

THE NEW PREACHER.

Yes, Betsey, I've heard the new preacher. Perhaps he may be very nice. But I can't say I really like him. Through I've never heard him but twice. He's nice and polite and real stylish. And looks very well, I must say. But what he says don't seem like preachin'. Perhaps it's the new-fashioned way.

He took his text out of the Bible. And read it off gib as could be. Then went to explainin' it all meant. As different as different could be. His words were so long and high-soundin'. I couldn't catch all that he said. But some things he told to his people. Won't ever go out of my head!

He said he considered the Bible. A very good book in its way. But still, for the times that we lived in. Was quite out of date, he must say. And some other books that are written. Were very much better to read. And suited the taste of the wise folks. Who won't be bound by prayer-book or creed.

He said that the Jesus he rev'nced. The Savior who died for us all. Was really a wise and good teacher. But then, so were Peter and Paul. He taught those poor, ignorant people. A great deal of good, he'd no doubt. But folks now had got quite beyond him. Yes, Betsey, he said that right out!

He talked about culture and beauty. And science and nature and art. But though his words sounded so pretty. They somehow seemed lackin' in heart. I wanted to hear of the Savior. Whose life here on earth was so blest. And who to souls here-laden. Has promised a shelter and rest.

I want to be taught by a preacher. The way both to live and to die. That I may be fit for that heaven. I'm hopin' to reach by and by. If this is the new-tangled doctrine. This talk I've been hearin' to-day. Why then you may have your fine preachin'. I'll stick to the old-fashioned way!

A Pill for the Detectives.

When Fergus Bellamy left Wolverhampton with a portmanteau which was so heavy that it took the united strength of three porters to lift it into the luggage van, the local Superintendent of Police felt it to be his duty to communicate by telegraph to his superiors at Scotland Yard. For Fergus had only been at Wolverhampton a few days, and no one knew from whence he came or what his business was. Even in the billiard-room of a second-rate hotel, where he spent his evenings, he proved himself to be an unsociable fellow. Not only did he answer in monosyllables such commonplace remarks as were addressed to him, but he so far omitted the ordinary courtesies of the place that he never offered to treat the marker to a drink or a cigar. Possibly it was on this account that that official prophetically observed as Bellamy drove off to the railway station, "He'll never be no good to no one, I'll bet a bob."

On reaching St. Pancras, Fergus evinced great anxiety that due care should be taken of his portmanteau, and no wonder, for it was apparently brand new, and bore his initials in large green letters. If the value of its contents could be judged by its weight rather than by the gratuity with which the porters were rewarded, it was precious indeed. After seeing it deposited on the roof of a four-wheeled cab, and discovering from a time-table that the train from Birmingham was due in ten minutes the traveler devoted himself to obtaining all the news of the day in a strictly economical manner by reading the contents bills of the papers that were exposed on the book-stall.

Within a few minutes of the advertised hour, the Birmingham train arrived, and as Bellamy stepped forward to greet the acquaintance for whom he had evidently been waiting, he was unaware of the immediate proximity of Inspector Graham, of the Detective Department, and of the interest that experienced officer was taking in his movements. Nor did he notice that the Inspector was taking care not to miss a word of the following conversation:

"What message from Master?" asked Bellamy, in a somewhat excited tone. "Nothing more but that he'll be up the day after to-morrow. It must be done before then. You have the materials, and the papers are here," replied the other, glancing downwards at a small carpet-bag that evidently comprised all his luggage. "We must join N. G. at once."

With a reciprocal wink, the two got into the cab, which had been waiting, and the driver was ordered to go to the Sprig of Shillelagh. Inspector Graham followed in a hansom at a reasonable distance.

