

### A Detective's Story

About five years ago I received information that a larceny of great magnitude had been committed in the residence of Mrs. Hillheigh, on Rolvat St. My first inquiry was, "How was the larceny committed?" and next, "What was stolen?"

The last was answered by Mrs. Hillheigh, who furnished a list of the missing articles, among which was a miniature breastpin of peculiar make. It was in the shape of a hand holding a small gold fan open, and when a concealed spring was touched the fan closed and revealed a miniature of a gentleman. This and a large number of valuable diamonds were among the articles taken.

From the servants I learned that about seven o'clock in the morning a middle-aged woman, with a masculine cast of features, had called with a letter for Mrs. Hillheigh, saying that it was of the greatest importance, and must be delivered herself to the lady, and that in private. This woman was shown the way to, and was permitted to enter the room where Mrs. Hillheigh was sleeping. In a little while she came downstairs, and without saying a word to either of the two servants who were busy in the main hall, passed hurriedly out of the front door into the street.

Mrs. Hillheigh did not come from her room at the usual hour that morning, and one of the servants, fearing that she was sick, went to her bedside, found her in a profound slumber, and at the same time discovered a small vial which had contained ether, on the bed. A physician was sent for, who, by the use of proper remedies, brought the lady to, and after that it was discovered that the jewelry had been stolen.

When I heard this, the truth of the matter flashed through my mind in an instant. A man disguised as a woman had entered the house under the pretext of handing Mrs. Hillheigh a letter, had placed her under the influence of ether, and then robbed the jewel casket, which was found with the lid forced off.

That had been done by some one well acquainted with the lady and her mode of living, I had no doubt in my own mind, and when I suggested to the lady that it might be some friend of her family, she laughed at the idea, for, according to her statement, her friends were all wealthy, and necessity would not prompt them to commit such an act.

Again I questioned the servant who had admitted the visitor, but the only description I could obtain from her was that the woman, who was rather tall, was dressed in maroon-colored dress, with overskirt of the same color and material, and further, that she wore short, curly hair, and that there was a slight scratch, apparently a fresh one, on the right cheek.

It was not long before I chanced to get "on a track of the jewelry," as we call obtaining a clue, and in a small jewelry store kept by a Polish Jew, who was known to be a "fence" for receiving stolen goods, we found some of the stolen jewelry in a highly demoralized state, for the diamonds had been removed from the settings.

Said Sanog, the jeweler, to me in answer to a question: "So help me, mein gootness, I didn't vos know dot dings was steal goods; if I know dot I never buys dem, but I dells you dot was a man mit gurlly hair and ein scratch on dot right side von de face, vot sells dese dings.["]

This corresponded in a measure with the description of the woman by the servant girl, and now I was satisfied beyond a doubt that my conjecture about the thief being a man was correct.

I left my Polish friend and reached Emosnas street just as I saw a man with a curly head of hair and a slight scratch on his right cheek.

He looked at me for a moment, and suddenly threw up his right hand to his face in such a manner as to hide the scratch from view. I then advanced toward him, when he suddenly turned and crossed to the other side of the street. "That's my man," I said to myself, and in a few moments overtook him and had him in the detective's office.

The man was about thirty seven years of age, spoke several languages fluently, and was evidently well educated. When I charged him with the crime the color forsook his face, and for a moment he was speechless; but when he recovered the color returned to his cheeks. He indignantly, yet in a quiet and gentlemanly manner, denied the accusation. He claimed to be almost a stranger in the city, having only arrived the day before by steamer, and offered to exhibit letters as recommendation, but I declined to see them at that time.

"That is the old respectability dodge," I remarked a to brother officer who was present; and then, turning to my friend, said: "You run a fine chance of being put where the dogs won't bite you for some time," for I felt sure that I had the right man.

Placing him in one of the cells below, I [started] for Mrs. Hillheigh's residence to get the servant to come to the prison to see if she could recognize in the prisoner the person who had visited the house in female attire; but I had been gone but a short time when my attention was attracted to a notorious woman of the town seated in the window of a house, and noticed that a lace collar which she wore round her neck was held together by a breastpin, which corresponded with the description furnished of the one stolen.

Entering the house I made myself known, and asked permission to examine the pin, which the woman said had been given her as a present by a friend. The jewel was passed into my hand, and I was looking for the secret spring, when the door of the room in which we were was unceremoniously opened by a man, the moment he saw me, attempted to retreat, but I stopped him the instant I caught sight of his features, for he also had curled hair, and a slight scratch on his right cheek. While talking to him and examining the jewel I touched the spring which I had been looking for, and the little gold fan closing exposed to view a portrait of the husband of Mrs. Hillheigh.

A brief inquiry followed, when I learned enough to satisfy me this time beyond the question of a doubt that I had the right party, and therefore took him into custody, and also the woman. He made a full confession of the larceny, and implicated the woman, saying that she, as we term it, "put up the job," and he executed it.

My next step was to take the prisoner, who gave the name of Charles Wellward, and confront him with Mrs. Hillheigh and the servant. The moment the lady saw him she extended her hand in a cordial manner, saying: "Why my dear nephew, how do you do? When did you get back?" He made no reply, but hung his head, as all guilty ones do when detected, and I informed the lady that he was the thief. She was loth to believe it at first, but his own admission convinced her of the truth of what I had said. The matter was hushed up, as Mrs. Hillheigh was not anxious for newspaper notoriety, and with means which she furnished her nephew he left the state.

Shortly after making the arrest I returned to the prison and caused the relief of the unfortunate man who had fallen under my suspicious eye. Everything was fully explained to him, after which I ascertained that he was the person he represented himself to be, and among his letters of recommendation was one from a particular friend of mine. He said he had come here in the hope of finding employment, but had not offered his services. I apologized for the indignity I heaped upon him in placing him under arrest, and told him I would do what I could to make reparation. Through my influence I obtained for him a situation as book keeper in Richbox's bank, which place he fills to the present day.

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