



THE DETECTIVE.

WELL, well! Perhaps it was my fault—perhaps it was not. He was a clever fellow—ah, that he was. They asked me to catch him; I said I'd try. I wouldn't promise—no, I'd only say I'd try.

I tried. His offense was nothing—merely what is commonly called a "Railway Plant." It succeeded, though, and my gentleman was "wanted."

I made a grand hit when I nabbed his companion. He told me his haunts and his habits, but he wouldn't aid me in catching him. I determined to do it myself. I was a green hand then. No matter; I had the will. I found the way. He was to be at a tea party on that Thursday night. I was invited. Shall I take two policemen in disguise and arrest him. No; all his friends would rescue him. I will go alone. I went. I left my little house—a four-roomed dwelling—at 6. I locked the front door, and off I went to Mrs. Jones' tea party.

It was in the month of December. We had great fun at that tea party. There was a gentleman there that I believed to be my man, despite the fact that, when I was introduced, I was informed he had just come from the continent. We fell into conversation. He began to pump me. This was what I wanted. I was determined to play the simple, and tell him all he asked.

He stared hard at me. Perhaps he knew me—perhaps he did not. He was a peculiar man, with short black hair, a clean-shaven face (parish priests and pickpockets are alike clean-shaven—strange coincidence!), dressed in a suit of very light gray. He appeared smart. I might safely have shouted, "All hands to pump ship!" for he pumped in a most bare-faced manner.

He asked me where I lived. I told him. I saw no use in deceiving him; besides, I had a little plan in view—I might invite him to my house, and pin him.

Had I any company? None. Any one else in the house? No. I was a bachelor; I preferred to live alone. And then, in the most quiet and insinuating way, he asked me did I shoot? I did; he had been shooting lately—last week he was shooting in Suffolk. He went down there for a day or two. Ah! and I remarked, in a very innocent way, looking up benignly at him, that I thought—that was, I understood—he had just come from the continent.

He started. I pretended to be surprised, and he assured me, in fact, he had been to the continent since! But about the shooting? No, I didn't shoot; I was timid about firearms; the sight only, I assured him, of a loaded gun made me tremble (pass me here, reader; there is a loaded gun always hanging over my chimney-piece in the parlor). Had I no firearms? He had a beautiful gun. No, I had none. Then he returned to the house in question. Did I sleep on the ground floor? No. Where then? At the top of the house—it was two stories high. Oh! back or front? Back. He was very inquisitive, I thought; but I seemed to enjoy telling him all I could. He thought he was dipping, poor devil! Then he asked me, as if casually, did I approve of keeping money at home, or did I send it to the bank? I started. I began to think this was too good. No matter; I would go through with it. I had told him lies enough, why not tell another—ay, why not? I kept my money at home. Banks were unsafe; but I assured him I felt uneasy "just then," because I happened to have more than usual, and it wasn't mine. Five hundred pounds ready money, I think I told him. No; it was £500 "in notes"—ha! ha! Five pence in coppers would have been nearer the mark. But no matter; poverty is no sin.

Yes, I kept it in the house; and he thought it strange I had no arms. Here I stopped him, and begged his pardon; I had. What were they, might he ask? He might. My arm was a boller stick, with two ounces of lead let into the top of it. Oh! he seemed greatly relieved.

I told him the doors and windows had bolts on them, and were all barred—all but one. He pricked up his ears, and a faintly murmured "Which?" led me on, and gave me hope. I thought it best to encourage him—all but one. The front window on the ground floor, I said, had no bar on the shutter. They had all bolts, I told him. It had a bell. It was very safe. "Thieves never think of getting into a house by the front, you know. And there was no area or garden. The door opened on the pavement. Yes, it was very safe—wasn't

it? Yes, he thought it was. Then he talked about politics, etc.; and then he got up to go—so soon? and Mrs. Jones begged him to stay; and I begged him to give me a call some night, for—ah! really, he was very—that is, his company was very—ah! very agreeable, ha! ha! ha! He was going my way, would I go with him? or would he wait for me? No; I would stay an hour longer at least, and then see the Misses Browne to their home. Ha! ha! ha! what a notion I had of it.

