THE FATAL CIGAR.

"Murder will out," said Mr. Price Brindle as he lit a cigar and puffed at it vigorously, at the same time gazing keenly at me through the cloud of smoke he had raised.

"Do you think so?" I queried.

"I know so," was his emphatic rejoinder. "There's no such thing as a man having committed a crime escaping entirely. He may run scot free for a month or a year, but sooner or later he is bound to be found out. Now in the case of old Mr. Jordan. One would hardly think to look for his murderer in his son-in-law, who seemed to love the old man as his own father."

"There seems to be no doubt of the young man's guilt?"

"Not the least. An incautious word gave him away, and he is now in prison awaiting trial. I am sorry for his poor wife; but what could she expect marrying such a man as Jack Ferguson?"

"Such a man as Jack Ferguson?".

"Yes. He was a reformed gambler if the truth has been told, and Madeline Jordan took her ducks to a poor market when she became the wife of Ferguson. I came over at her request, however, to see you, Mr. Deering. The poor young thing seems all broken up over the affair, and I don't wonder."

"You think it necessary for a detective to look into this affair, Mr. Brindle?"

I regarded the junior partner of the firm of Jordan & Brindle questioningly.

"No, I don't think there's the least use," returned he. "I am of the opinion that Ferguson will confess, or at any rate can be made to do so if the case is worked up properly. That may be worth your time, captain."

"I will come over," said I. "The inquest has not been held, I understand?"

"No. At my request it has been stayed till you looked into the affair. I saw that the murderer was put in a safe place, however, pending an examination."

Price Brindle rose to his feet and bowed himself out, leaving me to my reflections. He was a man of influence in the little city of Dorington; a member of a real estate firm that was supposed to be wealthy.

The sudden death of the senior member of the firm had startled the community, and when it was found that a murder had been committed the wrath of Dorington was deep indeed.

I had not been long located in the place, and was somewhat surprised at receiving a call from Mr. Brindle on the day of the murder. He explaiped that his partner had been found dead on the floor of his office adjoining his dwelling, with a knife in his heart. The old man's son-in-law had quarreled with Jordan on the previous day, and had been heard to utter threats. Moreover the knife, a clasp affair, with a long, wicked blade, belonged to young Ferguson, and this fact, coupled with one that Ferguson had admitted quarreling with Jordan, led to his being arrested for murder.

Soon after the departure of Price Brindle I repaired to the scene of the crime. I was admitted by Mrs. Ferguson, a bright, pretty woman of less than twenty, whose face was pallid and stained with tears.

"Oh, sir, Jack never did it, and you must save him!" cried the young wife, a look of earnest entreaty in her brown eyes. I was touched at her grief, and promised to do what I could.

I entered the office, a small room adjoining the one in which the real estate dealer slept, he being a widower, his daughter acting as housekeeper. The body of the dead lay on a bed in a room off from his office.

Madeline did not accompany me to the place, but Mr. Brindle did.

"He was found right here," explained Brindle, pointing to the floor near a table, "where he had fallen out of his chair when the assassin plunged a knife to his heart."

I glanced keenly about, at the floor, the chair and the immediate surroundings. Under the table was a cuspidore in which lay the stump of a half burned cigar, and on the table sat a bottle of wine.

The land dealer had evidently been enjoying himself at the time he met his fate at the hand of an assassin.

From the office I passed into the bedroom and examined the dead. The knife wound was plainly to be seen. I soon made an important discovery.

There was no blood on the clothing of the murdered man, and I had noticed none in the office. Surely this was a little singular.

As I raised back into the front room I saw Price Brindle just removing the cuspidore from under the table.

"Leave that where it is," I said sharply.

"Eh! What, sir?"

The gentleman seemed astonished.

"Leave that cuspidore where it is, Mr. Brindle," I said. "Nothing must be disturbed till the inquest. You ought to know the custom in cases of this kind. Nothing must be disturbed in this room for the present."

"I beg pardon," said Mr. Brindle apologetically. "I have assumed charge since my partner's death, and supposed it would be all right to clean up the room a little, but I realize that you are right, Mr. Deering. I see that you understand your business, and Madeline did right in suggesting you as the proper person to look into this affair."

