SLEUTES ON TRAIL OF BRAINY CROOKS

Two Victims Complain to Central Office of $70 Loss.

Central Office detectives were today assigned to investigate two larcenies which bear the handiwork of crooks well versed in their separate lines of relieving the unsuspecting of valuable articles.

Salvatore Desio, of 926 F street, has reported that yesterday a young man dressed in a gray check suit and straw hat called at his store and was shown some stick pins. After his departure a $20 gold stick pin set with a small diamond was missing. The young man was about thirty years old, five feet six inches tall, weighed about 140 pounds, and of fair complexion, thin of face, and had dark-brown hair.

Mrs. W. E. Fenno was made the victim of two accomplished false pretense workers, when she allowed them to take from her home a number of pieces of furniture under the belief that they were from a reputable local furniture store.

The men obtained in this manner two chairs valued at $15 and a cherry bureau drawer valued at $5.

JOHN HYDE COMING, MAKES COTTON TALK

Letters of John Hyde, former statistician of the Department of Agriculture, to his home in this city, saying that he has obtained passage for home in October, have revived the gossip occasioned by his resignation and departure for Europe when the cotton scandal broke here in 1905.

Soon after the leak in the crop reporting bureau was discovered, Mr. Hyde, recognized as the best informed man in the department on the cotton situation, tendered his resignation to Secretary Wilson, and it was accepted.

Mr. Hyde's motive for his action has never been made clear to the public.

Secretary Wilson declared his faith in Hyde when he accepted his resignation, and this fact, together with the statistician's supposed familiarity with the details of the cotton crop reports, deepened the mystery.

It was learned this morning that Mr. Hyde had recently been in communication with Secretary Wilson. This has given rise to a rumor that he is seeking Government employment.

According to members of Hyde's family, which has maintained a home in this city since his departure, he has had little employment while away. He went from England to Japan as the representative of a London cotton firm, and some time afterward edited a Japanese paper.

WEATHER HELPS CROPS.

According to the report of the Department of Agriculture the month of August was generally favorable for crops. A deterioration of 0.6 per cent was noted, whereas the average decline in August is 3.3 per cent. Aggregate harvest conditions September 1 were 0.4 per cent lower than on the same date last year and 2.8 per cent lower than the average for that date for the last ten years. The area under cultivation is 3.2 per cent greater than last year.

DEATHS

CURTIN—On September 10, 1910, at his mother's residence, Montrose, Montgomery county, Md., DANIEL J. CURTIN, husband of Mary Curtin.

DAVISON—On Saturday, September 10, 1910, at 7:20 o'clock p. m., MARY LOUISA DAVISON, wife of Edward W. Davison.

DOVE—On Saturday, September 10, 1910, at the home of his parents, 428 South Lee street, Alexandria, Va., CHARLES EDWARD DOVE, aged forty years.

FINNEY—On Saturday morning, September 10, 1910, at the family residence, 2204 Q street, WILLIAM CRICHTON, son of Lewis H. and Minna B. Finney, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

FULLER—On Friday, September 9, 1910, at Long Beach, Long Island, ELIZABETH SPARKS FULLER, aged seventy-nine years.

HOGE—On Monday, September 7, 1910, at 8:20 p. m., at his residence, 3749 Ollinville avenue, Williams Bridge, New York city, EMORY E., husband of Georgie R. Hoge.

HOLLANDER—On Thursday, September 8, 1910, at 6 a. m., at Prescott, Ariz., MONROE E., son of Edward and Bertha Hollander.

MOORE—On Sunday, September 4, 1910, at Reading, Pa., JAMES CLARENCE, son of J. Turner and Leonora Seybolt Moore, formerly of Washington, aged eight months and seven days.

PASCO—On Friday, September 9, 1910, at 10:20 a. m., after a short illness, MARGARET M., beloved wife of Norris S. Pasco and daughter of Andrew and Bridget Dorsey.

May she rest in peace.

Funeral from her late residence, 1302 Thirty-sixth street northwest, on Monday, September 12, at 9 o'clock; thence to Holy Trinity Church, where mass will be said for the repose of her soul. Relatives and friends invited to attend.

