Tragedy of the Brook

By Dr. George F. Butler and Herbert Ilsley

Dr. Furnivall Solves the Perplexing Case of Sadie Patrick

At a few minutes after six o'clock a man at the Metropolitan Print works were crossing Winchester's field, making a short cut for home and breakfast, when one of their number uttered a cry of horror and broke into a run. His companions stared after him, at first in wonder, but the next moment they, too, were running in the same direction, and in a few bounds came upon their fellow's horror, who, in a frenzy of haste and excitement, was dragging the body of a woman from the waters of the small brook which flowed there.

"Is she drowned?" whispered one.

"Drowned!" exclaimed another, significantly, and pointing to the red stains on the face and clothing.

"Don't touch it, Barney," cried another. "Wait for the police. Leave it exactly as you found it—man, don't you know enough for that?"

"Is Sadie Patrick!" breathed the first who had spoken, gazing with frightened eyes from the pretty features to the gaping wound in the throat. "Put her down, Barney," he whispered, shrilly. "You are dabbled in blood."

"But I can't let her stay in the water," Barney remonstrated. He laid his burden on the shore and stood looking at it awkwardly, while one of the men ran swiftly to the police station and the others crowded around and in awed tones discussed the probabilities of the case. The girl had been known to them all, in a general way, for she had formerly worked in the factory and lived among them in the boarding house quarter, though for the past year or two she had served as a domestic in various rich families in the city. Her reputation was that of a quiet, well-behaved and thoroughly respectable girl, a steady church-goer, without either enemies or men followers—a girl's girl, fond of innocent amusements among her own sex, bright, good-humored and inoffensive. Vaguely these workmen felt that such a tragedy as this was incongruous with her character. They could not imagine any motive for such a crime against her, and in their low-toned conversation long periods of grewsome silence were more frequent than words.

The medical examiner with the ambulance and police soon arrived and immediately pronounced the girl dead. The body was taken to the nearest undertaking establishment, and then the police began their search for the murderer.

That evening a refined appearing woman, dressed in the fashion and heavily veiled, called on Dr. Furnivall.

"I have come to you, Dr. Furnivall," she began, "in the interest of justice. You have read in the papers, doubtless, of the finding of the body of the domestic, Sadie Patrick, this morning?"

"Yes," answered the doctor. If his speech was brief, one who knew him well would have seen that he was immediately alive with interest. This stranger saw only an impassive face beneath a professional beard, the eyes concealed by colored spectacles.

"Well," the lady continued, "I do not wish to give you my name, for reasons which you will appreciate, I am sure. I cannot be openly connected with such an awful matter. But if you have read the evening as well as morning papers—"

She paused inquiringly. He said "Yes," and she continued:

"You have seen, then, that they have arrested a man for the crime. That man is innocent. I know it. I swear it now, here, to you. He must not be convicted. I know that all the appearances are against him, that he is the person who was last to be seen in her company, that they say she had jilted him, that he loved her, and that he swore falsely, as they afterwards found, when he said that he went to bed at seven o'clock that evening. I say I know all this. But I know something more, too, and that is that—that—"

Her voice trembled, broke, and he felt that she was exerting all her will to refrain from weeping aloud. She made a movement as if to use her handkerchief, but the thought of the veil evidently stayed her hand on its way to her eyes, and she sat in silence a moment with heaving breast. Then she continued:

"I can give you only a woman's reason—I realize that it would not be in law—but that man is innocent. The doctors who performed the autopsy declare that the process of digestion had continued for two or perhaps three hours, and as she ate at six o'clock the crime must have been perpetrated between eight and ten. To my certain knowledge this young man was vitally occupied during those hours some miles away from that field!"

"His mistake was, then, that he didn't say so when he was examined, and prove it, instead of swearing he was at home and in bed all the evening. Unfortunately for him he was seen alighting from a car at some distance from his street at 11 o'clock, surreptitiously, too, as if to escape observation."

