

## Long Chase for a Murderer.

To one branch of the United States government attaches a peculiar fascination. It is the secret service bureau. It is fascinating because of the mystery which surrounds it and its doings. With agents not only in the United States, but all over the globe, this bureau works silently in a world of its own, among its secret archives at Washington are stories of the most intense human interest which never will see the light of publication. We hear every now and then of smugglers or counterfeiters being caught, and know, in a vague way, that the secret service had something to do with it. But the frauds on the customs and the currency are not all that the bureau has to look after. It is really the detective bureau of the national government, and as such takes cognizance of many things. Wherever there is conspiracy against the government of the United States, wherever there is crime committed against the federal authorities or punishable by them, the feelers of the great detective bureau reach out and investigate.

The recent arrest of Sergeant Loys Darrell by W. O. Dupuy, a secret service agent, is an illustration of the work of the bureau and a gratifying victory for that branch of the government. Henry Crouch and Loys Darrell were enlisted men in the Seventh cavalry, stationed at Pinar del Rio, Cuba. Both were from Colorado and enlisted at Jefferson barracks, St. Louis. At their own request the two men were assigned to the same troop and became 'bunkies,' or tent mates. Crouch was a steady, saving fellow, and Darrell was intelligent and a good soldier. He soon became a sergeant. Crouch never won his stripes. One morning last April Crouch and Darrell failed to answer to their names at roll call. Darrell was reported absent on leave. He had passed the sentries on the previous evening, showing a pass for four days.

But where was Crouch? It was at first thought that he had deserted, but a soldier soon after, going into the company woodshed, found the body of the missing man lying there with his throat cut.

Crouch, it was known, had \$135 in gold, which he carried about with him. It was missing. At first it seemed absurd to suspect Darrell—the two men had been such sworn friends and companions in arms. But the police of Havana were informed—and, in fact, the police all over the island were informed of the murder and told to arrest Darrell and send him back to Pinar del Rio if they found him. He was such an excellent soldier, such an efficient sergeant, that many of the officers believed that he would return of his own free will as soon as he heard of the murder of his 'bunkie' and prove his innocence. But the police could get no trace of the missing sergeant, and when the four days were up and he did not appear at the camp even his defenders gave it up and agreed that he was a murderer. He was officially declared a deserter and a reward offered for his apprehension. Poor Crouch had a soldier's funeral and was buried under the palm trees amid the Cuban mountains. Darrell seemed to have dropped off the face of the earth. No trace of him could be found anywhere. The government was determined to get him, however, at any expenditure of time and money. Such a crime as that could not go unpunished. Darrell's face was sealed. His name was Danny Deever.

Failing to trace the fugitive by ordinary means, the powers of the secret service were invoked. Now, for obvious reasons the United States government has a branch secret service in Havana. In August this branch bureau took up the case, and Dupuy went to the camp in Pinar del Rio and became a trooper in the Seventh cavalry. He was assigned to the troop which Crouch and Darrell had been in, and made himself popular with the men. Before long he knew everything that the men knew about the killing and about Darrell. He earned from the gossip of the camp that the sergeant had fallen desperately in love with a Cuban girl, upon whom he squandered all his pay. He was infatuated completely with her, and resented with anger any suggestion that he break off the connection. He had been a good soldier and a sober man before he saw the dark eyes of the Cuban beauty, but after he became infatuated with the girl he began to drink and to borrow money to spend on his dusky siren. The man was completely in her power and would do anything she asked him. His comrades saw the change

in the man with misgivings, and his tent mate expostulated with him only to be cursed roundly for his interference.

Finally the thing culminated in the murder of Crouch and the robbery of his body of the little horde of savings. Money, money the girl demanded, and Darrell had committed murder to get it for her. But evidently he had awakened from his love dream after he had killed Crouch, for he had not taken the girl with him in his flight nor did he communicate with her as far as could be learned by watching.

Dupuy also got to know what soldiers were friends of Darrell and to whom he would be likely to write. The mails of these men were watched and their letters opened and read without their knowledge. There are ways of opening a letter and sealing it again if one knows how. At length, on September 15, came the longed for clue. One of the men received a letter from Darrell. It was dated from New Orleans, and in it the fugitive said that after leaving the camp he had gone direct to Havana and, changing into citizen's clothes, had taken a steamer, under an assumed name, for New Orleans. The steamer after leaving the harbor was forced to put back on account of a storm and for twenty-four hours she lay in the harbor before starting out again. Darrell all the time being in an agony of fear that he would be traced and taken off the ship by the authorities. Finally he got safe to New Orleans, but he was tired of living in America in constant dread of being discovered and arrested. He had decided to go to South Africa and enlist in the British Army and would sail for Cape Town in the Elder-Dempsey line steamer Milwaukee. A telegram to New Orleans was answered by the information that the Milwaukee had sailed twenty days before.

