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HEAD

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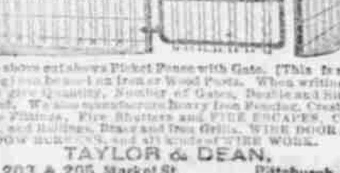

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TELLING THE CHILD A STORY.

At tea-time in the ruddy light—
Chrysanthemums were in their glory—
My baby came to say good-night,
And beg for just "one little story."

I told her how a girl like her
Came long ago, somewhere or other,
And brought her doll and made a stir,
And begged a story from her mother,

Who, tired and listless, also crossed
The little story-begging beauty
With news of how another glossed
Her irksome story-telling duty.

Still backward was the tale referred
To weary her, but when I ended,
As if I had not said a word,
With looks half-pleading, half-offended,

She clasped my neck—her childish trust
Had made the hardest heart compliant—
"A little one," she said, "please—just
About a fairy and a giant."

I kissed her close, and off I went:
"Once on a time," low, slow and steady,
She heaved a sigh of sweet content;
My darling was asleep already.
—Good Words.

A STRANGE WILL.

It Brought Fortune and Happiness to Two Lovers.

Yes, she was dead at last—Margaret Demorest, of Stony Lodge—and the shock of her demise had shaken Bellevue from center to circumference. For years her numerous relatives, each with an eye to the estate, had watched her movements from a respectful distance, which she herself had interposed between them, and their hearts had grown sick with hope deferred.

Heart disease, the doctors said, when she was found one morning with a smile of peace frozen on her stern and withered features. The relatives accepted the verdict with due resignation, following the remains of the "dear departed" to their final resting place amid an ostentatious display of crape. But when the will was read the excitement of the heirs-at-law rapidly ascended to fever heat. Always eccentric in life, Miss Demorest had retained that eccentricity to the end and woven it into her last will and testament.

With the exception of a few bequests to her servants, the whole of her property, landed and personal, to wit: Stony Lodge, her present residence, with its beautiful park, which was a very Eden of loveliness; Rose Villa, her winter resort on Lake Helen, Fla., together with a splendid house in town and money to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars, was to pass into the sole possession of that one among her kinsfolk who should discover the hiding place of the twelve Demorest rubies.

Should the gems remain undiscovered after the lapse of one year from the date of death the estate was to be sold and a home for old maids founded with the proceeds.

"The old cat!" muttered fashionable Mrs. Meredith, viciously. "She hid those rubies herself, the spiteful thing!"

"It is too provoking!" pouted her pretty daughter Maude.

"I shall contest the will," said thin-lipped Reuben Gray. "It cannot stand."

Mrs. Meredith was Miss Demorest's niece and Reuben Gray her nephew. The two were brother and sister and the nearest akin to the dead woman.

Next came Margie Vane, child of a favorite nephew, who was to have been the heir had he not displeased his aunt by marrying against her will a girl of obscure parentage—"a pauper," Miss Demorest called her.

Harold Vane had died some years back, closely followed by his wife, and the one daughter, Margaret, was left alone in the world and utterly penniless.

Mrs. Meredith had taken her—for the old aunt had remained obdurate—and she was now serving in the capacity of maid to her beautiful cousin Maude.

Margie Vane was not present at the reading of the will. Mrs. Meredith considered it unnecessary, and Margie herself had not the faintest hope of being remembered kindly by her father's stern old relative. When, therefore, they returned in anger and disappointment and gave an account of the wording of the will Margie's hazel eyes opened wide with wonder.

That afternoon and many ensuing afternoons Mrs. Meredith, Maude and Margie walked over to Stony Lodge and wandered fruitlessly about amid the treasures of bric-a-brac, statuary, books and rare old china.

On one of these occasions Margie met Will Demorest, a cousin several times removed of her father. He was a frank, handsome young fellow, with dark blue eyes and close, curling, fair hair. His was the genuine Demorest face, the index of a strong, noble character.

By occupation he was an artist in glass-blowing, having learned the art in Venice. He had done considerable work for Miss Demorest, with whom he was a prime favorite.