PERRY—Suddenly, on Friday, September 9, 1910, MILTON PERRY, youngest child of the late Charles B. and Mary Ann Perry.

SWAN—On Friday, September 9, 1910, at 9 o'clock p. m., at her residence, 2721 Fourteenth street northwest, ANNIE LEE SWAN, wife of W. D. Swan.

THOMPSON—On Sunday, September 11, 1910, at Centreville, Va., RUFUS THOMPSON, son of Mortimer and Florence Thompson, of 207 Llewellyn place southwest.

Notice of funeral later. Other local papers please copy.

IN MEMORIAM

UBHOFF—In sad but loving remembrance of my dear husband, CHARLES C. UBHOFF, who died two years ago today, September 11, 1908.

Gone but not forgotten.

—By His Loving Wife, Ella T. Ubhoff.

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PLUNDER ISLAND

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE,
AUTHOR OF
"The Black Bag," "The Bronze Bell," "The Brass Bowl," and Other Successes.

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Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

Peter Cadogan, with his servant, Terry Creagh, aboard the schooner Colleen, is making for New Orleans to pick up Lomax prior to a cruise in the Caribbean Sea. Cadogan sees, half a mile astern, a dory, to which they row and find Jane Todd, unconscious from exposure. Upon her resuscitation Cadogan explains that he heard cries for help. She replies that she did not call. They sail for Cedar Island, the lighthouse on which is tended by Jane's father. They run through a gale, during which Jane rescues both men and sails the schooner safely into the harbor, where they are met by Willing, the assistant tender.

Cadogan visits Miss Todd at her home on the island.

He learns from Willing that an old stone mansion on the island is supposed to be haunted, and after seeing strange lights moving about in the old structure, Cadogan decides to investigate.

He visits the place only to find all of the entrances securely barred.

From a sign he learns that Francois Lestrange, a New Orleans lawyer, is the real estate agent. He is knocked down by an unearthly creature, and does not come to his full senses until he finds himself, the next morning, on board the Colleen, in a bayou of the delta, the Colleen's cable having been mysteriously cut in the night.

Reaching New Orleans, Cadogan looks up the agent in whose hands the island has been placed for sale, and learns that others are also interested in the property, which is to be sold at public auction that very day. While on his way to the auction mart Cadogan comes face to face with Willing.

Waiting for the sale to start, Cadogan hears the word "treasure" drop from the lips of a neighbor, and he at once concludes that the reference was to buried treasure on Cedar Island.

CHAPTER VII—(Continued).

CADOGAN bit his cigar in two from sheer impatience with himself. The bidding had already started, and he had not attended to the preliminary description and advertisement of the property, which was all that he had stayed to hear, so absorbed had he been in his foolish fancies.

His eyes, following the direction of the auctioneer's surprised glance, found the last bidder—a plump commercial type of man, with shrewd eyes, a cigar in one corner of his mouth and a derby tilted back from the dome-like forehead that topped his round, red face. He sat over across from Cadogan, and as the latter's regard fell upon him was in the act of nodding curt confirmation of his bid.

The auctioneer recovered with a start from what appeared to be a momentary stupor of astonishment. One would have thought that he had been talking more for the sake of appearance, striving to elicit a higher bid more as a matter of form than with any belief that the property would fetch over $500. He faltered and proceeded with visible distrust, as if he suspected a joke.

"Six hundred I am offered."

"Seven."

The auctioneer paused, gasping, then, with a bow to a man on Cadogan's right, a few chairs farther up the room, continued:

"Seven hundred from Mr. Cochrane. Going at 700."

Cadogan craned his neck for a view of Mr. Cochrane. He proved to be a tall and angular person, darkly favored, and rather shabbily dressed. The broad brim of a black hat was tilted well over his face, which in profile seemed to consist mostly of lantern jaws, a nose sharply aquiline and a black mustache.

A fresh bid from the business-like man across the room disturbed Cadogan's catalogue of Mr. Cochrane's charms.

"Ten."

The auctioneer took it up with an air of resignation.