But Dupuy was not discouraged. Hastening to Havana he took the first steamer for Tampa and hurried through by rail to New York where he arrived just in time to catch an American line steamer for Southampton. Meanwhile the United States consuls and consular agents in South Africa had been informed by cable of Darrell's crime, and that he was on the Milwaukee. At Southampton Dupuy caught a Channel boat for the French coast. He had collected all possible information concerning the movements of the Mediterranean steamers, and knew that if no accident happened he could get to Naples in time to catch a steamer bound for Cape Town. Dupuy rushed across Europe, travelling night and day, and getting his food as best he could. He caught his steamer at Naples and finally steamed into Port Said. There he was met by a telegram from the United States consul at Cape Town saying that the Milwaukee was not to stop at that port, but would go on to Biera, a little Portuguese port up the east coast. The steamer which Dupuy was on was the Hertzog of the German East African line, which fortunately stopped at Biera.

As the Hertzog steamed into the harbor of Biera the Milwaukee was lying there and the German steamer passed close to her. Leaning over the side of the Milwaukee, smoking a pipe, Dupuy saw the man who he at once recognized from pictures and descriptions as Darrell. The Milwaukee had been in port a couple of days but the fugitive sergeant had not gone ashore. He wanted to wait until that steamer reached Lorenzo Marquez in Delagoa Bay. From there he could quickly make his way across the border into the Transvaal where, he believed, he would be out of danger.

Dupuy an hour after he had landed in Biera had made many friends with the Portuguese secret service men there, and had them all at his beck and call. Now Dupuy is a wily person, and he devised a plan by which he might inveigle Darrell ashore and arrest him. He made a confidant of the captain of the ship, and the captain promised to help him. An advertisement was placed in a local paper of Biera saying that a wealthy citizen wanted a hostler, and would pay him \$100 a month. The captain called Darrell's attention to the advertisement, and advised him to apply for the position, as he had often heard him talk of horses. Darrell fell into the trap and went ashore.

He had hardly stepped his foot upon the landing stage when Dupuy tapped him on the shoulder and told him he was a prisoner. Darrell took in the situation at once, and, remarking, 'I guess it's all up with me,' allowed himself to be handcuffed and marched to jail. When asked if he would go back to Cuba without extradition papers

the prisoner got a new idea and began to denounce his arrest and declare that it was an outrage and he would not go unless extradited. So Dupuy had to go to Lorenzo Marquez, where the Portuguese governor lives, to get his extradition documents. He found that official Portugal moves slowly. The governor seemed to be determined to place every obstacle in the way of the secret service agent, and it was three months before he finally got the papers and started for New York with his prisoner. Three months of worry for Dupuy and three months of imprisonment for Darrell in the abominable climate of Portuguese East Africa had brought both captor and captive to a pretty well 'run down' physical state when they finally started back up the east coast. They happened to catch the Hertzog, the same steamer Dupuy had come down the coast in. Darrell was locked in a stateroom and closely guarded by Dupuy. He was seasick nearly all the time, and in his sleep he would talk of his Cuban sweetheart, sometimes accusing her of having brought about his undoing and sometimes telling her of his love.

While the steamer was passing through the Suez Canal a mutiny broke out among the Kaffir stokers. Among other things which they proposed to do was to liberate Darrell. The mutiny was put down by the officers of the ship, but all one night Dupuy had to guard the door of Darrell's stateroom with his loaded revolver. When the Hertzog reached Naples, Darrell was taken ashore and placed in the prison for safe keeping until a steamer for New York should come along. On February 21 Dupuy took his prisoner on board the steamer Hohenzollern, which brought them back across the Atlantic to New York. Upon their arrival here Darrell was taken to Castle William. In the Castle are some military prisoners from the Seventh cavalry, and when Darrell was taken to his cell they greeted him with derisive shouts and remarks. When the next steamer sailed for Havana Darrell was on board of it, bound for Pinar del Rio, where he arrived just about a year from the murder of his tentmate, to stand trial for the crime.

Dupuy spent six months and eleven days in the chase for Darrell, and travelled more than 20,000 miles, spending \$2,000 of government money. As a reward for his perseverance and success he will be made assistant chief of the secret service bureau in Havana.

