

The Arms of the Law.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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WHEN the daily midseason train rounded out from the palmettos, slowed across the bridge and came to a smooth, almost snail's stop at the end of the Royal Polcinca, the usual people were in attendance.

Two private cars were in the train, but except for a casual glance they of the scarlet coat and gauzy dresses



"MADAM," I SAID, "I AM SORRY TO HAVE MISSED YOU."

"The look she gave me made me feel all the more of contempt that could possibly pertain to my errand. It said to me without a word of speech: 'You have come unbidden into a lady's private room. You are on a level with the brute.'"

"I do not think," she said, "that I, having lived so far above such things, could survive an hour in a cell. If you will permit I can attend to the bail before leaving here. I ask your permission to send a messenger to an attorney asking him to come here and take charge of my case from the beginning. I am completely ignorant of such matters."

"Somehow the look she gave me, taken with a certain reasonableness of the request, decided, or, rather, dominated me. I told her to write her message and I would direct the messenger to post at the door to allow her messenger to pass. She was going into the next room when I stopped her."

"Surely," she said, "you do not expect me to go to the police station in this costume?"

"How could I? She was an deshabille. I permitted her to go both to write the note and change her dress. She told me that to save time she would send her messenger first and 'do' another costume afterward. I waited until she disappeared. I stepped into the hall and saw that the room she entered had no egress except by the boudoir. This satisfied me. Not ten minutes after her disappearance a young man of swarthy complexion and a black moustache, with a note in his hand, hurried out of it, passed me and went downstairs. I called to my man to suffer him to pass. If the lady was expeditious in sending her note, she certainly took her time in changing her dress. I waited both for the return of the messenger and for her reappearance. I waited in vain for both. I went to the door leading into the adjoining room and listened. I could hear no sound. Suddenly a great mingling welled up within me. I opened the door and entered."

"There in a heap on the floor were the clothes she had worn at my coming. An enormous coil of hair lay on the dresser. A box of brown dye stood uncovered before the trunk. I knew that she was in the room, but she had passed out as my messenger."

"Leaving downstairs and to the nearest telephone, where I confessed what had occurred to the chief. He told me that he would have the railway depots watched, but as a station was so near within an hour I had better go there myself, since the culprit would be more likely to get out of the country than simply out of the city. I followed his directions and proceeded without delay to the dock."

"Passengers were beginning to arrive. I made a search of the ship, then took position at the gangway, where I scrutinized every person who entered. I saw no one whom I considered could possibly be my escaped prisoner. The gangway was being withdrawn when a carriage drove up hurriedly, the door opened, and a fat woman wearing dark spectacles jumped out. She was very much excited, evidently for fear of being left, spluttering French and wailing to the gangway, which she mounted as it was being withdrawn. She was the last passenger to go aboard, and when she had done so I went away with a heavy heart. I would be reprimanded by the chief and be the laughingstock of the rest of the force."

"One day a cabman stopped me on the street and asked: 'Cap, was you looking for some one to go out on the steamer last week?'"

"Yes, why do you ask?"

"Well, I drove the old Frenchwoman to the ship. She was a young man when she got in. Maybe she was a woman of the world, but she was a woman of the world."

"Now, what I maintain is that no man could have got me into this scrape. Nor was I made a fool of in this case. I knew I had no business to grant what the woman asked. I granted it because she compelled me to grant it. But this did not save me from the consequences of my act."

D. FISK BRADY.

has done everything that could be done. There was no use bothering me. Yes, that is all," as the secretary turned and then passed inquiringly, "You may go now. I will not be down for several hours. I want to catch another fish."

He called his line as the young man had shown him and threw it with all his strength. But the cast was poor, and he drew in and coiled and cast the line once more. Then he resumed his place on the log.

"The young man was bending over, watching his line. Apparently he had not noticed the secretary's presence or his companion's impatience. Five minutes passed; then he drew in his line and another large fish, Tiersman watched him gleefully. Another five minutes, and he, too, began to draw in his line, but it was to wind it for departure."

"I'm going to quit," he declared. "I've turned, and I might fish on all day now without a bite."

"The young man rose. 'It's too bad,' he said, 'but you've made a good catch anyway. These fish will be worth showing at the hotel.'"

"Tiersman's face brightened. 'I'll send the boatman to get them. But if it hadn't been for that fellow I might have caught another.'"

"Very likely. Did he bring bad news?"

