

## WOMEN DETECTIVES.

IT IS SAID THEY SURPASS MEN IN CATCHING SHOPLIFTERS.

As apt to be recognized by those who visit the Big Store to steal—a system which in favor with the Big Boston Business House.

An admirable female detective system is in vogue in a number of the leading dry goods houses of this city. It has been proved beyond a doubt that the female thief catcher is more effective in the unravelling of shoplifters than the most sagacious sleuth in the secret service department of the city. Thief catchers like the veteran Joe Knox, for instance, cannot ply their vocation with any degree of success for any length of time in a large and flourishing dry goods house. This is because of the fact that their identities become known to the dry goods thief after a time, and it is quite without saying that the shoplifter never begins operations until all danger of discovery from that quarter has passed away. The professional shoplifter is as familiar with the figure of the inspector as she is with her own likeness. For this reason unassuming and unobtrusive maidens are put on the qui vive to ferret out wily shoplifters and bring them to speedy retribution. The girls assigned to prosecute detected shoplifters are adapted for the work mapped out for them. The superintendent or chief floor walker is pretty certain to select a girl with accomplishments befitting the detective. If she is lacking in acquiescence and fails to perform her work satisfactorily, another is substituted in her stead and the benighted one is given a position in the store.

Nor does the competent detective depend entirely upon her wits in determining who is a shoplifter and who is not. She is generally a reader of character and is very apt to ascertain by a study of a face whether its owner is a designing person or not. The shoplifter often excites the suspicion of the spotter the moment she enters the store. There are certain airs of meanness in her deportment that catch the practiced eye of the young detective. The women who invade dry goods houses for the purpose of larceny have not the fullest confidence in their dexterity to parol an article from the counter without exciting suspicion. The "professional" never attempts a theft without first feeling certain that she is not watched, yet it frequently happens that when she is convinced that there is no danger of detection the eyes of the female spotter are upon her, and she is trapped in the act.

Miss Fannie Leachy and Miss Kattie McNamee are the young detectives who are employed to keep a vigilant lookout for evildoers as a big concern in Pemberton square, and it is considered that their efficient services distinctly show. Miss McNamee is a modest little girl of 17 years, with jet black hair and cheeks like a bluish rose, and is considered the best of the girls in the business. Her partner, Miss Leachy, is an attractive blond, with a natty figure. Each has her own district to patrol daily, but sometimes both can be seen in deep conversation in the little office on the Pemberton square side. The most cautious shoplifter would fail to detect in the demeanor of the twin the nature of their calling, and thus if it is they are able to expose wrongdoers in the store than any of the inspectors at police headquarters.

When a shoplifter is caught dead to rights, she is asked if she will not "pay for the articles" stolen. This interrogatory is merely made in order to elicit an admission of guilt from the thief. She is then taken to the office to await the arrival of an inspector from police headquarters. If the lady is apprehended as a woman of means, she can easily procure bail and thus escape the pain and dejection of a night in prison.

In speaking of her experience, Miss McNamee says that a large percentage of shoplifters are women of good families and comparatively well off in worldly goods.

"We have to watch pretty carefully to catch the professional shoplifter," she begins. "You see, they are up to all sorts of chicanery and can easily hoodwink the salesgirl, who may be busy with half a dozen customers at the same time. You won't never believe, to see these women on the street in all their finery, that they would steal. Some of the shoplifters are born thieves. They haunt the dry goods houses and steal every time they get a chance. You may believe it, but I can tell at first glance the woman who comes here to steal deliberately.

"Her eyes are a sure index to her thoughts, and when you see a woman glancing searchingly about her you can depend upon it that she means to steal. Women with an untroubled conscience do not act in this way."

There are three detectives in one store, and still the pilfering of the firm's property goes on from day to day. There is the woman who carries off articles in a closed umbrella, and there is the woman who manages to convey property to a neatly arranged receptacle in her underdress. Hiding. To be on to these tricks the female detective must be ever on the alert and nip the thief on the fly. There are a thousand and one devices performed by shoplifters, but not one is unknown to the cunning spotter. Then, again, the female detective officiates as a sort of forewoman over the employees. They are certainly looked upon as superiors by the girls, yet it is not known that they ever reported any inattention on the part of employes to customers. It has been always their policy to prefer charges only when the evidence is very strong, for if their claim is not sustained trouble follows. It is claimed that it has never occurred that the detectives were in fault in accusing a person of theft.—Boston Traveller.

