

TWO SLICK MEN

By DAVID FLEMING

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Hundreds of people knew Charlie Davids as a clubman having bachelor rooms and living in fair style.

Davids was a gentleman, and there was no doubt that he stood well with most mothers who had marriageable daughters.

Davids is crooked because he has business with 'fences.' His income is a liberal one, but cannot be traced to any honest source.

Davids also sat down and reasoned. "McNulty saw me talking with old Bones," he mused.

From that day on for the next six months it was McNulty versus Davids—Davids versus McNulty.



HE SAW CHARLIE DAVIDS IN CONFIDENTIAL CONFAH WITH THE MAN.

of a watch, pin, rings and purse, but he would have knocked McNulty down had the detective suggested that Davids reaped the benefit of the plunder.

What the detective looked for was a straight case, and, being backed in it by the Yard, he was given all necessary assistance.

"When a Man's Single." "It Is Never Too Late to Mend."—Philadelphia Ledger.

able him to enter here. Temptation was to be thrown at his head, so to speak, while McNulty watched outside and the assistant parlor maid kept vigil in the hall.

"There isn't a man on top of this earth who wouldn't make a try for them under the circumstances. I am as sure to lay hands on Davids as I am to see the sun rise."

Every night for seven nights the double watch was stationed and nothing came of it. On the afternoon of the eighth day, while the men were all in the covers shooting and the women scattered about the house, and while Lady Gray was lying down in her room for a brief nap, her whole outfit of jewelry was taken as if by invisible hands.

Every male guest was in the field with gun in hand; every servant could account for his or her time to a second. Lady Gray's door was locked, and the jewels had been taken by some one finding entrance at the open window.

Six months later the ex-captain, for good and sufficient reasons, took up his permanent abode in Paris. He had been there a year or more when he and McNulty met on the street one day.

"I have often thought of the matter," quietly replied the ex-captain, "and it is quite clear to me. In the first place, the thief, whoever he was, spotted you in spite of your disguise. Then he got on to the other two. Then he saw that things had been made too easy. He waited till all the men were in the field, and then, although he was not missed, he slipped aside, donned the dress of a gardener and made for the house. He reached it as the man at work on the rosebush went to the barn for a moment to drink with the coachman.

"The following incident is told of a popular and well-to-do bachelor, who is a patron of a circulating library:

"I am going on a short trip, Miss Blank," he said to the young lady at the desk, "and want to take a couple of interesting novels, but I can't make up my mind which two to select. Couldn't you help me out?"

"I am afraid my selections might not prove interesting to you," replied Miss Blank.

"Just pick out two books for me and I'll guarantee to like them," he rejoined gallantly.

"Have you read Barrie's or Reade's novels?" she asked.

"No; get me one of each and I'll be satisfied," he replied.

She selected two and handed them to her spouseless acquaintance, who, after warmly thanking her for the favor she had done him, turned up the backs of the books and read these titles:

"When a Man's Single." "It Is Never Too Late to Mend."—Philadelphia Ledger.

City Editor (to new reporter)—If a ten story building should fall down what would you do?

New Reporter—Write it up, of course.—New York Times.

A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD

When the booming at Sumter fired alike the northern and the southern heart, precipitating civil war, and men of both sides were marching to the front, there was one unwilling volunteer. For a young man Martin Riggs

looked a very philosophic view of the struggle. He had a theory that if the cause of the war, slavery, were let alone it would die a natural death.

Therefore it was very stupid of the people to slaughter each other about it. Holding these views, he took no decided interest in the struggle and did not see why he should enter a contest of which he did not approve.

"Ethel, I consider war a barbarous way of settling a question."

"But think of the heroism." "The generals get all that."

"Well," she said, turning away again, "we don't seem to think alike in the matter, so there's an end on it."

"But, Ethel, there is something more to me just now than the great question involved in this war."

"Slavery." "Why, I thought it was firing on Fort Sumter."

"What is most to me is your love. I shall go for your sake."

And so it was that Martin volunteered and marched away to the war, Ethel waving him a last adieu, tears streaming down her emotional cheeks.

"Can you tell me where I'll find Miss Ethel Birdsey?"

