

SONG AND SINGER.
I saw him once, while he sat and played—
A strippling with a shock of yellow hair—
His own rare songs, in mirth or sorrow made,
But tender all, and fair.
And as the years rolled by I saw him not,
But still his songs full many a time I sung,
And thought of him as one who has the lot
To be forever young.
Until at last he stood before mine eyes
An age-bent man, who trembled over his
staff;
My sight rebelled to see him in such guise,
Ripe for his epitaph.
I grieved with grief that to a death belongs;
How time is stern I had forgot, in truth,
And how that men wax old, whereas their
songs
Keep an immortal youth.
—Richard E. Burton, in the Century.

A BANK ROBBERY MYSTERY

BY M. QUAD.
RAXTERVILLE was a town of about 1800 inhabitants—a staid, quiet place, which never boomed nor bustled. "The Bank of Raxterville," as the sign read, was a two-story brick building, plain and substantial, and George Carter, the sole owner of the bank, was personally known to almost everybody in the county. He was a man of forty-five, unmarried, and an old maid sister kept house for him. The banker was known as a methodical man, careful in his investments, and no one had any fear of disaster overtaking him. Now and then he had been warned that safe blowers might pay him a visit, but he had not taken any extra precautions. He had a large fire and burglar proof safe, and a man slept in the room at night on the cot.
On a certain April morning soon after the close of the war Mr. Carter arrived at the bank at exactly 8:30. That was his usual time to go to work. The curtains were drawn and the door was locked, and it was only after a panel had been sawed out of it that entrance was gained. There at Davis, the watchman, bound fast to his chair and a gag in his mouth, and the safe door stood wide open. A hole had been drilled and the bolts thrown back, and the \$23,000 safely locked up the evening before was gone. Davis had all the particulars at his tongue's end. He had been aroused at midnight by some one knocking on the door and asking him for a light by which to mend a broken harness. He denied that he had been asleep, but claimed to be "thinking." Suspecting no evil he opened the door, and three men rushed in and overpowered him. After making him secure they got their tools out of a bag and began operations, and in an hour or so had the safe open. His statement thus far was all right and reasonable. From thence on it was a puzzle. I was sent down from the city in answer to the telegram for a detective, and Davis was of course the first man to be examined. He had not been blindfolded, he saw all that took place, though the burglars wore masks and he did not get sight of their faces. He declared that they did not get a dollar in money and that they cursed and raved and threatened to burn the building in consequence. They pulled everything out of the safe and opened all the large envelopes, but the sack they had brought along was lying on the floor as proof of Davis's story.
At 5 o'clock of the previous evening Mr. Carter had placed in that safe \$21,000 in greenbacks, most of it in small bills. The packages would have filled a lawyer's waste basket. Had the burglars got them, the sack would have been used, as that sort of men do not sit down and count up and divide their plunder on the spot. Davis was not only believed to be honest, but Mr. Carter believed his story. It is needless to observe that I did not. I judged from his physiognomy that he was chicken-hearted. He had no marks to prove that he had resisted the burglars. I believed he lied when he said he was not asleep. As a matter of fact, I made up my mind that he had "stood in" with the burglars and either been "left" on his share or had secreted it around the building and then let them bind and gag him. I think the theory was not only reasonable, but just the one which any other detective would have adopted.
Fortunately for the bank and its depositors the proprietor had plenty of reserve, and business went on as usual. I was told to go ahead on the case and work out anything I could, and my first move was to search for Davis's share of the money. No sign of it could be found about the building. In spite of all my efforts he stuck to his story just as he first told it, and I had to admit to myself that he appeared perfectly honest and sincere. In describing the burglars as well as he was able he mentioned that one of them was a very tall man with a hacking cough. That exactly fitted Steve Pratt, a burglar, who had been out of Joliet only two months after serving a ten years' sentence. Steve had had his throat injured by swallowing a fish bone, and kept up a constant hacking, even in his sleep. He described another as very short and stout, with a falsetto voice, and I suspected he was Alf Taylor, who was then supposed to be in Canada. The third couldman I do not know.
While still suspecting Davis of having a hand in the job, and securing the services of a local officer to watch him, I began a hunt for the others. I got track of Steve Pratt after a few days and located him in Cincinnati. He was too quick for me, and I followed him to Chicago. He got the start of me again, and led the way to Buffalo, and there seemed to sink into the earth. For two long weeks I was engaged, with the local officers, searching for him, but our efforts met with no success. One day I took a run down to the falls with a friend, and