## A REAL ENOCH ARDEN.

MORE REMARKABLE THAN EVEN THE FAMOUS TIOBORNE CASE.

A Danish Soldier Killed in Battle Returns After Nearly Thirty Years and Is Recognized by His Family—Claimant Not Sustained in Court.

The United States supreme court has just handed down final decision in a legal dispute over a question of identity, which is the most remarkable in the history of law, outdoing even the famous TioBORNE case. It is the story of a Union soldier who was killed and buried on the field of battle, yet who was resurrected and rejoined his family and friends.

Few tales of fiction approach in interest this romance of a real Enoch Arden. When cruel fate relegated to a penitentiary. On April 6, 1862, William Newby, private in an Illinois regiment, was killed and buried on the field of Shiloh. At all events, no question of the fact was raised for nearly 30 years. He left in the town of Carmi, Ill., a widow and a mother.

Nearly four years ago a man walked into Carmi, hatless and by no means well clad, and announced that he was Newby, the lost soldier. Nobody recognized him at first, and this was not surprising after such a lapse of time. But he talked with old residents of the place and recalled so many antique incidents, with reminiscences of persons and places, that finally they were convinced of his identity. He explained that he had been shot in the head and left on the battlefield. Afterward he recovered consciousness and was made a prisoner, being taken to Libby prison.

Being partly deprived of reason by his wound, he spent many years in southern poorhouses until at length he landed in the almshouse at Taylorville, Ill., where he came to himself again and remembered who he was.

Now, it is quite true that he was for a time in the almshouse at Taylorville. There he met an old man named Joseph Newby, brother of the William who fought at Shiloh.

This aged pauper was rather garrulous and had many stories to impart about his brother William, the history of the family, incidents respecting old residents of Carmi and its neighborhood, etc. Incidentally it was made to appear that William, if he were alive, would be entitled to \$20,000 in pension arrears.

The new acquaintance later would not be checked fall of information. They declared to the astonished Joseph that he was in very truth his long lost brother, William Newby.

This part of the story did not come out until later. Meanwhile friendly citizens of Carmi sent to Tennessee for William Newby's wife. She came, but at first repudiated the alleged lost soldier. Nevertheless he succeeded in persuading her fully of his identity, while his supposed mother recognized him almost immediately as her son.

Presently there would never have been any further dispute in this matter, and the old disant Newby would have received the \$20,000 pension money for which he at once applied had it not been that he was accidentally recognized by an ex-convict, who declared that he had met him in the penitentiary at Nashville, where he was known as Ricky Dan Benton and was serving an 18 years' sentence for horse stealing.

This caused an investigation. Thomas H. McBride, one of the most expert officers in the employ of the pension office, was sent to look the matter up. He traced the history of Dan Benton back to his earliest childhood, accounting for every year of his life.

He was born in Tennessee and was rickety from infancy. His wife and son were found and recognized him without hesitation. In short, the meshes were woven about him so closely that there seemed to be no possibility of escape.

But the other side was equally strong. The alleged Newby was recognized with as great positiveness by his supposed wife and mother. Many of the best citizens of Carmi and its vicinity were entirely satisfied of his identity, including men prominent in the G. A. R.

The case came up for trial. The proceedings occupied 11 days. The defense used 300 witnesses, the government about 60. There was almost a riot in and about the courtroom. Attempts were made to intimidate the jurors. Nevertheless Newby, or Ricky Dan, was found guilty of perjury and of making false claim for pension. Motion for a new trial being overruled, an appeal was made to the supreme court of the United States. This was dismissed on technical grounds. Again on a writ of error the case was taken to the supreme court, only to be again dismissed a few days ago and remanded to the lower court for the accomplishment of the sentence. Ricky Dan Benton has been clapped into jail by this time.—Washington Star.

## WESLEY'S ROMANCE.

THE SWEET, SAVO LOVE STORY OF THE GREAT PREACHER.

The Struggle Between His Affection For Sophia Canston and What He Believed to Be His Religious Duty—Partners of Each Side Took Active Parts.

