P LEONE ANGDON KEY

WOMAN MAY FIGURE IN STATEN ISLAND TRIAL

Mrs. Leone Langdon Key is the Chicago woman who figures as the friend of Paul O. Stensland, the fugitive president of the Milwaukee Avenue bank, of Chicago. It is said she will be drawn further into the case when Stensland is brought back from Morocco for trial.

No. 7.-The Changed Prescription. Laura Haviland died. There was an investigation and as a result Samuel was arrested for criminal carelessness in filling the prescription." Again Mrs.

ON SECRET SERVICE

Y Dear Col. Cheney: The bearer, Mrs. Elvina Simpson, is in dire distress, and after having heard her story I am wet you are the only man on that can assist her. I bespeak for our very heat personal efforts. I m bed in grateful remembrance, the of work you did for me, and Mrs. es pins me in best wishes. Sin-

Entited for the Descript Nows.

"CHARLES B. FARWELL." . F 3-1 will be responsible for your

So read Col. Cheney while Jeff stood valting the colonel's orders. well," he mused, "oh, yes; that's up from Duluth that 'wanted a His P. S. is extremely interest-

Then to Juff; ty waiting outside ?" ady waiting dubuer is, Kunnel, an' she's powerful per-d, sah. She bin cryin' I 'spect h' look eb her eyes." ht is nothing, Jeff, women cry on ishtest prevention."

test percention. de trufe, kunnel. But dis pore s in a heap o' trouble an' ve'y ter see you. I recken she's a She all dressed in black. Well show her in Jeff(and let's through with It."

Simpson same in almost timide was a tipy little woman, about y old. Her eyes were a kindly bough red from recent weeping. ain black habdiments confirmed essertion that she was a widow. SLADSON

replied the woman in a diffident voice, "and I know you to Chener, Mr. Parwell show."

sur picture. sa know Mr. Farwell quite well. Simpson?" Col. Chepey merely id to get the woman perfectly at so she could state her troubld and in as few words as

res, sir, indeed I do. When he ame to Chicago and worked in noffice he hourded with me on notice he nonthed with the on fast side. He continued to make hase his home even after he cu-the railtay mail service." a Suppoints manner and talk

d her to be a woman of refine-ind good breeding. Her appear-oid indicale she was not in easy CREICER.

w see, Col. Chenes, when troune I knew no one to go to, no one this broad city, so I wrote Mr. nevel and told him everything. This many an answer came and inclosed semi was the letter of introduction in par Year may be suite I lost no us in coming to your office." "Te, Mrz. Simpson," replied Cheney with pleasant smile, "aud now per-ing you will tell me this a wful trouble.

it we shan't find it so bad after Then he muttered to himself: n invariably put the cart before rs Simpson actually smilled a wan,

ul mile. Her heart was sore opsibing in his frank, pleasant manstemed to give her hope and courbelless sta bin

Her Restort my son armacist. He Ryses al and a pharmacist. He graduated at the university four years Rashest my son Samuel. He's ago with a degree of Ph. G. and shortly wands took a position in the store f G. H. Ehodus, of this city. There pever been a complaint against im so far as I know. His habits are and all his spare time is spent in ing. His wages he always brought e saying I must not work so hard. fan's cres dropped. "we haven't had d sing my husband died 15 years and sometimes it's been a hard to set along. Samuel was do-well and not long ago congratu-insel that his salary had been hel, so that I could keep house a and do nothing else. Now," lawyer1

True Stories of Experiences in the State, War, Treasury and Postoffice Departments by Col. Jasper Ewing Brady. Late Censor of Telegraphs and Chief Signal Officer. U. S. A., Santiago de Cuba. (Copyright, 1996, by NV. G. Chapman.)

> | I'll leave no stone unfurned to. out the truth. That's what we want, Mrs. Simpson, the truth." "That's all, colonel, and the truth will vindicate my son Samuel." Simpson's feelings well-nigh overcame

her. "Go on, Mrs. Simpson, tell me everything.'

"Yes, sir, I will. Naturally Mr. Havi-land was very bitter and his wife was

and was very bitter and his wile was almost crazed by her grief. Laura was their only child and both parents fairly idelized her. I sympathize with them with all my heart. Dr. Furniss made a statement to Mr. Haviland in which he said the prescription had not been properly filled, that a certain poisonous down blaced therein in suffihe insists he put it up exactly as pre-scribed. That's the whole case, colonel, i

First he called up "Central 2126," "Hello," he said, "Mr. Layton, please. "Hello, that you, Layton" This is Cheney talking. Are you very busy 10W

drug had been placed therein in suffi-cient quantity to kill a man. Samuel had compounded the prescription, but

'No," came back the answer over th copper wire; "and if I was I wouldn't be too busy to do anything I could for

you. What's up, colonel? "Got a case for you. Not a big fee, if any, but a charitable act, and a hesp of satisfaction for you in doing it." "What is ou!"