"Yes, that was his mistake. But taken suddenly and questioned on a matter for which he was totally unprepared it seemed necessary to him, in his confusion, to tell this story in order to shield another person in an affair wholly unconnected with this terrible tragedy. Even now that he knows why they asked him to account for his movements last night and that if he does not tell the truth he will be charged with killing the girl he loved, he remains loyal to that other. He will not speak, though to do so would free him at once. For to relate truthfully his movements between seven o'clock and ten last evening would be to betray one who is already miserable enough and add to her weak shoulders a burden too great to be borne. Oh, he is kind, noble, that young man! He shall not suffer if I can help it. Doctor, I have money. I have a great deal more than I ever can make use of. Accept this case, accept it kindly, do not ask me questions, for I cannot answer them; trust me, trust me as a gentleman trusts a gentlewoman, prove this youth innocent, as you with your brilliant intellect and your wonderful science of psychology can do so easily, just prove him innocent, that is all I ask, whether or not the real criminal is found, and all I have will be too small a price to pay for the service to me." She arose in her excitement as she finished and held her clasped hands appealingly toward him.

"But," the doctor objected, "how can I prove him innocent without finding the real criminal—"

"Oh, find them, then; find him, doctor; you must! If that young man should tell where he was last night it would ruin me, spoil my life; there would be nothing left for me but the grave. And he will speak, it is not in nature for him to make so great a sacrifice, he will speak unless you can clear him—"

"Do not agitate yourself," the doctor said, gently. "Calm your mind and consider the matter on two or three of its collateral sides. For example, you wish your identity to remain unknown, yet it will be necessary for me, in order to do what you wish, to hypnotize this young man, Fickett, who is now in jail, and get his story. Then your name will be divulged—"

"O, no—no—no!" she cried, again starting up. "You must not ask him that! I implore you—"

"Second," he went on, evenly, "it is almost an assured fact that you are exaggerating the importance of your trouble. A woman, or any person, unaccustomed to the peculiarities and amenities of the law, is very likely to find cause for fear when there is none—"

"But, doctor," she burst forth, "this is no a mere fear, it is a fact. Why will you not trust me? I am aware that the circumstances are peculiar and that I am asking almost an impossibility when I come to you, a perfect stranger, in this way, and request both your trust and assistance, especially in a matter so grave and perilous. But, God help me! I have my reasons! There is nobody else to whom I can appeal. You alone have the power to save me, to save that young man. Doctor, you will do it; oh, say you will, say it! If only you knew if only you knew!"

She wrung her hands and burst into a passion of weeping.

"Did you ever hear of this Miss Patrick before?" he asked.

She raised her head quickly and looked at him through tears.

"Oh, I knew her well," she sobbed. "She was coming to me to-morrow to accompany me abroad as maid. It was through her that I became acquainted with Henry Fickett, who called at my home several times with her when she came to talk over her engagement with me. It was she who told me that he would do what I wanted done. I understood that they were to be married some time. Now, the papers say that she jilted him. It may be so, but it must have been within a very few days."

"This is the first time I have heard of her intention of leaving the Bryant?, where she has been six months, according to the press," said Dr. Furnivall. "Indeed, Mrs. Bryant tells the police that the girl was perfectly satisfied there, and that in turn they liked her. It is strange that she did not know of the girl's proposed change, to take place so soon, too."

"Sadie was afraid of somebody. I don't know whom, but she had a great dread of some person, and wished to keep her whereabouts a secret. She intrusted this to me, and promised to tell me all about it. I had every confidence in her, for I had known her for two or three years, had seen her at the homes of my friends where she was employed, and they all gave her a splendid character. I thought myself fortunate to be able to procure so faithful and competent a girl. But I do not understand why she should not notify Mrs. Bryant of her coming change. That was not honorable, and was simply unlike her."

