

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

By John Boyle O'Reilly.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spilling,
And spilling and building again,
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the bursters the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city,
But the patient lives of the poor,
Oh, the little hands too skilful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds;
The daughter's heart grown wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds.

How a Thief Caught a Thief.

A Detective Story.

By D. R. ANDERSON.

"Judging from your remarks, you have no very high opinion of our vaunted detective system," said I, as we turned into Vavasour's rooms.

"I cannot say I have," he answered, smiling; "my life has been a proof that their sagacity is not miraculous. I did not find the business required any unusual intelligence when I filled the role of detective," and his smile broadened into a hearty laugh.

"You a detective?" I exclaimed amazedly.

"I assure you, yes," he answered, rightly construing the question on my face.

"There is an old saying, 'as corbie, een,' but I am afraid my life has been a fight against that axiom. It takes a thief to catch a thief, and so far as lay in my power I waged war only with rogues and thieves. I marked them as my game, and have never knowingly robbed an honest man. Oh, yes, some of the profession have their code of ethics, I assure you."

"I can well believe that, now," I said, and I meant my words.

"Vavasour's lips trembled slightly as he muttered: 'Thank you.'"

"Next moment all trace of emotion had left him, but I was not deceived. He felt keenly. His life ruined by a rogue, as I learned afterwards, he had sworn to be revenged upon him and his class, and he had kept his vow, but at what a cost! And yet the excitement of those days appealed to him; his eyes would sparkle, and his features quicken as he told some tale of daring, and his words were pregnant with the enjoyment of his danger."

Along in my rooms they sound cold and lifeless, but sometimes as I write Vavasour seems with me, my pen flies rapidly, and I know my readers learn something of the true nature of the man of whose friendship I am proud in spite of his profession, and yet I know if it had not been for Sybil and her love he would have sunk into something but little removed from a common criminal.

Vavasour plunged directly into his story.

"I could not help noticing," he began, "that two well-known members of the Knickerbocker looked anxious and perturbed as they sat at a little dining table a yard or two away from mine. Their faces were flushed and they spoke in whispers. Occasionally one would forget to restrain his voice, and the other would respond in similar tones. Then, suddenly, remembering my presence, both would become silent and look nervously in my direction."

"Hell, he has heard nothing, and if he had he would not understand," I heard one mutter. But in both premises he had erred. From what they said, and knowing that both were directors of a life insurance company then prominently before the public it was an easy matter to conclude their conversation had to do with its affairs. From the frequency with which the words 'decamp' and 'manager' occurred, I had no doubt that official had disappeared with funds; but when the sum of half a million was mentioned, I confess I paid more attention to what they said than to the cordial which lay beside my plate."

"The chairman has called a meeting for tomorrow; nothing can be done till then."

"I got the notice, I suppose they will call in the police."

"Entering I inquired at once for the company's attorney."

"He is with the Board. They are sitting at present," was the reply.

"I know it," I said, handing him my card which read—

JACOB HOPKINS,
Detective, No. 300 Mulberry St.

"Shall I tell them you are here?" he asked meekly, as he glanced at it.

"Yes, you might send it in at once," I answered.

"As he turned about the phone on his desk rang and he paused and took the receiver in his hand. It was a call from the Board room. The words came clearly: 'Call Police Headquarters and tell them to send a detective here at once.'"

"My nerves tingled as he answered, 'Yes, sir.'"

"Was that a call for me? I asked carelessly as he hung up the receiver.

"He looked at me, and from me to the others in his office, then glancing at my card again, he beckoned to a young man sitting at a far desk who came at once."

"Take this gentleman to the Board room at once," he said, handing the young man my card. He bowed and led the way and in a few minutes we were before the door which he opened after knocking, and with some importance said:

"Mr. Jacob Hopkins, from Police Headquarters," and silently closed the door behind me as he withdrew.

"I bowed gravely to the Chairman as I entered.

"Be seated, Mr. Hopkins," he said, courteously. "Mr. Parker will explain the situation to you—a very serious situation—Mr. Hopkins, we look to you to help us."

"The tale was soon told. I was instructed to follow Rogers and get the money back. They were sure he had it with him. He had taken it from the bank the day before."

trip and who had been presumably bound for Montreal, but who had got off at a small junction where he could catch a train for St. Catherine's.

"It is surprising how rapidly a scheme will unfold itself sometimes; all my thought as to probabilities had evidently run in the same channels as those of the fugitive. To me it seemed simplicity itself."