That was all. "What hours were you usually workng in the store. Simpson?" asked the

I came on at eight in the morning, sir, and save for an hour for luncheon, orked until his.

About what time was this prescripn filled* "About 5 in the afternoon, if I re-

mber rightly." And Laura Haviland died at midight the same night, I believe?

YES, SIL' You know Dr. Furniss?"

"By sight, yes sir, He's bern in the store several times about medi-

"Been in there since the child died?" "The day following, about ten in the morning, he came in and asked to see the prescription book—said he wanted o look up a certain prescription he had

giver a man some time ago." "Who was there while he was looking up this er-prescription for a

Why, no one, sir, as I recoilect."

"And you were with him all the time he was in the store that morning?" "Yes.-Walt, No-let me think. He did ask me to get him some morphine tablets one-eighth strength for his hypodermie case?

You get them?" "Yes, sir; I went to a room behind the prescription case where poisons are kept and secured what Dr. Furniss

wanted. 'How long were you gone

"Two minutes, possibly, Not over three at the outside,"

"Very good. And the next you knew was your arrest?" "Yes, sir."

"Where has the prescription book "The officer arrest: do you know?" "The officer arresting me was ac-

The officer arresting me was ac-companied by a man from the prose-cutor's office, and he took the prescrip-tion in question with him. I sup-pose it's to be used against me." This concluded the interview. Che-ney arranged the ball and sent Samuel home to bis mother with an injunction to say until in scheut the same to acad to say nothing about the case to a soul and to report at Cheney's office at nine the next morning.

Then Cheney went to the prosecutor's office and obtained an exact copy of the disputed prescription. He 'phoned Sid Guthrie to met him at Layton's office. Guthrie was there waiting when theney arrived.

Theney arrived. "Go out and get a spot on Dr. Harry Furniss; he has offices on the Rehault ors in that building, but Furniss is he king piu of them all, so far as style goes. Don't lose sight of him until to-morrow morning. Report to me at he colord. "Good God. Cheney. Furniss; he has offices on the Renault building. There's about a hundred doctors in that building, but Furniss is the king plu of them all, so far as style goes. Don't lose sight of him until to-morrow morning. Report to me at line o'clock.

Guthrie went and Layton, who had heard Cheney's admonition, said: "Furniss, ch? What's he up to now?"

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At 9:30 o'clock Layton, Simpson and Dr. Stuyvesant met in Cheney's office, "Now, Simpson," said Cheney, when all were comfortably seated, "tell Mr. Layton and Dr. Stuyvesant just what you told me yesterday. Understand, you told me yesterday. Understand, veryone here is your friend." Without a tremor in his voice and

with the ring of honesty in every word, Simpson told his story. Layton and Dr. Stuyvesant were impressed and when the boy was through, Layton safd

"Go over to my office and I'll give you a position as a clerk and messen-ger until this case is settled." When the boy had gone Dr. Stuyvesant said: "Have you that prescription, colonel!

'Hore's a copy I made yesterday,

said

Syrup Zangiberis and Syrup Simplicis. Tea-spoonful every three hours.' Um. Not an uncommon one; used for in-testinal troubles for children. Noth-ing in that to produce death.'

"Two doses of the medicine were given the child and three hours after

fully and said: "Good God, Cheney, there is no camphorated tincture of oplum in this: it says Tincture of

you know Dr. Stuyvesant and Mr. Lay-Dr. Furniss bowed slightly and said: "Good evening, gentiemen," and then to Col. Cheney: "You wished to see me about something, ' believe-professionally?"

"Well, no and yes. I m not person-ally ill," replied the colonel, smiling, "I have been interested in the Simp-son case. You remember it, doubtless?

"The young man who compounded the prescription for Laura Haviland and by mistake put in a v poison? Oh, yes, I remember it." virulens

"Mr. Layton is Simpson's lawyer and Dr. Stuyvesant has been called as

a medical expert for the defense," "It certainly is in competent hands then," said Furniss, bowing to Stuyyesant, "Thank you," quietly re-plied Stuyyesant, and Cheney contin-

You attended Laura Havnand, I believe?" Yes.

