

THE OLD TRUNDLE BMO

O, the old trundle bed where I slept when a boy...

O, the old trundle bed, where I wondered how...

O, the old trundle bed! O, the old trundle bed!

TOLD BY A DETECTIVE.

In some of the isles of the Pacific it is not uncommon for the spider, while in the act of seizing and sucking the heart's blood...

In passing through one of the fashionable squares one day about noon, on business which admitted of little delay, I was surprised to see one of the most cunning rogues within my ken ascend the steps of a big house and ring the bell...

That was the man whom I saw ascend the steps of that fine residence. What plant was the villain after there? My business was urgent, but the effrontery of the knave pointed so clearly to some carefully-planned crime...

I fully expected Peter to cave in at the first glimpse of me, and sink off from the house at his smartest; but to my surprise, he only bestowed upon me a patronizing wink and a confident grin...

There was something irritating in the challenge, although it was given only by a look, and, in spite of my anxiety to get away, I determined to wait a little, and possibly to do the very thing he defied me to attempt...

I did not believe it, and determined to let all other business stand that I might see the end of this adventure. With this object I loitered about, never within sight of the windows of the house...

Peter Hart's visit to the house could have no connection with him. Mr. Bannister had a young and beautiful wife, who had bestowed not only herself and her love upon the somewhat elderly savan, but a fortune as well...

Peter did not remain long in the house—possibly ten minutes at the most; and when he did appear I thought best to be out of sight. To my surprise he had no bundle or trace of one about him; nor did his person appear more bulky than when he had entered...

"Where are you running to now?" I earnestly asked, not wishing to be too sudden in my questions.

note," he smartly answered, with a peculiar crisp note, at the same time opening the door for my inspection.

"You might have risked it with that one," I said at last, handing it back. "Who offered it?"

"Oh, indeed!" I cried, with a start and a thrill of satisfaction. "He offered this to be changed, did he? Then you needn't bother going any further with it."

"This is yours, isn't it?" I said pleasantly, whereupon he scowled most malignantly. "Yes, it's mine," he said, with an oath at me which, being quite undeserved, need not be put down.

"I believe so. Where did you get it?" "What's that to you?" was the bullying response.

I folded up the note and put it into my pocket, and then produced my handcuffs. "Everything in the world," I replied.

"You must either answer that to me or put on these before answering it to the judge." Slightly disconcerted, but still defiant, he thought for a moment and then said: "Well, I got it from a gentleman—a friend of mine I was calling on this morning."

"His name?" "Mr. Bannister," he suddenly responded, after another pause. "I believe you!" I returned, with marked skepticism. "You had better say no more, for you will have to go with me."

Peter lost his temper, and said he would see me very much altered first, but he didn't. He was foolish enough to resist, so I got another man, and after much kicking and struggling on Peter's part we landed him at the Central office.

At the office I stated all the facts—how I had seen Peter entering the house of Mr. Bannister, and watched him leaving it and knowing his character and antecedents had followed him and arrested him passing a twenty-dollar note, for the possession of which he could not properly account.

When I reached the house and was shown in the impression I had formed was strengthened. Everything in the place seemed so stately and grand that I could not conceive how the possessor could be beholden to such a crime-stained wretch as Peter Hart.

"I have called about rather an awkward business," I at length said, not knowing very well how to begin. I am connected with the detective staff—"I would have proceeded to say that I had watched and arrested Peter as already described, but I was at that juncture interrupted in a manner altogether unexpected."

"None, except that we could refer the matter to you for confirmation of his statement, and for that purpose I have called."

"Oh, if that is all," he readily answered, looking now positively radiant. "I can readily relieve your anxiety. I did pay him the money, freely and willingly, for work done."

"For work done?" I echoed, a good deal staggered and thoroughly puzzled. "Have you any objection to say what kind of work it was?"

"I believe him to be a scoundrel," he faintly and somewhat wearily answered. "I know nothing of his private character, and care less."