Dr. Furnivall sat a moment in thought. The case had been interesting to him from the beginning for two reasons. First, he knew young Fickett, who was an assistant in the provision store which supplied the doctor's own table, and in his estimate of his character he could not find any traces of homicidal possibilities. He felt that the police had got the wrong man, an event which alone was calculated to enlist his sympathies. Second, the crime was one which, lacking all apparent motive, once Fickett and his supposititious jealousy were eliminated, promised to tax his detective ability to the utmost, and this also was a condition full of attraction for him. And now this woman with her mysterious trouble which she would not name! It certainly was a beautiful combination of possibilities. Yes, he would straighten the affair out if only for the joy of the hunt. But he must start right with his present visitor.

"Madam," he said, "I will not ask you, you are—it does not concern me. But I am obliged to inform you that, in all probability you will become known, unavoidably, through the very efforts you wish me to put forth for Henry Fickett. And I warn you now that if there is any step which, taken by you beforehand, would save you, you would better take it at once."

He arose with a business-like air as if to close the interview. She stood silent, her eyes on the floor. As he passed to open the door for her she grasped his arm.

"One moment," she said in a strained voice. "Is there any need of others beside yourself being present when you question Fickett?"

"It is impossible to say. That is why I warn you. It will depend on whether his evidence is of importance in the murder case. I may see him first alone, and need not call in others unless it should prove necessary. But at least I, or no other, shall hear your name and learn your secret."

She gazed at him earnestly. He could not see her face with any distinctness through the heavy veil, but he knew she was sorely frightened. Finally she gave him her hand, saying almost inaudibly:

"Very well, sir. You are a gentleman, and in that case will know how act." Then she went out hurriedly.

The next morning the doctor proceeded to the jail and was shown to Fickett's cell. The prisoner was a youth of 24, with fresh cheeks, light, honest eyes and a naturally mild expression of countenance, though now he appeared thoroughly scared and distressed. He brightened somewhat as Dr. Furnivall came in, and advanced a step to meet him; but as the doctor removed his spectacles and looked him the eye he grew deathly pale and retreated.

"Why do you act like that, Fickett?" the doctor inquired. "You know I wouldn't hurt you, don't you?"

"But you took off your glasses, and I know what that means," he answered. "I never saw you without them before, and I never expected to. I don't want to be pumped—I can't be!"

The doctor hesitated a moment over the young fellow's evident distress. Then he replaced his spectacles over his eyes.

"I won't do it," he soliloquized, "unless there is absolute need of it. Let the mysterious lady keep her secret, whatever it is." Then he regarded Fickett, who saw the glasses go on again with a lively show of relief.

"Have you any suspicion of anybody in connection with the Patrick girl's death?" he asked.

The young fellow gulped down the sob which suddenly rose in his throat. "No," he answered, huskily, "I haven't the least idea who could do it."

"Were you engaged to marry the girl?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was the engagement ever broken?"

"No, sir, but she asked me to say that it was the other night, just for the fun of it. But we were going to get married just the same, some time."

"Was there any other lover in the case?"

"No."

"Did you know that she was about to change her place?"

"Yes, but she told me not to tell anyone."

"Did she give you any reasons for wishing the change kept secret?"

"She said she wanted to surprise her friends; that's all."

"How long have you known her?"

"About a year."

"Where was she employed when you first became acquainted with her?"

"At Mrs. Bufield's, on Hills street."

"Did you know that she feared somebody, and wished to go away in order to escape this somebody?"

"No."

"Well, that is sufficient," Dr. Furnivall said. "Two things he had learned. That this lover was not in the girl's confidence, and that therefore it was some former lover that she was afraid of. Anything else she would confide in him. The next step was to find out who this lover was. He hurried to Mrs. Bufield's, but that lady was sure the girl never had any men callers or intimate friends. Whenever she went anywhere she always told her whom she was going with, and it was always some girl chum.

"Did you see these girl chums on the occasions?" the doctor asked.

"Why, no," she answered. "But, oh, Sadie would not lie about it."