"The ordinary detective who muddles through a case, would have spent hours, perhaps days, watching steamboats and telegraphing to other ports of embarkation and in sending out copies of the photograph. He would probably have jumped to the conclusion that such distant points as Australia, or South America, or Europe, would be the first place for a man to fly who sought to hide himself with such a sum of money."

"I was a half day in St. Catherine's before I found my man, and even then I had sat beside him for over an hour without recognizing him, for he had taken off his mustache and his whole attire had been changed from the description which had been furnished me. This was only to be expected, but I did not look for so complete a transformation in a man's makeup as it made in him."

"I came into the hotel office a bit disappointed at not having come across my man more readily, and sat down in one of the big cushioned chairs where perhaps a dozen or more men were seated, singly and in groups, talking. The man beside me had his face half buried in one hand and the other half was turned from me. A paper lay upon his knee. Presently he turned this from him and took a book from his side coat pocket. As he did so he looked up and I caught a full view of his face. I was not mistaken, it was the man I had trailed."

"I spoke to him in French by way of opening a conversation but he only nodded his head and muttered something about 'Knee compréhens' and I then addressed him in English."

"Mr. Rogers, I believe, and a look of terror came into his eyes. I could see he was trying to master himself to brazen out a case of mistaken identity, but I followed it up saying that he might consider himself under arrest, and that of course as to there being a scene over it, the matter was entirely in his hands."

"I laid my hand upon his arm to make sure that there was to be no breaking away or other action, and I could feel his muscles quivering under my touch."

"Let us go to your room," I said, "we can't speak here, and your face betrays you."

"Unnoticed by any one we walked quietly up to his room. I closed the door behind me and locked it. He made a clean breast of it at once. He had embezzled to pay his losses on the Stock Exchange. The annual balance was due in a week or two, and he knew his fraud would be discovered. He had no chance to right himself. His only hope seemed to him to plunge deeper and try and clear out forever, as many another poor wretch has thought. He induced the chairman to countersign a blank check before he left the office, saying that it was only for a small sum, which was being determined by the bookkeeper. When he got the check he filled it in for every cent that was lying in the bank. He had not expected to be found out for a week or two, and he had intended to bury himself quietly in some little French town for a few years, until it had all blown over."

"The funny part of it all was that to wind up he offered to go halves with me, Quentin Vavasour, if I would let him go free."

"The money is practically untouched, I have turned the large notes into bonds, they are negotiable everywhere! Truly he had not missed his time."

"I was very stern with him; I am afraid I moralized with him on the iniquity of his acts."

"We return to New York tonight," I said.

"Impudently he held out a black bag with both hands. 'Take it,' he cried, 'it is all there; only let me go, and he went like a child. Suddenly he leaped to his feet and seized a razor that lay upon the bureau, but before he could use it I was upon him. Grasping him firmly by both arms from behind, I pressed my fingers upon the nerve, compressing it upon the bone. My grasp is strong, and the glittering blade fell from his hands. Another second and I would have been too late."

"You need not add cowardice to your other crimes," I said.

"The words unnerved him; he threw himself upon the bed."

"It is no cowardice to fly from disgrace," he said, between his sobs.

"There I agreed with him. I sat down by his side.

my hand upon the door I was about to leave him. He did not answer, and looking back I saw that he had fallen on his knees, and his figure shook convulsively. I turned and laid my hand upon his shoulder.

"Shake hands," I said; "you mean to be an honest man. If you ever need help to keep you from falling, a letter addressed to the Knickerbocker Club, Quentin Vavasour, will find me."

"That night I left for Boston from which point I sent the bag back to New York after leaving instructions for it to be held for two days before despatching it. I enclosed a letter which ran:

"Gentlemen:—I am pleased to be able to report that I have found the money, which I return, less \$75,000. I received the whole sum intact, and am retaining this sum as covering my expenses and professional fee. Enclosed please find the check for one thousand dollars handed me by your Mr. Parker, the same not having been justly earned by me. Hoping that you will never require my services under similar circumstances, I am, gentlemen, "Respectfully yours,

JACOB HOPKINS.

"There was a lively scene, I daresay, when the Board met and discussed the bag and its contents. As for Rogers he justified my faith apparently, for I met him some years afterwards in Cape Town, where he was at the head of the biggest importing house in South Africa."—New Orleans Picayune.

VALUABLE WEEDS.

Medical Properties Exist in Many Plants Looked on as Pests.

It is not a matter of common knowledge, says the Technical World Magazine, that some of the weeds "infesting" the land will produce the crude drugs which today, in large part, are obtained by importation from abroad.

Alce Henkel, an assistant of the Government's plant industry bureau, says that the roots, leaves and flowers of several of the weed species regarded as plagues in the United States are gathered, prepared and cured in Europe, and not only for useful commodities there, but supply to a considerable extent the demands of foreign lands."