We left the room in company. I interviewed the officer in charge, and then went to Mrs. Ferguson.

"Have you made any discoveries?" she questioned at once.

"I think so," said I.

"Tell me"——

"Not yet. You must tell me all you know about this sad affair, Mrs. Ferguson."

I then began questioning the young wife closely. She admitted that her father and her husband had quarreled. Mr. Jordan was a man of violent temper, and often had hot words with those in his employ.

On the previous evening the two, Jordan and Ferguson, had sat till a late hour smoking and chatting in the office.

"Had they any quarrel last night?"

"None that I am aware of; in fact I am sure the meeting was a pleasant one," assured the woman. "When Jack was leaving a stranger called at the office, and my husband left the two together."

"Indeed! Did you see the stranger?"

"Yes; I saw him go down the walk in the moonlight. I had a bad toothache and could not sleep, and was up tending to it. Jack was snoring then, and I know he did not leave our room till morning."

"Who discovered the tragedy?"

"One of the servants."

"And then your husband was arrested?"

"Yes, he was arrested. I think Mr. Brindle pointed him out to the officers."

"What sort of a man is this Brindle?"

"A gentleman, sir; but he is mistaken when he accuses Jack."

"Perhaps. Did the stranger whom you saw leave the office at a late hour last night resemble Mr. Brindle?".

"Not in the least. Jack says he had a heavy beard. Oh, no, sir; Mr. Brindle is a gentleman, and would not wrong anybody intentionally."

"Perhaps not."

I questioned her minutely about her father's relations with different men. She could give no information about her father's visitor, but requested me to see Jack, who had seen him in the full glare of the office lamp.

Once more I returned to the office, and made it a point to secure two things, the cuspidore and the bottle of wine. I had a theory which I was determined to carry out immediately.

The bottle of wine and cuspidore I secreted in a paper, and carried them both to a chemist who was a personal friend. Leaving those with him I turned my steps toward the city prison.

I found Jack Ferguson a young man of good address and frank face, yet deeply distressed over his unfortunate position. He had little to offer save that he was innocent. The knife found in his employer's heart was his, but it had been stolen from him a long time before the tragic event. As to the stranger, he had never seen him before, and even Mr. Jordan seemed not to know him.

"He was very chatty, however, and offered cigars to both Mr. Jordan and myself."

"Did you accept one?"

"Yes."

"And smoked it?"

"No; I was just going out, and put the cigar in my pocket."

"Where is it now?"

"In my coat at home."

"Very good."

A little later I left him and repaired to the chemist.

"What luck, Will?"

"The wine is all right."

"And the cupsidore?"

"I'll tell you," and my friend bent forward and whispered a word in my ear.

"I thought so," I said with a start.

The chemist was curious, and I had to enlighten him as to my latest case. I had everything in readiness for the inquest, which was held the next morning. I made myself solid with the coroner at the outset, and had learned from Mrs. Ferguson her whole family history, and such other things as I deemed necessary.

The first witness called was young Ferguson, who gave an account of that last evening with his employer. Since the young man was under arrest his testimony was taken with a degree of allowance on the part of the jury. He told of the coming of the stranger, a man with an immense beard, who professed to know Mr. Jordan, and who seemed a good natured fellow indeed, since he offered cigars at once. Next on the stand was Madeline. She corroborated that part of the story her husband told relating to the stranger, and I could see that she had an influence on the jury.

I took it upon myself to ask a good many questions. The most important witness was yet to come, however, in the person of the murdered man's partner.

He was cool and collected enough when he took the witness stand. After the coroner had brought out the fact that the Ferguson knife found in the heart of the murdered man I took the witness.

"How long have you been in partnership with Mr. Jordan?"

My first question was one easily answered, which led to others of a preliminary nature.

"Now, Mr. Brindle, is it your opinion that your partner came to his death from the knife wound?"

"Of course. How else could it be?" said he quickly.

"We will get at that soon," I said. "Now, sir, if the knife caused Jordan's death, what became of the blood? I found none on the floor, nor any in or about the murdered man's clothing."

