


A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE



HE sympathy of the public is usually bestowed upon the weaker sex, although Heaven knows it is a little ungrateful to suppose that the weakness of humanity is confined to woman alone. Certainly matters of love and sacrifice are often times proves herself the stronger.

and in criminal ways her powers of invention have many times required the same of her male associates. The subtle devices resorted to by women for pulling the wool over the eyes of the officers of the law are frequently more unimpeachable and difficult to penetrate than the most scientific roguesy planned

He told him that he was married, and that his husband had died but a short time before and that the family had entombed in New Orleans. It was likewise discovered that the little store was a resort for persons who would bear watching. The man who was the customer who was the one who was the customer occasionally left the place with business carrying a basket on his arm and that she was always looking over her shoulder and peering about to see if she suspected she was being watched. Tracking her from the dry goods store to the St. Louis street and to the balcony. Approaching the tomb, she knelt down before it and bowed her head as if engaged in prayer. Leaning against the tomb she was by a well-dressed man apparently waiting for some one. As the dog drew near the stranger, and as he

"Are you Mr. Chappela?" she asked in a sweet voice.

Without further ceremony she introduced herself as Mrs. Wood, the lady who had been falsely accused in a United States district court case. She had learned that he was a benefactor to the worthy poor and that she stood steadily in need of assistance. Her story was that she and her daughter of tender age, had been keeping a small variety store and had had a quarrel with a neighbor through humbug and war and had been obliged to struggle along and the store on existence. An attachment had been issued and a keeper put in her little store. "Tears glistened in her beautiful brown eyes and she said that she would soon be her freedom, but that woman said to her from her father's estate, and she could not

er City, the suspected woman gazed from her seat and stepped into the ladies retiring room at the front on a sudden. The detective was keeping his eyes on her, and he saw her pass the door 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 scan fully view the faces of every woman entering the boat. The first 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.

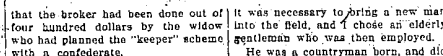
"I was a little off my beam," he remarked, "but I am glad to have my 'ber' corners for all classes of criminals. Here the thief mixes with the thief and passes along unnoticed. It was

"Of course I will tell you all about it," she said good humoredly. "I guess you will get tired of listening before long."

"I was a good talker and had appeared to be a woman of refinement and education as she prattled along. Still she said she had once been rich but had been unfortunate; her husband had died from disease and she young as she only daughter had become crippled and she was now alone. As she talked glibly, she was all the while exhibiting her stock in trade.

"Here," said she, "is a lovely bonnet that I trimmed for a rich lady, but it has not been called for. A fine lace

money expended in running her down through the information she gave.  
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