He thought me very simple, no doubt—he thought all I said was true. I often wonder now whether he ever suspected that the quiet individual who did not shoot nor put his money in the bank, and slept in the house alone, and put bells on the doors and windows, was a detective, who would do his best to see him safely "in quod" before twelve hours were over. Ha! ha! we shall see what we shall see—so we shall.

He is gone. He shuts the hall door. He looks wildly about him, and then sets off in the direction of my lodgings. I am watching him from my window. Oh, I forgot to tell him. Ah! really I must go. Good evening, Mrs. Jones; ta ta! I will clap on my hat and follow him. I shall shut the hall door quietly and start in the same direction. Ha! I thought so.

There he is in the dark, round the corner. He does not think any one sees him. Here is a low wall—how handy! I'll just get behind it and watch him. His position is well chosen—no one can see him unless just where I am.

Look what he is at. Well, I'm blowed! He pulls out a coat from goodness knows where. It is quite black. He puts it over his other coats, and even pulls off his trousers. Ah! he has others on under them—they are black, too. And then he takes off his tall hat, and stows all his traps where the coat came from. His hat is replaced by a glengarry. Then out comes a great black beard and mustache, which are carefully adjusted. My yah! I wouldn't know him again.

Look again; he is examining something in his hand; it shines as he turns it over—it gives a faint click, click, as he holds it up. Ha! I thought so; it is a pistol. He puts it into his breast, and then looks about him. I creep closer to the wall. He does not see me, although he is coming this way.

He passes me, and walks on. I whistle a tune, and step after him round the corner. I am coming up to him. He asks me the time. I tell him, and ask, did a gentleman in a light suit pass that way? Yes; he went up yon street smoking a cigar—good-night, sir! Ha! ha! good-night! But surely he is following me! Yes, there can be no mistake about it. No matter, I will outwit him. I reach the corner—he is ten yards behind me, or more. I set off at a run down the street till I reach the next corner. Round it I fly.

A glance backward—he has not entered the street yet. I enter a half-open door. The next minute I hear his steps; he is running for life and death, one would think. He reaches the corner, too, and stops. He is not a yard from me, and I am grinning at him through the door, which is about six inches open. He looks about him. He is at fault. "Blast him," he mutters, "I'll have him yet!" He sets off at a headlong speed along the street, and I saunter out quietly and follow him at an easy walk. I arrive at the corner. Heavens! he is coming down the street towards me. Yes, it must be he, although his beard and mustache are replaced by carrotty whiskers, and he has a pea jacket and a jerry hat! By what trick of sleight-of-hand is this done? I cannot imagine. It must be he. He is filling his pipe. My house is just in advance; still he follows me.

I enter the house. Casually he glances up at the windows. I bolt the door. I hear him turn into the lane that goes up alongside the next house. I steal quietly into the front parlor, and leave the shutters open, and put back the window fastening. Then I go upstairs to the back room. I light the candle. I don't draw down the blind, for reasons of my own. One glance at the lane. I thought so; there he is, staring at the house. I can see him; the lamp is not far off. I draw back out of sight, and, taking my revolver out of the drawer, I put fresh cartridges therein, and slip it into my pocket. Then I go to the window again, with my nightcap in my hand. I stare into the glass while I adjust it. I am full in the glare of the candle-light; I am sure he sees me. Then, quietly drawing down the blind, I extinguish the light, and pull it (the blind) a little on one side to look out. See! he is running round to the front again. I steal down stairs; I creep into the

parlor. I thought so; some one at the window. Slowly and silently the sash is lifted and the blind pushed back; the next moment a man enters the room. It is he.

He pulls out his pistol, cocks it, and lays it on the table. Then he pokes his head out under the blind, and glances up and down the street. Apparently satisfied, he withdraws his head, and then feels his way to the fireplace; he is going to strike a match.

I quietly put out my hand and grip his pistol. I stealthily draw myself up and face him. He strikes the silent match; gradually it brightens up. His back is toward me. He lights a candle and turns around.