The hotel selected by the friends was but a very humble hostelry at Islington. Its proprietor, an Irishman named O'Flaherty, carried on a fairly prosperous trade during the Cattle Show and Derby weeks, but at the arrival of three new visitors in one day in the off-season he was considerably surprised. His astonishment abated a little when he found that they were all of one party, for the boots were told to inform Mr. Nathaniel Gavan that Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Isom had arrived. The first-named came at once from the private sitting-room he had engaged and cordially welcomed the others. More than this, he hospitably manifested deep interest in the welfare of Bellamy's portmanteau, which, after consultation amongst the three, was ordered to be taken to Mr. Gavan's private sitting-room, a fact im-

mediately noted by the watchful detective, who by this time was consuming, with remarkable deliberation, a bottle of ginger beer at the hotel bar.

Had Fergus Bellamy, David Isom and Nathaniel Gavan known that the hilarious gentlemen who dined at an adjacent table were Inspector Graham and two other detectives, whose duty it was to watch their every action and remember every word they spoke, it is probable that they would have eaten in privacy upstairs rather than in the public coffee-room. Certainly they would not have accepted the hospitality of their neighbors, but drink is irresponsible for many an acquaintance, and when the beefsteak and Welsh rarebit which constituted their modest meal was demolished, and Isom ordered "three whiskies hot," it was but natural that they should feel grateful for Inspector Graham's offer (made in a North-country accent) to partake of a bottle of O'Flaherty's oldest port. This was not a beverage to be despised, for it had been in the cellar nearly six months, ever since the bankruptcy of a grocer in the next street, when the landlord of the Sprig of Shillelagh had purchased the whole remaining stock of seventeen bottles for thirty shillings.

After the first glass round had been held up to the light, submitted to the nasal test and disposed of, the zealous police officer opened out his heart to his guests.

"I have just come up from Bradford, traveling in the dry goods line. Maybe, Mr. —, I have not the pleasure of your name. Thank you, Mr. Bellamy. Maybe you know the town. I'm going round London to-morrow to some of our city houses. Can I be of any service to you, or perhaps you are at the same game, eh?" The Inspector might have spared himself the trouble trying to extract information either by straight forward questions or cross-examination, for the three conspirators excused themselves early on the plea of fatigue, after discussing nothing but the wine, the weather, and the extortionate charges of London cabmen.

As O'Flaherty was closing his bar some three hours after his guests had retired to their respective rooms, he was surprised by a visit from a police constable in uniform, followed by Inspector Graham and another man. He recognized the two latter as customers who had dined and paid so well that evening, and assumed that they required accommodation for the night. However, he was soon undeceived, and in a startling manner.

"We are police officers of the detective department. You have now in your house—a licensed house—three dangerous characters," said the inspector, sharply, mentioning their names. "When did they arrive? Quick, we have no time to lose."

O'Flaherty was terribly frightened, and spluttered out words to the effect that Gavan had come first, and the others later in the afternoon. Gavan evidently had expected them, and had hired a sitting-room. They all had luggage and he knew no more, except that they had dined and gone to bed early.

"Lead the way to the sitting-room," replied the inspector. He then gave some instructions to the constable, who passed them on to others waiting outside. Graham and his companion followed the landlord, who trembled as though he were the responsible culprit.

The bedrooms being on an upper story, the officers ran but little danger of being disturbed in their search in the sitting-room. Some writing materials were on the table and by carefully reversing the blotting-paper, the inspector was able to make out that the following letter had been written:

The Sprig of Shillelagh, Islington.

DEAR MASTER:—So far all well. We have the materials, and will go to work. Next day you shall hear from us whether we are to sink or swim. N. G. arrived.

Having deposited the blotting-paper in his pocket, Graham continued the search, and, to his surprise and delight, found that Bellamy's portmanteau was still in the room. It was, however, securely locked; but the inspector's companion was prepared for this contingency and, with the aid of skeleton keys, soon opened it.

"You scoundrels," muttered the inspector, as, after turning over the contents and pointing some of them out to his subordinate, he quietly closed and again locked the portmanteau. "I think we've got you this time. Now to find out 'Master,' and Inspector Graham will be Mr. Superintendent, and have a money reward, too, may be. Come along; I'm satisfied with this day's work, anyhow."