Darrell is not married, but somewhere in Colorado he has an aged mother bowed down with shame and sorrow.

### In a Japanese Railway-Car.

The second and third class railroad carriages in Japan give the foreigner a very favorable opportunity to study the life of the people. The glass windows are striped with white lines. The reason for this is that some of the persons who travel in the cars are unused to glass, which perhaps they have never seen before. They are therefore inclined to put their heads through if there is nothing to indicate that something bare the way.

In cold weather, says the New York Sun, all Japanese travellers carry rugs, for the cars are heated merely by long steel cylinders filled with hot water and laid on the floor. Spreading his rug out on the seat, a Japanese never sits on anything not perfectly clean,—the passenger shakes off his gets, or wooden clogs, and curls his feet beneath him.

The next move is a smoke, in which both men and women indulge. A tiny pipe is commonly used, which never contains more than a wisp of tobacco the size of a pea, and affords not more than one or two puffs to the smoker. The ashes are then knocked out on the floor and another wisp stuffed in and lighted from the smoldering ashes just rejected.

At every station there are vendors of the little mandarin oranges. Every passenger buys a dozen or more, and eats them in a short time, throwing the skins about the floor. Boys pass by with tea in tiny earthen pots, a cup placed over the top. The price is three sen (a cent and a half). The teapot is left in the car.

The Japanese throw all sorts of refuse about, and the car soon presents a very untidy appearance, or would do so if it were not for the porters, who come in at odd stations and clean up.

### Putnam's Corn Extractor

Doesn't lay a man up for a week but quietly and surely goes on doing its work, and nothing is known of the operation till the corn is shelled. Plenty of substitutes do this. Some of them are dangerous, no danger from Putnam's except to the corn. At all druggists.

His estimate—Kornerloft told me that he had bought a block of oil paintings, said Cusmo.

What did he pay for them? asked Cawker.

He says they cost him something like \$250 a front foot on an average.

## 'Twas Dr. Chase Who

## Saved Our Baby,

Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Severe Chest Coughs Cannot Withstand the Soothing, Healing Effects of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It is the mothers who especially appreciate the unusual virtues of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. They keep it in the house as the most prompt and certain cure obtainable for croup, bronchitis and severe coughs and colds to which children are subject. It has never failed them. Scores of thousands of mothers say: "'Twas Dr. Chase who saved our baby."

Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald street, Barrie, Ont., says: "Having tried your medicine, my faith is very high in its powers of curing cough and croup. My little girl has been subject to the croup for a long time, and I found nothing to cure it until I gave Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. I cannot speak too highly of it."

Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Seaton street, Toronto, states: "My little grandchild had suffered with a nasty, hacking cough for about eight weeks when we procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. After the first dose she called

it 'honey' and was eager for medicine time to come around. I can simply state that part of one bottle cured her, and she is now well and as bright as a cricket."

Mrs. F. Dwyer, of Chesterville, says: "My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say is all right today after seven weeks' sickness."

Mr. E. Hill, fireman, Berkeley St. Fire Hall, Toronto, says: "I desire to say in favor of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine that one of my children was promptly relieved of whooping cough, and as long as obtainable will not be without it in the house, nor use any other treatment for diseases of the throat and lungs. 20 cents a bottle. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto."

### RUNAWAY FOUND.

Girl Related to Duke of Hamilton Posed as an Artist's Model.

The runaway daughter of a cousin of the duke of Hamilton has been found in New York city posing as a model for a life class.

She was located through the efforts of Lord Pauncefoot, British minister at Washington, to whom the girl's mother appealed after a year's fruitless search.

Consul General Sir Percy Sanderson of this city, upon receipt of instructions from Washington, notified the police who, after prosecuting a thorough and secret search, found the girl.

She was at once turned over to the care of the St. George society the representative English fraternal organization of New York, and, having expressed her willingness to quit her romantic existence, will be sent back to England Saturday on the steamship Minnehaha.

The girl's father is A. M. R. Douglass-Hamilton, first cousin of the duke. He obtained commendation as a commander in the British navy, but is now on the retired list. Miss Hamilton's mother was Mrs. Theresa Oliver. She was a widow when she married Mr. Hamilton, and her maiden name was Wentworth.

Several weeks ago Lord Pauncefoot received a letter from Mrs. Hamilton, who is now the wife of Commander Foster of the British navy, requesting that a search be made for her daughter Isola, who disappeared from home about a year ago. She was described in the letter as a "chronic runaway" and it was said she was last heard from in New York.