"So you thought you would have a look for the rubies with the rest of us," said Mrs. Meredith, with a sneer, as she found the young glassblower examining the books in the library one morning. "Yet I thought you abhorred mercenary considerations."

"I am not in quest of the gems," Will replied, as his eyes rested in unmistakable admiration on Margie's fair, sweet face.

"Humph! I hope you don't take me for a lunatic or a fool, Will Demorest," was the seathing rejoinder.

"For neither, I assure you," said Will, with a bow. "Only at present I am more interested in pearls than rubies. Cousin Margie, may I show you the house? I believe I know it more thoroughly than most people."

Margie shyly acquiesced, and the two went off together, leaving Mrs. Meredith and Maude to continue their search.

"Are you anxious to find the rubies also?" asked Will, as they paused in the china closet to admire the cut glass.

"I have not even looked for them," answered Margie, with a bright smile.

"They are magnificent gems," said Will, "and were never set. I saw them just once, and they nearly took my breath away."

"I should like to see them," Margie said, musingly; "but oh, Will, were they more beautiful than these exquisite cups? Surely that is impossible."

The cups in question were, indeed, exquisite. Blown of the costliest Venetian glass, lily-shaped, with curled leaves for saucers, and glowing with rainbow tints, they resembled nothing so much as a bed of gorgeous tropical flowers.

Margie's eyes sparkled as she looked at them.

"How lovely! How dainty! How fairy-like!" she exclaimed, breathlessly. "See, Will; this one is exactly like an opal with a touch of fire, and here is an amethyst and here a glowing emerald. Oh, Will, do look! See how that strange glow, as of hidden fire, flashes from each! This one is jacinth, this beryl, and—Will Demorest, here is a ruby! Oh, the beauty! The real gems cannot be more superb!"

As she spoke she took the ruby cup into her hand. Will half started forward as if to prevent her, but drew back again with a pale, startled face.

Before he could frame a reply Mrs. Meredith and Maude appeared upon the scene.

"Margie," cried the former, "put down that cup and come along. I should think you would have more pride than to dawdle here all day talking with Will Demorest."

Margie's soft, hazel eyes filled with tears as Lawyer Fay entered the room, and from under his bushy brows glanced sharply at each of the group.

"Hunting for rubies, eh?" he said, sarcastically. "But Miss Margie seemed to be the only successful one of the party. This is a rare bit of glass, Miss Margie, and was blown by our friend here," with a motion of his hand toward Will.

Margie's hand tightened on the cup in her surprise; her rosy forefinger pressed a raised stamen in the calyx of the lily bell, when, presto! change! it sank beneath her touch, and her startled eyes gazed straight into a small cavity where glowed a ruby of inestimable value, like a drop of rosy fire.

"Solved!" shouted Lawyer Fay, as his eyes also beheld the gems.

Will, very white, shrank back against the wall, while Mrs. Meredith and her daughter pressed closer to Margie and the lawyer.

"The rubies!" gasped the avaricious woman, making a dive for the other cup.

But her lawyer placed himself in her way.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "The discovery is Miss Margie's, and, in accordance with the terms of the will of my deceased client, she is sole heiress to the Demorest estate."

Mrs. Meredith grew pale with chagrin. Maude burst into tears, and Reuben Gray, who had heard all from the door, announced his intention of breaking such an unjust will.

"You may try it," was all Lawyer Fay said to the threat.

Will came slowly forward and congratulated Margie on her good fortune.

"And my congratulations are none the less sincere that with them I resign the sweetest hope of my life," he said.

"Resign a fiddlestick!" muttered the old lawyer. "Margie, that boy refused to be made Miss Demorest's heir—insisted that it would be an injustice to those nearer of kin. Then she made him blow these cups of tinted glass, with the central cavity and spring. She inserted a ruby in each cup, which, combined with the different tints, gave them their rich coloring. He watched her hide the rubies and he has kept the secret. Does he not merit some reward?"

Margie flushed and glanced timidly at Will. Then she looked around for her aunt and cousin. Both had disappeared.

"Take her, Will," said the old lawyer, with twinkling eyes, "and bless ye, my children."

With a melodramatic gesture he, too, vanished, and I think the young people were not long in coming to an understanding, for cards are now out for the wedding.—Leeds Mercury.