"One thousand dollars bid by Colonel Hethrington. One thousand dollars. Gentlemen, are you done?" He seemed a bit hopeful that they might be. "One thousand! The Cedar Island estate going at ten hundred dollars. Are there any more bids? Going at one thousand!"

"Fifteen hundred," croaked Mr. Cochrane, dismally.

The correction was meekly accepted by the auctioneer, whose manner showed that he was now prepared for anything, immune to astonishment.

"Mr. Cochrane bids fifteen hundred. Are you prepared to go any higher, Colonel?" This to Hethrington, who, aside from Cochrane, seemed the only interested person in the room. The others were conversing among themselves in attitudes of complete indifference.

"Fifteen hundred dollars, Colonel Hethrington?"

The Colonel laughed. "Oh, let Cochrane have it," he said, distinctly, "if he wants it that bad."

The auctioneer bowed to the gaunt and depressed Cochrane.

"Going at fif——"

"Sixteen."

Cadogan's surprise at hearing his own voice interject the higher figure was almost as great as that of the others in the hall. It impressed him as a purely involuntary action, as if he had spoken on the admonition of a will other than his own. His voice ringing clear in a lull in the hum of talk, brought him again into prominence. A stir and murmur ran round the room, and the young man flushed a little under the combined stare of so many eyes. But he bowed in affirmation to the auctioneer's questioning eye.

"Sixteen hundred dollars offered. Do I hear seventeen?"

Cochrane raised a bony yellow forefinger and turned in his chair to look Cadogan over with slow insolence. The interloper in that congenial gathering started with faint disgust of the man's eyes. They seemed almost colorless—all white save the pupils—and very steady and sardonic beneath their heavy, lashless lids.

"Going to Mr. Cochrane at seventeen hundred dollars," resumed the auctioneer, hastily. "Going, go——"

Cadogan returned the man's stare with interest.

"Two thousand" he put in, quietly. And told himself that, really, the island was cheap at the price. Aside from his fanciful theory that there might be pirates' gold buried somewhere about the place, it was a beautiful little island, and since he had let himself in for it he might as well bid it in at two thousand. He could spare that, he who had forty thousand to his credit, free of liability, at the bank around the corner.

"Twenty-one" retorted Cochrane, almost before the words were out of Cadogan's mouth, and favoring the young man with a prolonged and evil glare, he turned his back and again faced the rostrum.

"Going to Mr. Cochrane at twenty-one!"

"Twenty-five" Cadogan interposed, sharply, a trifle irritated.

The auctioneer pretended to misunderstand.

"The Cedar Island estate goes to Mr. Cochrane at twenty-five hundred dollars——"

"I'm damned if it does!" Cadogan cried. "That is my bid." They were trying to freeze the outsider out, were they? He paled slightly with resentment, and in the astonished pause that followed his interruption spoke crisply and to the point, addressing the auctioneer:

"Mr. Cochrane's last bid was twenty-one, I bid twenty-five. Now, do you understand?"

The sallow and solemn little man upon the platform bowed.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a sneer thinly veiled. "This gentleman bids——"

"Three thousand!" Cochrane's voice.

"And one hundred!" nodded Cadogan, calmly.

"Five thousand," Cochrane came back, briskly.

"Fifty-one hundred!" Cadogan stuck to his guns.

There fell a little hush, while a second time Cochrane turned in his chair to survey the rash young man who dared contend against him. Then, while the auctioneer hung in stupefaction, blowing for breath like a fish out of water——

"I bid $10,000," announced Cochrane, deliberately.

Cadogan flushed and felt his cheeks burn. A little lump rose in his throat, and when he choked it down his mouth felt dry and hot.

"Ten thousand dollars. Going, going——"

"Fifteen thousand!" cried Cadogan, desperately.

Again the hush.

In the back of the room a man giggled nervously, and another swore from the same cause. Cochrane continued to eye Cadogan with a deathly glare. The auctioneer moistened his lips before speaking directly to the one bidder whom he knew personally. Hethrington had apparently lost all interest in the game beyond that of an onlooker.

