

They had missed him in the valley, they were crawling in his shadow. They were asleep without a shepherd, they were few.

Said the youngest to the eldest: "We must find him—we must follow. We must follow, follow, follow till he do."

Detective Dorothy.

By PRISCILLA LEONARD.

"Nine of Dave Harper's chickens were stolen last night, so I hear," said Dan, coming in with the wood one pleasant summer morning.

"Yes, I ship a good many," said Evans. "Why do you ask?"

Dorothy looked up from the cooking stove. "Yes, I'm expecting the thieves," she said. "They're coming to this corner of the township, of course."

"I've just had all my white Leghorns stolen—forty of them. Every one round here is losing chickens. Now those chickens have to be marketed somewhere—and not around here."

"I'm not planning to keep them from taking the chickens," replied Dorothy, mysteriously. "They're bound to do that. My idea is different. You needn't laugh! It is an idea—only I don't know whether it will work or not, until after—"

"That's a first rate idea," said the young man. "But I don't remember any special shipper of dressed poultry in barrels. The Walter boys pack that way, but I guess we're not suspecting them! Mrs. Dixon sends a barrel now and then. So do the people on the Lawrence farm; that's been an experimental poultry farm for the last year."

"What is it? Tar? A specific for loss of appetite, and keeps the feathers from falling out, I suppose? But it looks bad, Dot, to turn those innocent and inexperienced chickens into blacklegs, even if it does keep them from having the pip."

"Don't give us any of the glory," said Frank as he helped her into the buggy. "We don't deserve it. It's the cleverest bit of detective work I ever knew, and it's all yours. Your chicken trade mark is a stroke of genius, Dorothy. It did the business."

"I declare, those fellows ought to be shot, stealing honest people's chickens!" he cried, warmly. "If they steal mine something will happen," said Dorothy. She set down the last Leghorn pullet to shake out its ruffled feathers and walk off on its Minerva hued legs.

"You're good hold of the right end. No honest poultry farm ever shipped that much to the city, and through five different stations, in small lots. But supposing it's so, how are we going to prove it? The man doesn't live who can identify an ordinary white Leghorn hen or Plymouth Rock pullet."

"I'm going to take dinner at Cousin Mary's, in town," she said, and Dan was left to conjecture her errand as best he might. Of two things, however, he felt equally sure. One was that she was after the chicken thieves; the other was that she would not find them.

"I'm going to the Lawrence farm," said Dorothy, unfastening the hitching strap. "You mustn't do that. They might do you an injury. Wait till I can get a constable and a search warrant. You mustn't go alone, Dorothy. I won't have it."

he'll hitch up and follow us to the Lawrence place, and you can drop me in the lane when we get there. Then I'll be right in call. I'll not have you go alone, I tell you."

"Oh, I shall be glad enough to have you within reach," said Dorothy, frankly. "I do feel a little queer at the idea of—thieves. But I know they won't suspect me or give me any trouble."

"I have some very good poultry remedies here," she began, taking a couple of bottles from her box as a rough looking youth came from round the house. "If your chickens suffer from roup, I have a special antiseptic mixture here which is an unfailing remedy. I am introducing also a cholera preventative and curative, to be mixed in soft food, and—"

"I've got some Brahmas with the roup," he said. "Guess I'll try a bottle or two of that. Got any more with you?"

"No, it doesn't," said Dorothy, looking perplexed. "But those chickens have got to get to market, Frank, somehow. I've started to hunt this county over till I find what's become of them. I guess I'd better drive to the other stations up and down the road. They'd be likely to choose a stupid agent to ship through, so I don't wonder they keep away from here."

"The big fish which has caused so much excitement on the part of fishermen at Ely Lake, and which has been a prolific source of tall tales, has been caught. At least, William Peterson, of this place, believes that he has captured the monster."

"You're good hold of the right end. No honest poultry farm ever shipped that much to the city, and through five different stations, in small lots. But supposing it's so, how are we going to prove it? The man doesn't live who can identify an ordinary white Leghorn hen or Plymouth Rock pullet."