It was at the house of Governor Ogilthorpe in the early days of Georgia, says a writer in the Boston Herald. In the evening Sophia Canston was there, and the general had her singing to them some old love songs of England and Scotland, and matches from the operas of London. She danced, too, and recited, and completely overwhelmed the pious youth with her beauty and accomplishments.

That night, under the palmetto trees near the governor's house, with the dark eyed, handsome girl beside him, and with her entrancing voice in his ears, the young man felt that his religious duty was a deception, and that John Wesley could not be the man he loved her.

The revelation was a shock to him, for he had been preaching celibacy since he was a boy, and he felt that his duty was to marry her. He went through with the marriage ceremony of the Church of England, for the benefit of imaginary couples who stood at his bedside.

After his recovery Wesley's friends came to congratulate him on his engagement. But ever since his betrothal to Sophia, his friends had been convinced that he had been singled out by his Maker for some special purpose, and now he was prostrating himself before an earthly idol and forgetting his mission.

Alarmed for his soul, he rushed to the bishop and the Moravian missionaries for advice. They had the same hard unrelenting convictions which tormented Wesley, and they advised him to give up his idol and turn to his God. Wesley knew not what to do. He wandered in the forests praying aloud for light as he went before God. He knelt in the shade of the gray vines and shielded by the long grass from any living eye sought wisdom and comfort.

This might he asked advice a second time of the elder. "What concern your case," said the bishop. "Will you abide by our decision?"

"I will abide by your decision," said the bishop. "Do you advise you to proceed no further in this matter?"

"So be it!" said Wesley, and that was the end.

Poor Sophia was heartbroken. Her relatives were incensed and compelled her to marry a Mr. Williamson, though she begged Wesley to intercede in her behalf. Even after she was married she wrote to Wesley and cast pitiful glances at him until in his desperation one day he forced her to attend holy communion.

He explained this afternoon on technical grounds, but the tide had turned and the people of Georgia were against him. A charge of slander was instituted, but the assailant, knowing that they had small chance of success, delayed the trial from week to week until life in Georgia became unbearable. He made arrangements to leave the colony.

He never went out that Sophia did not pass and repay him several times, and often she was known to look in upon him when he was at prayer in his own house.

During all these trials he continued to conduct his parish as usual, although he was a sort of prisoner at large. At 6 o'clock one evening the little flock gathered in the church for prayer. Wesley led as usual. Delamotte was there with the friends who still remained loyal. After the service Wesley was seen to return to his home. But the faithful wife had planned an escape from this slow torture. Three faithful friends led the young clerical through the darkness to the pier. There an Indian skiff bore him down the river. A sailing vessel was in waiting, and soon John Wesley was leaving the land of his love forever.

Mr. Shakespeare. Shakespeare, who was born in April, 1564, was in his nineteenth year when he married, writes Dr. William J. Rolfe in "The Ladies' Home Journal." Of Anne's birth or baptism we have no record, but the inscription on her grave informs us that she was 67 years old when she died, Aug. 6, 1623. She must therefore have been at least 26 at the time of her marriage. Some biographers have taken the ground that the "smart" young woman of 26 entrusted the boy of 13 into this marriage, which, from a worldly point of view, was so imprudent, but I fancy that by the himself would have considered it a very smart excuse for his conduct.

Tracks of Extinct Birds. Several tracks of an extinct species of gigantic bird have at different times been found in the stone quarry at Holyoke, Mass. The last set discovered shows that the bird had a foot 11 inches long, armed with three nails or claws in each foot. The track's average 4 feet 10 inches apart, and 11 of them were also revealed to view. They are perfectly even, the two nails being plainly distinct.—St. Louis Republic.

## AERIAL NAVIGATION.

The Theory of Professor Wellner's Self-Propelling Flying Machine.

The essence of Professor Wellner's invention is his invention of the self-propelling axis with spokes and arched propellers attached to them in a cylindrical form. While revolving around the axis the latter take a slightly slanting position, which causes the forward edges of these surfaces to be inclined, and consequently to compress the air in the way of a sail or a kite, calling into play the vertical force. Three ribs running across each lifting surface and made in the form of a screw at the same time serve to strengthen the propellers and to add to the horizontal force.

