

THE WOUNDED MAN.

On the 22d of May, 1875, I stood in our office, behind our desk, when our chief entered the room with a letter in his hand, and addressed to me with an invitation to undertake the unraveling of a mystery which had baffled the local police of T. I consented, and departed for the scene of the crime which had been committed, much limited, however, as to the time I was allowed for spending on the case.

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He complained of having fallen upon a heap of broken glass, and held out his right hand to exhibit his condition. The doctor took out his pocket case of instruments, and extracted five pieces from the inflamed palm. While he did so the patient whimpered like a woman.

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"I believe your complaining patient to have been the principal in the late robbery, concerning which I have come down here," I replied in a low voice. "Can you give me any idea as to what became of the man after you were done with him?"

"The doctor looked at me in amazement. "I think he went toward Ems," he replied. "I lost no time in going the same direction. An old tree, which forked at the top, and carried a bell in that division, stood on a height near the shore. Here those who wanted to be ferried over the river must stop and ring for the boatman, whose call I should have heard, and who, I think, I should have seen."

"Two gentlemen sat in the club room. My friend made one of them. To his great surprise, I sat down close to him and began to talk. Presently our nearest neighbor stood up and departed to my great joy. I beat over Dorothea's shoulder and whispered that which I had to say to her."

"What may it be?" he inquired calmly. "You believe I am here as a lottery agent?" He nodded. "No, however, I have been sent here on detective business by the Prussia police authority. Herr Botcher took this revelation significantly. On the instant he knew how to compose his features. He first drew in his face as if wishing to smile, and then tried to smooth away all but supreme indifference. After a second or two, during which I had studied him like a serpent does its prey, he said in a constrained voice:

"How does that concern me, pray go your way?" "You have heard of a widow Friedow from whom a large sum of money has been stolen. I am here to hunt up the thief. I have got to the right track, and you know are related to her, and concerned in the property she possesses, a probable heir." "While I spoke thus I looked him straight into the eyes. They sparkled like those of an angry cat making ready to spring."

"And you will arrest me, I suppose?" he gasped angrily. "I should like to seize him by the throat then, shouting, 'In the name of the law.' To myself I wonder how I restrained myself, and I did. "How can you talk so?" I exclaimed, calmly. "It only means that you must help me to bring the criminal to justice, being, as you are, interested in the inheritance."

HE DELMAYNE'S WARD.

"Something must be done," said Mrs. Charles Delmayne, decisively, "that girl is getting more reckless every day."

"What can be done?" asked Mr. Richard Delmayne, looking helplessly at his sister-in-law; "we cannot shut her up in a convent."

"No, but we can find her a husband and get her settled." "But she is no young woman."

"She will be nineteen in May, and I think he is fond of me," she said, demurely, "because his presence will do her good, and she is so lonely."

"The jacksnipe! he shall not darken these doors again!" "Then there's Whitney's head clerk. I am sure she admires me."

"Well, there's the German music-teacher at the seminary, he is a jolly old best—"

"I beg your pardon; he is good enough, but I am afraid I am not good enough to become a step-mother to his five children."

"Decidedly not," he acquiesced, with a smile. "Then," said Dot, with a despairing look on her saucy face, "I will not have old Ponony, and there is nobody left but—"

"I wonder I never thought of that. I believe I am rather fond of the little monkey, after all. How desolate the house would be without her! Not quite so old, but since she has got the idea into my head, I think I'll try my fate."

The tea bell aroused Mr. Delmayne from his reflections. I must mention this subject to Helen, when I have time," he said.

THE LIGHT BROTHER OUTDOOR.

Can you stand another war incident? It is not a grand scene as Gettysburg, or perhaps as high as Waterloo; but the managing re-

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KIDNEY COMPLAINT. PILES, CONSTIPATION, WORMS. AS A SPRING MEDICINE. HELMBOLD'S BUCHU.

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