

THE TROUBLESOME LADY

CHAPTER V.

A week later Oliver's office-boy, a freckled and red-headed youngster by the name of Sam, knocked and announced in a manner which was not to be mistaken for that of a clerk, and announced hoarsely, "Lady to see yer." He threw such meaning in the words, his bearing and manner were so full of dark mystery, Oliver almost expected Mrs. de Restaud, instead of Aunt Hannah. No letter had come from the little lady of the Troublesome; and that discourtesy showed she might almost merit her connection's condemnation: it was certainly frivolous to neglect assuring her presence of her safety. The doctor had been especially unpleasant about it. "You see," he would say, "I told you there were two sides to every story; and the Frenchman may have been a much enduring man." The office-boy dragged a chair near Oliver's desk, and with a significant look withdrew.

"It's either breach or promise or some feller wot's cheated her on a land deal," he said to the clerks as he shut the door carefully. "I guess there's meat in it; for the boss grinned when he see her."

"I hope you have good news, Miss Patten," Oliver said, eagerly.

"If no news is good, I have," she answered, with a sigh. "I've heard from Mr. Perkins that keeps the depot, and he says she ain't been there at all, nor no word come. There wa'n't no mail for me, neither. I seen that woman at Colorado Springs; she says Minny got there all right, and she bought her a plaid miter, a hat, and some other things, and Minny and the dog went by train the next day, and Minny promised to write to her, but hadn't. The only one that knowed anything down here was the ticket-seller, who remembered her and said he sold her a ticket for Chicago. She must have been afraid her husband would ask. He said lots of the conductors were discharged about that time, and that was why, most like, all I interviewed hadn't set eyes on her."

"Still, it is almost impossible for a girl to be lost travelling nowadays. She probably took elaborate precautions, for fear De Restaud would follow her; but if the dog went along she will be found easy enough."

"I am, as you folks say out here," said Miss Patten, grimly, "going on the trail, and shall watch out most for the dog, which I know she'll drag around with her. I don't doubt but I shall find her when that money's gone. Mr. Oliver: as I told you, she would not appear until it was all spent. I think it's my duty to pay you now."

"Don't you think it would be better to let her settle her own accounts? She must be taught the value of money some way; and when you find her, if she is determined not to go back to her husband you should institute a suit to make him account for her property. They told me up in the mountains he was getting rid of it rapidly."

"I ain't in general," sighed Miss Patten, "much liking for law; folks gets in jest as rats in a trap, and there ain't much of a property left when they get out, asking your pardon for being plain-spoken, for I always speak my mind."

"You are a little severe on us," he laughed; "but I should be happy to advise you in any way, and to recommend a young lawyer I know here who would do well for you. Of course under the circumstances I myself could do nothing."

"I understand; and, Mr. Oliver, I'll apologize again. Till I see that woman to the Springs I did half think you knowed where Minny was; and the doctor's joking and your being a city bachelor, you know, sot me agin' you; but here's my hand in friendship, and I'll send you word if I find Minny."

"Thank you. I shall be glad to know she is safe; for sometimes I think I may have done wrong in helping her that night."

"You done right, Mr. Oliver; and if she should come to you again,—as she might, having no sense of propriety,—you telegraph me to Newcastle, Maine, and send her straight home to me. I'm going to travel a bit afore I go home. On account of taking care of pa and ma in their old age, I ain't seen much of the world. I callate even to being a Blinn there that married a Blake, and I'll board with her. Now remember, Mr. Oliver, she is a little young thing, and you're old enough, I take it, to be her father, and the world is a censorious place. She shan't go back to him, I'm resolved on that; and being a divorced woman is bad enough in the world, without giving no other reasons for talk."

"You can trust me," he said, soberly; "and after she was gone he sat long in thought. He wanted the good opinion of that grim, honest old maid. She was as unbending as her own granite hills, as stern and bleak to a world of easy-goers. He imagined duty ruled her always; a wicked thought crept in then,—how poorly duty had rewarded her; mentally and physically angular and hard, ruled with an iron rod of conscience. Yet the soft little creature of curves and beauty like her ungrateful niece knew nothing of conscience or duty, and the world loved them and gave them its best."

Sam, after a discreet knock, put in his tousled head. "Perlice to see yer, sir," he said breathlessly.

"What?"

"Perlice from City Hall."