Graham's junior was not equally pleased. In fact, he was somewhat puzzled, for he did not understand why these packages, if dangerous, were not taken charge of by the police. But experience had lately taught those more learned than he in the art of trapping criminals, not to strike too soon, but to track conspirators, so far as public safety would permit, to the lair of the

instigator, and, by bringing him to book, destroy the root of the plot.

Next morning, after a frugal breakfast (conspirators never have enough money to afford luxuries), Bellamy, Isom and Gavan left their hotel, closely watched by detectives, and, taking the omnibus from the Angel, they were set down at Charing Cross. Here they separated. Bellamy walked along the Strand, going citywards, while Isom went up Parliament street, and Gavan strolled towards Pall Mall.

In a few hours, the police officers employed on the special duty of watching the suspected persons made their reports.

The first was as follows: Watched Bellamy. He went up the Strand, stopping to look in several shop windows. Seemed particularly attracted by one, a cutler's. He went in and inquired the price of an American bowie knife, but did not buy it. Was a long while looking in the windows of an optician where there were portraits of members of Parliament and actresses. I thought he was going to turn back here, for he wavered, but at last he went on. He paused for some time at Somerset House, and walked out into the road to get a better view of the building. Passed down Fleet street and up Ludgate-hill; walked round St. Paul's Cathedral, stopping three times. Went up Cheapside, where he spoke to Constable (K. 007), and asked to be directed to the Bank of England. Arriving there, walked round that, viewing the Bank from several positions. Finally he appeared to select a spot in the northwest corner, and remained there looking idly about him for some minutes. He then went down Moorgate street, called in a tobacconist's shop, and purchased a box of flaming fuses. Then walked into Goswell road and on to the Sprig of Shillelagh, where I was relieved, and came directly here (Scotland-yard) and made this report.

The reports of the other detectives were very similar to this one. Isom had trolled towards Westminster, and examined the Houses of Parliament as minutely as if he were a foreign architect; while Gavan had surveyed Buckingham Palace as carefully as though he were going to make a drawing of it from memory. Both had walked back to Islington by different routes.

In the evening the three friends again left their hotel. On this occasion each took with him a brown paper parcel, and each proceeded towards the building in which he had taken so much interest in the morning.

Inspector Graham and two other officers followed Gavan. That he was the ringleader of the gang the penetrating officer had already decided in his own mind. Nor was his zeal unrewarded, for, on reaching the gates which separate St. James' Park from Buckingham Palace Road, Gavan, handicapped as he was by the apparently heavy package he carried, quickened his pace so that the detectives could scarcely keep up with him. A sentry-box close by was evidently the spot fixed on for the perpetration of whatever outrage was to be committed. Carefully watching his time when the soldier on guard had turned to the right, Gavan deposited his parcel in the shaded angle to the left of the box. Then, taking from his pocket a fuse, he struck it on the sole of his boot, and—he found himself captured and handcuffed and thrust into a cab and driven away he knew not where before he had time to make any excuse. Inspector Graham chuckled to himself as after craftily waiting to see if the brown-paper parcel would explode without assistance, he took the parcel under his arm and hurried back to headquarters to make known an exploit that would at least bring his name prominently before the public. On arriving there he found that two other men had also been arrested. Their tactics had been similar to those adopted by Gavan. It was clear that an attempt had been made to blow up Buckingham Palace, the Bank of England, and the Houses of Parliament, and thus deal a simultaneous blow at Royalty, Commerce and Government.

The three canisters with which this desperate outrage was to have been carried out had been captured. Their lids were securely soldered down, and the authorities at Scotland Yard dared not attempt to open them, so they dispatched them to Woolwich by special conveyance, in order that scientific evidence of their contents might be forthcoming in due course.