These self-propelling axes in pairs can be placed, according to the size of aircraft, at once in one or more groups of two wheels, revolving in opposite directions, behind or in front of the aircraft. The slanting axis, furnished with a motor and carrying the propellers, is attached horizontally under the center of the wheels, so that the whole construction will resemble a colossal bird, propelled, instead of by wings, by revolving wheels. The lifting surfaces of which are consecutively and constantly developing vertical and horizontal power. The bird's movements in flying are imitated by means of a control lever. The kite flying machines for their support in the air are in Professor Wellner's invention changed to a rotary motion. This construction, while permitting of an easy, slow ascent, secures the horizontal position and constant stability of the aircraft, at the same time permitting of a high velocity.

The more the latter is increased the stronger is the lifting power developed. The direction is given by a rudder at the end of the ship or by increasing the velocity of the kite wheels on one side only. It is the peculiar quality of these wheels that they do not, as might be supposed, disperse the air around them. They rather attract it toward their rapidly moving surface, condensing it to a powerful stream, which passes down obliquely through their cylinders. Their velocity can be made to surpass by far that of railway trains, thus enabling them to conquer contrary winds and currents.—Miss Helen Bonfont in Popular Science Monthly.

## Electricity Generated in His Mouth.

A curious case has been recorded in which an electric current was found to be generated by a plate of artificial teeth. A patient, suffering from pain on account of a severe pain in his tongue. But the sufferer was assured that there was nothing the matter. He then paid a visit to his dentist, who informed him that his teeth were perfectly good, and he was, however, dissatisfied, he called upon an electrician he knew and asked him if it were possible he could have any electricity in his mouth. On examining the teeth his friend found that two metals were used to fix them to a composition plate. To these metal wires were then attached and connected to a galvanometer. Then the teeth were replaced in the patient's mouth and the metals moistened with saliva. No sooner was this done than the galvanometer showed quite a large current from so small a source—enough, it is stated, to cause irritation and severe pain when long continued upon so sensitive an organ as the tongue. The plate was organ was then changed, and the patient and thereupon all the trouble ceased.—Industries and Iron.

## New Remedy For Insomnia.

An expert in nervous disorders in Paris recommended to a doctor a new remedy for insomnia which was tried with such success that the patient has prescribed it to many of his friends. It is simply to keep your eyes open when you want to go to sleep and cannot. A person whose brain is too active will sometimes close the eyes and vainly endeavor to sleep. The very closing of the eyes seems to concentrate the mental force on mental affairs and other distractions. The theory of the French physician is that if the victim of insomnia will fix his eyes upon some gleam of light, some shadow, or even on his hand, he will be able to conquer his mind from the restless that perpetually divert attention from himself. Try the experiment when you are sleepless and see how unconsciously your eyes will close and your thoughts begin to take possession of you. Struggle to keep them open and fixed upon an object, either real or imaginary, and before you are aware of it the struggle will have ended and sleep will be victorious.

## The Effects of a Sermon.

Once, when Cardinal Manning was preaching in Rome, he recognized John Bright among his listeners. On the instant he determined to preach to him and dwell with as much force and effect as he could upon the claims of the Blessed Virgin to our veneration.

Two or three years later he met him and reminded him of this incident. "I remember it perfectly," said John. "and I shall never forget it. I was delighted with everything that morning—a glad smile came on the cardinal's face—excepting your sermon."—"Members of our Auditor," Fitzgerald.

## Making Tea in Japan.

In making tea in Japan the hostess pours the water first into a cup, then into the water pourer, which is a bamboo dipper, as a French water pourer hot milk and coffee, and stirs it carefully with a "choshu" bamboo, an end of which is split into small silvers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Zenobia, the queen of Palmyra, spoke seven languages. After being captured by the Romans she married a Roman Greek and lived the rest of her life as a Roman matron.

It is estimated by engineers that the leakage from the gas pipes of London equals 9 per cent of the total manufacture.

## FLOUR MILLING.

The Rolling Process Has Changed the Entire Means of Operation.

In the roller process the whole principle of the manufacture of flour was changed. Instead of getting all the flour possible out of the wheat in one or two reductions on millstones, the idea was to make as little flour as possible on the first production and leave a large percentage of middlings afterward to be reduced to what is known as patent flour. Nowadays the number of reductions varies from four to eight or more. Millers are now able to grind with a length of rolls equal to 140 inches per unit of 100 barrels of flour in 24 hours and do good work.