Oliver went hastily to the outer office. Could she be in their hands? What new horror was the Troublesome lady to endure? Or was this some freak of the Frenchman's? he was capable of any mean-ness. The two clerks were looking side-ways at the brawny man in blue, but Sam gazed in open-mouthed admiration. Going to fires, he felt some days he must be a fireman; the longing was intense as engines sped by at lightning speed; but in a row or a deed of mystery how necessary the police, how high their positions, what chances for seeing things and driving the crowd, principally small boys, away!

"Sorry to trouble you sir," said the man, awkwardly, "but the old lady said you was to be sent for, as you could testify to the bad character of the man in charge."

"What old lady?" asked Oliver, sharply, much annoyed at the matter.

"Name Patten, I think,—a big woman, considerable thin. She come from your office, she said, and had noticed for days a black-looking man a-following her, and she sees him waiting for her in the street. So she strolls, careless-like, towards the City

Hall, sir; right near she sees he's still after her, and she turns and grabs him and runs him in herself, as neat as any of the force could 'a' done."

"You don't know the man?"

"His face ain't in the gallery, sir," as if in apology, "but it's black and ugly enough to be, I'll say that for him. She tumbled the man down the steps right in the Chief's room, and he sent me here. She wanted the man arrested for a suspicious character, so the Chief sent me to get your testimony."

"I'll go down at once," said Oliver, picking up his hat. "I fancy I know the man."

"I'll walk behind, sir," said the policeman, politely, "for seeing me walking with you in the direction of the lock-up your friends might think you was being run in."

At the station, as he suspected, Oliver saw the man was Louis, De Restaud's servant, and black and ugly he was, swearing to himself in French, but refusing to answer any questions. Oliver had seen master and man the past few days in Denver, and knew he himself was under their surveillance. He told the Chief that Miss Patten was justified in her proceeding; the man had a bad reputation in the North Park, and in a suspicious manner; the past week he had seen him watching about the streets. The Chief admitted the man was not handsome, might have acted oddly, but there must be some charge brought against him. Was the lady willing to go into court and swear she had fears of her life from this man Louis's hands?

"Me," said Miss Patten, majestically, "I won't have him trailing me around, and if the police can't stop it my umbrella will; so there! I won't go into no courtroom for it, either."

"Suppose you search the man," said Oliver, smiling. "I will make a charge against him of carrying concealed weapons."

Louis resisted, with frightful profanity, but the search was made, and the result was a loaded revolver and an ugly knife.

"A greaser outfit," said a stalwart policeman.

"You can keep him in jail a day or two on this charge," continued Oliver, "to give Miss Patten a chance to leave the city. I tell you on my own account, knowing the man up at my shooting place, he is a dangerous character. I had an encounter with him once, and found him an unpleasant person to deal with."

The exasperated Frenchman waded away, breathing curses and defiance. In Oliver's gray eyes was a smile of malice that Louis well understood. He had paid up his rudeness, and the accounts were squared. There would be a debt still when Louis was free again: the man who laughs last laughs best. Just now Oliver was decidedly amused.

"I'm obliged to you, perlice," said Miss Patten, rising, and pinning her shawl, "but I don't want you to think as I was in any mortal fear of De Restaud's hired man. I wa'n't; for I can't fight men with their own weapons of strength I can outwit 'em.—Good-by, Mr. Oliver; I'm sorry my family has brought you so much trouble, but I callate from now on you've heered the last of us."

As days lengthened into weeks, and weeks into months, without a word from Hannah Patten or her erratic niece, Oliver felt the force of her remark. He was hurt and angry. At least they might have sent him word. De Restaud found his missing servant on the chain-gang after two days' incarceration in the city bastille. The master blustered a good deal, but finally yielded to reason: certainly there was a law against a man's being a walking arsenal. Oliver, conscious that threatened men live long, went calmly about his business, often meeting De Restaud, but neither spoke.

Doctor John frequently discussed the whereabouts of the "Troublesome lady," as he always called her, but Oliver seldom spoke of her. If, however, a fluffsy Syke terrier ran up to him in the street, he would look around eagerly, and sometimes a wave of color would flood his face, while his heart quickened. If something had happened to her on the long journey could he ever forgive himself? He owned, with a sense of anger, she was senselessly innocent and strangely familiar; no doubt she had told her story to everybody on the train who would listen.

One June day the doctor came into his friend's office in a jaunty gray suit with immaculate creases and a general air of fashion and newness quite dazzling.

"You must be going to be married, Oliver," he said. "Why this?"

