

## LITTLE GIRL MAY FIGURE IN THAW TRIAL.

Anther young woman may be drawn into the famous case growing out of

ing them and can stop it?" asked "Yes, that's just what I mean, and

tomorrow or next day you can dis-charge your butler; I may need him 'All tight,' said Stanton, "bat I'd

All right, said stanton, "out i'd like to keep him. He's a good one." "I know that," replied Cheney. "Guthrie is good at anything he un-dertakes, but I don't believe he fan-cies this 'butlering' business. Come around tomorrow afternoon and I will tell you all."

Now Cheney was ready to move swiftly and surely in his work. He was sure before that Grace Abney hid Jent the threatening letters, now he knew it. All that was left to do was to bring about the denouement.

Just off of Cheney's office was an alcove room before the door of which hung a curtain. In this alcove was his secretary's office, and his secretary was a very bright woman named May Wood.

every word spoken while she is here 'taken down.

Cheney again interviewed the postmaster and that gentleman promised to have Mrs. Abney in his (Cheney's) office the next morning. He knew her and would not have any trouble in inducing her to come. Cheney didn't want her husband to come-not just yet, if at all. It depended on the wo-

The next morning about 11 o'clock the postmaster and Mrs. Abney arrived. She was a beautiful woman, stylishly gowned, and possessed a pair of blue black eyes. The introduction was brief and the postmaster with-Mrs. Abney had herself under splendid control. She knew nothing what was in store for her. Chenes too, was good to look upon that morn-ing; he was well dressed and decorated

with a red carnation. "Mrs. Abney," he began after his guest was comfortably seated in an easy chair, "I am connected with the government service, and in process of my work I have formed an idea that something is wrong with the stamp department of the St. Louis postoflice. "And what has that to do with m pray?" asked Mrs. Abney in a rie

Contratto voice. Her eyes were look-ing stillight at Col. Chaney. "Wait, please. It is thought there are a number of sportous stamps be-ing sold in St. Louis. The sub station near your residence is suspected of being implicated."

"What? Mr. Johnson? Impossible,

stamps downtown; but you, I prerespondence at the sub station near where you live."

spoke in a well modifiated voice. His manner was that of a gen themail his eyes were quiet, there was not the least sign of an ulterior po-tive in this talk. The book was baited and dangling near the fish, and the fish nihhlad

"Yes," replied Mrs. Abney. "I buy "Just so. And when did you last buy any from him?"

"Why, let me see three days ago I remember aright."

Her memory was good, that was the day Johnson reported the sale and returned the remaining half sheet. Not a muscle of Cheney's face moved; the was still there. "Have you used all you bought on that day, Mrs. Cheney?"

"Wby, no. I have some of them here now, Here they are." she said

laying some 35 stamps on the fable. Col. Cheney chretesty took them. The fish had swallowed the bait, hook. line and sinker. All that remained was to land the prize. Mrs Abney by an to wonder wha



"Grace Abney" appeared, coming ap-patrently from nowhere. Then "John V. Cheney," and so on throughout the entire seven letters (the first two letters did not have marked stamps). and then the unused stamps treated to a similar process, the name coming out with startling distinctness For several minutes Mrs. Abney stood irrevolute; her tomposure and self-possession left her; sobs shook her frame as she sauk in a chair. The fish

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**AUCTION SALE!** 

in and stood before him in and stood before him. He was vis-ibly perturbed and shifted from our foot to the other while he nervously twirled his hat in his hands. "Are you Col. Cheney, sir?" He was vis-

war in which he played no small part when a knock interrupted his reverie.

"Come in," he sharply said. A young man about 30 years old, well

mance

"Well, sir, my name is Stanton, Fred C. Stanton." Cheney recognized the name as one of a prominent fam-

"Well, Mr. Stanton, what can I do for you, sir? Sit down," replied Cheney, waving his hand towards a chair. "Have a smoke"

Thank you, no, Col. Cheney. You see I am in great trouble and Judge Treat, who is an intimate friend of mine, told me you might help me out if you would. He gave me this card to you." Cheney read the card and when he had finished, said:

"Any friend of Judge Treat's is a friend of mine and if I can be of service I shall only be too giad to do so. You are in trouble; what is it?"