Recently the "plansifter" has stepped into notice and is used with a very great capacity both as a scrapper and as a flour bolt. The purifier is greatly improved, varying in size from eight feet in length by three in width to three feet square, with the standard dust catcher. Many mills creditable to the ingenuity of the builders have been devised to perform a number of operations in very small space, comprising rolls and separators and sifters by several pairs of rolls in one frame. In the wheat cleaning room the tendency has been to use more machines than formerly and to clean the wheat better. The flour as it comes from the rolls is now packed with great rapidity and exactness by the means of some of the larger mills is compressed into half the former space by a machine that will pack 40 tons a day.

In short, the whole improvement has been on the line of smaller machines with greater capacity, taking less room, using a shorter road from the wheat bin to the flour sack, and with a reduction in the amount of power required to make a barrel of flour. A mill builder states that in a well planned 100 barrel mill a barrel of flour per 38-100 of a horsepower is fair work, while in a 1,000 barrel mill it is at about the rate of 25 horsepower per unit of 100 barrels daily capacity.—Chicago Record.

## NECKTIES ALWAYS NEW.

Mr. Feathers Learns the Secret of Mr. Gink's Attractive Assortment. "I am somewhat curious by nature," said Mr. Feathers recently, "and some time ago I was struck by the remarkable number of new neckties worn by young Mr. Gink, who sits opposite me at our boarding house table. I proceeded to study them, and after a week or two I discovered that they were not only always smooth and fresh, but that their appearance was regulated according to their hues. For two days he would wear a black and gray tie, for instance. Then a black flowered red ground affair would come out from his bosom, and then two or three more combinations would be worn. At last I could restrain myself no longer, and I asked Gink to explain to me his necktie system. He looked mysterious and beckoned me to a secluded corner.

"Mr. Feathers," he said earnestly, "I feel that I can confide in you thoroughly. The scarf you have so kindly admired are five in number and are all I have. I wear one until it gets soiled, and then I drop it in gasoline outside of my window. After the liquid has evaporated I take the scarf in, and every sign of dirt has disappeared. By doing this in rotation with the five ties I keep up an appearance that would cost more than I could afford if I depended upon new ones."

"I thanked the young man for his very interesting information," said Mr. Feathers in conclusion, "and I do not doubt that at many others like him know the value of gasoline as a cleaning article and put it to good use. I hope they all use it in the open air, however, as it is a very volatile and inflammable liquid and liable to explode if exposed in a room where there is a gas light or a fire."—Washington Star.

## An Imagination.

When a Third Street man came into the house the other evening, they were manipulating something in the kitchen that filled the halls with an odor which could scarcely be called sweet.

"What's the mischief is that that smells so?"

"Why," responded the wife, who had got used to it, "it's nothing but your imagination."

"Well, I guess not," he said indignantly. "If I had an imagination that smelled like that, I'd take it out and have it disinfected at once."—Detroit Free Press.

## The Negro's Nose.

Some years ago Frederick Douglass addressed a convention of negroes in Louisville. He said in the course of his speech that he did not think an amalgamation of the white and black races desirable, the pure negro being, in his opinion, the best of the race. While speaking his eyeglasses continued to slide from their perch. "But I wish," interpolated the speaker, "if I wish I could get up some sort of an alibi for the negro which would insure a more capable of holding spectacles."—Buffalo Courier.

## No Drawings in the Ear.

Have you any special name to describe the wrinkles, creases, or plaiting, or whatever it is the proper name for the inequalities in the inner surface of the outer ear? A woman artist, discussing a man, disclosed the artist's name for them. She said the man could not be trusted "because he has no drawings in his ear." She meant that the inner surface of the "shell" of the ear was smooth.—New York Sun.

## Was.

Chollie—Baw Jora, do you know, I think I'll be emvated when I'm dead.

Miss Figg—Why, Mr. Lyteywayte?

Chollie—Just fancy, now, a fellow being in the grave for a year or so and then dug up again for some purpose or another. Don't you see, his clothes would be all out of fashion by that time.—Indianapolis Journal.

## GERMAN ARMY MARRIAGE.

Officers May Not Wed Without the Consent of Their Superiors.