we went to the International Hotel on the Canadian side, for dinner. We were seated in the office when there was a sudden outcry from the clerk behind the railing. A man had coolly walked past behind him and taken all the money from the till and was walking out with it. We had a pretty hot time to secure him, as he was in a desperate mood, but when we had him fast I recognized the chap we had been hunting for. He was Steve Pratt, and no mistake. He denied it, of course, but inside of three days I produced such proofs that he finally knocked under. I was never more astounded in my life than when I came to interview him about the Raxterville Bank affair. He verified the story of the janitor in every particular.
"I shall get 'soaked' for this hotel job, anyhow," he said, "and so I might as well tell you about the other. There are three of us. We threatened to kill Davis and overawed him. We got the safe door open, to find we had been fooled. I'm a convict and all that, but I'm talking straight when I say that we did not find a dollar. Here is what we did find and all we brought away. I took it for luck—a Spanish piece with a hole in it."
"But Carter put \$21,000 in that safe at 4:30 o'clock."
"Then he or someone else took it out before we got there. Bankers sometimes rob themselves." I explained to him that it was not so in this case, and he was as much mystified over the case as I had been. On leaving the bank they had locked the door from without and had carried the key a mile before throwing it away. They had gone away empty handed and mad enough to kill Davis. I don't go much on the declaration of convicts caught again red-handed, but in this case it did seem as if the truth was being spoken. Had Steve got his \$7000 out of that bundle he would not have been dead broke so quick, for unlike nearly all others of his ilk he was a miser and never gambled. I returned to Raxterville with my news and asked Mr. Carter if it was not possible that he had placed the money somewhere else.
"It is not, sir," he replied, with more acidity in his voice than the occasion seemed to demand. "That safe was here to put my money in. I put it there. I stacked up the packages with my own hand. I locked the door myself. I alone knew the combination. My book-keeper never handles a dollar of the money."
"But you have searched elsewhere—in these cupboards and drawers?" I asked.
"No, sir; but you seem to wish it, we will do so now."
For a long hour we searched desks and drawers and cupboards, but we made no discovery. He was as sure that he put the money in the safe as he was that he was a living man, and the book-keeper was sure that he saw him carrying some of the packages back there. What had become of that money? If it was there, why didn't Steve Pratt and his gang get it? That they didn't I was now pretty well convinced. The only way that I could reason it out was that someone had robbed the safe before the Pratt gang got there. If so, however, it was done by opening the door in the regular way. The banker had said that he alone knew the combination. I led up to the matter again, and he admitted that his sister also had it, as a safeguard against accident.

