

AN UNSCRUPULOUS MAN WAS TRUSTED

How Wurttemberg Was Nearly Ruined By Adviser and Man of Influence—Duke Was Poisoned and Adviser Executed.

The name of Sues Oppenheim may not be familiar to readers of history, but in spite of that fact he was a very extraordinary character, who had immense influence over one of the world's rulers, and ended a very eventful life in a most tragic manner.

Charles Alexander, Duke of Wurttemberg, came into possession of his principality on December 16, 1733. Before that he had been an Austrian field marshal and the Governor of Cervia. In those capacities he had met Sues Oppenheim, who had helped him out of various financial difficulties, and who was altogether an unusual person. Oppenheim had demonstrated so many qualities to the Duke that he decided to take with him in his new field of endeavor.

It was an unfortunate decision for both of them. Between the prodigality of the Duke and the resourcefulness of Oppenheim they pretty nearly ruined the country, from a financial point of view. The people were taxed to an extent that brought them to the verge of revolution. Finally the Duke and his adviser began to consider the desirability of suspending the constitution in order to give themselves unlimited taxing power. This scheme was supposed to be a secret, and was to be put into effect suddenly, so that the people would not have the opportunity of protesting or resisting.

But somehow the news leaked out, and it caused consternation among the members of the Assembly who had been deposed to support Duke Charles, but who would not tolerate such a revolutionary proceeding if it were in their power to prevent it. Before taking any action they appointed a deputation of their members to call upon the Duke. It comprised the oldest and most respected members, and when they reached the palace they found the Duke was giving a grand ball, notable for its lavish expenditure of money, in a court that had already broken all precedents in his way of dissipating the taxes of the people. The Duke received the deputation with a cold and haughty air, and they were ushered into an ante-room where he was resting on a couch. He had just taken a powerful medicine that had been given to him in a silver bowl by the Chamberlain of the Court.

It was an impressive scene, because while the Assemblymen stood before the Duke and recited their wrongs the sound of music could be heard from the large ballroom where the frivolous followers of the Court were dancing. The Duke did not listen graciously. On the contrary he reproached them for having forced their way into the palace while he was entertaining his friends. Before he dismissed one of the deputation ventured to remark that the welfare of the people was of more importance than the entertainment of the Duke's friends.

At that he became livid with rage, and threatened to call the soldiers to oust the Assemblymen by force. They left in silence—a silence that was ominous. The news of their reception was told to the people, and that night not a window was lighted in the town. The palace alone blazed with light and resounded with music and merriment. Aside from that it was like a city of the dead. But in their darkened rooms the people prepared to assert themselves with the rising of the sun.

In the meantime events were hurrying on which were to make the popular uprising unnecessary. The Duke, left alone in the apartment after the deputation had gone, suddenly found himself becoming ill. He called for aid, but no one responded. He thought of the strong medicine that had been given him by the Chamberlain and he was greatly alarmed. Rising up with a sudden burst of strength he hurried into the adjoining room, but there was no one there. He made his way to the next apartment, but that also was vacant. With much violence he tore open the casements of the window and shouted for help into the immense courtyard. But by the irony of fate his voice was drowned by the playing of the band that was guiding the footstep of his frivolous friends in dancing. He shouted again and again, and finally fell over in a dead faint.

Chamberlain Neuffer was the first one to arrive in the room, and he found the Duke insensible. Physicians were summoned and they bled him. The blood flowed, and the Duke opened his eyes and gazed at the circle of faces that surrounded him. "What is the matter?" he gasped. "Why do I feel this way? Am I dying?"

He was lifted into an armchair, and before another minute passed he had succumbed. The news was announced to the guests and by them given to the people of the town. Now the conditions were reversed. The dead city came to life. Lights appeared in all of the windows and there was general rejoicing and the palace was the only building in the place that presented the aspect of mourning.

He was buried with due formality, but there was many a dry eye in Wurttemberg. Duke William was made regent and he immediately started in to institute reforms to pacify the people. In the meantime Sues Oppenheim hesitated. He felt that the suspension of the constitution, which had been one of the last acts of the dying Duke, would protect him.

In that hesitation he was lost. He realized this when it was too late. He tried to escape, but was caught and imprisoned. He was placed on trial for a score of offenses, and the trial lasted eleven months. He was convicted, of course, and on February 4, 1783, was led forth for execution. This rite was almost diabolical in its frightfulness. He was executed in an open cage. That is to say, he was strangled to death in a cage made of iron bars, and after that the cage was hung on the gallows thirty-five feet in the air, where the unfortunate man could be seen by the entire populace.

And while the people gazed on the body more than one of them wondered what had been in the silver bowl of medicine that was given to the Duke of Wurttemberg by the Chamberlain of the Court.

London, June 28. (Correspondence of The Associated Press).—Fifty British soldiers will soon be wearing shirts cut by the King.

King George and Queen Mary recently visited several clothing factories in the London district where shirts are being made for soldiers. In one of the plants the king became interested in the cutting process and accepted an invitation to try his hand. An electric cutter was given him and within a few seconds shirts lengths on a pile of material fifty thicknesses deep were severed, the flannel then being transferred to other machines which finished the detail work of cutting out.



A "queue" outside a London shop waiting for the weekly allowance of four ounces of oleomargarine.

How Secret Service Man Solved Theft of \$75,000

Mysterious Disappearance of Gold Bars From United States Mint in Cars Cleared Up By Some Carefully Planned Pantomime Work.