"Mr. Cochrane, this gentleman bids $15,000."

"And I top it by $5,000."

Cochrane settled back with an air that assumed a final settlement on the transaction.

"Twenty thousand dollars for the Cedar——"

"Twenty-five!" the words came automatically from Cadogan's mouth.

"Thirty thousand!" Cochrane's dispassionate accents cut through his abstraction.

It was true, then! True that something more than a house and a few barren acres of ground were at stake! And yet—dared he go higher? Lomax would stand by him, of course. The reasons for and against arrayed themselves in opposing ranks in Cadogan's mind. He hesitated and hung irresolute. Should he or should he not?

Cochrane signed impatiently to the auctioneer. And as he did so Cadogan's distracted glance, roving the room without being aware of the fact, was arrested by a familiar face—a golden-yellow mask of kindly men, in which two coal-black eyes gleamed and smiled with approval and amusement.

It was Lestrange. How long he had been there Cadogan had no means of knowing, but until that second he had not ever surmised the attorney's presence. Their eyes met in the breathless pause that preceded the auctioneer's next words, and the little Creole attorney nodded ever so slightly, as though Cadogan had sought his counsel and he bade him go ahead without doubt.

This was the same Lestrange who had, an hour before, recommended the purchase "at almost any price within reason."

"Going to Mr. Cochrane at thirty thousand——"

"Thirty-five thousand dollars!" cried Cadogan.

Even Cochrane seemed a little overwhelmed; but he recovered before the auctioneer could take up Cadogan's final bid.

"Mr. Earl," he said, addressing the man on the rostrum, "as you probably understand, I am not bidding for myself. My principal mentioned thirty thousand as an outside price. But I've no doubt if you'll grant me ten minutes' grace"——

Instantly Cadogan was on his feet protesting.

"That is not permissible, and I won't stand for it," he announced, with determination. "If Mr. Cochrane desires to bid higher on his own behalf, he has that privilege. Otherwise I demand that the sale be closed."

"And right you are, whoever you are," Hetherington approved from across the room.

"That's it!" Cochrane, surprised out of his pose, smacked his fist into the palm of his other hand. "Who is he? How d'you know, Earl, that he can make good? You know me, you know I've got the money"——

"Where did you get it, Cochrane?" mocked a voice from the throng of spectators.

The man whirled round in a passion.

"Who said that? I'll——" He pulled himself together with a visible effort.

"Thirty-five thousand dollars!" shouted Cadogan to the astounded auctioneer. "Go on with the sale!"

"I'm afraid you don't understand—perhaps," the man replied, pitching his voice to carry to Cadogan's ears above the din. "The rules require that 20 per cent of the purchase price be deposited in cash to bind the deal. Are you prepared"——

"I'll pay the whole amount by check on the City Bank of New Orleans," Cadogan retorted.

"Too late. After banking hours," Cochrane sneered. "Earl, this man's bluffing. Knock down that parcel to me at thirty thousand."

"But you, Mr. Cochrane, are you prepared?" countered Cadogan, stoutly, and as a last venture.

If that did not serve he was done, but his blood was hot and his judgment clouded for the once.

"Have you the 20 per cent of thirty thousand to deposit?"

Cochrane flung him an infuriated glance.

"My checks are known to be good, sir! Earl, go on with the sale. Thirty thousand——"

"I protest!"

"Going to Mr. Cochrane at——"

The hammer was poised perilously.

"One moment!"

A new voice announced the interjection of a new personality into the crisis of the affair. The auctioneer paused with the hammer on the point of descent; paused and lowered it, with a bow of deference.

"The law provides," continued the clear, metallic voice, with its fascinating Creole accent, and Cadogan jumped as he recognized Lestrange as the speaker, "that 20 per centum of the purchase price be deposited in cash. That is right, Mr. Earl?"

"That is right, Mr. Lestrange."

Cochrane leaped to the middle of the room, roaring with rage. "Shut up and sit down, you old fossil," he stormed at Lestrange, singling him out with a shaking forefinger.

But the attorney paid no heed to him, and Cadogan noted that if Earl, the auctioneer, had seemed afraid of Cochrane, he showed still more awe of Lestrange.

