

The Superintendent's Example.

By OPIE READ.

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'At a small town on a railway running through Kentucky an express company had been robbed of five thousand dollars. The loss of the money was insignificant when simply viewed as the removal of so many pieces of paper bearing the portrait of a distinguished American, but the necessity to hold up some one in the glaring light of the law as a dazzling example was a momentous consideration. It may be observed that a great corporation never knows an evil-doer as an individual, but regards him wholly as an "example"; indeed, the closest relationship and services that have endured through many years can be forgotten by a great institution when it sets out to establish an example. And I have often wondered why some one has not taken up the business of professional example, to undergo a sentence to prison, for a reasonable salary, to show to the world that the great corporation is determined to enforce honesty. Well, five thousand dollars were taken one night from the express office in Springdale. The safe was blown open, the town trembled for three days in a delirium of excitement, and the agent with a bruise on his head, lay in his room at the tavern. At that time I was operating a detective agency in Louisville (truly a despicable calling, I must say), and the division superintendent of the express company sent for me. A great man was he. Consciously impressive, portly, with animal life running like an engine within him. As I entered his private apartment he turned in his chair, and looking at me a moment, said:

"So you are Captain Blake?"
"My name is Blake, yes, sir."
"I suppose you have heard of our little affair down in the country?"
"Yes; I have read an account of it."
"What do you think?"
"It is only now, sir, that I have found it to my advantage to think."
"Ah; I see." And after a short pause he added: "Now, I'll tell you what we want you to do. The agent at Springdale has been arrested."
He paused and looked at me as if he expected me to show astonishment, but I didn't. I simply said: "Yes, and he continued: "About six years ago he came to us most highly recommended, strictly sober, and with no bad habits. There is no bank in the town, and on numerous occasions he has been entrusted with large sums of money. He is of a good family, and during many years his father has been cashier of a bank in this city."
He leaned back in his chair, stroked his side whiskers and looked at me, and I fancied that I could hear the great engine of health pumping within him. "I authorized his arrest last night," he went on, "and I have a dispatch telling me that the town is greatly excited. The physician is unable to decide whether or not the blow on the head was self-inflicted, but he agrees that it looks suspicious."
"Well, said I, "what do you want me to do?"

"I have a scheme," he answered. "There have been so many similar cases, you understand, that I believe I could convict him upon the testimony of the physician and other suspicious circumstances, and although it is necessary for us to have an example, you understand, yet I should like to know beyond question whether or not he is guilty, may be over-prudent, but the fact is, I want him to make a confession. I may be a trifle soft-hearted, you understand, but I'd like to know."
"Don't you always want to know?" I asked.
"Oh, yes, surely," he quickly replied, "but as a general thing we are willing for the law to settle that point and act accordingly. But down in that part of the country an example is badly needed, and if this fellow Haines could be brought to confess, why it would be well, it would be a good thing for us, you know."
"And your scheme?"
"Is this, I want you to be put into the cell with him, win his confidence and worm a confession out of him."
"Rather an old scheme," I was bold enough to reply.
"Oh, I've been told you are a most discouraging man, but I am determined upon this, and I want you to rely handsomely on your services, and if you succeed the amount of compensation shall be doubled."
This, of course, interested me, and during more than an hour we laid out plans and talked them over, and when I left him it was with these words: "You may depend upon it that I shall do my duty."

That evening an officer conducted me along the main street of Springdale. The sight of the handcuffs upon my wrists caught the eyes of the corgier loungers, and soon a crowd was following us and occasionally I heard the remark: "Got him all right, haven't they?" I heard the words "horse thief, I bet you," and as unimpressible as I am I turned around to confront a mottled face. The officer, who knew nothing of the superintendent's scheme—who was proud to be made so important—gave me a jerk, and the man applauded him. By the time we reached the jail the air was full of "horse thief." I had no sooner been shoved through the door into the corridor than the words "hang him!" smote my ears like a blow from a mallet, for I knew the abhorrence in which my countrymen held the stealing of a horse, a man might hope for some sort of a hearing, but that to be suspected of horse theft was more than likely to mean deaf ears and a quick action. The noise was now fiercer. The jailer, a fat and humorless old fellow, stepped out. I stood in the corridor, just behind him. Near me stood a man holding a key waiting to show me to my quarters.