"Well, yes, in a money way," dryly, "the difference between fifty thousand and ten times that amount. You see, it was this way: A man who was buying mining property for me disappeared with what we thought about fifty thousand. That was nearly a month ago. Of course we took the usual precautions against his leaving the country. This telegram states that recent investigation has lifted the amount to half a million."

"That was quite a haul. And the fellow escaped?"

"So far, but he'll be caught all right," carelessly. "Folks don't find it easy to do such things nowadays and get off. Fifty thousand is a good bid for vigilance, and, besides, we have some of the best detectives on the lookout. Every avenue from the country is guarded."

"Perhaps he slipped out ahead of the guards?"

"No; we got a clew of him at New Orleans only two weeks ago. He had engaged passage on a sailing vessel for South America, but grew suspicious and did not make his appearance. Shrewd of him, too, chucking, 'for we had a detective on his watch waiting for him. No, no; we'll have him all right. He's in hiding somewhere, and it's only a matter of time. But about the fishing,' abruptly. 'We must have some more of it together. I didn't mean to go to a fisherman, but it seems I am. Now, see here. I had my steam yacht come down ahead of me. It's at Miami now. Suppose I write the captain to run up and take us off for a few days. Will you go with me? An old loak dashed into the young man's eyes, and he turned away for a moment."

"The Mona? he asked."

"Yes. You have heard of her?"

"Of course," read the newspaper. "You are Mr. Tiersman, the man who called the copper king of Michigan. And I have read something about the man you are looking for and formed an opinion as to his whereabouts. You see, apologetically, 'we detectives are all eyes on the watch for such things and read them up even when we don't expect to engage in them personally. I came here for quiet, but the professional instinct is easily aroused. Ah, you are ready to go. I will walk along with you.'"

"They went up past the cottage and on through the semitropical growth to the dock where Tiersman's boat was waiting. The young man walked with a quick, springy step, the dreaming lethargy gone from his eyes. As soon as the boatman had been sent back after the fish he placed a hand upon his companion's arm."

"Look here, Mr. Tiersman," he said, "with an odd, subtle challenge in his voice which the other did not appreciate until afterward; 'I want to go into this thing.'"

"What's the fishing?"

"No; the finding of your man. I have a theory which I think will bring him to light, and I don't believe that any of your other arrangements will. Fifty thousand, I think you said. Is that for news of him or his apprehension?"

"Either for positive news, his apprehension or a recovery of the boat. I'll give you a penny of compensation unless I see. He took pencil and paper from his pocket as though to make notes, then went on, 'From what I read in the papers you did not meet this man yourself?'"

"No. I was in Europe and called for Saunders to engage him. I had heard, though, that he was a mining expert."

danger from extradition papers. The Mona is swift, and I could make the run in a few days, find him and wire you. Almost before you realized the fact the mystery of Bostwick's whereabouts would be a thing of the past."

"Oh, you can have the yacht of course," yielded Tiersman reluctantly, "but I'm unwilling to admit," suddenly, "that just now I would rather catch a few more big fish than even Bostwick. But here comes the boatman. I will give you a note to the captain of the Mona, and you can go down to Miami on the evening train."

"No; a better plan will be for you to wire for him to steam this way at once," said the young man hastily. "I have a little business to attend to and will then take a launch and meet him down opposite Lanata or Boynton. Have you a good description of this man Bostwick? Thought, of course, with affected indifference, 'I have a description of the fellow, but I don't want to give it to you. You know as much as I do. But why not run down to Miami? It wouldn't delay you any, I think, and the police there could give you information and very likely show you a picture of the fellow.'"

"But the young man laughed. 'I'd rather not, thank you,' he said. 'Too many fingers in the broth, you know. Perhaps it's professional jealousy.'"

Now, Herman Harris had been picked up at St. Joseph to be with the party for a matter of a few weeks, when it was expected he would separate from them, as they would have no further mutual interest. It occurred to John Henderson that there could possibly be any stronger tie between them than the journey. He didn't reckon on but two girls and a young man, but he had a suspicion that Henderson was told that Herman Harris was to be their guide and, excepting her old father, sole defense against Indians and cutthroats she brought a great pair of eyes to bear on him. She might as well have leveled a revolver, so far as his future freedom was concerned, for he figuratively threw up his hands, while she figuratively went through him for his boots."

The second evening out Herman informed Betty that he had something to show her, and taking her to the wagon, they strolled, and there, tied up the wagon's bottom, was a bundle."