I regarded the witness keenly.

"He must have bled internally," was Brindle's reply.

"Would it be possible to stab a man to the heart, and not draw a drop of blood to the outside?"

"I do not know, sir."

"But I know. It would be impossible," I said sharply.

"Well, it may be. I cannot judge," returned the witness. "I am sure the knife was found in Mr. Jordan's heart, and as it belongs to Jack Ferguson that is evidence to me that he is the murderer."

"Now don't jump at conclusions, Mr. Brindle. We do not care for your opinion in the case just now. You will simply answer questions put to you," I said curtly.

"I am ready to answer, sir."

"Very well, sir. An expert surgeon has held a post-mortem on the remains, and he asserts that Mr. Jordan was stabbed after life was extinct!"

I bent, and regarded Brindle keenly. I saw his face blanch, and believed he trembled.

"What is this to me?" he said finally.

"You will soon discover."

"I did not come here to be insulted."

The man was getting on his dignity, and it pleased me.

"You shall not be insulted," I said. "We only seek the truth, and so are sifting matters. Now, Mr. Brindle, tell the jury who the strange man was who visited Mr. Jordan on the night of the murder."

"I know nothing about him."

"Are you sure?"

"I am not in the habit of being doubted, Mr. Deering," snapped the witness angrily.

The man was losing his temper, a fact that pleased me not a little. I would soon have him at a good advantage.

"I suppose not," I returned, "but I beg to differ with you as regards this stranger. However, let him drop now. Do you recognize this?"

I suddenly presented a morocco cigar case to the gaze of the witness. He glared a moment and then put out his hand.

"It is mine," he said.

"Exactly."

I now turned to the jury, and said: "Gentlemen, this cigar case was found in Price Brindle's pocket, the pocket of a coat worn on the night of the murder. It has been ascertained that Mr. Jordan died before he was stabbed, and the stub of a cigar found in the cuspidore in Jordan's office, being analyzed, is found to contain a most subtle poison.

"The stranger who visited Jordan on that fatal night passed cigars, and one of them Jack Ferguson took, but did not smoke. That, too, has been analyzed. It contained the same subtle drug. It is evident that a double murder was contemplated."

Profound silence reigned while I made this announcement.

The face of Mr. Price Brindle was very white. At length he said:

"What is this to me? I can't see that this helps Jack Ferguson."

"I'll tell you," I cried, turning upon him with a piercing look. "The plot to remove both Mr. Jordan and Jack Ferguson has failed. The poisoned cigar that the former smoked came out of this morocco case. The cigars remaining here contain the same deadly drug, and you acknowledge the case and cigars to be yours, Price Brindle!"

White as a ghost the witness gasped:

"The case is mine, but not the cigars. It is a plot to ruin me."

"Oh, no, it is not," I said, suddenly producing a huge false beard. "This you wore on the night of the murder, Mr. Brindle. The evidence is complete. You are the murderer!"

His white lips parted, but no sound came forth. With a gasp he slipped from his chair in a dead faint.

Price Brindle confessed the crime soon after. His motive was twofold. His partner's daughter refused him and married Jack Ferguson, and he (Brindle) was an embezzler, having robbed the firm for some time, and fearing detection he planned the murder. Failing to kill Ferguson as after thought caused him to attempt firing the crime on the young man. Brindle died in prison soon after the confession.

—J. M. Merrill in Yankee Blade.

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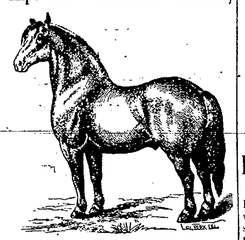

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So well known in Allegany and Steuben counties, will be at Andover every Thursday through the season, commencing Thursday, April 16, and all farmers who desire to breed to a draft horse are requested to inspect this horse and his stock.

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

A Week's Record of Events at the National Capital.

[From the NEWS' Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, April 13, 1891.