I now began work on an entirely new theory. I felt that the key of the mystery was in the hands of the sister, though I was far from hinting any such thing to a living soul. I took my quarters in the town and began on the new theory. I soon found that Anna Carter was a spinster of thirty-five, and was generally regarded as a strong-minded woman. She had money of her own, and she knew how to invest it to make a profit. She now and then, so it was said, gave her brother hints which he found to be valuable in a business way. Coming down to the burglary, I found that she was under the care of the doctor off and on for a month previous with some nervous trouble.
For some reason which she did not explain Miss Carter refused to even see me while I was consulting with her brother at the house. There are plenty of people, and good people, too, who dislike detectives, but I take no offense at it. Every man to his notion, say I, provided his notion does not lead to crime. Had I sat down to interview the lady, however, the case might not have been helped along any. It had occurred to me, as you may have suspected, that the sister had robbed the safe herself while in a state of somnambulism. I had a talk with her doctor, and he agreed that her condition during the first week of April favored such a thing. Indeed, on the morning the robbery was discovered he had been called in, to find her very much exhausted, and she declared that she was as stiff and lame as if standing at the washtub all day.
I was now satisfied that I was on the right trail. I found that Mr. Carter always carried his key home, and that the watchman never left his in the lock at night. I went for Davis again, and he finally admitted that he was asleep from 10 o'clock until aroused by the burglars. The end of the case was as mysterious as the beginning. One night when I had reasoned it all out and felt satisfied in my own mind, but could see no way to secure proofs, I got so nervous that I arose at midnight and went out on the street for a walk and a smoke. I took no heed of my direction, but at the end of ten minutes I found myself in front of the banker's cosy home. It was in total darkness, as well as others in the village, but I leaned up against a tree box and stood gazing at the windows as if expecting something to happen to pull my case through. Something did happen. I was within six feet of the gate and I suddenly saw a figure in female dress come around from a side door with a large market basket on her arm. She was fully dressed; and from the first instant I believed it was the banker's sister. I thought she looked full at me as she passed out of the gate, but never-

theless she walked off up the street with the basket on her arm. I followed a few yards behind her, and she held steadily on and went straight to the bank. I was sure of her then. She paused at the door for a few seconds to unlock it and then disappeared inside. Five seconds later Davis was shouting and a woman's voice could be heard uttering shrill screams. I opened the door and entered, and the mystery was solved at last. There stood Miss Anna, just aroused from sleep, and in the basket on her arm was that missing money. Davis was lying down, but not asleep, when she entered, and he had at once seized her.
How did she get the money from the safe? She had been reading about burglars and gone to the bank in her sleep. She had entered and secured the money and left again without arousing Davis. The burglars came later on. She had taken the money home and concealed it, but in what spot she could never determine. She probably did not walk again until the night she returned it. There was a new safe and a new combination, but as she knew the word she might have restored the money and escaped unseen but for the vigilance of the watchman. To this day no one in that village except brother, sister and Davis knows how that money was restored. They even declare that not a dollar was ever recovered, and that I had to throw up the case for want of brains to strike a clew.—St. Louis Republic.

The Rock of Gibraltar.

The Rock is the most remarkable object at Gibraltar. It is impossible to describe the effect produced on the mind by the sight of those immense tunnels crossing each other in all directions, bifurcating again and again, sometimes lit up, sometimes wrapped in the deepest darkness, forming an inextricable network of galleries and passages, a confused labyrinth, the way out of which could be found by no one who did not possess the clue of Ariadne. The slopes by which we ascended were smooth and wide, better than some highroads traversed all day long by passengers. Frequently we came upon enormous heaps of cannon balls provided stored in case of need, or we found an embrasure in the living rock through which a gun was pointed as though ready to begin work on the spot, surrounded by all the necessary ammunition. Sometimes the darkness was so dense that I scarcely dared move my feet for fear of falling over one or other of those iron monsters, and on more than one occasion I was forced to strike a match to find my way through those gloomy caverns, while I found myself nearly always lagging behind my guide, who, knowing the way and being more active on his legs, kept going on ahead till he reached the next loophole, where he waited for me.

At last we reached a spot where the passage was barred by thick timbers, and where my guide told me we could go no further, as this was the reserved part of the fortress, where excavations are still being made to continue the enormous trench. This place, he added, was closed to all outsiders; and even the officers of the English Army not actually on duty at the works are scarcely allowed to see it. I had, therefore, to resign myself to forego the sight of the greatest part of that mysterious cavern, and approached the nearest loophole—the highest we had yet passed—to admire the delicious view and breathe the fresh air to which it gave access.