"What is it?" asked Betty, looking at him with her faring eyes."

"What's the first thing I ever heard you say wanted?"

"I do; I heard you ask your father for fireworks to celebrate the Fourth with."

"So I did."

"I went off and got 'em. There wasn't room in the wagon, so I put 'em up there."

The big eyes took on a certain softness, and that was the beginning of it, a couple of dollars' worth of fireworks. The party had been out a week when they met returning train, from which they received information that there were some hostile Indians farther on and they had better turn back. At least they had better make a detour. Her mother hesitated to this thought of his wife and children at the mercy of savages and was inclined to turn. He finally concluded to make the detour."

The next evening an Indian was detected near the bottom. It was a sunset, and the form of the warrior stood out in silhouette against a broad strip of red left on the horizon. Then another appeared near the first and another still further on. It was a terrible sight. His heart sank within him. The line, scattered over half a mile of alkali dirt, moved toward the schooner, on whose white top the last light of day was lingering. If the Indians were hostile, it was a horrible death-warrant. The old man wrung his hands. The Indians came on to within rifle range, then sent a single shot."

There was nothing to do but get behind the wagon, distribute the rifles and die. Every member took a rifle, including little Ben, who found a convenient rest on a spoke. Harris took position midway between the front and the rear of the wagon, and he held the bundle under the wagon."

"Drop your rifles," he said to the others. "We'll try this."

"To the mother and her children he repeated the words, 'Drop your rifles, while taking his pistol, he passed under the wagon and, getting up on the other side, fastened it to the wagon with a nail through its center. Then, scratching a match, he ignited it."

The Indians stopped and wondered. In the center of the schooner they saw a great grey eye throwing out sparks on every side. Then a fountain of sparks sprang into the air, and out popped a star. In a moment there were several such fountains, all shooting stars. But the most frightful demonstration was a stream of fire directed over their heads, out of which burst a shower of sparks. This was too much for the Indians' superstitious natures. They turned tail and fled for their lives and their souls."

If the display was too much for the Indians, Herman Harris' saving of the whites from massacre was too much for the Henderson family, who the moment their enemies fell fainting from the effects of the sudden respite. Harris caught Betty and in his paroxysm of joy covered her face with kisses."

Herman Harris from that time became a part of the Henderson family, and Betty became his wife. D. FISK BRADY.

Eating in Mexico. Mexico is a land where people like to eat and eat a good deal. The dinner table is well spread, and there is an abundance of food to serve the course and often many of them. A common bill of fare in thousands of houses at noon will be: Soup, called caldo, or sopa; rice or macaroni, known as arroz habido and stuffed with mushrooms and artichokes, a most delicious vegetable; two kinds of meat, often chicken and a roast of chops and steaks; fried potatoes, salad, beans, which always appear; fruit and several kinds of sweets and then coffee. Breakfast is eaten separately, served by a boy or maid. This is a very usual habit and is frequently varied with soup from the fresh water lakes.

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MORE EFFECTIVE THAN RIFLES.

Had a country and a family started in a single "moral schooner" from St. Joseph, Mo., to cross "the plains." Old John Henderson, his wife, two daughters and little son were the members of the family, and Herman Harris, a young plainsman was to act as guide. Betty Henderson, the oldest daughter, was aged sixteen, her sister Belle fifteen and Ben seven. The party started on the 25th June.

"Dad," said Ben, as they were about to cross the Missouri river, "what'm I goin' to do Fourth '77?"

"We'll be out on the plains on the Fourth."

"Won't I have nothin' to fire?"

"I'll let you shoot my revolver."

"I want some rockets 'n' crackers, 'n' things."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go without 'em this year."

The girls were listening to this conversation, and Betty begged her father to take along some fireworks, but the old man said he had no money to burn up that way and no room to carry the stuff.

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Humor and Philosophy

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Taking advantage is a mean thing when the advantage doesn't lie in your direction.

You get a tip on a man's nationality every time he drops an h.

When silk dresses and picture hats have a seat in congress there probably won't be so many of them in the lobby.

Most lobsters either go in a salad or are good for one.

DOCTORS MISTAKES

Are said often to be buried six feet under ground. But many times women call on their family physicians, suffering as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous prostration, another with pain here and there, and in this way they present alike to busy doctor, separate diseases, for which he prescribes another and another medicine, and in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some uterine disease, which, if treated with the proper medicine, will be cured.

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