"And wrote this prescription which was sent to Rhodus' drug store to be filled?" Dr. Furniss looked at the paper in Cheney's hand, and said: "Yes, that's the prescription."

"Two doses, I believe, were given the child, one at 6 and the other at 9 o'clock. Coma set in and at 12 o'clock that night the child died." "You seem to be pretty well inform-

ed," said the doctor, smiling. "What you say is correct." "Thank you. You are sure this prescription here is exactly as it was when

you gave it to Jorkins, the butler, to have filled?" "Precisely. Why all this question-ing, Col. Cheney? The prescription speaks for itself. Dr. Stuyvesant, here

Col. Cheney arose, pointed his finger at Dr. Furniss and in a voice tense

when you gave the butler the prescrip-tion it read: "Tincture of opii." The

Furniss turned as pale as a ghost, but gazed at Cheney untlinchingly.

When the child died your profes-

sional instinct and knowledge told you it was a drug, not disease, that killed her. You began to wonder what was in the compound. Haviland,

though torn with grief, had sense enough to take the bottle for examination. You couldn't destroy that evidence, if evidence there was.

At 10 the next morning you went into Rhodus' drug store, doubtless

purposely going in at a time when you knew Simpson was alone. You saw the prescription, "Tincture of opil' stood out in glaring letters, accusing you of criminal carelessness. But you

have a fertile mind, Dr. Furniss; you realized your mistake, and told the

ous potions of punch. Your condition

was decidedly uncertain, though you had good control of your physical ac- i tions. Now, doctor, what about it?"

word 'Camphorated' was not there.

with indignation continued:

The latter continued:

Well, what about it? You have concocted a clever story, but it's all a series of damned lies-what can you prove? Nothing. Your trap is well laid, but I don't walk into it." Here the doctor got very sarcastic and continued: "Of what avail will your inprobable story be acquired my sord?" uprobable story he against my word? Bah

The doctor was fine, but Cheney wasn't through yet. "Damn you," he said, moving towards the doctor, "I expected that. You would fortify yourself with the high standing of your family and the exaited position you hold among the profession; you would accretize young Simeron but would sacrifice young Simpson, kill his poor mother with grief; you would do all this to save your own worthless self from the punishment you richly deserve, and which you are going to deserve, and which you are going to get. Listen a minute while I play the trump card. The evening you wrote the prescription at Haviland's house you used a plain black pencil. The next day in the drug store you got hold of the wrong pencil, and used one with indelible lead to write 'Camph,' though the same color as the other one. There are two in your pock-et now," pointing at the doctor's up-per waistcoat pocket, "Look at this," and Col. Cheney moistened the end of his finger and touched the word "Opil." his finger and touched the word "Opil." and then "camph." On the first word no impression was made, but the word "Camph" became a dark purplish blue. Now, Dr. Furniss, do you deny my

Layton murmured "Good God!" une der his breath. Stuyvesant stood per-fectly still watching the drama unfold,

You doctors have such an unintelligi-ble way of writing these things, a per-

on not an expert would have trouble in reading it." "I guess I can make it out,"

the doctor, smiling. Then reading to himself he said: "Tincture Opil camphorated; Tincture Kino;

Opium.' That means the pure drug, and there was enough to kill a strong man, let alone a delicate child. I looks had for the boy: it looks had. ing.

Phones 4321



DESERET EVENING NEWS: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1906.

Simpson, he personally did not like Dr. Furniss. He had heard of one or

two of the doctor's actions which he deemed caddish. Furniss lived in great style, maintained a beautiful suite of offices, and seemed to be firm-ly intrenched in his position. These

facts Col. Cheney knew without in-

At 1 e clock he appeared at the jail. At his request he was allowed to see Samuel Simpson. Cheney looked the

young man over thoroughly. He was a clean-cut, manly-looking chap, brown eyes and halr, and truth was

written all over his face. The colonel told Simpson of the interview he had

had that morning with his mother Frankly and honestly young Simpson

Vestigation

there was a catch in her volce, 's all gone-all gone." why, Mrs. Simpson, why is it all What has made the change?" asked the colonel.

tel is in jail!" A suppressed sob introlustarily from the poor 's heart as she convoyed this in-

jail!" exclaimed Cheney. "For

took a moment for Mrs. Simpson er herself and she proceeded: Some time ago Mr. J. H. Haviland's sughter Laura was suddenly very il. Dr. Furniss was called nd her and wrote a prescription. Haviand's butter took it to Rho-stors and Samuel filled it. He gave it medicine to the butter. That night

and oh." here all a mother's yearning love and heartfelt pleading came into Nrs. Simpson's voice, "I know Samuel did not make the horrible mistake. I know it. He couldn't have done so. You will help me, won't you, colonel?" Her hands were raised in entreaty.

woman's frame.

