

A Wonderful Sleuth.

By Emerson Bennett.

The following wonderful exploit of an Oriental Sleuth is the narration of a gentleman who spent some years in British India, and is here given in his own language.

I was one day sauntering through one of the prominent streets of Calcutta, when my attention was attracted to a crowd of people gathered around a mountebank, who, on a raised platform was amusing the spectators with some feats of legerdemain.

I quietly drew up to the outer circle and remained there for a few minutes watching his clever tricks, and then resumed my walk.

As I did so I attempted to draw my watch, to note the time; but, to my surprise, found the gold chain caught in the lining of my pocket.

As I disengaged it, I discovered to my horror, that my watch was missing. I say to my horror, because I can think of no other word that so nearly expresses what I felt.

The watch was not only of great intrinsic value, but an heirloom in our family—a royal gift to a distant ancestor—and has been in possession of elder sons for many generations. There was a legend, too, that, if lost, and not recovered, the last owner would have a tragic end.

With a gasping faintness, and large beads of perspiration standing on my forehead, I at once started for police headquarters; and there I made my loss known, with the remark that I was prepared to pay almost any amount to be again put in possession of what I so highly prized.

"Then you are disposed to offer a tempting reward?" said the chief of police.

"Anything you may think proper to name, sir!" was my reply.

"Shall we say fifty pounds?"

"Double it—treble it—quadruple it, if necessary!"

"We'll say a hundred pounds, then, and I'll get your watch back if in human or ghostly power."

"What do you mean by ghostly power?"

"You shall see."

He touched a button and presently a man appeared.

"Is Zanwi off duty?"

"He has just come in, sir."

"He is wanted here."

The chief detective opened a door and pronounced the name.

A nondescript came bounding in. I saw nondescript, because I never saw anything like him before or since.

He seemed to be neither man nor monkey, and yet something of both combined. He was very small for a man, but too large for a monkey. His head, face, arms, hands, legs and feet were of the monkey order, but he had no tail. His eyes were black and bead-like, and he seemed to have an intelligent cunning, and could talk in a way to be understood by his master.

"Mr. Gonzal," said the chief of police, speaking to the detective, "this gentleman (nodding towards me) has lost a valuable watch, for the restoration of which he will pay a hundred pounds. Let Zanwi find the thief and restore it."

"Please state the particulars, sir?" said Gonzal, turning to me.

I hurriedly and anxiously related all I knew of the matter, which really amounted to nothing beyond the fact of the loss.

"Are you certain you had the watch with you in the street?" questioned the detective.

"Yes, I am certain of that," I replied, "because I remember looking at the time while walking along."

"Did any one jostle you in the crowd around the mountebank?"

"No, no, I am certain, for I did not stop long, and all the time remained on the extreme outer circle."

"How do you account for the watch being removed from the chain, and the end of the chain restored to your pocket, without your being made aware of it in any manner?"

"I cannot. That is a mystery I have not been able to solve to my satisfaction. My only theory is that the pick-pocket must have been an adept in his profession, to draw my watch and twist it from the chain without my seeing or feeling him."

"You have the chain the thief handled?"

"This is it," I replied, as I produced it, "and the end of the chain shows the twist, as you see here."

"Good!" smiled Gonzal, as he took the chain in his hands; this gives us a chance to call upon a power more mysterious than the problem we wish to solve! In this manikin (glancing toward Zanwi), as I sometimes playfully call him, you behold a marvel that no one as yet has been able to explain, at least to my satisfaction. Some claim that he is endowed with a sixth sense. I don't know. Nature has her mysteries, and he is one of them. Zanwi!"

At his call the little man-monkey bounded to his side; his eyes glittered, and every nerve seemed to be on a quiver.

Without another word, Gonzal took one of the claw-like hands of Zanwi, and quietly placed the twisted and broken watch chain within it.

The effect was electrical.

The nondescript bounded up, as if he had received a shock, whirled around swiftly some half a dozen times, and then uttered a strange, unpleasant sound, something that one might fancy compared of a serpent's hiss, a cat's waul, and a human groan.

"Evil influences reach his sensitive soul!" smiled Gonzal. "Well, Zanwi, what is it?"

The strange being began to jabber with excited gestures; and all I could make out of what seemed mere gibberish was a whirring succession of r-r-r-r's, with some marked intonations.