Reports of the affair soon got abroad. Special editions of the newspapers were published, with sensational headings. Columns of print not only gave details of what had occurred, but significantly hinted at the identity of the instigators. The political bearings of the conspiracy were discussed, while crowds of idlers visited the scenes where the canisters had been deposited. As usual, the police were sagaciously mysterious, and excitement was intense throughout the metropolis when the prisoners arrived at Bow Street in prison-cars, escorted by mounted police with drawn swords.

The court was crowded almost to suffocation when Mr. Fairland opened the case for the Crown. He was, the learned counsel said, instructed by her Majesty's Treasury to prefer a very serious charge against the prisoners. It had not yet been decided whether they would ultimately be indicted for treason, felony, or under a more recent statute with being in possession of explosives for an unlawful purpose. At this stage of the proceedings he proposed only to prove the circumstances leading to the arrest of the prisoners. He would, however, call the attention of the magistrate to the fact that a more dastardly outrage had never been planned against the lives and property of her Majesty's subjects. It was, for recklessness of conception and malignity of purpose, unparalleled in the history of crime. There was some applause when the learned counsel concluded his speech by calling as his first witness George Graham.

The witness detailed the circumstances of his suspicions, and of his following the prisoners, of his searching the rooms, and finding the portmanteau. He also produced the fragment of blotting-paper he had taken, and explained that, on searching the portmanteau, he found it contained a dozen ordinary building bricks and three canisters. They were the same as found by the police in the possession of the prisoners. The inspector then detailed particulars of the arrest of Gavan.

The prisoners declined to ask any questions.

Two other detectives corroborated a part of the evidence of Graham, and also gave details of the arrest of Bellamy and Isom.

Mr. Fairland was about to suggest an adjournment, when he was informed that Professor Cain, in whose hands the tin canisters had been placed, had arrived. He, therefore, asked to be allowed to prove the contents of the canisters. On the magistrate giving his consent, the Professor, looking somewhat flustered, entered the witness-box. His evidence was as follows:

He was public analyst to Her Majesty's War Office. Three canisters had been delivered to him by Mr. Graham on behalf of the police. As they were soldered down, he had thought it expedient to have them opened by the inspector of explosives. Each canister contained some hundreds of globules about a sixteenth of an inch in diameter. Taking a handful haphazard from each canister, he had analyzed them, but in consequence of circumstances he would relate to his worship, he had not persevered in a quantitative analysis. Each globule contained rhubarb and colchicum, and also other harmless drugs, and he had been unable to discover the slightest trace of anything harmful in the compound. There was nothing of an explosive, dangerous or poisonous character about them. He thought they might be effectually prescribed for gout. In reply to the magistrate, he admitted that they had the appearance and properties of liver pills. At the bottom of each canister he had found some printed handbills, announcing that "Bellamy's Balm" was a certain cure for gout, rheumatism and all diseases of the liver, and that it could be obtained from any chemist, or wholesale from Bellamy, Gavan & Isom, manufacturing druggists, Newcastle.

Thanks to Professor Cain's opinion of "Bellamy's Balm" and to the publicity given to it in all the English papers, Messrs. Bellamy & Co. were soon able to retire on a handsome fortune and build a Home for Disabled Detectives.

Opening Oysters With Prayer.

There is a certain class of people who take a very gloomy view of religion and declare that we ought to do everything as though we were to die the next minute. What a long-faced community we should be if that rule were carried out. A man couldn't laugh at a joke; indeed, no one would dare to make a joke for people to laugh at, and life would become a slow march to the grave. If to-day were to be our last we should not lay in a stock of provisions for to-morrow, we should not want to go over the Brooklyn Bridge, and we should not pay the note that becomes due to-day because our creditor won't need it. The best way, in spite of some gloomy souls, is to live gladly, honestly and happily as long as you can to cry at the things that ought to be, cried over and to laugh at things that ought to be laughed at. There is no good reason why a man should have crow's feet before his time simply because he is religious and wants to do the right thing. We are reminded of a story in this connection. "You ought to engage in nothing," said a solemn saint, whose soul was like a squeezed lemon, "that you can't open with prayer." The wag to whom he addressed himself replied irreverently, "Well, suppose I want a dozen of oysters, can I consistently open them with prayer?"