"Boys," said the jailer, "what do you want?"
"You know what we want, Buck," replied a lank fellow who had assumed command outside. "We want that hoss thief!"
"Bill, there ain't no hoss thief here!" "Tell that up at Bear Waller an' up the right fork of the Big Sandy, but don't tell it to us. That feller stole the Widder Cagle's hoss, and we want him."
"Who says so?"
"Why, Ab here." And I saw him nod at a fellow standing near, and the light held at an upper window fell upon his mottled face.
"How do you know, Ab?" the jailer asked.
"Where's McGee? Let him identify him. And if he's the man, I'll agree to hang him myself, and then out a foot of the rope. No, boys, you are wrong this time. You have hung fellows out of here all right enough, but you'd make a mistake this time, and it ain't exactly right to make such mistakes. I recollect they hung the wrong man over at Hoover not long ago, and it caused a good deal of talk and some ill feeling, so I advise you to be more particular. Now, if you want to know right bad, I'll tell you what the man is charged with."
"Out with it," the leader cried.
"Why, they do say he killed a man."
The light was still held at the window, and I saw the eager and expectant countenance of the leader droop to disappointment.
"Buck, is that straight?"
"As a rope pullin' a bucket out of a well."
"All right, then," said the leader, turning about. "There air occasions when a feller's got a right to kill a man, but nobody ever had a right to shoot at a hoss, and you understand, 'Tobe's' grocer, he undid us, they air 'Tobe' to cut a watermelon, knock a nail keg in the head and wring a dishrag down there pretty soon. Come on."

The jailer, his fat sides shaking, stepped back and closed the door, and the man with the key motioned me to follow him.
As the turnkey was fumbling with the lock, I heard the nervous pacing, to and fro, of a man inside the cell, and when I stepped in he turned about, looked at me and, withdrawing his brief attention, my fellow prisoner, notling my momentary distress, gave me a kindly look. "You are not used to it," he said. "They may be lying about you as they are about me. It's an easy way to do."
"And sometimes a hard thing to disprove," I replied, sitting down on my bunk, opposite his own. He made no reply, but returned about and resumed his pacing up and down the cell. I was careful not to let him catch me gazing at him, but I sat here studying him closely. And surely I was never impressed more deeply by the bearing and the countenance of a man. There was something about him that was more than graceful, an attraction new to me, unexpected, surprising. I had seen studied suggestions of it on the stage—the handsome, brave, reckless gambler. His features were not regular, his nose was faulty, but he had a certain beauty of his own. I wondered if he were really guilty. Before seeing him I would have staked anything upon my belief in his guilt, but now I was uncertain. Time and again I turned over, striving to force myself to sleep. And I muttered curses of weakness

against myself. He had done a rare thing—had won my friendship.
—To be continued Saturday.

HE LEFT NO MICROBES.

A Chicago Woman's Object Lesson with a Nickel.
From the Chicago Times-Herald.

The car stopped, a richly dressed lady got on, and sat down with a toss of her head and a swirl of her silken petticoats. She wore a seakink cloak and a tiny pink and jet bonnet. Altogether she was such a dainty of fresh loveliness that three of all the car were upon her. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes brightened as she talked to a friend beside her.

"I've been to the lecture on microbes," she said, laughing, and showing all her dimples, "and just think—how perfectly horrid! Prof. Jones says there air microbes in everything. In the air we breathe, in the water we drink, even on the money we handle."
Then extracting her fare from a small silver-mounted pocketbook, she deliberately put the nickel in her mouth, breathlessly, without giving the most distant thought to the conductor. A penny, far away look was in the lady's eyes as the dirty piece of money was rolled from cheek to cheek, held for an instant between the pearly teeth, to the relief of all the conductor came along and relieved her of it: "I'll bet my old shoes there's no microbes left in that nickel."

ANECDOTES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.
The late Judge Rosenkrantz, of Saratoga county, N. Y., says the Green Bag, possessed most brilliant intellect, and could, if he chose, so charge a jury as to possibly defeat a litigant that he declared, without giving the most distant thought to the conductor. A penny, far away look was in the lady's eyes as the dirty piece of money was rolled from cheek to cheek, held for an instant between the pearly teeth, to the relief of all the conductor came along and relieved her of it: "I'll bet my old shoes there's no microbes left in that nickel."

An instance of mistaken appreciation of the duties of a Constable. He was one day leaving the Royal Academy, where he had been busy with his colleagues of the painting committee in arranging the pictures for the exhibition. He was met by Sam, the porter, who had been helping with the mechanical part of the show. They had just been moving into place one of the Constable's own landscapes, painted by the famous painter, and the artist, feeling in his pocket for a shilling wherewith to encourage Sam's taste. "Well, Mr. Constable," said Sam, "that's a picture of yours, sir! Wonderful, sir!" "You approve of it, Sam," said the artist, feeling in his pocket for a shilling wherewith to encourage Sam's taste. "Well, Mr. Constable," said Sam, "that's a picture of yours, sir! Wonderful, sir!" "You approve of it, Sam," said the artist, feeling in his pocket for a shilling wherewith to encourage Sam's taste.

THE CROWD VANISHED.
Gustave Dore could show invention not only in his wonderful illustrations but also in matters of every-day life. One day Dore was taking a photographic view of a picturesque old street, and Dore tried to assist by keeping off the crowd of idle lookers. It was a difficult task, and the more he gesticulated and threatened the greater became the throng. Suddenly, Dore had a splendid idea.