He does not start, but turns white as a sheet. I am facing him, covering him with my revolver and his own pistol. For a moment we glare at each other. He mutters, "No firearms, eh?" and I hiss, "Surrender!" A moment, and the candlestick is dashed in my face. There is a flash, a report—another! He dashes at the window. Now I see why he left it open. I rush madly forward. A heavy blow descends on my face. I stagger back only for a moment. I start up and take down the gun; in an instant I am standing in the street. He is fifty yards away. I fire one barrel, then the next—of course, I miss—and there I stand crestfallen at my window, while the neighbors gather around. "Thieves!" says one; "the ruffians!" cries another; while a third eye me calmly saying, "You've missed him!" I never saw him again.—Elmira Telegram.

AN USUAL BUSINESS.

German Who Reaps Profit from Training Watch Dogs.

A patient and ingenious man, Herr Straus of Berlin is engaged in a novel and unusual business, something which he has thought out for himself and which is proving very lucrative.

It has long been admitted that the dog stands unrivalled among animals for the intelligence he so markedly displays, but, notwithstanding this, it seems that a certain amount of training is necessary to turn out what might be called a really good watch dog.

The fact seems to have impressed Herr Straus to an unusual extent, for he has established in Berlin an academy where watch dogs are turned out by the hundreds every year. For this purpose he has invented a system whereby every dog, by judicious application, might finally develop into a good watch dog, and also an affectionate pet. The system does not consist of teaching the bow-wow a few tricks—which, however pretty they may look in the drawing-room, are scarcely of value—but in educating the dog so that he may distinguish burglar from master, and treat them accordingly. Thus, every dog placed under the care of Herr Straus is put through a scientific training and is taught, should occasion occur, what part of the man's body must be attacked to prove most encouraging to nonresistance.

Before this can be mastered, however, the value of obedience must be instilled into the mind of every dog sharing the hospitality of his master, and consequently the recruit is first of all taught such ordinary tricks as sitting on its haunches, jumping in various ways over certain obstacles, and carrying stones from one place to another.

When these simple tricks have been properly grasped by his canine pupils Herr Straus proceeds to more important instruction. A dummy representing a tramp is placed outside the gate, and to the knob a string is attached, which is held by an assistant. Slowly and stealthily the gate is opened until the head of the dummy is perceptible inside. The dogs are taught to fly at this dummy as soon as they see it, and the educated dog promptly does credit to his master by springing at the throat of the imitation tramp. The teacher was the victim of his own system not long ago. He dressed himself in a ragged suit, and opening the door of the room where the dog was made a noise. The animal flew at him and chased his instructor for several squares.—Chicago Chronicle.

Working Under Difficulties.

It is extraordinary what some men can accomplish in spite of ill-fortune. Vereschagin had his right thumb so badly bitten by a leopard some years ago, that it had to be amputated. On the field of battle the middle finger of his right hand was made useless by a shot. By a fall on the steppes later, the center bones of the same hand were shattered. Nevertheless, Vereschagin is one of the foremost painters in Russia, and makes as dexterous use of his right hand, lamed as it is, as any man in Europe.

Goethe the Popular Favorite.

The London publisher, Walter Scott, recently asked the subscribers to his "Scott Library" to ballot on the question of what classic they would have for the 191st volume of that series. Goethe was victor in the composition, and a selection from his critical papers was accordingly chosen.

If you will be perfectly frank with yourself, you will discover that you are patient only at times when nothing occurs to make you impatient.

CUBA'S FIRST CABINET OFFICERS.



These are the men who have been selected to dignify portfolios in the cabinet of Cuba, and their appointments have been announced by Capt. Gen. Blanco.

TWO WORTHY WOMEN.

Miss Goldthwait, Typewriter—John Adams' Descendant a Nurse.

Miss Alice Goldthwait is said to be the most rapid operator on the typewriter, under test conditions, in the world. At an exhibit of expert typewriting given in St. Louis, Mo., a few days ago, Miss Goldthwait, in the test made, wrote 80 words per minute from dictation. In the second test of three



MISS ALICE GOLDTHWAIT.

minutes and ten seconds she wrote 302 words, an average of 95½ words per minute. The dictation was from a sermon and other unfamiliar matter. Another interesting test was in writing a familiar sentence, in which Miss Goldthwait wrote 155 words in one minute.