DOOM OF THE BLACK SUIT.

Larger Latitude to Be Allowed in the Matter of Dress.

The Clothier and Furnisher for January announces a revolution in the dress coat among the London swells. The stately and somber black is being discarded and a dark gray is taking its place. Many orders have recently been placed in New York for suits of the same material, but there is much difficulty in getting the goods from England. However, one New York tailor has succeeded in getting a sample from which it is quite likely that our manufacturers will soon succeed in producing a satisfactory imitation. We think that the change will be hailed as a real reform, even among those sturdy Americans who object to everything that is "English, you know." Fashion has rigidly bound gentlemen to black, while ladies are permitted to indulge in all the colors of the rainbow.

That black is disliked and only endured under the arbitrament of fashion is evident from the fact that no gentleman accepts it for a business or undress suit. Dark gray will answer for the beginning of the reform. There will quickly be innovations upon it according to taste. Lighter grays will follow, and then browns, blues and all other colors, shades and tints. Our forefathers were gorgeous in dress, with their fancy waistcoats, knee breeches, ruffled shirts, powdered wigs, etc., and the old and discarded fashions, too costly for the Jeffersonian simplicity of the young republic, may yet return with the increase of wealth. True democracy in dress will permit a larger latitude than is prevalent at this date.

ANCIENT WONDERS.

THE obelisks of Egypt were raised into place by instruments like our cranes.

THE famous bridge constructed by Queen Nitocris at Babylon and described by Diodarus was five furlongs long.

FLYING buttresses were first employed to support the roofs of churches. Their origin dates from the thirteenth century.

IT is believed that the long-lost Piazzetta column is on the eve of being recovered, after lying for the best part of eight centuries in the lagoon mud of Venice.

Maria Theresa Dollars in Africa.

The imperial Maria Theresa dollars of 1780 are in use all over Africa as a circulating medium. They are still coined with the same date. During the Abyssinian war Great Britain was obliged to purchase large quantities of these dollars in Austria to meet the war expenses in Africa, as the natives knew no other coin.

NEVER TOO LATE.

How the Old Folks Proved the Adage a True One.

It was decided at last. The homeplace would have to be sold, for none of the boys were willing to lift the mortgage—wouldn't pay, they said—and the father and mother would have to end their days apart.

"Because," said Matilda, the youngest, "it wouldn't do for any one of us to try to take care of them both together. We've always had to live in the quarrel and jangle ourselves, and to have the example of it before our children would be a downright sin."

Jane, the older daughter, said nothing, but she thought to herself that if her husband were worth as much as Matilda's was she would take both parents to her home and risk the example they might set for the third generation.

But ever since Matilda had first lisped her voice had settled family matters, and so father was to go with Jane to the city and mother to move over to the great red-brick farmhouse which was Matilda's home.

"Mother will be right handy about the work," Matilda said to her husband, when he showed some inclination to object. "And there isn't a better hand in the country with children. We won't lose anything."

So the September morning came when the couple who had never parted in fifty years bade each other farewell, much as mere acquaintances would have done.

Father, dressed in his best clothes, muttered "Good-by" in a defiant sort of way and hobbled out to the spring wagon, while Jane paused to kiss the little old woman who sat looking out of the window in an indifferent way.

"Good-by, mother. I hope you will be happy with Mat. Won't you come to the door and see father off?"

"Oh—I dunno as it's wuth while," returned the old lady, and then Jane, too, was gone.

When she was sure the spring wagon was out of sight Mrs. Paine put on her gingham bonnet and walked over to the cemetery just up the hill.

The graves where she paused were not well tended—no engraved stones marked their places and the grass was cut away only enough to outline the mounds. Two were small, those of infants; one was that of a man's size, and they were all her children, two daughters and one son. The son was her oldest child and he would have been forty-eight or forty-nine years old now. He had died while studying for the ministry. She had seven children living, but in her times of trouble and sorest trial she had always wandered over to this sacred spot ever since it was first made thirty years ago.

To-day she sat down in the sun-dried grass and cried for some time.

"He might a-said something more," she sobbed to herself. And then she heard Matilda calling and hurried back to the house.