If you would create something, you must be something.

The Indian Rupee.

Mr. Edward Thomas, whose labors as a numismatist have thrown so much light upon the archeology of the East, has reprinted a paper upon the coinages of the East India Company at Bombay. The practical interest of the essay is the proof it gives of the continuous decrease that has taken place in the value of the rupee during the last two centuries. It seems that the Bombay Mint was first authorized by Charles II. in 1676, "to coin rupees, bice and budrooks," which should be current not only in the island but also in the dependencies of the company in the East Indies. This "Island of Bombay" came to the English King by virtue of his marriage contract with Catharine, the sister of Alfonso VI. of Portugal, signed in the early part of 1662; and it was by him made over to the company in March, 1662, together with its revenue of £2833 per annum, and with the King's garrison of two companies of foot, who volunteered into the company's service, and thus formed its first military establishment at Bombay. When the company began to coin money they seem to have underrated the value of the local rupee, for the first specimen of their rupees bearing this denomination contains only 178 grains of silver, whereas a late one, dated 1678, contains over 183 grains, and one of the same last-mentioned year as much as 198. The Indian rupees were estimated by writers in the earlier part of the seventeenth century as far as 2s. to as high as 2s. 9d. and the average value seems not to have been much less than 2s. 6d. The decline in value of the coin is, of course, due to various causes not affecting India alone; but Mr. Thomas warns the theorists who talk of restoring silver to its old value in India that the circumstances are now altogether altered, since, instead of the comparatively all-round trade of the old company in goods and metals, we have to face "the leech-like heavy charges of the present home Government, which draws indiscriminately for its own wants bills in rupees upon its hapless dependency in season and out of season, whether the balance of trade or metallic exchange is for or against them."

Fashion.

Gossiping Report of Fashionable Fables for the Fair.

An eccentric fancy is to cut the ends of all ribbon bows, strings or sashes into long forks or notches.

Cats are the fashionable animals at present, and cat-head and cat-paw ornaments are in high favor.

One of the loveliest dresses for mid-summer or spring festival wear is of white veiling, closely fitted with silk brocade dots.

New China crapes of the finest quality are beautifully embroidered (by hand, of course) in palm-leaf and other oriental figures.

Corn-flower and royal-French blue orange flame and gold-yellow, ox-blood, and cardinal-red crop out in most of the new fabrics.

The new fraises and ruches for the neck are very wide and full, and are nearly a yard long, so as to form a jabot down the front.

Long Jersey gloves, ten-button length, in silk, silk and linen, or finest cachemire, are highly favored for spring wear. These gloves can be found in every desirable street shade.

Balbriggan stockings abound in the new variety tints of strawberry, amber, terra cotta, drake's neck blue, laurel green, bronze, elderberry, and a deep rich shade of violet. Each of these colors is clocked with old gold or cream white.

Among other pretty dainties which fashionable young ladies are preparing for summer wear—works of their own hands—are garden party hats of ficelle lace, lining the inside of the crown and brim with pale blue or rose colored sarak or Canton crape. Another fancy is to run black velvet ribbon through the meshes, finishing with a knot of velvet on the top of the crown.

The most fashionable of the white toilets to be worn this summer, instead of being relieved by the usual colors of rose-color, blue or mauve, will be enlivened by the newer shades of French terra-cotta, tea-rose, shrimp, pink, and the like, and a leading toilet will be one of white nun's veiling, or vigogne, with broad sash and other satin ribbon trimming of pale primroses in the corsage and hair, and necklace and chataine of amber beads.

Arabian saddle-bags, resembling Smyrna rugs, the loosely woven Decca and Bombay shawls and heavy Turkish wraps of all kinds, are now utilized as drapings to low easy chairs and sofas, table covers and scarfs, and also for lambrequins, sofa cushions and tidies. These wraps are now selling at greatly reduced rates, and a "Bagdad" shawl from Lowell, Massachusetts, made into mantle lambrequin, table scarf and tidy, with fringe and braid for the edges included, will cost no more than

a lambrequin alone bought ready-made of the same Bagdad material as the shawl.