His master, however, claimed to understand him; and as soon as he had finished, turned to me and said:

"Your watch is in the possession of a man who occupies a grand mansion, and who must be met by stratagem if we ever recover it. He is not to be seized like an ordinary thief, nor accused till we have positive proof that he possesses it. This we must get by cunning, not by force. He is above general suspicion and general observation. Only the eyes of the soul can see him as he is. To the world he seems a fair man. He is not. He is a double man—a bad man—and over his black heart is drawn a smiling mask that deceives the good, who think they know him, but do not."

"But how and where did this man meet me to get possession of my watch?" I now inquired. "For I have no recollection of any such person being at any time near me."

Gonzal put the question to Zanwi, and the answer came like a flash.

"He never was near you," Gonzal said to me, as interpreter for Zanwi. "He never saw you even. A female confederate took your watch and transferred it to him."

"A female?" I exclaimed. "Oh, that is a serious mistake! Your little man has got clear off the line; and it will be useless to follow his lead, when his start is wrong!"

Zanwi understood me, and his bead-like eyes seemed to enlarge and shoot rays of fire. There came another whirr of the r-r-r-r's, with almost frantic gesticulations, and Gonzal quickly said:

"He says it is you, Mr. Bedford, and not himself, who is mistaken; that it was a woman, a seeming lady, who took your watch from your pocket and broke the chain."

"But I say 'No,' emphatically; because, from the time I looked at my watch till I missed it, no woman was near enough to touch me on the street."

Again the whirr from Zanwi, and again Gonzal said:

"Mr. Bedford, pray be calm, and answer me this question, and reflect before you speak. After starting on your walk, and after looking at your watch, and before you reached the juggler, did you not turn the corner of a street, look back at something, and then turn again suddenly, and find yourself face to face with a fashionably dressed lady, who quickly moved to one side, while you moved to the other, at the same time lifting your hat with, 'I crave your pardon, madam?'"

"Great Heaven, yes!" I cried, with a start; "I do remember the incident now, though it had quite slipped from my memory. Was Zanwi there to see and hear?"

"No! but he sees and hears it all now, as the facts are flashed upon his mental consciousness from the mere handling of what the woman and yourself have left a marked impress upon."

"Great Lord of the Universe! do our thoughts, words and actions become tangible things, to be, as it were, photographed upon every thing we touch?" I exclaimed.

"It would seem so," replied Gonzal; "at least I can conceive of no better way of explaining the wonderful mystery, to the like of which I have given much time and thought. Suppose, by way of comparison and illustration, we consider the marvelous faculty of memory, which we all possess in a greater or lesser degree! What is memory? where is it located? And how is it we bring up at will before the mind's eye of the present, pictures of scenes and events that have been buried in the past for days and weeks and months and years? And this, too, from beneath thousands of other scenes and events, in which we have since been an actor, and then permit them to fade out into a blank till we want them again! Is this faculty of Zanwi, though more rare, any more wonderful? Of course it seems so to us, because we are not familiar with it; but if there is an intangible something upon which we impress our thoughts, to be read off at will, as if from the leaves of a book, why may not our souls make their impress upon our whole environment, to be deciphered by some super-sensitive soul with which they may come in contact? The fact that this is done, as you have just had proof in the case of Zanwi, settles the point, and leaves no ground for argument. We know the bound follows an invisible, intangible line of scent of the living creature that has gone before him, and which perhaps he never saw; and this little human wonder, with human and greater intelligence, take in the soul as well as the body of the object he pursues, and gets visions that reveal past, present and future acts, motives and intentions of the being pursued."

"Well, it certainly is the wonder of wonders!" I rejoined; "and if I succeed in regaining my lost prize, I shall have reason to be grateful that such a thing exists."

"Come, then," said Gonzal, "let us lose no more time in discussion. A carriage is in waiting. Follow me!"

He led the way to a back yard, where

stood a harnessed team, with the driver on the box.

We rode through different streets, Zanwi giving his master directions, and he communicating the same to the driver.

At length we slowly passed an elegant mansion, and Gonzal said to me:

"The owner of that mansion has your watch in his possession, so Zanwi informs me, and is at present within, and the watch is on his person; but though I have implicit faith in what he says, yet in law his words would go for naught without corroborative evidence, and so I dare not swear out a warrant and make the arrest on his bare testimony."

"What, then, is to be done to recover my prize?" I questioned.

"It will probably require time and careful management," replied the detective. "I propose to put the man under surveillance and bid our chance. I know the man by sight, and by having him secretly shadowed by men he does not know, it is possible the watch may be discovered in his possession, and his arrest be made before he becomes aware of being under suspicion."