The months passed slowly. At Christmas time there was some talk of a reunion, but the talk did not materialize.

Letters came from Jane saying father was tolerably contented, but missed his loafing place at "The Corners." He sent his regards to mother. Jane always added that of her own accord, for father never sent any word to anyone. But when Matilda answered the old mother always told her to inquire after father's health and to send her respects.

It was one warm day in March that the little old lady's cup seemed full to overflowing. Matilda had gone to town, and the children were unusually quarrelsome and boistrous. The grandmother had reproved them mildly, and at last she spoke a little sharply.

"Brothers and sisters shouldn't wrangle the hull time! You ort to say a decent word to one nuther onct in awhile, anyways!" she said.

Lucy, the chief culprit, tossed her head disdainfully.

"I guess you needn't to talk, grandma! Mamma says you and grandpa always lived like cats and dogs."

"And you're livin' off papa, now, too," added George, emboldened by his sister's example, and not particular as to whether his remarks were called for or not.

Mrs. Paine sat very still for a moment. Then a bright red spot flamed on each cheek, and gathering up her knitting she slowly went to her room upstairs.

Yes, it was true. But what had caused it? They had married young and for love only, for neither had any worldly wealth. How had the trouble commenced? She could not remember exactly, but the children were the main causes. The babies came fast and the mother had to work hard. Sickness and hard work do not sweeten a woman's temper. The father was impatient and easily rebuffed—that was how it commenced.

Then the jarring culminated in one great quarrel, when Henry, the eldest, was sent away to school. His father wanted to hire him out when he was seventeen, but the mother was ambitious and Henry had finished the course at the village academy with high honors.

He was thirsting for more study—a bright, handsome lad, and his mother was so proud of him—and he went away to college. But never again was there peace between the parents. At college Henry was converted to religion and decided to study for the ministry—then he was stricken with typhoid fever, and the greater part of his mother's heart was buried with him in the village cemetery.

The poor little faded mother sat there recalling the long-lost years, now with a thrill, now with a pang, earthly ambitions and death-despairs strangely mingled, and not noting the silence in the rooms below until the sun was near setting. Then Matilda's voice was calling through the house and the mother awoke from her reveries and went downstairs.

"Where are the children?" demanded Matilda, sharply.

"Now, I declar I dunno!" confessed her mother, shamefacedly.

"Well, mother. It does seem to me, as much as I do for you, you might look after them better. It's all you've got to do. There's no telling what mischief they're in!"

And again the old lady went to her room in silence and with burning cheeks. When they called her to supper she said she was not hungry, and, as Lucy and George were in dire disgrace and sent to bed supperless, Matilda and her husband ate alone.

"Mother always did have such a disagreeable temper—stubborn and sulky. If she had been milder with father they would have lived more like other people," said Matilda, indifferently, when explaining the cause of her mother's absence.

"I wouldn't keer so much," the old lady was sobbing to herself upstairs, "if only pap hed sent me some little word that he wanted to see me. Children's most allers ungrateful any ways, 'specially them that's hed the most done fur 'em, an' I've worked my life out for mine.

"But I wouldn't a had 'em if it hadn't a been for love of pap, an' I don't think he'd ort to forgit me now!"

Down in the city the warm spring days awoke a new restlessness in old Mr. Paine. His daughter Jane was as kind to him as a kind daughter could be. Her children were taught to address him respectfully and to wait on his every wish because he was their grandparent. But the warm sunshine called up visions of the country home where the grass would be just deepening into green again and the maple boughs bursting with buds.

He had always had a lettuce bed just through at this time. And the spring longings recalled the days of youth and the little children who had played about him as he weeded and hoed in his garden, and the busy mother often taking time from her own work to help him. But she had always scolded so much, he muttered defiantly to himself, and was ever so determined to have her own way. Then a twinge of conscience told him her way had generally been the best, for she was clearer-sighted than he, and he picked up his cane and hobbled away to the park in a funny sort of little dudgeon. Then as he sat in the park he thought of Henry and tears came to his eyes in spite of him.

"He's mighty fond of his mother—an' she was a good mother, too; I'll say that for her anyways. Henry was a fine boy. He'd a-been the finest we got if he'd a-lived, for he seemed to hev more sense an' good-heartedness, someways. I don't know as I blame her, after all, for bein' so bound to hev him go to college."