Two other women who had employed the girl gave the same testimony, that she never went anywhere with men, but frequently attended the theater or parties with other girls. But they never had seen these girls, though they were positive that Sadie, who was the most truthful of human beings, would not deceive them in such a matter. At the end Dr. Furnivall was convinced by the testimony of these innocent employers that the girl had a lover, one who for some reason she wished to keep under the rose, and with whom she had passed these frequent evenings which were supposed to have been spent with girl friends. That was the man he must find, for the news of her engagement to Fickett would furnish the motive for the crime which hitherto had been lacking, as well as explain why the girl wished it believed that the match was off. But the strictest search failed to disclose any such person, or indicate in the remotest degree whom he could be.

"Well, I must begin at the beginning," he soliloquized, as he turned his footsteps away from the home of the last of these witnesses. "The story must be worked from the ground up. Our mysterious lady has complicated matters by her desire for secrecy in her affairs, for I am sure I could find some sort of a lead in Fickett if I should keep at him long enough, though he is unconscious himself that he knows anything. But I won't pry into the lady's secret unnecessarily, and I should have to do that in order to find out what I wish to know. Fortunately there's another way open."

He drove to the undertaker's and examined the body, interviewed the medical examiner and policemen who had brought the remains from the field, then hurried to the field itself and looked the ground all over. The soil around the edge of the brook was a mixture of clay and gravel in which footprints were easily discernible, and he saw at once where a heavy weight had been dragged from the water across this a few feet away. He knew that the police theory was that the deed had been done on the little bridge near by, the girl having been thrown into the water, afterwards drifting to the spot where the workmen coming along the path towards the bridge had spied it. Following up the stream he could see no traces of blood, either along the bank or on the bridge, or, in fact, anywhere but at the point where the body had lain and from there in a straight line to the grass over which the workman had dragged and carried it.

"It looks as if the thing was done right here, and not on the bridge," he said to himself, gazing down to where the waves rippled on the clayey shore. Suddenly he bent eagerly forward. There in the mud of the river bottom, three feet out, where the water was knee deep, were the tracks of brogans pointing in towards the bank. Removing his shoes and stockings he waded in and followed the tracks which, sunken deep in the mud, as if made by a person of weight, or carrying a heavy burden, were plainly to be seen by one in the brook over them, though they would be invisible from the shore, and found that they led back under the bridge and to a point on the opposite bank some rods above it. Here they turned in to a flat stone surrounded by bushes, which formed an ideal lover's seat, and this stone and the ground and foliage near it were drenched with blood.

"Aha! Here is where it was done, then, and he carried her to that other place. What for? Here she might remain undiscovered for days, while there—"

He paused, standing a moment in thought. Then he crossed the bridge, resumed his foot-wear, and following the trail made by the workmen through the grass as they ran to where the body lay, soon reached the well-worn path along which the men had been walking when the cry of their companion attracted their attention. In the path he turned and regarded the shore.

"This morning the sun rose at exactly a quarter to six," he said to himself. "At a few minutes past six, when these men came by here, the body would be lying in the shadow of that bush, and—by the great Jove! Yes, it would not have been visible from here at all, even in full sunlight! That perspicacious Barney must have eyes that bore through the solid earth!"

He took a small magnifying glass from his pocket, and after scrutinizing the various footprints on the shore, again waded into the stream and searched the tracks there with the greatest care, following them for some distance. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation of satisfaction mingled with astonishment.

"My boy," he soliloquized, "I've got you! But what in the name of heaven could be your object?"

Within ten minutes he was at the police station, and a few moments later in company with two officers he entered the room of Barney Maloney at his boarding-house. Barney was sitting on the side of his bed, preparing for his day's sleep. He was a somewhat stupid appearing young fellow, of 25 or so, not too cleanly, with a sandy complexion, stocky of build, and it was plain that he had been drinking some.

"Barney," said Dr. Furnivall without ceremony, "tell these gentlemen what you know about the death of Sadie Patrick!"

He removed his spectacles as he spoke and looked fixedly into the man's faded blue eyes.