"I earnestly pray you may not fail!" I said, as I looked back at the mansion we had passed, which now had an interest for me, made intense by my anxiety.

At that moment the front door opened, and an elegantly dressed gentleman came out and descended the marble steps.

I quickly called attention to the fact. "That is the man himself," responded the detective; "and fortunately for us, I hope he is coming this way. This may be the chance we need. We will turn the corner of the next street, beyond his view, and then you must leave the carriage, Mr. Bedford, and contrive to meet him in a casual manner on foot. He may have the watch on his person. If so, by politely asking him for the time of day, in a quiet, off-hand way, you may possibly get a chance to see your watch without exciting his suspicion. But control your nerves, be perfectly calm and cool, and, if you do see it, give not the least indication that it interests you, but pass quietly on, and I will soon join you for your report."

These instructions I followed, and soon met a tall, slender, stylishly-dressed person, middle-aged, slightly gray, with clear eyes, refined, intellectual features, and with the look and air of a gentleman of means. In fact, so little had he the appearance of a man of crime that I never should have suspected him, and really began to fear a mistake had been made.

There happened to be no other persons near us on the street; and as I was about to pass him, in a seemingly abstracted mood, I slightly halted, politely touched my hat and said, quite blandly:

"Your pardon, sir! but may I trouble you to tell me the time of day?"

There seemed at first a keen, quiet glance, as of suspicion; but my quiet, innocent face appeared to dispel it.

"Certainly, sir!" he answered, with a suave bow, as he drew a handsome watch from his fob, and held it off a little, for the right focus of his slightly falling hair. "It is just 2.21, at your service."

"Thank you kindly, sir!" I said, as I again politely touched my hat and passed on.

It was my lost watch!

As soon as clear of him, so intense were my emotions that I trembled in every limb and could scarcely keep upon my feet.

When the detective joined me, which he did by a roundabout course, without being seen by the thief, I gasped out:

"Seize that man, Mr. Gonzal!—he has my lost watch."

"You are sure, Mr. Bedford?"

"I will swear to it."

"All right, then."

He turned back, and I kept him company, and we soon overtook the man.

Gonzal placed one hand on his shoulder, and said, in a quiet, firm tone:

"Herman Langdon, I arrest you in the Queen's name!"

The prisoner started, and wheeled fiercely upon the detective, at the same time glancing sharply at me.

At once he recognized the officer, then said, half playfully:

"Ha! Mr. Gonzal, is it you? What is the joke?"

"Better ask what is the ball?"

"But you are not in earnest?"

"Never more so."

"But I don't understand it."

"Come to the magistrate's office and have it explained."

"Will you not tell me with what crime I am charged?"

"For having in your possession another man's property, whether stolen or otherwise."

"I—Herman Langdon—accused of a crime like this! Why, Mr. Gonzal, what can have led you into such a mistake?"

"If it be a mistake, Mr. Langdon, why all the better for you," returned the detective. "Meantime, I must do my duty, and I hope you will so far aid me as to give me no unnecessary trouble."

"Oh, certainly, sir, certainly; but I am all amazement."

Gonzal blew a whistle, the carriage came up, and we were soon at a magistrate's court.

I at once made the charge that I had been robbed of a very valuable heirloom watch, which I had seen in the prisoner's possession.

Langdon laughed derisively.

"Well," he said, "if that is the charge on which I have been arrested, all I need to say is that I have only one watch, a present from my father, which I have carried for twenty years."

Here he drew my watch from his pocket and handed it to the judge.

"Is this the watch you claim as your, Mr. Bedford?" queried the latter.

"It is, please, your Honor."

"Can you prove it is your property and not Mr. Langdon's?"

"This question gave me a start akin to a shock, which almost unerved me. How was I to prove it, indeed? I could swear to it; but then my oath would be no better than Landon's, who could, by perjury, swear directly the other way. I saw a gleam of triumph in the villain's eye, and it nettled, confused and embarrassed me. There was no one who knew me as the owner of the watch, and unfortunately, my name was not engraved on the case, and it would be folly to think of bringing in such testimony as Zanwi's."

For a few moments—most painful moments—I felt as if all was lost; and then a sudden idea came to my relief.

"Please, your Honor," I said, "as we both claim to be owners of this watch, is it not reasonable to suppose that both should be familiar with what is plainly engraved on the inner case, especially as I declare the prize to be an heirloom in my family, and Mr. Langdon that it was a present from his father 20 years ago?"