In a hospital in Philadelphia, learning to be a nurse, is a great-granddaughter of John Adams, second President of the United States and one of the founders of the government. Her name is Miss Emma O'Neill, and, despite the fact that she is scarcely more than 20 years old, she possesses in not a small degree some of the characteristics of the distinguished family of which she is a proud descendant. She is beautiful and much courted by Phila-



MISS EMMA O'NEIL.

adelphia society men, but on her mother's death a year ago she decided to devote herself to ministering to the sick.

GAVE HIS LIFE TO SAVE ANOTHER

Young Man Drowns After Rescuing a Companion from Death.

A story of splendid heroism in a youth who gave his life to save that of his friend comes from Fraserburgh, in Scotland. The hero of the story is St. John Dick Cunyngham, son of Lieutenant Colonel Dick Cunyngham, V. C., of the Second Battalion Gordon Highlanders, stationed at Aldershot. Young Cunyngham and the master of Saltoun (son of Lord Saltoun) left Philorth together, and went to the sea to bathe. Evidently the lads were unacquainted with the treacherous nature of the sands at the point at which they entered the water, for they walked out at once to easy swimming depth. Suddenly both found themselves in deep water, a strong undercurrent having drawn them into one of the many "pots" or pools which constitute the chief danger of the place. To the lad Cunyngham the situation

was not desperate, but the young master of Saltoun was quickly exhausted and was on the point of giving up the struggle when his companion, forgetful of his own danger and eager only to save his friend, devoted all his remaining strength to the work of rescue. After a desperate struggle Cunyngham succeeded in getting his friend into shallow water, through which the latter dragged himself in a terribly exhausted condition to the beach.

Turning to thank his rescuer, the master of Saltoun was horrified to find that he had disappeared. Frantic with excitement, he ran as fast as his condition would permit to some fishermen who were working some distance along the beach, but although they lost no time in making search for the lad no trace of him could be found. He had given all his strength to save his friend, and the cruel sea had sucked him back to his death.—London Mail.

Tiny Tandem Riders.

This amusing picture shows the smallest tandem and the finest tandem riders in the world. England is the proud owner of the twin. Their names are Doris and Bert Cooke, and they recently rode a mile in five minutes on their diminutive machine. They are never so happy as when bicycling, and



ALL ABOARD.

can pedal away in the most business-like fashion imaginable.

Prayer of the Pedestrian.

Keep me this day unharmed, I pray,
From wheelmen scorching up and down,
They never look nor care, not they,
They bowl one o'er and ride away,
And who they are there's none can say,
And you with broken ribs and crown.

From reckless driving, I implore,
Guard me this day. I fear the boy
Who drives for some small, petty store,
(Each year their numbers grow the more),
They dash along with wild uproar,
And accidents fill them with joy.

But if it be ordained that I
Must meet to-day with happy din,
That 'spite of how I strive and try,
In spite of care and warning cry,
Am struck, run o'er and senseless lie,
Grant me the favor I require.

Let me, while yet I sigh and groan,
But have at least the luck or chance,
That that which breaks my collar bone,
Be carriage some rich man shall own,
Whose name and number will be known,
Ere I am in the ambulance.

Let me be bruised by cable cars,
Street railroads are the best to sue;
Or some great brewer's wagon jars
Be what shall make me first see stars—
And leave me with the jury scars—
Scars tell with twelve good men and true.

Keep me, I pray, unharmed this day
As I go forth where danger lies;
But if with harm or hurt I meet,
Let it be done, I pray, entreat,
By those responsible complete
For damages and compromise!
—St. Louis Star.

Bobby's View.

"I don't want to quarrel, mamma,
But it's this way—don't you see?
I can't agree with sister,
And she won't agree with me."

Some married couples are so quarrelsome that they dare not sit near the open window for fear of falling out.

Some men have as little sense about money matters as widows.