"A trip East, my boy. I want to breathe the fogs of my native State. My lungs are shrivelled up. You never suspected I was born in Skowhegan, Maine; I never told you, it would have been such a background for feeble jokes. Besides, what man would want to say he was born in a place called Skowhegan? I had to be born somewhere, though, and Colorado is too young for me. The Achorns are an old family in Maine, and though some of us call it Ach-orns, I like the old way. Please your joke now,—great oaks from little acorns grow."

"I'm too startled, too dazed by your decision. You haven't been East in fifteen years, to you know."

"Never too late to mend. Besides, I'm going to Newcastle. I would like to see how the Troublesome lady is, and her aunt. I like the aunt,—good old New-England kind, honest as the day, narrow, perhaps, but solid worth. In another generation those old maids will be as extinct as the dodo."

"It does not seem to me the proper thing to call on them when neither has sent us any word."

"That's Aunt Hannah, bless her good heart," smiled the doctor. "She looks on you with suspicion, Craig, for Mrs. Minny is a married woman, and down in Maine when the service is over. Young girls may go to dances and other village jollifications, but a married woman's place is at home, doing the Napoleon act and raising citizens. I like that law, too: it saves lots of trouble."

"Perhaps; but, remember, Maine is prolific in divorce cases."

"Well, they live too shut in, folks do down there, and they are all opinionated and strong characters. I will write you from Newcastle, at all events."

This Doctor John did after a month. The latter brought a sense of uneasiness to Oliver and the conviction that, with the best intentions in the world, he had done a great wrong. Miss Patten had never been heard from. Mrs. Minny had never been seen weeks at a time during the winter and spring, but would go off again, "wandering-like," Mr. Perkins said, and seemed not right in her mind. Mrs. Perkins took care of the cat and parrot, and she too affirmed that Miss Patten was queer and that she had remarked "it was wrong for dumb beasts and birds to be housed when her own dear niece—her only connection—was a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth."

Mr. de Restaud had also visited Newcastle and interviewed the depot-master, but he got no satisfaction, for Mr. Perkins told Doctor John "he'd knowed Minny Patten from the time she was a little girl, when she played with his little dead janie Ann, and he wa'n't going to tell a black-looking foreigner where she was if he knowed," and he took much pleasure in mystifying the infuriated husband.

"Dear Craig," the letter ended, "I think I am getting senile, for I begin to doubt my best friend. Do you know where Mrs. Minny is, and have you known all the time? I believe you (until I know to the contrary) an honorable man. I shall think you a scoundrel if my suspicions should be verified. At least make Mrs. de Restaud write to that poor distracted aunt wandering about the world looking for her. It is like uprooting a plant to tear an old woman away from her home."

Oliver wrote a few lines in reply: "You had better return before I paralyze sets in: you will be kindly cared for here. Soberly speaking, if I were the man you suggest, I ought to be in the penitentiary. I assure you I know nothing of Mrs. de Restaud; I have never heard from her; the fact that I assisted in sending such an irresponsible young person adrift in the world will always be a worriment to me."

So there were many hearts to be lightened by Mrs. Minny's appearance; but of this she had no knowledge. Her lightest moments would have been saddened if she could have seen a gaunt old woman overcoming a shuddering horror in some great city and then venturing timidly to seek a dead face in the morgue,—an unknown young and beautiful, found dead. Nor would Mrs. Minny have known herself as pictured by the trembling lips of that fast-aging old woman,—"the dearest, prettiest little thing, and as innocent as a child." Truly, to disappear in this world is to leave behind a trail of broken hearts and long days of woe and pain. Sad enough in common human being left to care, to ask, and to be buried in the potter's field,—to have been a bright-eyed baby loved on its mother's breast, hoped for by her fond imagining, dreamed of in the great future, and to be the fulfillment, unclaimed day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

'T WAS A LONG, HARD CHASE.

Aitkin, the Tottenham Banker, Located.

Detective Murray Finds Him at the Capital of Brazil, but Could Not Bring Him Back as the Place Was Under Martial Law.

One of the most remarkable cases in the annals of crime ever developed on this continent has just been revealed through the chief of the Provincial Government detectives, John Murray. Murray is considered in official circles to be one of the most astute and subtle officers in America, and where he falls to other man needs take up the trail. During the past six months he has been on the track of an alleged Canadian criminal. His man had 13 months' start, but the detective followed him step by step, through the United States, Cuba, Panama, Peru, Chili, Bolivia, Brazil, Argentina, and finally located him at Rio.

