

**A GIRL DETECTIVE.**

THE door of Rufus Markham's counting room was securely closed, and the proprietor of the large, flourishing cotton factory talked earnestly with a gentlemanly looking man of middle age whose face was as impressive as a wax mask.

"Five thousand dollars!" said the individual. "It was a large sum to leave exposed."

"Exposed!" said Mr. Markham. "It was in my private desk, to which no one has access but myself and my nephew, Fred Tryon."

"Would it be possible the young gentleman—"

"Sir," said Mr. Markham, indignantly, "my nephew is not a thief. If he needed ten times that sum he knows I would give it freely to him. He will be my heir and is as dear to me as a son. It is simply absurd to connect him in any way with this robbery."

"Just state the matter again, briefly as you can, and allow me to take notes, will you, Mr. Markham?"

"Certainly. I drew five thousand dollars out of the bank yesterday, to meet a note that was not presented for payment. Retaining it until after the bank was closed, I concluded to lock it in my desk until this morning, and did so. At nine o'clock this morning the expected note was presented, and I opened the desk. The money was gone and with it a small memorandum book that was in the same roll."

"The lock was not forced?"

"No, sir; the desk was apparently exactly as I left it."

"And Mr. Tryon has the only duplicate key?"

The old gentleman frowned. He was evidently displeased at the turn the detective's suspicions seemed to be taking.

"My nephew certainly has the only duplicate key."

"H'm! yes. You have the numbers of the notes?"

"Yes. The roll consisted of ten five-hundred dollar notes."

The list of numbers being taken, the detective made a searching examination of the apartment, and prepared to take his departure. As he stood near the door, Mr. Markham suddenly said nervously:

"I think, Mr. Vogdes, if you make discoveries, you had better report to me privately before making any arrests."

"Certainly, sir, if you desire it. Will you grant me one favor? Do not mention the robbery to Mr. Tryon, if you have not done so already."

"No one has heard of it but yourself."

"Very good! I will call again when I have any report to make."

"Fred! Fred!" the old gentleman said, in a low tone, when he was alone; "Vogdes evidently thinks it is Fred! It cannot be! It is impossible that my nephew would rob me! I cannot believe it. And yet he knew the money was there. He was here when I handed Arnold the check, and here when he returned with the money. He knew that Johnson's note was not presented, and Fred alone has a duplicate key. Oh, if it should be! Anna's boy, that I promised to love as my own son. Have I not kept my promise? Where have I failed? And why should he steal from me, when all I have is his? I cannot, I will not, believe it!"

"May I come in?" asked a bright, pleasant face at the door, and permission being given, Fred Tryon entered the room. Looking into his handsome young face, bright and frank, with well opened brown eyes and curls of nut brown hair, it was hard to connect it with any idea of roguery, ingratitude and theft. His manner toward the uncle, who had filled a father's place, was the perfection of respectful affection, and before he had been an hour in the counting room, Mr. Markham's uneasy fears were entirely gone.

They were talking of a certain dark-eyed little maiden, who was soon to be Mrs. Tryon, and when Fred left his uncle, it was with a promise that he would call in the evening upon Miss Clarkson, to finally arrange for the wedding day.

The young man, a favorite of fortune, apparently, spent the afternoon with his betrothed, received his uncle in the evening, beside her, and accompanied the old gentleman to his boarding house, receiving an affectionate farewell, when he took up his way to his own room in another house. For a week he heard nothing of the robbery.

It was just when summer twilight was fading, that returning from a drive with Maud Clarkson, Fred met his uncle's confidential clerk waiting for him at Maud's house.

"I have a note for you, Mr. Fred," he said; "and, as you were not at home, I thought I would wait here for you."

Something in the man's face and manner struck a sudden chill to Maud's heart.

"You have bad news!" she cried.

"Perhaps Mr. Fred had better read the note," was the evasive reply.

But Maud's terror was only increased when Fred, after reading the note, broke into a furious exclamation of rage.

"Who dares to say I am a midnight burglar," he shouted.

"Oh, Fred, what is it?" asked Maud turning very white.

"My uncle has been robbed of five thousand dollars, and he pays me the compliment of supposing me the thief because I have a duplicate key to his private desk. I—great Heavens!" he cried, with a sudden change in his voice, "he cannot mean it! I rob my uncle!"

"Mr. Fred," said the clerk respectfully, "I only waited to see how you took the note, to speak a few words of advice. Mr. Fred, I was with your father when he was killed on a railway train; I was with your uncle when he brought you from your mother's funeral to his home. I took you to boarding school, and brought you home for the holidays, and I've loved you, boy and man, since you were ten years old, and that's twelve long years. I know you never took the money, but things look very ugly for you."