And, the barrier of stubborn reproach once loosened, some way everything began to look different, and when he hobbled back to the house the old gentleman was very heart-sick to see the wife he had treated so brusquely the past many years.

He went straight to his old satchel and took out a well-cared-for book, but one of an old binding and print. It was a Latin grammar, and had been his secret and most carefully-preserved treasure for over thirty years.

As the mother had gone to the grave of her most ardent ambitions, so he now turned the pages of his boy's book, one word of which he could not understand, but could only regard with awe. Then he came to a page on the margin of which was much fine writing in elegant script. It was not hard for him to read, little book learning as he had.

"Mother—dear mother Wife and mother, man's truest friends—guardian angels in death. Mother—sweetheart—wife—Edith."

"He must a-been in love with somebody himself," mused the old father, "but he didn't forgit his mother, neither. She was my sweetheart onct!"

Before grandfather went to sleep that night he had formed a fresh determination.

"Jennie," he said to his daughter in the morning, "you know the Barkin cottage up to the Crossings? Well, I'm goin' up and see if I can't rent it. They's a nice garden patch with it, and 'tain't too late yet to put in garden stuff, an'—an'—don't ye think mother'd be willin' fur to cook fur me—"

"Yes, father; you know she always sends you her respects." There were tears in Jane's eyes, despite the smile on her lips.

"An' I'm pretty sure I could make enough with the garden fur her an' me, an' you children could help us. I don't believe Henry would want us to live this way; do you?"

"No, father."

That night, an hour or so after the express thundered past the station, a couple of miles from the crossing, Grandfather Paine walked up Matilda's front yard and around to the back door, where the old grandmother was putting away the night's milk.

Grandmother gave a little glad cry and dropped the crock of milk all over the tabby cat, and threw her arms around his neck.

"I just couldn't stand it no longer, Mary, an' I 'lowed as you and me hed run it this long we might stick together for the few years that's left to us. An' mother, I'm powerful sorry I fit you like I allers did about Henry's goin' to college."

Matilda started to oppose the new arrangements. She said they weren't fit to be left alone at their age and would be an endless trouble to the children.

But for once Matilda was overruled and in a few days grandmother was busily engaged in "fixin' up" the little rented nest, only a stone's throw from the old home where the ten children had been sheltered and had died or married. And, as they say in more romantic tales, they lived happily ever afterward.—Belle V. Logan, in Chicago News.

THE PRESS.

IN some suburban towns the newspaper carrier nowadays makes his rounds on a bicycle.

OF the 946 papers and magazines published in New York city one-half—473—are issued monthly. The dailies number forty-six.

THE first printing press, with the utmost diligence, could be made to print from twenty to thirty-five sheets an hour on one side only; the printing presses of to-day print from 25,000 to 30,000 in the same time on both sides.

CURVED stereotyped plates were invented in 1815, but were little used for half a century after that date. Since 1865 they have come into general employment in every newspaper office in the country whose edition is printed on a fast steam press.

THE first almanac was printed in Hungary in 1470. One medical firm in this country now prints and circulates over 3,000,000 a year, and it is estimated that the total number printed annually in this country does not fall short of 150,000,000.

MEDLEY FROM THE POETS.

The moon was shining silver bright
An' bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
When freedom, from her mountain height,
Exclaimed: "Now, don't be foolish, Joe!"

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
A bumble-bee went thundering by
To hover in the sulphur smoke
And spread its pall upon the sky.

His echoing ax the woodman swung;
He was a lad of high renown:
And deep the pearly caves among,
Giles Scroggins courted Mollie Brown.

Loud roars the wind in constant blast,
And cloudless sets the sun at even,
When twilight dews are falling fast,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven.

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Beneath you ivy-mantled tower
The old frog croaks his serenade.

My love is like the red, red rose;
He bought a ring with posey true;
Sir Barney Bodkin broke his nose,
And, Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu!
—Amusing Journal.

HIS SINGULAR CASE.

A Detective's Strange Experience with a Sleep-Walker.