"Then we are to conclude that we have made a mistake in arresting him, and that we have no just cause for detaining him?" I pursued trying in vain to read in his face the real secret.

"Exactly. You have made a mistake; but it was a natural one on your part, seeing, as you say, that the man is a professed criminal," he decidedly responded.

"Honor among thieves!" was my contemptuous thought. "There is some bond of villainy between the two, and now this man wants to get rid of his leech. I wonder if I could not take them both?"

I left the house, after bidding Mr. Bannister a not over-gracious farewell, and Peter Hart was promptly set at liberty, with much crowing and exultation on his part. The next day or two I spent chiefly in trying to guess the nature of the hold which Peter exercised over the gentleman.

To the spider-devourer I now come, though, of course, I did not at first recognize him in that character. Not many days after Peter's release I was accosted by a sharp-witted fellow, pretty well known to me, named Dick McQueen.

"I believe you said you'd take Peter Hart before long," he said to me, after some of the preliminary talk which conjurers and men of the world use to throw one off his guard.

"You don't know who that gent is, then?" I said at last, suspiciously. "No; I've tried hard to find out, and I've watched Peter all over town to no purpose. He's too fly for me."

"Have you any idea what hold Peter has upon the gent?" I asked, after a pause to think. Dick bestowed upon me one of the most superlatively cunning winks that humanity could create.

"I've an idea," he curtly answered. "Well, what is its nature?" "Look here, you're a detective, and pretty fly, but you don't come it so easy over me," he retorted sharply, but without any anger.

I took the proposal of Dick under advisement, and shortly decided to let him have the desired information. I had first made a visit to Mr. Bannister, and found him not only willing, but eager, to pay \$100 to any one who would give

such information as would lead to Peter's incarceration, conditionally, of course, that his name did not appear in the case. I made no conditions, but allowed Dick to make his own terms.

"Do you know Bell Diamond—she who's said to be Peter's sister, though her name's different? Well, I don't know all the outs and ins of it, but Bell is said to be that gent's real and lawful wife."

"Never!" "A fact, I believe. Peter's got all the papers somewhere to prove it. They were married quite young—twenty years ago, at least—when Bell wasn't such a harridan as she looks now."

The moment this information was tendered I regretted my compact. What, though I sent Dick to Mr. Bannister and the money was cheerfully paid, if the arrest and imprisonment of the gentleman himself on a charge of bigamy followed?

"Oh, you are, are you?" he snappishly and defiantly answered, jumping up with the greatest readiness. "Perhaps you'll take me to the office and look me up as you did before, and risk me bringing an action of damages against you and the rest of 'em?"

"There is a man at the door," I quietly answered, bringing out my bracelets, "but he won't have to hit you over the head, unless you act as foolishly as you did the last time. You're not afraid of these?"

"Afraid of them? Not me. I want them on—I want them on badly. See, I'll put them on myself. Now take me away and abuse me, and lock me up, and then take the consequences."

"Delighted to find that his facetious mood made him so pliant, I obeyed him in every particular, and Peter's exultant smile only faded when the first two or three questions had been put to him at the office. The moment 'Boston' was mentioned his jaw fell, and he fixed upon me a look of hatred most flattering and pleasing to me.

"When the papers had been discovered I fully expected to have that disagreeable task to perform. The whole case seemed clear and the proof positive to my mind, for I had seen the workings of the hidden springs from the first. But the law has certain forms of its own; and I was sent first to Bell Diamond's herself, who was the proper person to make the charge.

"Mr. Bannister had really married a girl named Isabella Diamond, who drifted away from him and was lost sight of. That lost wife, after sinking lower and lower, died in a lodging house in New York, in which Peter Hart and his sister at that time lived. Nelly Hart was in trouble and likely to be taken, and the name of the dead woman was boldly given in as Helen Hart, while the living owner took the name of Bell Diamond, as well as the papers left by her, and vanished in the direction of Chicago.