"This gentleman, Mr. Cadogan," pursued the attorney, "is known to me. I will vouch for him."

"It won't do!" shrieked Cochrane, "That won't go!"

"And, furthermore"—the delicate yellow porcelain hand pleaded for a hearing—"I happen to have with me a certified check for ten thousand dollars."

As he spoke Lestrange drew a wallet from his inner breast pocket and from the wallet a slip of paper. "I will deposit this to Mr. Cadogan's credit with you, Mr. Earl, and take his check in exchange. A certified check is as good as cash, I believe."

"Certainly, Mr. Lestrange. That arrangement will be perfectly satisfactory."

Lestrange turned with a twinkle and a bow for Cadogan.

"Then the matter is settled, I believe," he said, with twitching lips.

"Thank you," stammered Cadogan.

Cochrane, silenced, stood for an instant in a tremor of black passion; then, with a gesture of surrender, he swung about for the door. As he passed Cadogan he halted stiffly and looked the young man over from head to heel.

"Eh, Mr. Cadogan, I believe?" he snarled, vainly attempting to cow the young man with his lightless and hateful eyes. "I shall know you again."

Cadogan smiled and deliberately revolved upon his heel, to permit the man's scrutiny to be complete. When he faced about again Cochrane was gone and Earl's voice was announcing the conclusion of the deal.

"Are there any more bids? Going at thirty-five thousand dollars! Going! Going!"

The hammer fell.

"The Cedar Island estate is sold to Mr. Cadogan for thirty-five thousand dollars!"

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

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CANNOT FIND CHIEF OF BOGUS COINERS

Officers Unable to Locate Men at Head of Gang.

No trace has been had today of the men the Secret Service officers, and Detectives Messer and Howes, of the First precinct say are the brains of the gang of counterfeiters raided by Detective Messer yesterday.

Charles Wright, the negro who the authorities declare they apprehended while in the very act of casting spurious coins in a plaster of Paris mold, in his home, 1416 Church street, yesterday morning, was brought to the Central Office today and photographed.

Wright will be taken before United States Commissioner Anson S. Taylor tomorrow for a preliminary hearing on a charge of counterfeiting.

The gang of which Wright is supposed to have been a member, operated at first in a shack on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, but moved their headquarters to the Church street house some time ago.

The coins made by them from puter scraps, are good representations of twenty-five and fifty cent pieces.

FALLS DOWN SHAFT, IS SERIOUSLY HURT

Eugene Higgs, a driver for the National Capital Brewing Company, is today in a critical condition at Emergency Hospital, as the result of a fractured skull received yesterday, when he fell down the elevator shaft at a saloon at 222 Eighth street northwest.

He called at the saloon, opened the elevator door, and stepped into space striking on the concrete floor beneath.

One Dollar Spent Now May Save Your Sight

One dollar is all we are charging for our special $2.50 eyeglasses, the most complete and satisfactory glasses at the price on the market today. They are gold-filled and fitted with perfectly ground periscopic lenses—handsome, serviceable, and incomparable values.

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PLANS FOR FUNERAL OF LLOYD BOWERS

BOSTON, Sept. 11.—Funeral services over the remains of Solicitor General Lloyd W. Bowers will be conducted tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock at the Hotel Touraine, where he died Friday.

The daughter of the deceased, who has been driving in Yellowstone Park, has been communicated with and is now [illegible] East.

The [illegible] will be private, except [illegible] honorary pallbearers. Among [illegible] will be President Taft, Justice [illegible] W. Holmes, of the Supreme [illegible] E. D. Habbert, Otis Wall[illegible] Thomas Martin, of Chicago, and John Hays Hammond, Robert Grier, and James Byrne, of New York.

The last rites will be performed Wednesday at Westfield, Conn., where interment will take place.

KILLED BY FALL OF SLATE.

LINTON, Ind., Sept. 11.—Electrician Frank Miller was instantly killed and Assistant Superintendent William Stevens probably fatally injured by a heavy fall of slate at the Shirley mine.

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