"BROXTON, N. Y., May 14, 1873.—Send your best man to me immediately.
"WILLIAM HARDY."

Such was the telegram received by the chief of the bureau of which I am a member, and I was deputed to work upon the case; not because I was the "best man" connected with the bureau, but by reason of the fact that I was the only available man.

Four hours subsequent to the reception of the message I was conferring with Mr. Hardy—a man nearly sixty years of age, the proprietor of a small store connected with his residence—to whom I had made myself known, whose story was as follows:

"When, at the close of the rebellion, after a four years' service in behalf of my country, I returned to my home in this town, my health was so impaired that I could not follow my former vocation—that of a carpenter. So I converted one of the rooms in my house into a store and began to sell confectionery, cigars and other small articles. With the growth of the town my business has increased until it affords me an income sufficient to support my wife and myself—I have no children—in a comfortable manner; and I have been able to pay all the debts which I, owing to my impecuniousness, was obliged to contract during the earlier part of my career as a merchant," and he smiled as the last word fell from his lips.

"Early last evening," he continued, "I was called upon by a gentleman—a stranger to me—who said that years ago he borrowed nine hundred dollars of my father and had come to pay that amount and accrued interest to me—my father's sole heir. He did pay me nearly sixteen hundred dollars.

"As it was too late to deposit the money in the bank I placed it in my safe. I had scarcely done so when, glancing at one of the windows in the store, I saw the head and shoulders of a man, who looked like a tramp and who was watching me closely.

"The lower sash of the window was slightly raised and the idea suggested itself to me that this man might have been listening to the conversation which had been carried on in the room, learned about the money and was watching to see what I did with it. I stepped to the window, raised the sash still higher, put my head out of the window, looked up and down the street, but nowhere was the stranger to be seen.

"When I closed the store for the night I was inclined to take the money with me into the house proper. On second consideration I deemed it wise to let it remain where it was, as the safe is furnished with a combination lock, and I could leave the doors between the store and my sleeping-room open and thus be enabled to hear anyone who effected an entrance to the store and was tampering with the safe.

"This morning, to my intense amazement, I found that the money was missing from the safe, though nothing indicated that the store had been forcible entered or any tampering with the safe—whose combination is known only to me.

"I decided to employ a detective without delay and wired your bureau for assistance."

"May not the burglar have gained access to the store from some other part of the building?" I inquired.

"He could not without passing through my sleeping-room, as you will find by examining the premises, and I do not think he could have done this without waking me," was the reply.

"I am not so sure that you would have been wakened by his passing through your sleeping apartment, as a 'professional' manages to get about a building without making much noise. Have you looked through the house?"

"I have not."

"Let us do so," arising from my seat in the store as I spoke.

We started on our investigation of the premises and in the kitchen found an unfastened window above a sink, below which, out of doors, were the tracks of a man's bare feet in the dirt that had been moistened by a slight rain about half past ten the previous evening.

A careful examination revealed similar tracks on the floor in the kitchen and on the carpet in his sleeping-room, convincing Mr. Hardy that I was correct in my supposition that the burglar had not directly entered the store.

"Though he passed through my sleeping-room without waking me I cannot comprehend how he could have reached the interior of my safe without injuring the receptacle," Mr. Hardy remarked.

"From long experience one's fingers become so sensitive as to enable him to open a safe when the combination is unknown to him," I rejoined; after a pause adding: "Can you give me any description of the man who watched you through the window?"

"I cannot, further than to say that he was evil-looking, had a heavy mustache and beard, was probably about six feet in height," was the reply.

"Were his mustache and beard light or dark?"

"I should say they were almost black."

"I will see if I can learn anything concerning the whereabouts of this man."

With these words I went from Mr. Hardy's presence, but two hours later returned to the store, to find him its sole occupant, greatly to my satisfaction.

"Well," at once dropped from his lips in an inquiring tone.

"I found your evil-looking suspect and in him a detective, who, so 'made up' that his parents would not recognize him, is working on the mysterious disappearance of a young man from a neighboring town, some four or five days ago," I said.

"The disappearance of Charles Walker?"

"Yes, that is the name of the missing man."