"That appears to be a reasonable supposition" replied the court.

"Then please, your Honor, I propose that each of us write down the inner inscription, and hand the same to your Honor, for a decision as to whether Mr. Langdon or myself is most familiar with the one article both claim to own, and this enable your Honor to correctly judge who is the real owner of the watch?"

"Well, I will not agree to any such proposition," snapped out Langdon, with a reddened face.

Here the detective whispered in his ear.

"Better give up this watch before I am compelled to arrest your female accomplice, who stole it."

This appeared to astound and startle the villain, who had the good sense to act upon the threat in the best way to get himself clear of his present trouble.

"May it please your Honor," he said, turning at once to the magistrate, "I now propose to state the real facts of his case. I found the watch in question only a short time since, lying on the pavement; and, seeing its great value, I was on my way to advertise it, when this man—Mr. Bedford, as I hear him called—had me arrested and brought before you. Thinking he might have seen me find the watch, and that this arrest might be a ruse to get possession of it, I resolved to fail him by claiming to be the owner. Now, if he is really the owner, I shall only be too happy to restore his property. All I ask is that he prove himself to be what he claims; and if he will say what is engraved on the inner case of the watch, and your Honor find it as he states, I will consider that sufficient proof of ownership, and relinquish all right to it at once."

"Then, please, your Honor, here is my proof," I gladly responded, as I wrote the line:

"H. R. H. to L. B., 1695. For loyal valor."

"Correct, Mr. Bedford," said the judge, as he examined the interior case with a glass. "You have proved your claim," and he handed the watch to me. "Do you wish to push the matter any further?"

"I do not, your Honor. I am satisfied to have recovered my watch."

"Very well," replied the judge, "the case is finished. Mr. Langdon, this is a lesson for you to speak the truth at first and save unnecessary trouble."

Good Literature.

The Eskimo Canoe.

It is in Greenland that the hunting ability of the Eskimo reaches its highest development. He has a fine mechanical skill. Bones, ivory, stones, a little driftwood, skins and the sinew of the reindeer are the materials from which he must make his boat and weapons. There is nothing else. Says a Greenland traveler: "Of these the Eskimo builds a canoe, its frame of bones and driftwood, its covering of translucent seal-skin sewed together with sinew. This kavak is decked over, except for a hole in the middle framed with a wooden ring. The Eskimo wriggles into his hole, his legs extended into the fore part of the boat."

"Round his waist there is a cylinder of seal-skin, the lower edge of which draws over the wooden ring and is pulled tight with a thong, making all water-tight to the armpits. For weather the cylinder is part of a skin-shirt with a hood. Strings tighten this hood to the face and cuffs to the wrists, while a pair of long-sleeved mitts protect hands and arms."

"So rigged a good man can turn his canoe bottom upward and right himself again with sliding strokes of his paddle, for he is as waterproof as a duck. Moreover, his vessel is so flexible that it is almost safe from being crushed in the ice drift and, being limber, is extremely swift when propelled by the double-ended paddle."

"On the other hand, the vessel is so cranky that only about two-thirds of the native men have nerve and balance enough to hunt. Only three or four Danes in all Greenland have dared use a kayak."—New York Evening Post.

How to Arrive.

Man has to be humbugged if one would command him, and he has no use for the humble person. The way to go into a publisher's or editor's office (or, indeed, any other with a man at the head of it), is with a tremendous show of bounce and swagger.—A Spinster in M. A. P.

The People Versus the Public Service Corporations

By Justice William J. Gaynor.

THESE agitations for municipal ownership, and to some extent for municipal management, have, in my judgment, arisen not out of any hostility to capital or to the private management of public service corporations. The live coal now in the mind of this country was neither originated nor is it being fanned into flame by such hostility. On the contrary, it has come wholly from the mismanagement of these enterprises, in overcapitalization, in watering stock again and again.

The community cannot look without feeling, without regret, without deep resentment and, finally, without action to the doubling up of capital, the trebling of capital put into these public franchises, representing nothing but a perpetual tax on the community.

We see these great companies in New York now united and leasing themselves for 999 years. Dear me, think of our standing that thing for 999 years! Nine years is more likely than 999. Is the actual capital doubled? No, not the capital but these great gifts, these franchises that are nothing but licenses from the people, are made a drain on the community, by being bonded and the stock doubled up, year after year, until the sum has become colossal enough—I will be bold enough to say it even in this presence—dishonest enough to shock the moral sense of the people of this country. There is the seed of this hostility, this feeling toward these corporations.

