

said to McKee. Well he did! he went to both Dovers; but wherever he went he wore the cap and military pants and Gordon's watch with the watch paper in it, and Gordon's saddlebags and the one boot with the identifying patch! He visits first his friends and relatives in Maryland. They had no suspicion of crime, but his strange action and curious conduct proclaim to them his mental disorder. It is told in the depositions from Maryland. At last he is in Dover of Delaware. His parents reside there. He puts up at a conspicuous hotel; he visits his father and mother and goes everywhere publicly; he remains for days; the papers having carried thither news of the fate of Gordon. The police are in the town; Wentz, a constable, and perhaps the Philadelphia policeman; they are consulting three lawyers as to the best mode of arrest. Worrell learns they are after him. He does not fly; he does not attempt it nor does he secrete himself. He goes to bed at the hotel; before doing so he hangs up his vest upon his bedstead, with Gordon's watch in it, and Gordon's saddlebags near him. The boot with its patch is there also and the military cap and the military pants; and in his trunk the frame of the daguerrotype, and in his pocketbook with the hair of a loved one, and some other tokens of affection, is the receipt of money paid for the board of Mr. Strong, and for the keeping of three stolen horses. The police, with Couzins at their head, at a late hour in the night, rush into the room. Their preparation was such as a proper caution would dictate to arrest a desperate, bloodthirsty, sane felon. Their action was suited to that idea. But they only encounter a question, and it is full of significance: "Why did you not come in the daytime?" Couzins has time to examine his arm for a tattooed mark upon it. It did not require time to see seven rings on his fingers! Every man and woman, in the cars, at hotels, on the streets, at the theater, or at balls, saw seven rings on the fingers of this flying felon! This refugee from justice, this sane criminal, urged by the instincts of self-preservation to hide his identity and "baffle"—yes, "baffle"—that is the word used by the most skillful detective who ever won police laurels! He changed his name, say the prose-