"Yes, I am in trouble, and serious trouble at that. Last year I married Judge Anderson's daughter and we have a beautiful home out on Laclede avenue. We are very happy. There never has been a cloud to mar our domestic happiness. About two months ago anonymous letters began coming Mrs. Stanton. Four so far have en received, and similar letters have reached several friends of mine saying they will get to Mrs. Stanton sooner or later. These leters all contain references to me, hint at an unsavory past and a coming revelation which will destroy me socially and otherwise in St. Louis. Mrs. Stanton is not well and in a very nervous state and the recelpt of any such letters would, I am afraid, cause serious consequences

Mr. Stanton paused for a moment to regain his composure and then proceeded

"Fortunately, the first letter came to my hands. It was addressed to Mrs. Stanton. I do not open any of her mail, but the peculiarity of the address of this letter attracted my atten-tion. The address was not in handwrit-ing nor was it printed but had been composed by words and figures cut out of a newspaper and pasted on the outside of an envolope. The letter Inside was similarly made. That day, down lown, six of the same kind of letters were handed me by friends of mine. They had been received at their re spective houses, Every letter was alike and contained the threat to hurt me with Mrs. Stanton." Again there was a short pause, and Stanton continued: "You see, I could have all mail diverted from my house to the office, but that would cause Mrs. Stanton to be suspicious, so I have watched the mail ever since, intercepting the postman when possible, and have so far succeeded in keeping them from her; but sooner or later one will get by me and then there will be the devil to pay.

Cheney was interested; the young nan was so earnest in his manner, and Judge Treat had sent him.



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the killing of Stanford White by Harry K. Thaw in New York on June 25. She is Miss Ida Fitch of Pittsburg, whose mother last November caused the arrest of Harry Thaw for an attempt to seduce her daughter who is only 16 years of age and pretty. Miss Fitch's adventure with Thaw is considered most important in relation to the forth coming trial of Thaw for the murder of Stanford White, in view of Thaw's insistence that he will plead in defense the "unwritten" law. 

sowed a fair crop of wild oats, but there was nothing disgraceful, there were no entanglements. After I left collge I came here, went in business with father. Last year, as I said, I was married. That's all. "You know of no one who would have "You are led and separated." "Yes, you separated." "About one year." "About one year."

"And what became of her ?"

ment more than once." "Where does Mrs. Abney live?"

am merely asking questions to find

clue, Perhaps I have found one. You will receive one more letter, so will

your friends, then they will stop and

"Your impetuous chivalry is running

away with your judgment. There will be no mistake made, be assured of

Good evening, Mr. Stanton,

Stanton left with a cloud of uncer-tainty in his mind. However, Judge

Treat had told him to trust Cheney and he would. But Grace Abney the

As soon as Stanton had gone Cheney

The next morning Cheney made a

man that sold stamps. He was a civil war veteran, Johnson by name, and

"Does she ever buy stamps here?" "Yes, that's the way I know her." "How long since she bought any?"" "About two weeks ago."

How many stamps does she buy at

Generally about 50, half a sheet."

that sheet and send the rest to me

"All right, sir, I won't forget," said

Cheney was absolutely certain Mrs.

walted like an angler watching a bob-

a sheet of stamps and reported

Two days later Stanton came in

"but don't,

you can discharge your butler." "All right," said Stanton, "b

culprit? No, never!

that.

hener

time?

portant.

Johnson.

and sinker.

his coming.

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for God's sak, make a mistake."

"You know of no one who would have any motive in injuring you?" "Why, she married an attorney of this city, Abney by name, and Mrs.

"No, sir; not a living soul." "Have you any of the letters with you)

"Only two; the rest I destroyed," replied Stanton, handing over the letters, Cheney placed them in a desk drawer and said:

"Out on Washington boulevard. But look here, colonel, good God! you dor'u think Grace Abney would do such a thing? Impossible, man, impossible!" exclaimed Stanton, rising. "Do you keep a butler, Mr. Stanton?" "I did keep one, but he left yesterday and I haven't as yet secured another "Mr. Stanton," slowly replied Cheney, "I never think out loud, it hurts. I

"That is indeed fortunate. I'll send you a young man today. Hire him, trust him implicitly, and go about your business as if nothing had happened. Your butler will look after the mail coming to your house, and be asured no undesirable letter will reach Mrs. Stanton. The case does not look easy, but I think perhaps I can help you. thing: Not a word of this to anyone. and as soon as your friends give you any more letters bring them to me.

Good morning, Mr. Stanton," As soon as Stanton had gone Cheney sent for Sid Guthrie and explained the case to him.

"Where do I come in, Cheney?" asked Guthrie when he had finished.