Senator Peffer is in demand at public meetings here and he doesn't forget to impress the principles of the Farmers' Alliance upon his hearers at every opportunity. He made a speech at a largely attended meeting of the Federation of Labor last week, that has attracted wide attention. He took up the immigration question—a very lively one just now—from the passage of the notorious contract-labor law in 1864, of which he said: "Many a time have I wondered how the hand of honest old Abe. Lincoln must have shaken when he signed it." This law he argued was the natural sequel of the granting of $24,000,000 acres of public lands to railroads in 1862 and '63, and was passed to enable their agents to bring over under contract cheap European laborers to do their work. As a direct result of the agitation in 1882 the first anti-alien Contract law was passed, another in 1885, and still another at the last session of Congress. He then gave his hearers some pointers about pushing the educational work in and out of season, and supporting men from their own ranks.

Speaking of an interview in which Senator Edmunds characterized the Farmers' Alliance movement as a fever, Mr. Peffer said: "Some people—fossils, I was going to say—are inclined to belittle these things. I notice that Dr. Geo. F. Edmunds said that it was nothing but a fever, and that the public were afflicted periodically in this way. But the people will not listen to these ancient physicians, and will not heed antediluvian remedies." Concluding he said: "I want to identify myself with you. I want you, the laboring men and women of the country, to understand that you have at least one friend in the Senate of the United States, one who will not be ashamed or afraid to present whatever you wish to that dignified body."

Another distinguished Alliance man, Col. L. L. Polk, president of the National Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, made his first bow before a Washington audience Thursday evening, at a public meeting held by local branch No. 4, National Farmers' Alliance. He made a good impression, and it is said some converts by his able presentation of the principles of his organization.

* * *

The centennial of the American Patent system was celebrated here last week, and the town was full of men who had made fortunes out of their own or somebody else's inventions, to say nothing of the newspaper inventors whom we have with us always. The patent office was beautifully decorated inside in honor of the occasion, and in the lecture hall of the National Museum was an exhibition of many interesting things, including the identical printing press at which Benjamin Franklin worked in London. Friday morning the visiting inventors were taken to Mt. Vernon and allowed to pay their devotion to the tomb of Washington, and their spare cash for souvenirs sold on the ground, and Friday afternoon the celebration closed with a military review. It was a very pleasant affair to those on the inside, so to speak, but as tickets were required for everything the people were really not "in it."

* * *

Baron Fava, the Italian minister, has gone home, and the public lost interest in the cause of his going as soon as it was certain that a peaceful settlement would eventually be reached. Mr. Blaine's answer to the last dispatch from the Italian government was read to the cabinet, approved and sent off by mail this week. It will not be made public at this time.

* * *

Ex-Representative Crouse of Nebraska, has been appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury at the request of Secretary Foster, with whom he served in the House some years ago.

* * *

Gen. Benj. F. Butler, was made happy this week by the receipt of $270,000 of government money in payment for the white elephant he has had on his hands ever since he built the big stone house just opposite the Capitol building, which the last Congress very kindly passed a bill to purchase for its own use at the price named.

* * *

Uncle Jerry Rusk, having succeeded in getting Germany to agree to lift its embargo on American meats, has now turned all his heavy guns upon France, and he hopes to be equally successful with that country.

* * *

It is believed here that Canadian reciprocity is completely done for as far as the present administration is concerned and that no notice will ever be sent to the Canadian government that Mr. Harrison is ready to receive them and hear their propositions. Mr. Harrison is critized for having so brusquely sent the eminent Canadians back home, when they came here to keep an engagement with Mr. Blaine. "It would have only been courtesy to have allowed them to say what they came to say," remarked a Republican Senator the other evening, and he is by no means alone in thinking so.

* * *

Senator Edmunds' resignation created more regret than surprise among his party associates.

State Alliance Delegates.

The following is a list of delegates elected to represent Allegany County at the organization of the State Alliance, which is to occur at Hornellsville April 22. D. F. Allen, S. L. Stanton, G. A. Scoot, Rev. B. C. Fisk, D. L. Langworthy, A. H. Wixson, D. W. Collins, Truman Lewis, F. E. Hammond, Alonzo Hooker. Alternates: A. J. Burr, W. H. Cranson, A. C. Tafft, J. D. Rogers, Francis Burlingame, B. C. White, G. H. Roberts, C. L. Sick, Jas. McElheny, T. S. Woodard.