The matter was turned over to Sir Percy Sanderson for investigation. He asked the assistance of the police and Miss Hamilton was found at No. 250 West 36th street where she had been living in true Bohemian style since last September.

It was learned that Miss Hamilton had been posing at the Art Students' league in 57th street and it is said that the discovery was a great shock to her British friends. Miss Hamilton was watched several days and was taken to police headquarters, where she had a long talk with a police official. She was turned over to the British consul by the police.

Several ladies of the St. George society are looking out for her comfort, it is said, at the request of Mr. Percy Sanderson.

She eluded her guardian and ran away at the age of 10. She obtained a suit of boy's clothes and sold programs in a theatre in London. She was taken home, and when 14 ran away again. She was caught at Brighton in a fisherman's boat.

Again she ran away and went to Cairo, Egypt, where she attracted the attention of the nababs. She sold jewelry in a booth at a fair ground for an English firm. The habits of the Egyptians suited her taste and she still sleeps on the floor instead of a bed, sits on cushions on the floor and smokes cigarettes with her friends. She was induced to return home from Egypt.

Her Bohemian habits made it harder than ever for her to live with her mother, and a year ago she left her home again. She came to this country to find her father, and after a search of several weeks located him. She could not get along with her father's wife, who was shocked by her way of living, and after five weeks she left his house with 65c in her purse.

She had no friends in this city when she reached here. She obtained employment in an 8th-av drug store. This did not suit her. On one of her runaway trips in London she had posed, in drapery, for Sir Frederick Leighton of the Royal academy. Fioadilly, at King's college, Strand, and her thoughts turned in that direction here.

Charles H. Provost aided her. She obtained engagements to pose as a model at

the Academy of Design. Chase art school, Art Students' league, New York school of illustration and for Louis Lorenzi and La Farge, artists.

By working from 8 in the morning until 10 at night she made enough to live.

She was engaged to marry a relative of Sir Henry Irving in that city, but separated from him at the church door recently. She gave as an excuse that she could not give up her settled habits, to which her intended husband objected, and so she gave him up.

Miss Hamilton is very popular at the art schools, and everybody speaks well of her. She went to the masked ball at the Art league about a month ago, and when she was discovered some of the students were greatly offended at her presumption. She was requested to leave, and her feelings were so hurt that she welcomed the chance to return home.

### Not a Suitable Reference.

"Of course, you quite understand that I shall call upon Mrs. Whiffler for your character," remarked Mrs. Taggerty to the girl she had just engaged.

"Certainly, m'm," replied the girl, "although I would rather you didn't for Mrs. Whiffler is so eccentric that she is not always to be relied upon."

"In what way is she eccentric?" "She insists that her husband is quite a model father and husband, and that her children have never caused her a moment's anxiety."

"H'm, not much in that." "Then she says that she is perfectly content with one new dress and one new hat each season."

"H'm she is eccentric, then!" "And finally she has never attended a bargain sale and says that the only things sold at them are the women who buy!"

"Oh, the woman's mad! I shan't trouble her for your character. You can come in when you like!"

### An Exception.

"It makes me tired to see the manner in which these newspapers are run," said the man in the smoking compartment as he took off his glasses and let his paper drop across his knees.

The man who sat next to him had one lock of his hair, an oasis in a desert of scalp, which he spent most of the time in smoothing reflectively.

"I s'pose," he said slowly, "that you could give 'em all points?"

"I'm sure of it. Couldn't you?"

"No; I don't think I could." "Do you mean to say that you couldn't tell the editor how to run his paper?" exclaimed the man who had spoken first, in a tone that had absolute dismay in it.

"I do indeed," replied the man with the oasis earnestly.

"Well, I must say there are not many like you."

"I know it. I used to be like you. But now I'm trying to run a newspaper myself, and I tell you, my friend, I'm not sayin' a word; not a word."

## THE CLERGY LIKE IT.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Cures All Colds. It Relieves in 10 Minutes.

Here are a few names of clergymen of different creeds who are firm believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder to "live up to the preaching" in all it claims: Bishop Sweetman, Rev. Dr. Langtry (Episcopalian); Rev. Dr. Withrow and Rev. Dr. Chamber (Methodist) and Dr. Newman, all of Toronto, Canada. Copies of their personal letters for the asking. 50 cents. 4.

Quiz—What did Biffer do when you struck him? Mr. Drud—Me.