"No, not exactly; but Peter cheated me out of a dollar months ago, and I've never forgotten it, nor never will."

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Peter Hart duly received his sentence of twenty years, and Dick McQueen, the spider-devourer, as I may name him, was avenged of his dollar.

Colonel Branson.

A very interesting bit of personal and general history, especially to the residents of New Mexico and the Rio Grande valley, is the fact that Colonel David Branson, now a resident of this place, is the man who fought the last battle and gave the last order to cease firing at the close of the war of the rebellion, and did it at the mouth of New Mexico's great river, the Rio Grande. The battle was fought on May 12 and 13, 1865. Colonel Branson was sent out from the general camp on Brazos Island with a mixed command of about 800 men from the second Texas cavalry, dismounted; first Missouri, colored, and the twenty-fourth Indiana, to capture a herd of cattle for the use of the troops.

Then it was that Colonel Branson, who had been informed of the good tidings brought by the war ship in the offing, and fully comprehending its importance and the historical significance of that day's work, with himself as a modest though conspicuous figure in the closing scene of the great tragedy, gave the order to 'cease firing,' with probably deeper feeling than he ever before gave a military order, and gratefully sheathed the sword that had for five years been the symbol of command through the bloodiest war of the ages, never again, he hopes, to draw it in deadly conflict with his fellow man.

"I'm waiting on you, Peter," I at length pointedly remarked. "Oh, you are, are you?" he snappishly and defiantly answered, jumping up with the greatest readiness. "Perhaps you'll take me to the office and look me up as you did before, and risk me bringing an action of damages against you and the rest of 'em?"

An Electric Sluice Box.

We witnessed this morning the operation of a new style of sluice box, to be used on mill tailings and in washing gravel. The appliance is a new one, the patent on which has been applied for by C. H. Wetzel and F. J. Taylor. The sluice box used is the ordinary shape and size, and in the bottom of which are arranged wedge shaped riffles, two abreast, but with the ends reversed in every set. The riffles are each about a foot long, and all are covered with a sheet of zinc and copper, the copper being next to the wood. The copper plate has the zinc fastened to it so that the zinc is not allowed to touch either the riffles or the side of the box.

Odd Stories About Animals.

In his fright, on being chased by a hawk, a partridge flew against Joseph Brink of Sullivan county, N. Y., with such force as to break its neck.

Charles Hedrick, of Lexington, N. C., shot an eagle which had black back wings and tail, while its neck and breast were as white as snow. It measured seven feet from tip to tip.

In a burning cabin in Franklin county, Ga., two colored children perished, and a dog which had been left with them refused to leave them and was burned to death by their side.

For a useful lime wash for wood and stone this is the proposed preparation: Twenty liters of quicklime are slaked in a suitable vessel. One gramme of sulphate of zinc and 5 grammes of common salt are added. The latter causes the lime to dry without making any cracks.

John Bright's Fun.

This gentleman was recently entertained at a big breakfast given in his honor by his admiring constituents. In return he entertained them with a speech of some two hours' duration. Rather a long breakfast talk, it is true; but he kept the Mayor of Birmingham and some two hundred and fifty guests in peals of laughter throughout. He was in the most exuberant of spirits, hoping that the atmosphere of commediation and praise in which he had been living an entire week might not impair the simplicity and the moderation of character which he had always—albeit, perhaps, not successfully—endeavored to preserve.