From the cursory examination, which, considering the precautions necessary there, was all I was able to make of the immense fortress. I gathered that it is an impregnable position, which, bristling with cannon and pierced with loopholes looking in every direction from which an enemy could conceivably come, makes it simply impossible for any army to seize it by force. To get possession of Gibraltar, I have not the slightest doubt that it would first be necessary to annihilate it.—Revista Contemporanea.

Scenery on the Danube.

Every bend of the river is the opportunity for a castle, and as these were built about a thousand years ago, they are now highly picturesque if not practical monuments. The Rhine suffers seriously in comparison with the first five hundred miles of the Danube, but nowhere more than in this neighborhood, for not only has the Danube ruins as striking and extensive as those of the sister stream, but she has more of them. And what in our eyes adds still more to the charm of the Danube is—a rugged and grandeur not yet vulgarized by villas and summer lodgings houses—and in addition the picturesque passageway which we see crowding the bridges at noon, laden with scythes, rakes and forks, stalking like an army of rebellious rustics out into the hay fields after their mid-day dinner in the village home. The most secluded part of the Rhine between Mainz and Bonn has about it the flavor of being prepared for Saturday afternoon visitors; is infected with suburbanism; is pretty, but painfully self-conscious. The Danube, on the other hand, is more like a rustic and ruddy nymph, ignorant as yet of her charms. She disports herself where the average tourist does not pass; the Baedekers and Murray's have nothing to say of her many secluded nooks. It is only by water that her charms can be seen to advantage, for at times her banks are so steep and rocky that it is not possible to build a foot-path along the edge of the water.—Harper's Magazine.

Silver Detects Bad Drainage.

It is said that silverware furnishes one of the most reliable means of detecting defective drainage. If it is covered with a black coating or tarnish soon after being cleaned, and after a second or third cleaning again becomes darkened, one may be certain that there is something wrong with the drainage system of the house.—Detroit Free Press.

Of the 48,234 deaths in New York City the last year 18,225 were children under five years of age.



CARE OF ORCHARDS.

Benjamin P. Ware says that young orchards should be tilled, but when of sufficient age they may be laid down to grass. He would plant forty feet apart each way. Spraying with paris green is a complete remedy for the canker worm and codling moth. The latter lays its eggs in the calyx of the apple when it is small and has the eye upmost, a position in which the spraying takes effect. One spraying did not kill the tent caterpillar, but checked it; a later application was necessary to destroy it completely. He used the paris green stronger than is commonly recommended, one pound to 125 gallons of water, and did not injure the trees. A new insect has attacked the apple trees, perforating the leaves all over the tree, without, however, destroying it; spraying is a remedy for this and also for other insects.—New York World.

TALK ON DISINFECTANTS.

The sense of smell is given to animals for the purpose of enabling them to avoid injurious substances in their food and for other means of self-preservation. The human race, having reason to guide them, do not have such an acute sense of odors as the common animals, and, not using their reason as they should, frequently subject themselves to dangers by neglect of the proper precautions. On the farm there should be fewer risks in regard to danger from decomposing matters which are productive of various diseases than in the large towns and cities. But even on farms, by reason of neglect in this direction, diseases often occur that might be avoided by the exercise of due attention and precautions. Whenever there is a disagreeable smell there is danger, and means should be taken at once to disinfect the premises.
One of the most useful disinfectants is common copperas, which not only destroys the germs of disease, but fixes the valuable ammonia that escapes from the decaying matter. A disinfectant is any substance that destroys the unwholesome matters, a deodorizer simply destroys the odor, and the two are to be thus distinguished from each other in regard to their uses. Common plaster is a deodorizer, and is useful in combining with the ammonia that escapes from decaying substances. But the ammonia of the stables and manure yards is not so injurious as the compounds of carbon and hydrogen, such as the marsh gas that is evolved from decomposing manure, and is the same gas that escapes from manure. This is productive of fever of various kinds that are far too prevalent in rural villages and on farms. There are other injurious gases, as the compounds of sulphur and carbon, which have such an intolerable odor in decaying eggs, as these give the strong odor to the manure. But the worst of all the odors of this kind is the drainage that escapes from the yards and the horrible cesspool, that is so common, and which finds its way to the wells. The fatal typhoid fever is a common result of this impurity, and as the present time is that when these dangers are most to be dreaded, attention should be given without delay.—New York Times.