"From what you cay, Mrs. Simpson." gravely replied the colonel, "it's a very serious case. Dr. Furniss stands high professionally in this city. I am frank to admit I do not like him any too well. "Good-by. but that doesn't affect his professional

standing. I can't promise any definite results but I'll investigate and see what can be done. Who is your son's "He hasn't any; I couldn't afford to pay very much, and the Havilands are so rich it would take a good one to offset the talent employed by them to assist the state in prosecuting my son. Oh, Col. Cheney, it's awful-awful!" and

heart-rending sobs shook the limie "There, calm yourself, Mrs. Simpthe man responsible for his daughter's son, your son shall at least have fair play. I'll get him a lawyer; I'll see the boy right away and arrange death.

bail, Meantime you go home: Sam-uel will foin you there this after-noon; later I'll inform you what to do. Pending the boy's trial I'll try and get him some employment, though, of course, he could hardly expect to follow his profession until this case is settled." "God bless you, Col. Cheney. Mr. Farwell said you would help me, and I feel better already."

"Too long to explain over the wire and will see you on my return. By the way, I may want you to go bail for a friend of mine."

"All right, colonel, do as you see fit. I'll wait for you and we'll go to luncheon together." "All right, Layton; good-by,"

Mr. Emerson Layton was a very shrewd lawyer, age about 39, and also independently rich. He practised his profession because he liked ii, and the failure to receive a fee did not affect him in the least. He and

Choney were warm friends, and one was always glad to help the other. As Mr. Simpson had stated, 1 Mr. Haviland was a very rich and influen-tial man. His stately home facing the Lake Shore drive was one of th most beautiful in the city. He would leave no stone unfurned to prosecute

Dr. Furniss, the physician in the case, was what is known as a "fash-ionable doctor." His practise was among the rich, and his fees in keep-ing. A graduate of Pennsylvania uni-versity, he had an extensive hospital practice, and had later gone abroad and studied in Heidelberg and Vienna for two years, Professionally he was well equipped and enjoyed good standing. His influential family connections

had insured him a large practise from "I can't do impossible things; but the first. As Cheney had told Mrs. Guthrie was gone.

Don't know yet Layton, but that's e case I spoke to you about.' While at luncheon Cheney told Layton the entire case as he knew it. Layton agreed to defend young Simpson, and when compensation was men-tioned he laconically said: "Oh, hang the money part of it," which was typi-cal of the man.

Cheney arranged to have his friends, Dr. Stuyvesant and Layton, come to his office at 9:30 the next morning. Guthrie reported as directed. "He Guthrie reported as directed, "He had found Dr. Furniss at his office, The doctor saw a number of patients at his office until 3 p. m.; made a few calls on the north side until 5 o'clock; went to his bachelor apartments and remained until 6; came out in evening clothes, dined at Auditorium Annex with two men; after dinner attended illinois theater; was called to 'phone during second act; at conclusion of per-formance took cab with his two friends, went to South side, got couple of wo-men acquaintances and went to several places of more or less questionable character; women friends and two men mie left Furniss at 2 a. m.: doctor then went home a little bit under the weath-er; hadn't left home at 9 a. m." 4467

"You say 'women friends,' Sid, What kind?" "Not the kind I'd care to be seen

with in public." "All right, Guthrie: put Lonergan on his trail today and you get some

rest. You need it." "Bet I do, colonel, S'long.' And

"Hold on a minute," interrupted Layton, "Cheney only has a copy of that prescription. As counsel for young Simpson I want the original. I know it's not customary to allow it, but the prosecuting attorney will let me have it. I know. He's a good friend of mine. Just wait here a few moments. you fellows," and Layton grabbed his hat and was gone.