He was particularly facetious in allusions to the Suez Canal and Channel Tunnel; and in his reference to the latter he spoke of "a very remarkable man," J. C. Dyer, an American by birth, but who had lived nearly half a century

in England, dying a few years ago near Manchester at the age of ninety. Mr. Dyer had left in the possession of Mr. Bright a package of manuscript. Of this he described his coming over from America for the purpose of disposing, if he could, of some American inventions. Even at that time, 1814, the Americans were great in invention. At this day I usually ask an American who comes to me, as a great many do, whether or not he has a patent. * * * Mr. Dyer came over here, and one of his patents was for the establishment of steam navigation. He had been intimate with Mr. Fulton, who, in the United States, was the first promoter of the great change, and Mr. Dyer came to the ship-owners and various people in London, and tried to engage them to take up this patent and establish these boats on the Thames and on the Channel. He describes how entirely unsuccessful he was. He could not get any of them to look at it. And now Englishmen were afraid to look through a hole in the earth, in fear of seeing French uniforms and guns. "Why," said he, "I could draw a picture, if I had not lived over it and through it, that would make your hair stand on end at the perils we were about to encounter by the establishment of steam navigation and swift passages across the Atlantic." Touching upon the dimensions of the tunnel he said: "I do not know the width of this room, but that of the tunnel could not be much wider; and it would be only twenty miles in length, and 35,000,000 of persons in England and Ireland—8,000,000 grown men—are afraid to think of it." He asked if the great English nation, which has its arm stretched all over the globe, was at home a nation of imbeciles? And poked his fun at the military authorities in this wise: "I would advise you never to take the opinion of high military authorities, except on a question of what should be done when you are actually at war."

As to the Suez matter he said: "I am not at all certain. I believe it possible and probable that if we had had—if the government had had—a civilian of commanding character and capacity in the harbor of Alexandria—no battle up the country—no slaughter of three or four hundred human beings—and then there would have been nobody enrolled and no pensions granted." Uproarious laughter followed this sally, and the pleasant breakfast of many hours at length came to an agreeable end.

Pigeon Houses on the Nile.

The pigeon houses on the banks of the Nile are a great attraction to travelers. These breeding places consist of nothing else than an enormous number of red earthenware vessels, closely resembling medium sized flower pots, placed on their sides in a circle, with the mouth inward, and tier upon tier is raised with the assistance of the tenacious Nile mud until the cone is completed and the dome covered in, a few light branches of trees being introduced on the outside of the fabric before completion to enable the pigeons to perch and rest themselves at times. Hawks and other birds of prey, not to say cats also, annoy and too often destroy the pigeons here, and consequently a trap-door is fitted to the place about half way up the building and worked by a couple of ropes which reach down to the ground. These on being pulled by the natives at dawn, allow the pigeons to sally forth and feed gratis during the day in the adjoining fields, or a little farther off if food is scarce at hand, and soon after sunset, when the pigeons are all back, the trap-door is let down for the night, to the exclusion of all intruders. There is a long upright pole in the center of the building, with cross pieces of wood on it to serve as a ladder, upon which the owner mounts to catch the birds or clean out the place; and owing to the facility for keeping pigeons in Egypt, it is not to be wondered at their being found always in the market at very moderate prices. It is not altogether, however, for the sake of the birds that people here breed them on a large scale, but it is the manure, which is prized for agricultural purposes, especially for raising melons in the spring; and often a fellow, who has no pigeons to depend upon, will send a donkey and boy with a couple of large baskets across the animal's back through the country to buy up all the manure he requires by going from house to house, even where only a few pigeons are kept, paying 50 cents for a quantity that would barely fill a bushel measure.

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For a useful lime wash for wood and stone this is the proposed preparation: Twenty liters of quicklime are slaked in a suitable vessel. One gramme of sulphate of zinc and 5 grammes of common salt are added. The latter causes the lime to dry without making any cracks.

A very beautiful fawn color is produced by adding to the mixture 5 grammes of yellow ochre, or if a stone color is desired or preferred 2 grammes of amber and 1 of lamp-black may be substituted. A common brush may be used in applying the wash.

Gases, M. Cornu says, may be absorbed through the epidermis of the aerial organs of plants. Some of the plant stages in a vineyard had been coated by the gardener with some bad-smelling coal-tar. The result was that the grapes were spoiled. The roots and stems of the vines were outside the house so that the odor of the tar could not come through them. A curious fact was that the flavor of the tar was stronger in the center of each grape than on or at the skin.