"I'm going to take dinner at Cousin Mary's, in town," she said, and Dan was left to conjecture her errand as best he might. Of two things, however, he felt equally sure. One was that she was after the chicken thieves; the other was that she would not find them.

EUROPEAN POLICE DOGS.

Efficient and Incorruptible Thief Takers of Continental Cities.....

(From the Century Magazine.)

That a policeman on night duty in a great city would be more respected by criminals if accompanied by a powerful and sagacious dog is a reasonable supposition, yet it remained for little Belgium to carry out this innovation in Antwerp, Ghent, Mons, Bruges and Ostend—an innovation which has now spread to other parts of Europe.

In March, 1899, three Belgian sheep dogs were bought for him by the veterinary officer of the city, and their training was at once taken in hand by the police commissioner. Shortly before Christmas ten dog policemen were at work, and after a reasonable period had elapsed a report was sent to the burgomaster.

Some Belgian cities—Mons, Saint Gilles and Schaerbeek—buy their dogs at ten and even eighteen months of age; but M. van Wesemael prefers to buy his recruits when they are six months old and can be subjected to an exhaustive training with surer results.

"Don't give us any of the glory," said Frank as he helped her into the buggy. "We don't deserve it. It's the cleverest bit of detective work I ever knew, and it's all yours. Your chicken trade mark is a stroke of genius, Dorothy. It did the business."

"The big fish which has caused so much excitement on the part of fishermen at Ely Lake, and which has been a prolific source of tall tales, has been caught. At least, William Peterson, of this place, believes that he has captured the monster."

"You're good hold of the right end. No honest poultry farm ever shipped that much to the city, and through five different stations, in small lots. But supposing it's so, how are we going to prove it? The man doesn't live who can identify an ordinary white Leghorn hen or Plymouth Rock pullet."

"I'm going to take dinner at Cousin Mary's, in town," she said, and Dan was left to conjecture her errand as best he might. Of two things, however, he felt equally sure. One was that she was after the chicken thieves; the other was that she would not find them.

more than eager to attack a suspicious looking person in civil clothes. In many cases the central police bureau maintains its grounds artistically arranged walks, water jumps and other obstacles, as well as a regular staff of officers skilled in training these dogs. They accustom new canine recruits to hearing revolver shots, to make flying leaps exceeding six feet, and to attacking fugitives in the bend of the knee.

When an officer arrives on his beat he releases his dog with the laconic command, "Cherche." Instantly the dog passes swiftly into and around farms and outhouses beyond the city boundary. It knows all possible places of concealment, for if during the earlier stages of the training its memory in this respect has been lax, morsels of meat have been placed in remote corners as an infallible guide to these places.

Some Belgian cities—Mons, Saint Gilles and Schaerbeek—buy their dogs at ten and even eighteen months of age; but M. van Wesemael prefers to buy his recruits when they are six months old and can be subjected to an exhaustive training with surer results.

"Don't give us any of the glory," said Frank as he helped her into the buggy. "We don't deserve it. It's the cleverest bit of detective work I ever knew, and it's all yours. Your chicken trade mark is a stroke of genius, Dorothy. It did the business."

"The big fish which has caused so much excitement on the part of fishermen at Ely Lake, and which has been a prolific source of tall tales, has been caught. At least, William Peterson, of this place, believes that he has captured the monster."

"You're good hold of the right end. No honest poultry farm ever shipped that much to the city, and through five different stations, in small lots. But supposing it's so, how are we going to prove it? The man doesn't live who can identify an ordinary white Leghorn hen or Plymouth Rock pullet."

"I'm going to take dinner at Cousin Mary's, in town," she said, and Dan was left to conjecture her errand as best he might. Of two things, however, he felt equally sure. One was that she was after the chicken thieves; the other was that she would not find them.

World's Gold Output This Year Would Not Pay Our Losses by Fires.