No German officer can marry without the consent of his colonel, according to Poutney Bigelow in "The Borderland of Czar and Kaiser," and this consent can be obtained only after a careful inquiry into all the circumstances surrounding the proposed alliance. First, is the young lady suitable for association with the wives of the other officers? Second, will the bridegroom be able to live respectably and bring up his family? Third, are his means, or those of his wife, invested in proper securities, so that he is not liable to be expelled by reason of bankruptcy? The extraordinary social advances enjoyed by the German officer and the pecuniary responsibility growing naturally from such advances make his small pay, which amounts only to about \$1 a day in case of a first lieutenant, appear even smaller than it is.

An American lady who had been spending a winter in Dresden told Mr. Bigelow that all the bachelors of the garrison were furnished with a list of marriageable women, each name accompanied with the property she might be expected to inherit. This no doubt was a mistake on her part, but it is a very common one. German officers stationed in desirable towns are very apt to get into debt and have to choose between leaving the army in disgrace or marrying a rich girl.

Mr. Bigelow adds: "From my own experience in Germany the officers would appear to have married for love and to be happy in consequence," and yet "the number of those who get into debt and fail to secure a rich wife is considerable, although it takes no particular ripple in the surface. Such men simply disappear and turn up sooner or later in America, where they take employment as coachmen, waiters, teachers or instructors in riding schools. The change of life is very violent and is adopted only as preferable to suicide."

## TOWER HILL.

The Most Important and Most Notable Spot in All London.

Tower hill is perhaps both the most important and the most notable spot in all the metropolis. For us, as we pass it on a steamer or cross it on our route to the Ankerwerk Package, at the commencement of our autumn holiday, think what great persons have quietly lived there, and who, others, equally great, have wept and died upon it. To it, or rather to Great Tower street, came Rochester to peruse his trade as an Italian fortune teller, while the bedridden Buckingham often walked thither in order to consult a conjurer, a shrewd, far-seeing rascal who, when Felton bought at the cutter's shop on the summit of the hill for a shilling the knife with which he killed the duke's father, may have known for what purpose it was required.

William Penn was born on this forty-four years later—that is, in A. D. 1688—a post jailer, died, choked by a crust which starvation had urged him to devour too greedily, in an upper room of the Bull tavern. This was the ill-fated Orway. At the time when the son of the muses lay dead, Betterton, the celebrated founder of the stage after the restoration, was wringing tears from the eyes of the public, not for the famous dead, but at his own fictitious errors in "Venice Preserved."

It was in Great Tower street that Peter the Great used to pass his evenings drinking hot pepper and brandy with his bosom companion, Lord Caspar. In the neighborhood of Little Tower street, which can scarcely be supposed to have been inspiring, Thomson composed his "Summer" in Great Street, the supposed lurking place of many a mute, inglorious Milton, much back literary work was effected, none of which has survived the touch of time's destroying hand.—Gentleman's Magazine.

## The Troublesome Meringue.

The secret of making the meringue for lemon pies so that it stands tall and thick is in the baking. Whip the whites of the eggs to a froth that will fall out of the bowl when turned upside down. Put in about a tablespoonful of granulated sugar for each white, stir very little, spread it on the pie when they are just done and still baking hot without taking them out of the oven and let them bake with the oven open. If made hot enough to brown, the meringue will surely fall and become worse than nothing. Five to ten minutes is enough to bake the meringue dry and straw colored. Sift granulated sugar on the top of the meringue as soon as spread on the pie before baking.—Philadelphia Times.

## Liable to Be Misunderstood.

Liable to misunderstanding are such interesting adornments of shop windows as "Superior butter, 1 shilling per pound. Nobody can touch it!"—probably not—the tempting notice of the dealer in cheap shirts "They won't last long at this price!" Worse still was the attention which appeared in the window of a cheap restaurant, "Dine here, and you will never dine anywhere else." The windows of this restaurant have been almost as deadly and unerring in their effect as the whisky known in the western states as "forty rod," because that was the distance beyond which no drinker could walk after its libation.—Cornhill Magazine.

## Up With the Times.

Old Hen—No more domestic drudgery for me! I have you know that I'm an emancipated lunatic.

Old Rooster—You still lay eggs.

Old Hen—Yes, but they are hatched in an incubator.—New York Weekly.

## Self Convicted.

Old Offender—W at yer arrestin me fer? I hain't done nothin for a year.

Officer—That's the time ye hit it right. The charge is going to be vagrancy.—Kate Field's Washington.