It will be remembered that a year ago last August the citizens of Tottenham were dumfounded to wake up one bright morning and find that their trusted private banker, Charles H. Aitkin, had, it is said, absconded. Aitkin had lived in Tottenham for years, and had secured the confidence and respect of every man for miles round. There was not a farmer in the whole district who did not trust him, and thousands of THEIR HARD EARNED DOLLARS were placed for safe keeping in the strong vaults of his banking establishment. It was not remarkable that farmers and townspeople trusted this man. He was trusted by the managers of the Bank of Hamilton, with whom he did business.

When the crash came it was discovered that Aitkin had been speculating in the Chicago market and his losses had amounted to over \$100,000. The bulk of this sum belonged to his customers; the balance he had secured, it is said, on forged paper from the Bank of Hamilton.

This was an old method. He discounted his own notes, it is said, for large amounts and gave the bank as security forged notes purporting to have been signed by well-known tradesmen and farmers. His alleged crime left many a wrecked home.

He left Tottenham in August, 1892, and it was not until last September that the Bank of Hamilton decided to send Detective Murray after him. Murray secured excellent photographs of his man and with but a most infrequent clue started on the still hunt. He got

WORK OF HIM AT NEW YORK

and made up his mind that he had gone south to Peru or Chili. He had the case fully stated to the British Government and very soon the British Ministers in all the southern republics received instructions to assist Murray in every way in their power. Murray left New York and traced his man to Cuba. Here again he picked up the trail, and found that his man had changed his clothing, dyed his hair, and started for Colon, the Atlantic port on the Panama isthmus. To Colon went Murray, then to Panama, tracing the fugitive step by step. He followed him along the Pacific coast south as far as Callao, and then across country to Lima, the capital of Peru. Here the clue was lost for a time. Up and down the country went Murray, until at last he again picked up the trail at Valparaiso. Here Murray located his man and

FOLLOWED HIM BACK TO PERU.

He went then to the British Minister and asked that a warrant should be secured from the Government of Peru for Aitkin's arrest. There is no treaty between Peru and Great Britain. When Murray asked for the warrant the Peruvian Minister of Foreign Affairs said that he would be glad to assist him, and would issue the warrant if the British Minister would guarantee the return of a Peruvian refugee at present in London, England. This the British Minister was not authorized to do, and so the warrant could not be obtained. Murray then decided to take another tack. Rumors were circulated to the effect that a treaty was under consideration. It had the desired effect. Aitkin fled south and Murray after him.

VALPARAISO WAS REACHED

first by Aitkin. He found Murray hot after him and started across the Andes mountains. Murray followed. Aitkin arrived first at Buenos Ayres, and made at once for Rio. When Murray arrived at Rio he found that city under bombardment, the citizens in terror, and military law prevailing. The civil and criminal courts were closed. The British Minister had gone to England. The yellow fever was raging, and those in authority offered no assurance that they would assist in the capture.

Murray recognized that the fortunes of war were against him, and, after a hard fought battle, with victory so near, he reluctantly turned northward to report progress to the managers of the Bank of Hamilton. He arrived at Toronto late Saturday night last not much the worse in appearance because of his many hardships endured in chasing a cunning criminal over the mountains of South America.

FRANCE AND RUSSIA.

They are Having trouble Over the Duties on Grain.

A Berlin special says:—The Frankfort Zeitung is authority for the statement that Russia and France have exchanged notes respecting the duties imposed on Russian grain imported into France. Russia, the paper says, while disclaiming any right to interfere with the internal affairs of another power, declared that she must protect Russian interests and if the French duties on the Russian export trade she must and would notify France of the termination of the Franco-Russian commercial treaty. France, in reply, said that she must respond to the popular feeling of protection, but the duties on Russian grain would be limited to the minimum provided for by the new tariff. This reply according to the Zeitung, was not satisfactory to Russia, who replied that, notwithstanding its receipt, she would continue to adhere to her previously expressed views on the subject.

Pythagoras gave us the problems of Euclid and was welcomed in the councils of the wisest men, but when he saw a sliding hogpen door for the first time he was so taken back that a friend had to lead him home.

A CANADIAN ENGINEER.

Mr. Goodwin's Brilliant Success—The Career of the President of the Society of Engineers.