We have in the United States 11,500,000 buildings, valued at \$14,500,000,000, or more than all the railroads in the country put together, and of all these just one is absolutely fireproof. That one was built in Chicago by the great insurance companies for a testing laboratory. There are 4000 nominally fireproof buildings.

The \$100,000,000 worth of buildings which we put up in a year to burn down would cost about \$550,000,000 if they were built not to burn down. For the extra \$50,000,000 we could save more than \$500,000,000 that we pay in normal years for fires and fire protection.

How Much to Eat. How are you to determine how much food to eat? Let your sensations decide. It must be kept in mind that the entire function of digestion and assimilation is carried without conscious supervision or concurrence. It should be entirely unfeared and unknown, excepting by the feeling which accompanies and follows its normal accomplishment.

Scientific Wrecks. The German Government has taken possession of a short strip of track near Berlin, and is planning to execute a unique series of railroad "accidents" made to order. Every variety of misplaced switch will be tested, every possible defect in wheels, axles and car equipments will be tried out, and the grand finale is to be an immense head-on collision of locomotives.

A Costly Monument. Twenty years ago the Italian Parliament authorized the erection of a monument in Rome to Victor Emmanuel II. The work has been proceeding since that time and has already cost \$4,000,000. At least \$1,000,000 more will be required to complete it.

No Longer "Broke." Sixty families of Kaput, a German community established northeast of here fifty years ago, petitioned to-day that their settlement's name be changed to Brandenburg, the town in Germany from which the pioneers came. Kaput is a derisive term, meaning "broke," which fastened itself on the village, and for half a century the place has had no other name.—Kewanee correspondence Chicago Chronicle.

Poor Henry. "Very probably I'm a stupid chump," said the reader, "but I must confess I don't like Henry James' novels."

Four society girls of Walla Walla, Wash., are helping their father harvest his wheat.—Press dispatch. You can talk about your bridge what you like. And those who love pink teas. Or the girls who drive their motor boats. Right through the foaming seas. But give me the Western maids, Pure grit from head to feet, Who sail forth in summer time To help dad harvest wheat.

Oh, the girls of Walla Walla! Who wouldn't follow, follow! When they don the jeans and jumpers and start out to work, I go! The boys flock from the city To view these girls so pretty. When they wallow in the whirling wheat at Walla Walla, Wash!

They cannot drive the horses straight, And they fear to swing the scythe, But they look well in the scenery. And they care not for the blizzards. They're advertised from East to West, And they've every chance to wed, For o'er such pretty harvest maids Mere man will lose his head!

Oh, the girls of Walla Walla! Their hearts are hollow, hollow, If they do not wed some fellow who is too lovelorn to job. The fence is lined with suitors—All enthusiastic rosters—For each goddess of the harvest fields at Walla Walla, Wash! —Denver Republican.

How Much to Eat. How are you to determine how much food to eat? Let your sensations decide. It must be kept in mind that the entire function of digestion and assimilation is carried without conscious supervision or concurrence. It should be entirely unfeared and unknown, excepting by the feeling which accompanies and follows its normal accomplishment.

Scientific Wrecks. The German Government has taken possession of a short strip of track near Berlin, and is planning to execute a unique series of railroad "accidents" made to order. Every variety of misplaced switch will be tested, every possible defect in wheels, axles and car equipments will be tried out, and the grand finale is to be an immense head-on collision of locomotives.

A Costly Monument. Twenty years ago the Italian Parliament authorized the erection of a monument in Rome to Victor Emmanuel II. The work has been proceeding since that time and has already cost \$4,000,000. At least \$1,000,000 more will be required to complete it.

No Longer "Broke." Sixty families of Kaput, a German community established northeast of here fifty years ago, petitioned to-day that their settlement's name be changed to Brandenburg, the town in Germany from which the pioneers came. Kaput is a derisive term, meaning "broke," which fastened itself on the village, and for half a century the place has had no other name.—Kewanee correspondence Chicago Chronicle.

Poor Henry. "Very probably I'm a stupid chump," said the reader, "but I must confess I don't like Henry James' novels."