

THE VIDOCQ OF NEW YORK

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649224944

The Vidocq of New York by Chandos Fulton

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

CHANDOS FULTON

**THE VIDOCQ
OF NEW YORK**

THE VIDOCQ

OF

NEW YORK.

BY

CHANDOS FULTON,

AUTHOR OF "A SOCIETY STAR," "A BROWN STONE FRONT," ETC.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY.

1891.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY
THE MINERVA PUBLISHING CO.

THE VIDOCQ OF NEW YORK.

PART FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

THE ANONYMOUS LETTER.

"I DON'T believe a word you say!" said Mrs. Larkspur to her husband, seated opposite at the center table in the family sitting room in their mansion on Park Avenue. "I don't believe a word you say!" she reiterated with flashing eyes and an emotion that was none the less sincere because there was an effort at suppression or control.

"I have told you the truth, and nothing but the truth," he retorted doggedly, with a show of humiliation rather than displeasure that he should be doubted. "I have simply stated facts, and your conclusions or surmises are unjust."

"How absurd! To think that a woman who could write that letter did not know you."

"That may be, and I may know her—her familiarity with the name and address and our affairs would indicate a close personal friend—but that I am carrying on any intrigue with her or know her identity I positively deny."

"I don't believe you," exclaimed the wife, unable to restrain her anger.

"H'm—What do you propose to do?"

"Go back to my father and mother!"

"I think that if you took counsel from them, you would be prepared to listen to reason."

"Ah, yes! I have no doubt you would like me to leave you and go back to them—leave you to carry on your intrigue with this vile woman."

"But I shall stipulate to be present when the statement of the case is made to them."

"You would lie to them, as to me!"

"Oh, Belle! Don't let your temper run away with you. I swear to you, by the memory of my mother and all I hold sacred, I have told you the truth, and am innocent of your insinuations."

"You had better go to her, lest she upbraid you for not being punctual," retorted the wife, tossing across the table a letter she held in her hand, and leaving the room to conceal a flood of tears.

Larkspur picked up the letter that had come to him in the mail that afternoon to his home address.

On a small, delicate, pink-tinted and violet-

scented note-sheet was the following in a lady's chirography:

"TUESDAY.

"DEAREST—I know it was your little surprise whist party that kept you from coming to me last evening, and knowing how poignant must have been your regret, I freely forgive your neglect of your promise. Don't fail to come this evening. It is 'lodge' night, you know; that ought to be a good excuse any time for absence, eh? Yours only and forever,

MINNIE.

"Andrew Larkspur, Esq."

This tender little epistle was not inclosed in an envelope of the same fine grade, but in an ordinary business yellow one, and the superscription was in the bold, round hand of a clerk and the "Mr." had a flourish to the "r" that made it look like "Mrs.," and, consequently, the wife had opened it.

"I would give a good deal to know who wrote this letter!" muttered Larkspur, who really adored his pretty, but hot-tempered wife. "Some fiend who seeks to make trouble. Some one who knows the internecine affairs of this household, that we had an impromptu card party last night, when I had no idea of going out, and that I belong to a lodge which I usually attend this evening in the week. Who it is I have not the slightest idea! I did not suppose I had an enemy in the world!"

CHAPTER II.

GONE HOME.

THE violent closing of the front door downstairs attracted his attention, and he arose to go out into the hall and look over the banister.

He met a servant maid coming upstairs.

"Mrs. Larkspur has gone to her father and mother's," said the maid.

"Alone?"

"No; she rang for a messenger boy while she was putting on her things."

"Oh!"

"She told me to tell you not to sit up for her," added the maid, with a courtesy, as she descended to rejoin her comrades below stairs.

Larkspur returned to the sitting room disconsolately.

"This is too bad! Folly!" he muttered, as he sunk into his chair.

Glancing at a portrait of his wife by Constant Mayer, on the wall opposite, he mused again, "I must rule now, or forever be dethroned."

He picked up the letter and scanned it again, comparing the writing of the inside with the address.

"If the letter were not addressed to me at the bottom I should be inclined to doubt that it was intended for me. The poison of the sting is in the superscription, the misleading address."

Lighting a cigar, he paced the apartment in meditation, finally exclaiming :

"I must get to the bottom of this!" A few vigorous puffs, a few seconds of meditation, a prolonged puff and the ejaculation :

"Byrnes!"

A strut to the chair, and dropping therein :

"Yes, Byrnes is my man : he can advise me, if not help me. He will be better than a lawyer."

Drawing toward him a little writing desk that stood on the table, he scrawled in pencil :

"This is folly. In a few days I will convince you of my innocence. Won't you come home ?

"ANDREW."

He addressed an envelope to his wife at her father's round the corner on Madison Avenue, inclosed the note and summoned a district messenger and dispatched him with it, bidding him to "wait answer."

The answer came in good time ; a verbal, laconic, "No."

"I am glad she did not take the letter with her, as I shall need it to-morrow," he muttered, putting the letter back into the envelope that inclosed it, pocketing the same as he went into his chamber adjoining, to seek in vain a night's rest—for though strong in his innocence, he was naturally much disturbed.