A recent cable contained the information that Mr. George A. Goodwin, a Canadian, following his profession in London, had been elected president of the Society of Engineers. This distinction is a notable one, especially in view of the fact that Mr. Goodwin is not yet 40, and the honor is one which indicates not only success, but the possession of good abilities and fine qualities. Some information about Mr. Goodwin's career will be read with interest, not merely by his friends in Canada, but by all who are pleased in the success of Canadian brains and Canadian worth, especially as Mr. Goodwin has been engaged in large engineering operations in every quarter of the globe. The new president of the Society of Engineers, who now resides at 28, Victoria street, London, was born in Montreal in 1854. He left Canada at an early age, and received his education at Paris, London and Manchester, completing his studies at London. After a five years apprenticeship he gained in 1875 a Whitworth scholarship, which at that time had a value of £100 per annum, and was tenable for three years, while he carried off other prizes at the end of each year in his other examinations.

One of his first professional engagements was in the service of Mr. John Fowler, now Sir John Fowler, Bart., K. C. M. G., and there he filled the important position of chief inspector for all the work sent out to the

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Government, for whom Sir John is the consulting engineer. His next engagement was with the Hon. F. Cavogian, of London, and the Prince de Sagan, of Paris, to carry out a series of experiments, in the application of super-heated steam to locomotives, which was done on the G. E. railway. After that he was busy with cold air refrigerating machinery, the first cold storage chambers at the Victoria docks being built and fitted under his immediate supervision, as also the fitting up of several steamers with similar plant. In 1881 he started business as a consulting and supervising engineer, which he has carried on up to date in England and the continent with equal success.

Among the important works he has since had charge of is the construction of the Eveleigh running sheds, a building with a semi-circular rib roof of 100 feet span, and the Eveleigh workshop, with a hip roof of 50 feet span, 150 feet long, to say nothing of numerous railway and road bridges. A most responsible undertaking was one for the New South Wales Government, which included the ironwork for the immense

ABATTOIRS AT SYDNEY.

sewage aqueducts made of wrought iron six feet in diameter, with bridges for carrying them, and machinery for a cable traction station. While in Australia he constructed a 720 foot suspension bridge for a private company. He also superintended the rolling stock for the Smyrna and Cassaba railway, winding and hoisting engines, and air compressors, with regulating valves for the Transvaal, being a patent of his own, and having for its object an automatic gear to relieve the engine of all work without stopping it or varying its speed. He also acted as consulting engineer for two companies, and one of his notable achievements was the fitting up of steamers for carrying frozen meat from Australia and the Falkland Islands to England, the Selembrina, for the service from the Falklands, being the largest carrier at that time, having a capacity of 1,000 tons, equal to 30,000 carcasses, with four cold air machines, each of 70,000 cubic feet capacity. Among his other extensive undertakings were the designing of a sea pier for the eastern end of the chief cities in the United States, and the superintendence of the major portion of the superstructure of the Liverpool overhead railway.

Mr. Goodwin practices as a technical expert in engineering law suits, and has had the scientific conduct of several important cases. He is the author of a paper on the "Relative Merits of Working Hoisting Machinery by Steam, Water and Electricity," which was prepared for the Chicago Engineering Congress, 1893.

On two occasions Mr. Goodwin has acted as hon. examiner in engineering and practical electrical work for the Crystal Palace School of Engineering.

He is a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, and president of the Society of Engineers.

ALWAYS FOND OF NURSING PEOPLE

A Characteristic of Florence Nightingale From Her Earliest Youth.

Florence Nightingale, the world-famous nurse, was born in Florence, Italy, in 1820. Her father, William Edward Shore, of England, inherited the estates of his grandfather Peter Nightingale, and in pursuance of his will assumed the name Nightingale. As the child of wealthy parents, Miss Nightingale was well educated. From early childhood the care of the sick was a favorite occupation of hers, and in 1849 she entered as a voluntary nurse, a school of deaconesses to qualify herself to minister to the sick. In 1854, at the solicitation of Secretary of War Sidney Herbert, she went to Constantinople as the superintendent of a staff of nurses to care for the soldiers of Great Britain who were wounded in the Crimean war. By her rare executive ability and thorough knowledge of what was necessary she made the hospital, which was in a most deplorable state, a model in the thoroughness and perfection of its appointments. So immense were her labors that she frequently stood for twenty hours in succession giving directions. Notwithstanding this, her pleasant smile and kind words to the sick made her almost idolized by the army. She returned to England Sept. 8, 1856. Her services have secured her the sincerest gratitude of the English people and a world renown. Queen Victoria sent her a letter of thanks, with a superb jewel. A subscription of \$250,000 was raised to found an institution for the training of nurses under her direction, and the soldiers of an army, by a penny contribution, raised a sum sufficient to erect a statue to her honor, which she refused to allow.

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