"Yes; she married two years ago."

"What's that?" she asked. "Slavery."

"I had a message for her, but so long as she's married!"

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SIRENS AND SONS.

Sir S. Tatton Sykes, the richest baronet in England, has a passion for overcoats and wears a new one every week.

J. Pierpont Morgan has one of his country homes situated in wilds so remote that deer from the adjoining forest nibble the honeysuckle decorating its veranda.

Senator Thomas Patterson of Colorado says that one of the most enjoyable periods of his life was the two weeks he spent traveling with a circus in southern Michigan.

Harry Lehr's big brother William is a sort of major domo for the Astor family. He arranges its entertainments, issues invitations and looks after its recreations generally.

Giovanni Oreglia, a nephew of the Italian cardinal, is chef at the Victoria hotel in San Francisco. He has lived in this country eighteen years and says he has no desire to return to Italy.

Senator Hoar is well to do. His family has been in comfortable circumstances for generations. He has lived carefully, though well, and his possessions have increased moderately with time.

Only three of the famous electoral commission of 1877 survive—ex-Senator Edmunds, Senator Hoar and General Eppa Hunton of Virginia. All of the five justices of the supreme court are dead.

Hon. Kataoka Kenkichi of Tokyo, Japan, president of the lower house of the Japanese parliament, is a devout Christian man and holds meetings in his house, where the principles of Christianity are explained.

Captain Abner Randall of Portland, a native of Harrington, Me., is one of the old time salts. He is eighty-four and still continues in the coasting service as skipper of the schooner General Banks. His mate is eighty-two, and the schooner herself is forty.

J. B. Haggin, the noted horseman, has raised some of the greatest racers of which the American turf can boast, but he has never been heard to yell at the closest finish, nor does he even smile at victory. His record for tacturnity is almost without parallel.

Pierre Celestin Cerf, a member of the firm of La Grange et Cerf, the greatest advertising contractors in France, who has just died, was seventy-seven years old. M. Cerf was intimately bound up with the history of the French press in the last half century. He had in many instances added papers by paying them an annual sum for their entire advertising space.

One Yankee Racial Type. A distinct racial type as marked almost as that of any European people has certainly been evolved in the United States, but it does not bear any particular resemblance to the Indian type.

It is not difficult to designate an American man or woman in Europe, and Americans abroad are recognized not only on account of their clothes and speech and external manner, but by that something distinctive in face and form and temperament which we call race.

It is true that there are certain superficial differences between eastern and western Americans, between northerners and southerners, but it is a curious thing that in a country of such length and breadth and of such diverse climatic conditions, in a country peopled by descendants of so many branches of the Caucasian family, a national racial type that is fairly uniform and predominant should have been produced in a few generations and should be able to assimilate to itself the vast horde of foreign elements which is continually being absorbed into it.—Harper's Weekly.

Lucky Twelve. The Egyptians counted "12" as their most propitious number, and so did most of the ancient nations.

Lord Kelvin and the Teapot. Domestic science has of recent years adopted the phraseology of the laboratory and become the favorite field of chemists and economists. Many years ago, however, it was still a novelty to be treated not flippantly, perhaps, but with less seriousness than it receives today.

It was with something like joy therefore that a few students admitted to the sinner meetings of the Royal Scientific Society of Edinburgh heard Lord Kelvin announce "Tea Cosies" as the subject of his paper for the evening.

In that bleak land, where the afternoon cup of tea is the universal habit, the padded hood to slip over the teapot and arrest the dissipation of its heat is everywhere in use. Lord Kelvin had made an exhaustive study of radiation in proportion to the surface of the teapot and wished to show that the surface of the teapot might be reduced to a size where the cosy would no longer keep it warm, but make it actually colder. The boy on the back seat listened eagerly. Here at last was a practical use for science. By manufacturing teapots of scientifically exact proportions the cumbersome tea cosy might be dispensed with and one's fortune made. Through endless formulae the lad tried to follow the course of the argument. At last Lord Kelvin reached his conclusion. "The proper size, in short, for the ideal teapot," he announced, "is approximately that of an ordinary garden pea."—Harper's Weekly.

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