CORWIN HILL NEWS.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Houghtaling of Quigg Hollow, visited Mrs. Wm. Jones' people one day last week.

Willie Jones has been real sick with a lung difficulty, but is some better at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Cody and son, of Andover, visited friends in this place last week.

W. H. Boyd returned from Honeoye Monday of this week.

Mr. Abner Love of New York City, and Mrs. Hartrum of Greenwood, visited Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Corwin last week.

Mr. Martindale was in this place on business Monday.

ELM VALLEY NEWS.

Our cheese meeting was held one week ago yesterday, and resulted in L. V. Stratton contracting to furnish everything and delivering the cheese at $1.15 per hundred lbs.

S. G. Waffle is suffering with a severe attack of the grip.

Messrs Len. Halsey and Geo. Evingham of Wellsville, have taken up their residence in this place.

Farmers are improving the fine weather.

A Pleasant Herb Drink.

The best cure we know of for constipation and headache is the pleasant herb called Lane's Family Medicine. It is said to be Oregon grape root combined with simple herbs, and is made for use by pouring boiling water onto the dried roots and herbs. It is one of the best spring medicines, and is remarkably efficacious in all blood disorders. It is now the sovereign remedy with ladies for clearing up the complexion. Druggists sell the packages at 50c and $1.

WOMAN'S COLUMN.

Miss Willard recently spoke from the pulpit of a Presbyterian church of Frankford, a suburb of Philadelphia, where John B. Gough made his final address. She compared those last immortal words of the great orator, "Young man, keep your record clean," with his first temperance speech, in 1842, when at Worchester, Mass., as he went forward to sign the pledge, a titter was heard in the rear of the hall. Running his fingers through his shock of hair with characteristic gesture, seen afterwards by eight thousand people, he cried almost with tears: "Boys, why do you laugh? Am I not a man?"

"Yes," said a Kentuckian who had been in the far west. "Indians are powerful fond of whiskey. Let them get the taste of whiskey, and they'll give up everything for it. An old chief out in Western Dakota offered me a pony, saddle, bridle, blanket, and I don't know what else, for a pint of whiskey I had with me."

"And you wouldn't give it to him?"

"Not much! That was the last pint I had with me. But it shows how fond the Indians are of whiskey."

"In a small place a woman can't buy a calliker apron without the whole neighborhood holding an inquest over it. Some think she orto have it, some think it is extravagent in her, and some think the set flowers on it is too young for her; and then they will quarrel agin whether she ought to make it with a bib or not. The reason why men's talk, as a general thing, is better than wimmen's, is because they have bigger things to talk about.—*Samantha Allen.*

The very heathen rise up to condemn England for the opium trade in the East. A protest has been sent from India to the house of Commons, which characterizes the sale of opium under the license of the British government as "utterly indefensible on moral grounds—an offense against God and the millions who are under British rule in India."

"Oh, yes," remarked Ketchley in a self-satisfied way, "Lulu and I will start out in married life under very favorable circumstances. Her mother gives us a neat little home, her father furnishes it, and her Uncle DeLong has stocked one of the neatest stables in the city. Besides Lulu has a snug income in her own name." "What part do you furnish?" "Well, principally the name, principally the name."

The Soldier's Home in Washington, with 800 men within its walls, has hardly an inmate in the guard house once a month. There is no canteen permitted within a mile of the grounds, and earnest temperance efforts are made to help the men keep a high standard of daily living.

A MODERN INSTANCE.

"Madam, are you a woman suffragist?"

"No sir, I haven't time to be."

"Haven't time! Well, if you had the privilege of voting whom would you support?"

"The same man I have supported for the last ten years."

"And who is that?"

"My husband.

What does a change of opinion show except a readiness to admit that you may be wiser or better informed to-day than you were yesterday?

There are now said to be 10,000 bands of mercy in the U. S.

Cigarette smokers show unmistakably the effect of the opium in the eyes and nervous system.