"You're Stanton's new butler. You go out there and keep a watch on the lighted a fresh cigar and, smilingly, mutmured: "Hell hath no fury like that of a woman scorned." incoming mail. Keep Mrs. Stanton from getting undesirable letters. Any that are addressed as these are give to Stanton and let me know it as soon as quiet investigation in the neighborhood of the Abney home. He found that possible. You're great on hunches-remember the one you had in Smed-berg, Neb., when we were on that 'pay-Mrs. Abney about two months ago had purchased a couple of writing pads and master case?" Get some more on this some plain envelopes at a small sta-tionery store just around the corner. At the substation he interviewed the mall business. You sabe?" "Sure thing: I'm on all right. But

this butler husiness does not appeal to me. If I spill hot soup down Stanton's back or wine on his wife's dress don't blame me," and with a laugh he was gone, taking with him a card of intro-

duction to Stanton. Cheney studied the two letters carefully. He recognized the paper from which the words were cut as the Globe-Democrat from the print, and they were both sent from a substation out Johns on Washington avenue. There was nothing obscene in their contents, but they breathed vengeance, and coverily intimated that the writer, or more prop-erly "paster," was after Stanton with a sharp stick. Handwriting or typewrit-"Now listen," said Cheney, sharply "This afternoon I'll send you out a sheet of stamps. Put them away in some safe place and when Mrs. Abney buys any more stamps sell her from

ing might have given a clew, but the paper pasted letter did not. Ordinary scratch paper had been used and the envelope was plain white. There was not even a water mark. "Puzzling." mused Cheney, "and damned ingeniously done, but the per-son doing it must have had lots of time.

To cut a paper and paste six of these letters in one day was not a small job." Cheney determined to wait for developments and at the same time find out what he could about Stanton. Guthrie was duly installed as butler in

the Stanton home and made daily re-ports to Cheney. Nothing untoward ports to Cheney. Nothing untoward happened. Mr. and Mrs. Stanton were apparently very happy. Stanton was all devotion to his wife and she to him. She was nervous and high strung to a degree and her condition was such that any undue excitement might kill her. Cheney's investigation of Stanton was not prolific of any information and Col. Jack was nonplussed. About 10 days later he received word, from Gubris, Apother spatial inter-

from Guthrie. Another pasted letter, threatening in character had arrived. Simultaneously with this news came Stanton and in his hand he held seven letters, one that had come to his house and six that he had secured from his friends. Stanton was worked up to a high degree of excitement. "Here's a bunch of them. Col. Cheney.

"Here's a bunch of them. Col. Cheney. My God' isn't there some way of stop-ping this avalanche of threats?" "Leave them here." said Cheney, smiling. "But, Mr. Stanton, ter me assure you there won't be any outer. These will be the last." "You mean you know who is soud-"Now look." Mrs. Abney gazed with wide staring eyes as Col. Cheney lighted a small alcohol lamp. He took up one letter and held it so the heat would warrant the stamp. Slowly but surely the name

all this questioning from this quiet, masterful man meant. A slightly un-comfortable feeling began stealing ever her. Miss Wood was seated in the curtained alcove, taking down every word. "I have told you all 1 know, Col. Cheney, and now I beg you to excuse

me; I have an appointment and must 20 The fish was running out with the

line; it must be brought back. "Wait. Just a moment, please." said the colonel. "You know Mr. Fred Stanton, do you not?" Mrs. Abney's heart began beating faster.

ster. The color faded from her face "Yes, I know him: what of it?" You were engaged to him, were sianton and I have met them occa-sionally in society. In fact Mrs. Abney and I have laughed over our engageyou not?"

"Col. Cheney, your remarks are becoming personal and, to say the least, imperiment. I did not come here to be insulted. You have no rigat to talk to me like that. I shall tell Mr. Abney and he can settle with you." She turned to leave, but Col. Cheney who had risen again, said: "Wait." and this time there was no misiaking tone; it was a command. the

"Excuse me, Mrs. Abney, but I do not think you will tell Mr. Abney any. thing about it. You were in love with Fred Stanton, and you are yet. He married another woman and you determined to get even with him. You couldn't attack him, you couldn't find a weak spot in his armor; but you knew his wife, you knew her condition. You would strike him through Then you used the most damaher. able of weapons, the anonymous let-You sent them to Mrs. Stanton ter you sent them to his friends. Just one failing in Mrs. Stanton's hand and your revenge would have been com-tilete. You wouldn't write the letters, you cut words out of the newspaper and pasted them on a sheet. Similarly you prepared the addresses. You hought the paper at the stationery store near your house, the stamps from Johnson, and while your husband was at his office you did your despicable work. Do you deny this?" Col. Cheney ended by laying nine letters on the

table When Cheney first began to talk Mrs. Abney stopped, looked at him half over her shoulder, and as his ac-cusations were hurled forth at her, she fully turned. Her color left her after Cheney presented his credentials was willing to answer any questions. "Do you know Mrs. Abney?" asked and her eves moved restlessly from side to side. But she was a quick witted woman and when he had fin-'Yes, I know her by sight," replied ished she had partly regained her