"It is a sad affair and wonderfully strange, too, as he was a person of spotless character and highly esteemed by all who knew him."

"I did not recognize my brother detective, but when he had made himself known to me acquainted him with my 'case' and your description of him. The latter caused him to laugh and say that he looked into your store by the merest accident.

"At the hotel where I took my supper, I asked the clerk if the establishment was provided with a burglar-proof safe. He gave me a negative reply and then, in the presence of the crowd that was in the office, I informed him that I had a large sum of money with me, and inquired who had such a safe in which I would be permitted to place the money over night. He mentioned several persons who had combination safes, adding:

"'Mr. William Hardy has one and his place of business is nearer than that of any other person whom I have named.'

"I learned, rather was informed, where you lived and then came here.

"During my previous interview with you you said that you were to be alone for a few days, or, more exactly, that your wife was passing a few days out of town with her invalid mother. I have a proposition to make to you—that you allow me to pass the night with you as your bed-companion. If the one who burglarized your safe last night was among those in the hotel who heard me speak of my money and attempts to secure the money which I am supposed to have placed in your safe, I assure you that I shall hear him if you do not."

"I heartily approve of your plan," Mr. Hardy rejoined.

"Then I will go and inform the clerk of the hotel that—"

Our conference was interrupted by the appearance of a customer and I went from the store, to which I returned a half-hour, more or less, later.

After we had retired for the night I entertained—wearied, it may be—Mr. Hardy with some of the most exciting experiences that had been mine as a detective, which caused him to tremble from head to foot. Finally, however, he fell asleep.

The next morning, handing him a package, I asked:

"Is that what was taken from your safe night before last?"

"Yes," he fairly gasped, having examined the package. "Was my house again entered last night, without waking me?" he inquired.

"It was," I rejoined, "by way of the window over the sink."

"By a man or a woman?"

"A man."

"Where is he?"

"Within my easy reach."

"Was he among those in the office at the hotel when you spoke of your money?"

"No."

I waited a moment, and then began:

"Yesterday I casually learned that you are or have been inclined to somnambulism, and nothing else so tends to its development as excitement or anxiety.

"It at once suggested itself to my mind that the unexpected coming into possession of so much money would render you extremely nervous; that this nervousness would result in sleep walking; that, in a sleep-walking condition, you would give especial consideration to the money and be likely to remove it from the safe to some place where no one would look for it.

"These impressions were strengthened by what I had learned when here yesterday afternoon—that the mud tracks ended in your sleeping-room, proving that there was no mud on the feet of the one who removed your money from the safe when the deed was done; that your feet and the malefactor's were of the same size.

"What I told you with reference to asking the hotel clerk about a safe, and so forth, was one of the subterfuges—lies, in fact—to which, I am sorry to confess, we detectives sometimes are obliged to have recourse, for the purpose of gaining your permission to remain with you over night. And the 'experiences' which I narrated were designed to render you as nervous as possible, because, as I have said before, nervousness would probably cause you to walk while you were asleep.

"About two o'clock this morning you left your bed and went to your safe, which you opened. After feeling around in it you went from the house, closely followed by me, to a hollow tree in your back yard. Into the hole in the tree you placed your hand and the moonlight enabled me to see that a smile immediately stole over your countenance. From the hole I took the money."

"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed, after drawing a long breath.

For my services he compensated me liberally, complimenting me for my keenness and promising that if he ever again had business in my line it should be intrusted to me.—Fred W. Foster, in Chicago News.

GIVEN WITHOUT NAMES.

A WOMAN in Tanner, W. Va., gave birth to her twenty-ninth child a few days ago.

AN Italian committed suicide at Santa Rosa, Cal., recently because he had no education.

THE happiest negro in Wisconsin dwells in Madison. He parades the streets, exhibiting a bullfrog with three eyes—one in the center of its head.

A FARMER at Stanberry, Mo., has enough simple faith in mankind to advertise in the local newspaper for the recovery of a ten-gallon keg of blackberry brandy, which he lost out of his wagon on the highway.

AN Omaha policeman has been suspended for neglect of duty, but never was policeman, probably, ever before suspended for neglect under such circumstances. As he pleads, he entered a church, and, becoming interested in the services, remained too long.