For a moment it seemed as if the fellow had been suddenly turned to stone, he became so rigid and gray of skin. Then he shrieked out:

"Why, I was the man that found her! Would I do that if I had done it? I found her there in the water, yes, and the boys—I saw me when I done it, and the blood that's on me, I got it when I picked her up in my arms and put her on the shore, and the boys will swear to it, every one of them, for they was there—"

He paused in his headlong rush of words, his eyes in the doctor's, his expression changing rapidly from fright to peace, to earnestness, and finally to wrapt abstraction. Then almost instantly he resumed in a voice more resembling a machine's than a man's:

"I killed her myself!"

"Why?"

"She was my wife, and she was trying to run away from me with another man, and I wouldn't have it. She was my girl, that I married when she was out of work and supported, unbeknownst to anybody because she was ashamed of me—she thought I was not as good as she might have, I found that out all right. And when she got work she was for going some place else where I wouldn't be bothering her—me that took her when she was poor and in trouble! And then I heard she was on with this other one. So that night I slipped out of the mill and had her take a walk for a word about that, and she madded me, and the first thing I knew I had done it, for I had the knife with me. I ran away back again to the work, but I seen the blood on me, and I knew 'twas no good trying to hide the clothes, for somebody always finds them, so I would make the play that I found her in the morning and got it on me then. Back I goes to the bridge and took her in the water to the place where I thought I could see her when we was coming by in the night-shift off. I put her too far down on the bank, and I couldn't see her in the morning, but I knew she was there, so I cries out and runs—"

At this point one of the officers took him by the arm.

"I have a warrant for you, Maloney," he said, "for the murder of Sadie Patrick."

That evening Dr. Furnivall, reading a daily paper, saw, in a story headed, "Mystery in High Life, Child Abducted," this paragraph:

"Wednesday evening between seven and eight o'clock the three-year-old son of Mr. Chase Harlow, of the ultra smart set, was kidnaped from that gentleman's home, and all attempts to recover the child or learn the identity of the abductor have failed. That the crime must have been committed by a person thoroughly posted upon the habits of the inmates is assured by the manner in which the daring deed was conceived and carried out. . . . It will be recalled that it was only last week that Mr. Harlow succeeded in securing a divorce from his beautiful wife, who was prostrated on finding that the custody of the child, whom she worshiped, was given to the father."

Dr. Furnivall gave a low whistle.

"Jove, my lady of the veil!" he exclaimed. "You said you had your reasons, and you certainly did have—with a vengeance!"

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HE WAS A WONDERFUL JOCKEY

Charles Taylor Rode His Last Race at Age of 96 and Was Model Man.

Charley Taylor, veteran horseman, died this winter at the age of 102. He had made White River Junction, Vt., his home about fifty years. He loved horses as a boy in Canada, sold and handled them there and in the states and finally became a well-known driver on the racetracks of both countries.

It is estimated he won 70 per cent of about 1,700 races, says the Vermonter. He knew what his horses could do in any event, was always with them, even slept with them. He rarely carried a whip, but urged them by a word. He "never abused an animal to have that come up against him."

He was thorough in trifles. His habits were regular and exemplary. He was always in condition. It was his quiz boast that he never lost a meal, never had a cold or a doctor, never took a glass of liquor or used tobacco, never used an oath or shook dice. He never married. His last race was at the age of 98.

As a centenarian he drove exhibition half miles at fairs, and even last October at the state fair resented proffered assistance when alighting from the sulky. His mental and physical activities were surprising to the last. He did the chores, cared for the garden and hens.

He would rarely sit down, and always kept busy, saying: "This is what saves a man. Work to eat, work to sleep. If a man can't sleep he'll wear out." A four weeks siege of pneumonia carried Mr. Taylor off at last, though the attending physician says he was out doors every day during the time and seemed recovering until a relapse the day before his death.

Every Town in County "Dry."

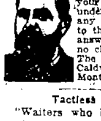
Little Yates has the distinction of being the only county in the state that is absolutely "dry." Every town in the county has voted no license. The village of Penn Yan, the county capital, will use "cold tea" as a regular beverage for the first time in 30 years. Yates is the smallest county in the state, and the tourist can cross it in either direction before he gets very thirsty without exceeding the speed limit.—Utica (N. Y.) Press.