POULTRY NOTES.

Oats stimulate without fattening. Ducks are good scavengers about the farm. Wheat may be fed whole, crushed and cracked. Millet rape and mustard are good for young chickens. Sunflower seed should be raised by everyone keeping poultry. The cool house and horse stable are poor places for the poultry to roost. If the hens lay well they must have a good opportunity to take exercise. If new blood is to be introduced make the change as soon as possible now. Young poultry of any kind will not thrive if kept in close, dark quarters. Lime is needed by all fowls for the growth of bones and for shell material. When the hens are confined it is essential to give them coarse, bulky food. Three-fourths oats and one-fourth corn make a good ration for laying hens now. Air-slaked lime is a good disinfectant; scatter it liberally over the floor every few days. To keep the hens laying in the poultry house be sure to provide plenty of good nests. Over-feeding not only keeps the hens from laying eggs, but in many cases invites disease. Plan the duck hatchery so as to have the earliest hatches come out the early part of March. Good eggs are the result of good feed, care and thrift, and not of condiments or stimulating food. Ducks have no regular laying hour, hence they must be watched if all the eggs are to be secured. Vegetable trimmings, potato parings and bread crumbs mixed with bran make a good feed for ducks. The great secret of getting eggs at all seasons of the year is in making the hens comfortable and having plenty of them. A little cayenne or black pepper given in the food two or three times a day is one of the best remedies for pip. Soft feed and a dose of castor oil will often effect a cure.

HOW TO PLANT A TREE.

It is not unusual to hear people say that they cannot understand why trees die under transplanting, considering that they give the planting the best of care. What is considered the best of care is often very bad care. It is amazing to see the careful planter without experience, occasionally on his knees pressing the earth in around the roots with his fingers, for fear of crushing the fibres. It is impossible to get the earth properly packed around roots in this way. In nurseries, where it is presumed planting is thoroughly understood, a man stands with a rammer while one is putting in the earth, and hammers the earth in as tightly as though he was hammering in a post. This packs the earth in more tightly than can be done by either feet or hands. Some are afraid of crushing the roots with this hammering process; but with the pressure all around the force is directed towards the roots, and not away from them. It is not necessary, however, to go into reasons, as the universal experience of the nursery is in favor of hammering in the earth as represented. This is the essence of good planting, and any other planting is decidedly bad. Trees properly planted need no staking. The fact that a tree needs staking is a proof that it was not properly planted.—Meehan's Monthly.

CARE OF DECORATIVE PLANTS.

Many of our finest decorative plants are yearly stunted in growth from lack of care in one respect, namely, that of cleaning the foliage. Plants which rarely bear flowers make up for the lack of them by beauty of foliage, and it certainly is reasonable to suppose that this foliage to increase in beauty must have attention and care. Crotons, pandanus, kentias, aspidistras and all palms require that the foliage be kept clean by frequent sponging; this use of water will many times prevent the apparent dying off of the tips of the leaves and the yellow appearance so often seen on foliage plants. Even the hardy century plants which will stand almost any sort of abuse will be

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

COOKING AS A PROFESSION.

Now that the majority of girls wish to support themselves, it is a pity that more do not take up cooking as a profession, says a writer in Orchard and Garden. Those who have a natural taste in this direction will find it a pleasant and profitable employment, while the knowledge and experience thus gained will be invaluable all through life. At present the few professional cooks in the country, an enjoying large incomes as the result of their labor, and there are not enough trained teachers of cooking to supply the demand.
In all the large cities there are now cooking schools where the necessary training may be obtained. The course usually includes not only practical cooking, but the chemistry of cooking as well as its physiological side. The tuition is generally \$100 for a six months' course.
Upon graduation the young woman finds several openings. She may be employed to teach cooking in the public schools; she may have private classes or give private lessons to individuals; she may take a position as cook in a hotel or boarding house, or she may go into a hospital and teach the nurses how to cook for the sick.
With such opportunities before our girls we wonder why so few take advantage of them, while hundreds are preparing themselves for the less remunerative and more wearing work of the ordinary teacher—a profession that is sadly overcrowded.