There are weeds in this country against which extermination laws have been passed which hold in their leaves, stems or roots medicinal properties which have a value in the work of preserving the health of the nation. It is possible in ridding land of weeds in order that crops may be grown, to make of the "weeded" "pests" a source of income. Moreover, it is possible to maintain upon land given over as worthless for crop-growing purposes a weed plantation, which, after the harvest, will prove itself to be not less profitable than some of the tilled fields.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

There are more able-bodied men to the total population in the Western states of the United States and Canada than anywhere else in the world.

The first practical horseless carriage made its appearance on the Paris boulevards in 1886, and was owned and driven by one Count Albert de Dion.

To the Mullahs, who were displeased at his initiation into Freemasonry, the Amir explained on his return from India that there was nothing in the craft opposed to Mohammedism.

Many believe that cigars marked with light spots are indicators of the predatory habits of an insect which attacks only a good leaf, but, as a matter of fact, these spots are due to the combined action of sun and rain.

During a fire in a house at Hesham, England, the other day, a man, hearing that a roast of beef was in the kitchen oven, gallantly rushed into the burning building, and amid the cheers of the crowd, soon emerged bearing the rescued family dinner.

Charles A. Eich, of Cohasset, Mass., now that Thomas Wiglesworth is dead, is Harvard's oldest living graduate. He was eighteen years old when he graduated in the class of '33. He is ninety-two years old, and has practiced law nearly seventy years in Boston.

The corset is a distinctly modern contrivance, dating from the reign of Queen Victoria. In the days of "Chivalry" the armor-makers, thinking to improve the form as well as the life chances of the militant dames, invented the corselet, from which the modern corset comes.

GARDEN, FARM and CROPS

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE UP-TO-DATE AGRICULTURIST

Do You Want a Peanut Patch?

Anybody can raise peanuts who wishes to give a little time and attention to that particular field of agriculture. This especially popular and delicious product may be raised on a very large or a very small scale.

The ambitious agriculturist who has only a back yard for a farm may start a small bed. The raw and unroasted peanut should be shelled and then planted. The seeds should be covered with about an inch and a half of soil.

In gathering the product, one may pull up a handful of the growing peanut stalks with the underground stems and nuts, such as one may pull up a "hill" of potatoes with the tangle of underground stems and clinging tubers.—Boston Globe.

Dead Leaves for Fertilizing.

United States Consul Goldschmidt at Nantes furnishes some interesting facts concerning the value of dead leaves for fertilizing.

"A great part of the suburban population of this city," he writes, "is engaged in gardening, and especially in the cultivation of early vegetables. For many years the dead leaves which fall from the trees in the autumn have been gathered and employed as fertilizer, or to cover certain plants during the coldest winter months. Frequently these leaves are first used as bedding for cattle and horses, and the manure thus obtained is considered much richer than that of ordinary straw."

An examination of the fertilizing value of the dead leaves compared with that of ordinary manure shows the following results: 44 pounds of pear leaves, 80 pounds of poplar, 51 pounds of peach, 83 pounds of locust, 82 pounds of elm, and 174 pounds of vine, respectively, are equal in nitrogen to 100 pounds of manure.—The Village.

Killing the Squash Bug.

The gray bug that infests squash vines, is a tough customer. Poison does not always kill him, because he does not eat the leaves, but thrusts his beak through the outer covering to suck the juice and does not get much of the poison. In a series of experiments in the methods of preventing the attacks of the squash vine borer the preventives employed were Paris green at the rate of half a teaspoonful to two gallons, corn cobs dipped in coal tar, and a kerosene emulsion. The application of the Paris green and the kerosene was repeated after every hard rain until September; the cobs were tipped in coal tar again once in three weeks. All three of the applications seemed to be beneficial, with perhaps a little something in favor of the corn cobs as being cheapest and most convenient. The odor of the tar has no effect on the insects, but seems to repel the moth, causing her to lay her eggs elsewhere.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Breeding Good Stock.

Good feeding must go with good breeding.

Select the best for breeding purposes. Like produces like, or the likeness of an ancestor.

The longer the pedigree the better if it is the right kind.

Avoid strongly opposite tendencies in the parents, as tending to weaken the hereditary tendency in the young. If violent crosses are made, do not breed from the crossbreeds.

The young will be most likely to resemble the parent having the strongest breeding powers and strongest pedigree. Animals which have power of strongly influencing their young for several generations are termed prepotent.