'A likely story, Col. Cheney, a very likely story, indeed, you have con-cocted. Ciever detective work," She was sneering. "You have found out I bought paper and envelopes, that I bought stamps. So might any number of people have done the same. But you detectives have to accuse some one, so you accuse me. You get me in your office alone, under false pre-tenses. There are no witnesses to this Interview, and my word will go as far as yours. You brute! And you call

immediately. Don't forget; it is im-" yourself a gentleman." "I expected all this, Mrs. Abney, and I admire you for the fight you are making. You accuse me of having you in my office alone." Three steps took Chency was absolutely certain Mrs. Abney was the letter "paster." In his own mind he knew it, but he wanted the proof, proof that could be used in a court of law if necessary. He went to the postoffice, interviewed the postmaster, secured a sheet of stamps Cheney to the alcove. He threw back the curiain. There sat demure little Miss Wood, her bright eyes sparkling with the intensity of the scene.

"You see." continued the colonel, "we are not alone." and that afternoon sent them all to Johnson's substation. Then he waited, Mrs. Abney had not yet given up the fight-the fish was still unlanded, but

the hand net was ready. "But I tell you I did not send those letters. You can't prove it," she suid.

bing cork, waited for a nihble which would tell him the fish was playing "Three days ago you bought 50 stamps from Johnson; 35 of them are on the table. You gave them to me. The remainder of the sheet is in this drawer. Here they are," he said, prowith the bail. Seven days later if happened. Johnson came down with Mrs. Abney had purchased 50 that morning. The cork was bobbing rather vigorously and the indications were the fish would soon swallow book, line ducing the half sheet Johnson had sent him. "Every one of those stamps is marked with indelible ink. 1 marked them. On every other stamp I wrote your name. 'Grace Abney,' and on the report from Guthrie had precoded others I marked my name, 'John V. Cheney,' Here are seven of the let-"Here's another batch of those damned letters," he said, throwing them on the table. ters you sent with those stamps on Now look." them

was landed and the struggle was over "What are you going to do with me?" she sobbed. "Oh, my God, what an exposure! What shall I do, what shall

"Do ?" said Col. Cheney, Now the horshness and tone of command had gone from his voice; the keep, alert de-

tective was gone; he was Cheney, the man and gentleman. "Do? Why, you are going home, and be true to the good man whose hame you bear. From this day forth you're going to be his wife in word, thought,

act and deed; you're going to 'rise and sin no more.' Gently he to hand and led her to the door. he took her Cowed, beaten and broken, the erring

woman suffered herself to be led. "Yes-but," she faltered, "your sec-

retary. She heard, she knows, "That's true, Mrs. Abney, she did bear, she does know, but Miss Wood is discretion itself. She hears every thing, and knows nothing. Good morn And the door closed. The poo ing. little fish was once more swimming in untrodbled waters, sadder but wiser. "Well," said Stanton at 4 o'clock that afternoon, as he burst in upor

Cheney, "did you find the sender those letters?" "Yes," tersely replied Chengy,

found the sender and you will be trou

"Thank God!" the young man mut-tered. "Who was it, and what are you going to do about it?" "Well, Stanton," drawled Cheney, "I'm not going to do anything about it.

It's stopped, that's all you want." "Was it Grace Abney?" slowly asked

Stanton "No, it wasn't Grace Abney," replied Che

"Well, you beat me, colonel. But

"Well, you beat me, colonel. But I suppose you know what you're doing. Now nothing remains but a settle-ment. What's the fee?" he asked, reaching for his check book. "That's so," said Cheney, smiling. "I forgot the fee. The fee will be your promise to say nothing more about this case. You will also extract the same promise from your friends who received these letters. That's all, Stanton, the these letters. That's all, Stanton, the case is closed. Remember me to Judge Treat when next you see him. And don't forget to get a new butler. Good evening." They shook hands and Stanton went out the door. At 5:30 Miss Wood had gone and

Chency was alone. He opened the desk drawer, took therefrom the tell tale letters and stamps and Miss Wood's stenographic notes with tran-scribed report. He threw them all in the grate, touched a lighted match to them and as the flames mounted high-er and higher, destroying every evidence of the woman's folly, he murmured

"Weil, anyway, I had my fingers crossed when I told Stanton it wasn't Grace Abney," His conscience was easy, and when nothing remained but ashes he put on his hat and went to dinner.



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Utah, October 4th, 1906.



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