THE TRICK IN WASHING FLANNELS.

That there is a trick in bringing woolen garments of all kinds out of the laundry soft and white and unshrunk, no one will deny who has ever in a moment of blind faith trusted a specially dear bit of flannel wear to the enthusiastic ignorance of the ordinary laundress. No more beautiful commentary on the irrepressible bubbling up of faith in the human heart is required than the fact that we keep on trusting our flannels to laundresses after one experience of the stiffness and soddiness which can result from her handling.
But the trick really is so simple. It depends on three things—first, the temperature of the water; second, the handling of the garments in the water; third, the rapid drying of the garments. The temperature of the water must be as high as can comfortably be borne by the hand, and all the water that touches the flannel from beginning to end of the performance must be of an unchanged temperature.

The flannels should not be rubbed on a board, but washed gently between the hands until all the dirt is extracted. In order to facilitate this the following cleansing should be used to wash the garments in instead of clear water and soap: Take one-half of a small cake of ivory soap, cut into small shavings and put it into two quarts of boiling hot water and let it stand on the stove until the soap is thoroughly dissolved. Into this mixture put two teaspoonfuls of ammonia and one teaspoonful of turpentine. When removed from the fire add two quartons more of water, cool enough to sufficiently reduce the temperature of the mixture. Then wash the flannels as directed, rinse in water of the same temperature, and here is a point to note—dry rapidly and iron while damp. The longer moisture stays in the fiber of the wool, the more likely they are to contract.—Chicago News.

CHELLERY.

As a winter and early spring vegetable celery is more generally used than almost any other, declares Mrs. E. R. Parker, in the Courier-Journal. The following recipes for preparing it will enable housekeepers to serve it with variety:
Stewed Celery—Take the green stalks, scrape and wash and cut in small pieces, and soak in cold water for twenty-four minutes, drain, put in a sauce pan, cover with boiling water and add a teaspoonful of salt, let boil half an hour, take up, drain, throw in cold water. Put one tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, let melt, mix in a teaspoonful of flour until smooth, add a pint of milk and stir until it boils, thin with half a cup of boiling water, season with salt and pepper, put the celery in this sauce, stir until heated, and serve.
Celery Au Jus—Scrape and wash celery stalks, cut in small pieces, put in a sauce pan, cover with soup stock and let boil half an hour. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan and brown, add a tablespoonful of flour and mix until smooth. Drain the celery, add half a pint of the water in which it was boiled to the butter and flour, stir until it boils, season with salt and pepper. Put the celery in a heated dish, pour the sauce over and serve.
Creamed Celery—Clean the heads, take off the coarse outer leaves, cut, rip, and stew. When tender take up and pour over cream sauce.
Celery Fritters—Wash, scrape and boil. When done drain, mash and mix in egg batter; season with a little pepper, and fry in spoonfuls in boiling lard.
Celery Root—Pare a dozen celery roots and soak in cold water half an hour. Put in a saucepan, cover with boiling water and let cook twenty-five minutes. Take up, drain, cut in slices and pour over cream sauce.
Celery Salad—Cut off the roots from four or five heads of celery; separate and wipe each stalk dry; cut in pieces and then in strips; put in a salad bowl, and pour over half a pint of mayonnaise dressing.
Celery Sauce—Clean four roots of celery; cut in pieces; put in a saucepan; add a pint of cold water and stew slowly for half an hour; then press through a colander. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan; when melted add a tablespoonful of flour; mix, pour in a teaspoonful of milk; add the celery and stir until it boils; season with salt and pepper. This sauce is excellent with boiled fish and poultry.