We have just had a great debate in Washington touching on the railways. The same thing is true of them. There is no resentment in Washington against capital, but there is hostility to these public utilities being made a perpetual tax on the people as though the recipients had the right to do as they pleased with them. What are the railroads but our public highways—as much as the dirt road alongside?

The public mind has now come to the understanding of this and you can't rid the public mind of it. The building of these roads may by mismanagement, by misdirection, have been turned over to private individuals and the trouble is, not that we have any hostility to honest capital, but that those who have gifts have come somehow to understand that they own them for their own profit first and for the public second.

It is a horrible crime if the public highways carry the freight of one man or a group of men at half the rate charged another, to the aggrandizement of one man and the destruction of the other.

Go back to the days of tollgates. What do you think would happen if one man should drive through for one-half that another man paid? They would tear down the tollgate. What will happen ultimately to the railroads? The people will tear down the railroads. We will do this peacefully if possible, forcibly if we must.

There is nothing more certain than that the people have come to the conclusion that this thing will no longer be tolerated either on the highways of the nation or the highways of the city. They demand that they shall be managed for the aggrandizement of no single individual, but for the welfare of all. I need not say to you that taking of private property by the government can be done only for the government and for the welfare of the people, and could only be on the theory that they are performing governmental functions; that they are highways which from the twilight of history have always been managed by governments.

The Cause Wins in the End

By Carl Schurz.

MAZZINI and Kossuth—how strangely fate played with those two men! Mazzini had all his life plotted and struggled and suffered for the unification of Italy under a free national government. Not many years after the period of which I speak the national unity of Italy did indeed come, first partially aided by the man Mazzini hated most, the French Emperor Louis Napoleon, and then greatly advanced by the marvelous campaign of Garibaldi, which is said to have been originally planned by Mazzini himself, and which reads in history like a romantic adventure of the time of the Crusades. Finally the unification of Italy was fully achieved under the auspices of the dynasty of Savoy; and Mazzini, the republican, at last died in an obscure corner in united Italy where he had hidden himself under a false name, an exile in his own country.

Kossuth had agitated with his wonderful eloquence and then conducted a brilliant though unfortunate war for the national independence of Hungary. A defeated man, he went into exile. In the course of time a large measure of the political autonomy, the substantial independence of Hungary as a self-governing country, was accomplished by peaceful means, and the Hungarian people seemed for a while to be contented with it. But it was accomplished under the kingship of the house of Hapsburg; and Kossuth, who never would bow his head to the Hapsburgs, inflexibly resisted every invitation calling him back to his country, whose legendary national hero he had not ceased to be; and he finally died as a voluntary exile at Turin, a very old and lonely man.

A large part of what those two men had striven for was at last won—but it then appeared in a form in which they would not recognize it as their own.—McClure's Magazine.

Mere Man In a Hammock

By Erastus Heartburn.

OF all the treacherous, evasive, deluding and hypocritical devices ever invented a hammock is the worst, abhorred by man and heaven and an outrage on virtue and civilization.

I have a frightful lot of nieces, all sojourning at a farmhouse in Dutchess county. In a moment of dementia I accepted an invitation to visit the terrible region. Their ideas of happiness seem concentrated into monkeydom in hammocks. One day the whole household gang went forth in a straw ride into which they sought to beguile me, and which I declined, but miserable as the pleasure promised to be my later experience with a hammock was far worse.

With no eye on me save that of heaven, I approached the thing hoping to take it unawares. I sat in it—and under it suddenly, and it swayed above in the cooling breeze and open meshed mockery. I arose muttering language. Steadying the infernal contrivance with both hands I kneeled into it carefully, and keeled out the starboard side, I guess, because there was a starful accomplishment.

I was as much determined to lie in that bag as on any other occasion in life. I calculated my next effort with geometrical precision, the chances of death, muttered several quotations and was triumphantly ensconced.

Determined to possess the most comfortable position, I turned, that is, I tried to, but found myself firmly secured in the meshes by the buttons above my coat tails, those in front and on my sleeves. Then there was some more language, which only attracted gleeful mosquitoes plus a boy with a grass hook in about half an hour. For a quarter he engaged to cut me loose. His zeal was admirable but injudicious, because getting under me to facilitate operations he cut more than was absolutely necessary and will savage joy I dropped on him. Let this be a warning to all men never to lie anywhere except in bed or in business or social intercourse.