THE PEER AND THE BUTLER.
A titled Englishman was a guest at a Washington house, and a dinner party was given in his honor. The host, a titled Englishman, was a guest at a Washington house, and a dinner party was given in his honor. The host, a titled Englishman, was a guest at a Washington house, and a dinner party was given in his honor.

AUSTIN ON TENNYSON.
Just about the time when Tennyson—the poet—was in the height of his popularity, Alfred Austin, the most popular poet in England, was in the height of his popularity.

HOW STEVENS FELT.
"A great many stories have been told about my distinguished predecessor, Judge Stevens, whose district I have the honor to represent," said Mr. Brosius, of Pennsylvania, "but here is one that is new to me."

WHITMAN MISSED A FORTUNE.
Walt Whitman, the poet, and William Devere, the "Editor" in Hoy's play, "A Black Sheep," were close friends in the days when Devere was the head-quarters of "Bohemian" in New York city.

PALE AND THIN, BUT COULD FIGHT.
In the mountains of the South the schools are still maintained upon the subscription plan. A traveling man just returned from a mountain school, and a reporter got an account of an examination of an applicant for school.

THE GREAT 30th DAY.
The doctor is now located over the Famous Shoe Store, 326 Lackawanna avenue, where he can be consulted on all cases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat trouble. Special care given to difficult Eye Fitting.

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A WOMAN'S SUFFERING.

Interesting Experience of Mrs. Lounsbury of Olympia, Washington.
The practice of publishing medical testimonials is certainly not a new one; in fact, the subject is well nigh thread-bare, the columns of every paper being full of them. Nevertheless, occasionally a case appears of no interesting and remarkable character as to merit special attention. Of such a character is the experience of Mrs. E. L. Lounsbury, of Olympia, in far off Washington, who now resides at No. 111 Maple Park, in that city.

MISTAKEN APPRECIATION.
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THE BISHOP'S SHARE.
The late Dr. Thomas, bishop of Winchester, was once on a railway journey, and at a certain station summoned a porter to fetch him some light refreshment. "Here is a four-penny piece," said the Bishop, "with which you can buy a Bath bun for me and one for yourself."

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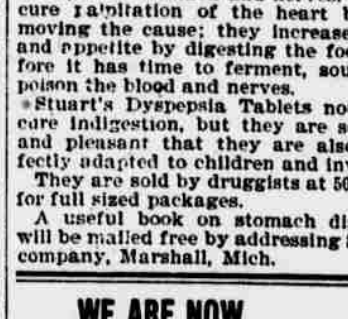
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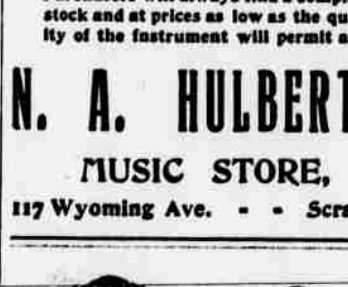
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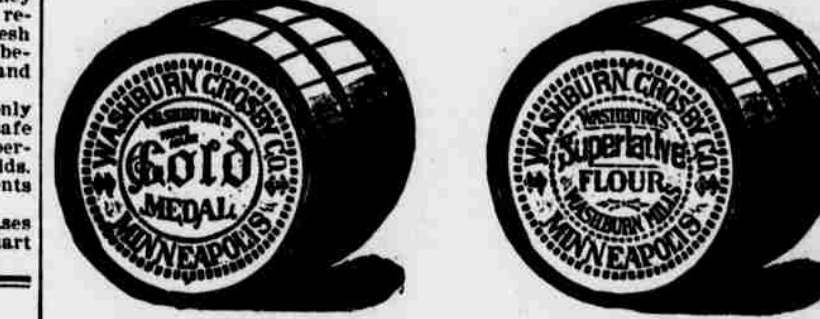
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THIRD NATIONAL BANK OF SCRANTON, PA. STATEMENT FEBRUARY 28, 1896:

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
Loans	\$1,468,773 44	Capital	\$200,000 00
Overdrafts	714 01	Surplus	230,000 00
U. S. Bonds	100,000 00	Profits	81,500 00
Other Bonds	301,555 20	Circulation	85,000 00
Deposits	1,000,000 00	Dividends Unpaid	1,516,741 19
Banking House	26,774 00	Due to Banks	21,285 18
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	4,860 00	Notes	None
Due from U. S. Treasurer	7,770 00	Re-Discounts	None
Due from Banks	157,294 73	Bills Payable	None
Due from U. S. Treasury	125,748 25		
	\$2,191,900 39		\$2,191,900 39

WM. CONNELL, President; GEO. H. CATTIN, Vice President; WM. H. PECK, Cashier. DIRECTORS—Wm. Connell, Henry Bell, Jr., James Archbold, Wm. T. Smith, George H. Cattin, Luther Keller, Alfred Hand.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Will Afford Instant Ease. For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness of the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

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