"But said Fred, grasping hard the hand the old clerk held out to him. "I cannot understand it. "Listen," and he read aloud the note from his uncle:

"MR. FRED TRYON.—I could not believe without proof—undeniable, positive proof—that you could rob me of five thousand dollars, taken, as you know, from my private desk, on Wednesday last. You are my sister's son, and I will never be the one to imprison or punish you, but you are no longer a nephew of mine. Willingly, I will never look into your face again. Your ill-gotten gains I freely give you to start in some business, trusting you will live honestly in future. Do not try to see me; I will not listen to any explanation I know to be false. Do not write me, for I will not open your letters."

RUFUS MARKHAM."

Maud Clarkson grew white as death as she heard the stern edict. "Oh, Fred!" she cried, "what can you do?"

"Starve, I suppose," was the bitter answer, "as I do not happen to possess the ill-gotten gains so generously presented to me. But I will not ask you to starve with me, Maud. You were betrothed to the millionaire's nephew, and heir; the disinherited beggar frees you from your promise."

"Fred," she cried, bursting into tears, "how can you be so cruel?" Then, unheeding the clerk, who was discreetly looking from the window, she came close to Fred's side. "Darling," she said, fixing her eyes upon his face, "if all the world thinks you guilty, I do not. If all the world casts you off I will keep my promise."

The young lover had been bewildered, indignant, desperate, but he folded the gentle comforter fast in his arms, and great tears dropped on her upturned face.

"God bless you, Maud," he cried: "I can defy the world, if you are true to me. Now, Potter, sit down, and tell me what you know about this wretched business."

"Well, Mr. Fred, I never heard of the robbery myself until this morning, when Vogdes, the detective your uncle employed to work it up, came to make his report. They did not notice me at first, and when your uncle remembered I was in the room, I had heard about all Vogdes knew. You remember there was a note coming due last Wednesday."

"To Johnson?" Yes; well, I thought at the time it was curious your uncle gave him a check, when I knew the money was drawn out of the bank the day before to meet that very note.—But I never knew till this morning that the money was stolen from Mr. Markham's private desk by false keys. Mr. Fred," said the old man earnestly, "it was all in five hundred dollar notes, and your uncle had the numbers."

"Well?"

"This morning Vogdes brought back one of the notes, which you gave to T— yesterday in payment for a pearl locket."

"Stop, Potter! let me think. Where did I get that note? I have it! Arnold gave it to me to take out a hundred dollars I lent him some time ago. And Arnold—Potter, Arnold borrowed my keys last Wednesday night to open his trunk! Potter, huzza! We know the thief!"

"Not so fast, Mr. Fred—not so fast.—It will not be an easy matter to prove this. Were there any witnesses present when Arnold borrowed the keys?"

"No; I was alone in my room, half undressed, when he knocked at my door and said he had lost the key of his trunk. I lent him my bunch of keys, which he returned before I was out of bed the next day."

"And you were alone when he paid you the money?"

"Yes; I thought he was very flush, for you know as well as I do, Potter, that a note for five hundred dollars is not a daily visitor to Arnold's pocket."

"He is a cunning scoundrel. He wants to ascertain if the notes can be identified before he tries to get rid of them himself. Mr. Fred, will you leave it to

me for a few days—only a few days?—and if I do not catch the thief, you may try."

"But my uncle?"

"Wait till you can prove your innocence before you see him. Only a week. Give me only a week to watch Arnold. And, by-the-way, you will give me an additional chance if you will leave the city. Throw him off his guard by letting him suppose you are banished for his crime."

"Run away," flashed Fred, "like a coward?"

"Only for a week. You see, the probability is that Arnold has the money in his possession yet. He will wait to see the fate of what he has given you before putting any more into circulation; but he has probably hidden it very securely. You he will watch, but if you are willing, I will take your room while you are gone, and do a little private detective business on my part."

It was not easy to persuade Fred to consent to Potter's plan, but Maud's persuasion being added to the old man's he finally consented to leave the city for a week, and return in that time to vindicate his own innocence in case of Potter's failure.

Before night Fred was on his way to visit another city, and his landlady had agreed to allow Mr. Potter to occupy his place during his absence.

Fred had been gone two days when the old clerk called upon Miss Clarkson to report progress.