BEST STOMACH REMEDY FREE

It is an old saying that if the stomach is sound the whole body is safe, because so much depends upon the proper working of the stomach. Many persons find themselves with a disorder of the stomach which produces dyspepsia or a peculiar state of biliousness.

If you suffer from both stomach trouble and constipation you are on the way to a very serious disease. From just such conditions come appendicitis, rheumatism, skin diseases and similar disorders, because the waste matter that should have been dispelled from the system through the bowels has found its way into the blood and vitiated it. What is needed at this point is not simply a violent cathartic tablet or salt, which usually does more harm than good, but a gentle laxative tonic like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which people have been using for these ailments for nearly a quarter of a century. It cured J. C. Lanham, of Warrensburg, Mo., of stomach trouble of long standing, also William Voll, of 908 Ellison St., Louisville, Ky., who had the trouble for fifteen years.

However, if you have stomach trouble you want to know from personal experience what Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will do for you. If so, send your name to the doctor and a free trial bottle will be sent you. You are urged to send for the free bottle, as the results from it will be the best recommendation of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Then you will do as over two million people did last year—go to your druggist and buy a regular bottle at 50 cents or $1, according to the size you prefer. We could mention hundreds and hundreds of families who are never without it. You can never tell when some member of the family will need a laxative, and then no time should be lost taking Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin.



If there is anything about your ailment that you don't understand, or if you want any medical advice, write to the doctor, and he will answer you fully. There is no charge for this service. The address is Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell bldg., Monticello, Ill.

Tactless or Tactful?

"Waiters who hire out for parties ought to be trained for that," said one who has suffered. "Last night at a little party I was giving a waiter I thought knew his business walked up to a distinguished singer, who was in the midst of a song, and insisted upon her taking a plate of salad and a glass of punch. She had to stop the song to get rid of him."

Eyes Are Relieved By Murine

When Irritated by Chalk Dust and Eye Strain, Incident to the Average School Room. A recent Census of New York City reveals the fact that in that City alone 11,923 School Children needed Eye Care. Why not try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eye Strain? Murine Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain. Is Compounded by Experienced Physicians. Contains no Injurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. Try It in Baby Eyes for Scaly Eyelids. Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

Not His Business.

"Pow'ful fertile country daoun theh in Texas," said the cowboy. "Yes, seh! Why, seh, I know spots daoun theh where the trees grow so close together that you-all couldn't shove yoah hand between theh trunks. And game, seh! Why, seh, I've seen Fehginyuh deeah in those same forests with antlehs eight feet spread! Yes, seh!"

At this point some meddlesome idiot asked the colonel how such deer ever managed to get their antlers between such tree trunks.

"Thet, seh," said the colonel, drawing himself up with squelching dignity, "is theh business!"—Everybody's Magazine.

NEVER SAY DIE.

She—But if you have completely cured Mrs. Tooter, you have done away with one of your most lucrative sources of income.

The Doctor—Ah, but I'll present her with my bill, and then I'll have to treat her for nervous prostration.

NOT DRUGS
Food Did It.

After using laxative and cathartic medicines from childhood a case of chronic and apparently incurable constipation yielded to the scientific food, Grape-Nuts, in a few days.

"From early childhood I suffered with such terrible constipation that I had to use laxatives continuously going from one drug to another and suffering more or less all the time.

"A prominent physician whom I consulted told me the muscles of the digestive organs were partially paralyzed and could not perform their work without help of some kind, so I have tried at different times almost every laxative and cathartic known, but found no help that was at all permanent. I had finally become discouraged and had given up my case, as hopeless when I began to use the predigested food, Grape-Nuts.

"Although I had not expected this food to help my troubles to my great surprise Grape-Nuts digested immediately from the first and in a few days I was convinced that this was just what my system needed.

"The bowels performed their functions regularly and I am now completely and permanently cured of this awful trouble.

"Truly the power of scientific food must be unlimited." "There's a Reason."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.