Those who know nothing about inbreeding should avoid it. Practice only between individuals as nearly perfect as possible. It tends to fix and increase all characteristics, both good and bad.

In crossing and grading up, always use a thoroughbred male. Never use a poor grade, no matter how well he looks. He cannot be depended upon to breed true. Breed from the best specimens of the best bred families. Usually the female can be used for breeding at an earlier age than the male.

Control of sex is still in the stage of experiment. The most important fact yet fairly well settled is that the comparative strength and vigor, either temporary or permanent, of one or the other parent, seems to often affect the sex of the offspring. Thus generous feeding of the mother before and after conception seems to favor production of females, while poor diet favors males. The sex is likely to follow the parent which by reason of age, vigor or diet is the stronger.—American Cultivator.

To Build Up Pastures.

How to increase the productivity of run-down pastures is a question that is confronting many farmers in the Middle and Eastern States. When we consider the cause of the unprofitable condition of these pastures, we cease to wonder that they are not remunerative.

Much land in the United States has been cleared of timber that ought never to have been cleared—land that is worth more to produce timber than

anything else. This land has been wholly cleared of forests and either seeded artificially or permitted to become seeded naturally to such grasses and other plants as would maintain themselves under the existing conditions.

These grasses grew more or less luxuriantly for a time, but finally the soil became so exhausted that they are now wholly unsatisfactory. The question now is how to restore the fertility of which the soil has been robbed. The land must be made more fertile through the application of plant food or the growth of leguminous crops, or both.

If the land is not to be plowed, but to remain in grass, undoubtedly the owner should seed the land with clovers and grasses early in the spring. A mixture of white clover, alsike and red clover would undoubtedly be better than either alone. With these may be mixed timothy and June grass. It is probable that nature will seed the land to June grass, but some assistance will help to make a good turf sooner than if left to nature. A thorough harrowing with a spike-tooth harrow before the seeding would be most beneficial.

Immediately after seeding apply a top dressing of barn manure. The manure thus applied will furnish a rich plant food for the grass that is already on the land and the young seedling, but it will form a mulch to protect the young plants, and will materially help them to become thoroughly established. If the land is not tilled, this may be applied as the top dressing some time during the fall preceding the spring seeding.—G. C. Watson, Pennsylvania College of Agriculture.

Farm as a Money Maker.

Times have changed in the past thirty years in regard to the selling of farm and garden produce in towns of from 700 up to 2000 inhabitants.

In the early '70's my father had a yearly income of \$600 to \$1000 from the sale of fruit and vegetables in three such towns, only working from August to November, but at the present time a man could not sell that amount during the whole year.

Residents of such towns now vie with each other in trying to see who can grow the best garden upon a town lot, and many an editor, teacher, merchant or blacksmith will grow enough small vegetables for his own use during summer with a late crop of potatoes in a 50x90 space.

This cuts off the demand for just so much produce, and at the same time creates a demand for better and fresher stuff than could be sold thirty years ago.

With the products of dairy and poultry yard the change is in the other direction, and the man who can manage such work well near a town of 4000 can have a steady and profitable income.

Here, also, is a demand for better goods, as the dirty milkcan, stinky butter and skinny poultry of the days gone by no longer attracts customers.

The egg dated with the rubber stamp giving the date it was laid, has long been known to the better class of Eastern consumers, and only a few weeks ago I spent a few days in a dairy where the cooled and aerated milk went to the trade in capped bottles with the date of milking stamped on each cap.

It is not enough that the cows in such a dairy are curried and the udders washed before milking, that they have the best of feed and water and that the stables are kept almost as clean as a parlor, but the cows themselves are inspected regularly by a competent veterinarian, and declared to be in an absolutely healthy condition.

There is a class of customers that does not object to paying 12-15 cents a quart for such milk, and the demand for it is increasing wherever it is known it can be provided.

The man who is willing to work for such a trade as this can have it, no matter whether his special line is milk, butter, eggs, poultry, fruits or vegetables, but it does not follow that a man who has never milked a cow, fed a flock of fowls, or dug a row of potatoes can establish a trade in a year.

To be a specialist a man must study his work, and it is well that our agricultural colleges have established courses of study suited to any and all lines.

The best preparation for dairy or poultry work is a year's course in any of these schools, as such a course will make a man independent of such hired help as is on the market. It will familiarize him with the general details of his work and he will better be able to meet the thousand contingencies that will arise during the conduct of his business.

Then with good books and papers bearing on his line of work he will succeed if he has industry.—C. D. Lyon, in Richmond Times-Dispatch.

In the last six months there has been a large increase in the number and size of robberies in the New York hotels, and proprietors are using every possible means to prevent their publicity.