention to him. He evidently got hold of the name of one of the prison-

continued on page eight.

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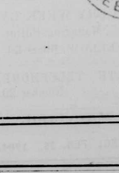
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Johns Hopkins Medical School.
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Monday, March 14, 1904,

at 2 p. m for the purpose of considering a proposition to increase the capital stock of said company from one hundred and twenty shares to four hundred and eighty shares at the par value of $25 each.

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CHARLES W. HOBBS,
J. KEMP STEVENS,
FRED R. OWENS,
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