Some years ago an operative of the United States secret service was sent to the Carson City mint to investigate the theft of \$75,000 in gold bars from the institution. When he reached there he found that there were three men in whom he was especially interested, James Smith, the assistant smelter and refiner; John Harris, the silver dissolver, and Frank Jones, his assistant. He took possession of the private room of the superintendent of the mint and had these three men come before him in succession. Smith was to be examined first.

"When I press the electric button on this desk," the detective said to the superintendent of the mint, "send Harris to me. Give him a message of any kind, but when he enters the room have him say that he wants to speak to me privately. When I sound the buzzer a second time send Frank Jones into the room and have him act in the same manner as Harris."

Smith, who was the first to go through the ordeal, was very talkative and anxious to explain how the gold bars came to melt some of the gold bars and that when they were dissolved it was discovered that they were not gold but the baser metals. Then had come the investigation during which it was found that the government had been robbed of \$75,000.

"Exactly," said the detective. "Now how was the money stolen?" "Oh, that was quite simple," said Smith. "It seems that some one in melting the gold purchased by the room have him say that he wants to speak to me privately. When I sound the buzzer a second time send Frank Jones into the room and have him act in the same manner as Harris."

facturing imitation bricks made by commoner metals. These bricks were marked with a false value by aid of a die made to imitate the assay stamp. Oh, but it was a clever game, sir, and I do not believe it would ever have been discovered had the treasury department not sent in the rush order to make up \$100,000 worth of double eagles. Then the whole scheme was laid bare. It was a dreadful thing to cheat the government in this way, although as I said before, we have little reason to feel sorry. The government has not treated me well at all; in fact, I do not believe I have taken a holiday or at least six years. I—"

"How long do you suppose this robbery has been going on?" "Why—why I should say for about six years."

The detective looked steadily at his man from out of a pair of cold gray eyes. The silence lasted so long that it was painful. When the inquisitor spoke it was in slow, deliberate tones and every word seemed to go through the man before him like a hot iron.

"So you have been misusing your vacation for exactly the number of years that the government has been robbing of \$75,000?" Smith gave a cry like a wounded animal. "Do you mean to say that I stole the gold?" "I didn't say so."

"No, but you intimated it."

"Smith," said the secret service man, "what is your salary?"

"Two thousand dollars a year."

"You have been living very well recently and the cost of your living must have been more than twice \$2,000 a year."

"There you go again," wailed the witness. "Why do you keep accusing me?"

The detective arose, and leaning in the direction of Smith said slowly:—"Smith, why don't you make a clean breast of the whole business?"

"I have nothing to confess," whined the witness.

At that moment the detective, unnoticed pressed the buzzer on the desk. While the two men stood there silently looking at each other the door opened and Harris, the silver dissolver, entered the room. He had a haunted look and moistened his lips before he spoke.

"I really the words came out."

"May I speak to you sir?" "To me?" echoed the detective in countenance.

"Yes, sir."

"Of course," said the other, arising and a puzzled air.

The two men retired to a corner of the room and began to whisper. In the meantime Smith stood at the desk and hearing only mumbled sounds was in perfect agony of doubt and fear. Presently Harris left the room. The detective sat down again but did not speak. He seemed to be thinking. The suspected man could stand the strain no longer.

"What did he tell you?" he asked. The officer paused a moment before replying.

"Oh, I guess, nothing of any importance."

At that moment he stealthily pushed the buzzer again and the door opened. A little man with a bald head came into the room. It was Frank Jones, assistant to Harris, the silver dissolver.

"I would like to speak to you for a moment, sir," he said to the detective.

The pantomime of a few minutes before was repeated. They retired to the side of the room and walked in whisper. Smith gazed on helplessly. Once he half arose from his chair as though he would separate the two men by force. Heads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. Presently the conversation ended. The detective took the employee by the hand and in tones that were over cordial:—"Thank you very much."

As one left the room the detective resumed his talk.

"Smith," he said calmly, "there are some flaws in your story and I want you to start in and tell it over again."

"How long is this going to last?" the suspect asked.

"All summer unless you tell me the truth."

Smith's face was ashen by this time. He was trembling from head to foot and his speech was becoming more incoherent. Suddenly he jumped up in frenzy. He threw out his arms at full length and his face twitched.

"Quit!" he cried. "Quit in Heaven's name and I'll tell you the whole story. Let me alone and I'll give you the truth, I swore the gold."

He confessed that he had abstracted the gold by ounces and that whenever a sufficient quantity had been obtained, he had manufactured a brick of base metal to take the place of the bar of pure gold. Harris and Jones were in pure gold. Harris and Jones were in pure gold. The three men were arrested; one died before the trial and the others were given eight years apiece in the penitentiary.

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Ladies' Sport Sweaters, in brush and knitted wools..... \$3.50 to \$6.98
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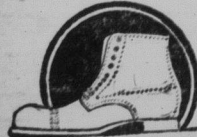
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Men's Raincoats, in Black Rubber, Tweeds and Parametta..... \$2.98 to \$4.98
Boys' Black Rubber and Parametta Raincoats..... \$2.98 to \$4.98
Men's Dust Coats..... \$1.98 to \$2.48
Men's Office Coats..... \$1.00 to \$1.98
Men's Odd Vests..... \$1.45
Men's Working Shirts, Gingham, Galatea, Black Twill and Sateen..... 75c. to \$1.50
Men's Dress Shirts..... 75c. to \$1.98
Boys' Dress Shirts, all kinds..... 75c. to \$1.98
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