The vogue of checks and Scotch plaids is undiminished. The most popular next summer will be Scotch plaids and checks of two colors, white and black, white and blue, white and louter, pink and gray, out of which many pretty costumes will be made at most reasonable prices. Nearly all the dresses for young girls will be made with round waists coming down very low over the skirt, which gives them a very youthful and charming appearance. I know as a matter of fact, that all the leading dress-making establishments will use mountains of faille next summer for their most stylish costumes. Nor is there any material that offers a more wonderful gradation of tints. The palette richest in colors does not furnish a more complete gamut of tints, which pass almost imperceptibly from the lighter to the darker shades. The reader may consequently judge what resources this charming material presents to fashion. Very much the same may be said of the Ottoman silk, which is equally supple and soft, and which is being made both plain and broched. The plain patterns will be used for skirts with wide plaits, the broched for tunics, bodies, Louis XV. vests, Directoire redingotes, and Mary Antoinette bust au corps. I must also call attention to the fact that the present fashions no longer exclude velvet from the materials employed in summer dresses, but the velvets used are manufactured expressly for the season, and are very smooth and light mousseline velvets. They are plain or figured and stamped or "ciseless." By this last term is meant that the pattern of figures, which are either spots, flowers or birds, are in relief, embroidered in silk either of the same shade or of a different shade as the ground of the material.

Humor.

No, Paul, the window of the soul is not a pane in the stomach.

An old lady was asked her opinion about Mrs. Smith, her next door neighbor. "Well," she said, "I never speak ill of anybody, but I feel very sorry for Mr. Smith."

Inductive reasoning: Mr. Wm. Doodie—"Yes, Miss Frost, I always wear gloves at night; they make one's hands so soft." Miss Frost—"Ah! and do you sleep with your hat on?"

"Landlady," said he, "the coffee is not settled." "No," she replied, "but it comes as near it as your last month's board bill does;" and that man never spoke again during the meal.

A poet anxiously asked: "O pallid brow, where has the spirit gone?" Don't ask the pallid brow. If your bottle is empty, make the inquiry of the florid nose. It knows where the spirit goes.

"I saw you at a funeral the other day," said one lady to another. "Yes; I saw you, too." "I never heard a more affecting funeral sermon, did you?" "Never. And just think of it, when everybody was crying I reached for my handkerchief and found, to my horror, that it was a red one I had in my pocket." "Goodness! What did you do?" "Why, I didn't cry, how could I, when every one else in the church was using white?"

SOLVING TWO PROBLEMS.—He stopped sawing wood, turned to the old man who was splitting and piling, and said: "Father, I cannot believe that was cut out for a farmer. The whole problem is right here: I go to the city as a clerk at a dollar a day. In six months I get a raise to \$9 per week. In a year I am given an interest in the firm, and in ten I am rich enough to buy and sell you ten times over." "Yes, that's one problem," slowly replied the old man, "and here's another: There's six cords of wood left in that pile, and if it isn't all sawed, split and piled again Saturday night you don't get no pair o' new cowhide boots out o' me! Hear me now, and make that bucksaw strike fire."

His Papa's Name.

There was a bright little boy, between 2 and 3 years old, picked up as he was wandering on the street and carried to the Four Courts, where he took a seat on the railing in front of the Central Station, stuck out his chubby legs and stared at every one who came in without being the least abashed. As is customary in such cases, an endeavor was made to elicit information from him that might lead to his restoration to his distracted parents. The little fellow appeared willing to tell all he knew. "What's your name, young man?" they asked him. "Jimmie Rearden," he lisped. "What's your papa's name?" "Papa." "What does your mamma call him?" "The cherub's face lightened up with pleasure at being able to furnish the desired information, as he answered: "She tells him, you old divole, you." The examination was postponed.