Cheney and Dr. Stuyvesant occupled themselves for about ten minutes when Layton burst through the door like a cyclone. He was an impetuous man. "Here it is," he exclaimed, lay-ing the prescription on the table. This what Dr. Stuyvesant and Cheney read:

For Laura Haviland,

Tr.	Opii C	amph	and the second	and states to the	20.00	IV.
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4-10-82

"Well, doctor," finally said Cheney, "what about it?" "There's nothing to it. The prescrip-tion is regular and professionally cor-rect. It's in Furniss' handwriting; I'd young man you wanted morphine tablets for your hypodermio case. He went to a small room where poisons are kept, and while he was gone you quickly wrote "C-A-M-P-H' after "Opil.' Clevknow it any place. The young man Simpson evidently forgot himself and er, my dear doctor, damned clever, but you overstepped once." The doctor staried to interrupt, but Cheney con-tinued: "Wait. I'm not through yet. The afternoon you were called to Havput in tincture of oplum instead of the camphorated. It's an awful blunder to make. I'm sorry for him because he idands' you were attending a reception at the Orrins.' It was a pretty gay reception, because in two hours you drank several highballs, besides numer-

'Sentence be damned!'' burst out

you gentlemen later.

himself to all. He went carefully over the whole case. Mrs. Simpson's posi-tion appealed to him, as did the boy's homesty; but there was that damnable telltale prescription, there was the chemist's analysis; the chain appeared

came into the room; it caught up the original prescription and blew it on the floor at Cheney's feet. He shooped, icked it up, and was about to deposit on the table when something caught his eye. He stopped, looked at the paper in his hand for a moment. Three steps took him to the window, up went the curtain, and from his pocket Col. Cheney took out a powerful magnifying glass. In the glaring sunlight he studied every phase, every word and characeristic of the written prescrip-tion. His breath almost stopped.

"Well, by the eternal!" he muttered. "He is clever but he's overstepped bimself this time." Back to his desk he went and 'phoned Layton and Stuyvesant to come to his office at 4 o'clock-there was going to be "some-thing doing" in the Simpson case-No, he wouldn't tell now, but they could come prepared for a good time; that was all

Guthrie was routed out: Cheney wouldn't trust any other of his force to do what he wanted done that day. "Go out and find out all you can about the movements of Dr. Furniss on the --th of this month (naming the on the -th of this month a death); get date of Laura Haviland's death); get it quick as you can. Pick up Lonergan and tell him I want Furniss here at

4 this afternoon." The sleep was gone from Guthrie's eyes and he did as he was told. At 2 he reported. Cheney listened to what he had to say and muttered,

thought so." At 4 o'clock Layton and Dr. Stuy

vesant came in, wondering what was up. Cheney never said a word about what was on his mind. A little while later Dr. Furniss came in, dressed like a fashion plate: long coat, gray trous-ers and gloves, red scarf, slik hat, walking stick and patent leather shoes. He looked the part of a "fashionable doctor." Cheney had met him once and said:

Good afternoon, doctor. Of course

can doubtless identify my handwrit-Quite true, the doctor has already done so. I admit it is all your hand-writing. But I also know," and here

"I know

Furniss' eyes almost seemed to jump from his head. He looked at Che-Cheney's telltale work fascinated, like a rabbit does into the eyes of a cobra. "Well," he stammered, "what ard

you going to do about it?" "Do? From here we three gentlenot reach the prosecuting at-torney's office and have the charge against Simpson dismissed. To do this we shall tell the story. What the prosecutor will do I don't know, but he's pretty keen after crooks. Furniss winced as Cheney pronounced the word. "Then we're going to have this young man reinstated in his posi-tion, and Mr. Haviland put in possession of the truth. That's all, Dr. Fur-

"Can't this be fixed up?" said Fur-niss, with a sickly smile. He was one of those persons who supposed that every man had bis price. Just how he got out of that office, he never could distinctly remember, but he had a rec-effection of strong physical assistance offection of strong physical assistance from behind.

An officer was sent by the prosecutor to arrest him that evening after Cha-ney had told his story. But the bird had flown, and money perhaps saved him from being approhended.

Mrs. Simpson was a happy little woman that night when her boy was

woman that hight when her boy was brought to her free from all suspicion. Rhodus was glad to get him back. "Col. Cheney," said Mrs. Simpson, while tears of joy ran down has check, "how can I ever repay you for what you have done for us? How-How-

"You have already repaid me. Mrs. Sumpson-paid me in full," said the colonel, with a bright smile.

"But I don't understand-how?" fal-tered the little woman. "The smile on your face, the light

in your eye, the joy in your heart, are full recompense for all I have done." "God bless you, colonel."

a Deere



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appeared honest to me." "It does look bad, Cheney," said Layton, "but we'll do what we can for the boy. A light sentence may be sc-cured."

Cheney. "I'm not convinced yet. I want time to think it over. I'll 'phone

After they had gone the colonel paced up and down the room denying

A gentle breeze from the window