"I am completely baffled," he said, in answer to her inquiries. "You see, Arnold knows me, and evidently suspects me. He is so affectionately desirous of keeping me in sight, that I cannot get a peep into his room, and whenever he is out, he locks the door and gives the key to the landlady. I cannot force his door yet, and by the time Fred returns, I am afraid the money will be smuggled away. I am sure the money is in his possession now, he is so careful about his room. Nobody gets in there but the landlady. I did think of bribing the chambermaid to let me in when she was at work there, but unfortunately, she left to-day."

A flash of light seemed to pass across Maud's face, but she only said demurely:

"Your landlady is a German, is she not?"

"Yes; her English is very imperfect. Have you ever seen her?"

"No; I have heard Fred speak of her. My mother, you know was a German."

"But what has that to do with Fred's case?"

"I will tell you. Vogdes has tried to find the thief, and failed. You have tried and failed. I mean to try and succeed!"

"You!" what can you do?"

"Come to-morrow, and I will tell you."

Punctual to the appointed time, Potter made his appearance.

With dancing eyes and flushed cheeks Maud met him.

"Well?" he asked, certain from her looks that she had good tidings.

"I told you I would succeed!"

"And you did? Huzza! I feel as young as Fred myself!"

"To whom I have telegraphed to return. He will be here this evening, and you must bring Mr. Markham, and Mr. Vogdes and the proper police authorities to meet in his room. Then, Mr. Potter, go to Mr. Arnold's room and remove the pipe of the stove at the elbow. In the joint you will find Mr. Markham's memorandum book and the missing notes."

"Are you sure?"

"Listen. This morning, in a calico dress, sun-bonnet, and a pair of coarse shoes, for disguise, I applied for the place of chambermaid at the boarding-house where Mr. Arnold has a room."

"I braided my hair in two long plaits, and convinced your landlady that I was a recent importation from Germany, unable to speak a word of English. She agreed to take me for one week on trial and before I had been two hours in the house, I was sent to tidy Mr. Arnold's room. Never was a room tidied so quickly; and, seeing my mistress on her way to market, I shot the bolt, and took a survey of the premises. The trunk was locked, the bureau drawers wide open, the closet door ajar. I felt a reluctance to overhaul any private depositories; though I should have done it," she added resolutely, "if I had been driven to it! I rummaged a little, when in the closet-floor I espied a shirt, apparently scarcely soiled, except one sleeve, and that was black with soot. 'What is he doing at the fireplace in summer?' I thought and went to examine. A few minutes sufficed to convince me that the stove had been moved out, and the elbow of the pipe removed. I repeated the process to find a roll of five-hundred-dollar notes, and a small note book, with the name of Rufus Markham on the first page. I replaced everything carefully and came home. Now, Mr. Potter he must be taken, by surprise, or he may say Fred put the notes there."

"You are a brave girl!" cried the old

man, looking with admiration at the beautiful, animated face, "and Fred will owe you more than his life."

"He can repay me by coming to tell me the good news when he is clear."

Eight was striking by the city clocks when Doctor Graham Arnold, dressed in the latest fashion, and with a fragrant Habana between his lips, strolled leisurely into his room.

He had been in the parlor of his boarding-house for an hour, watching Mr. Potter with some anxiety, but wholly unaware of the little party of four, who in Mr. Potter's temporary apartment, awaited his return to his own room.

Once inside the door, the nonchalant look left the handsome face of the young man, and he muttered fiercely:

"I must get out of this! Potter suspects me, and may yet communicate his suspicions to Mr. Markham. I will be off to-night as soon as the house is quiet."

He opened a small traveling satchel, as he spoke, and was rapidly filling it with necessaries for a journey, when he was interrupted by a knock at the door.

Tossing the satchel into the closet, he cried:

"Comes in!"

But his face turned livid as his call was obeyed, and a party of five entered his room.

Two policemen stationed themselves on his right and left, while Mr. Markham, Mr. Potter, and Fred Tryon followed.

"Now, Mr. Potter," said one of the policemen, with the face and voice of the detective Vogdes, "will you tell us where to find those missing notes?"

"What notes?" cried Arnold. "What does this outrage mean!"

"It means," said Potter, "that your plan to throw the robbery of Mr. Markham's private desk upon his nephew has failed. It means that the five thousand dollars stolen from that gentleman are now in your possession, excepting only one note given to Mr. Tryon in payment of a debt!"

"It is a lie!" cried the prisoner; but his white face, faltering voice, and shaking limbs, were no proof of innocence.

"Search my trunks, every thing that I have."

"No, gentlemen," said Mr. Potter. "Draw out the stove, if you please, and look in the elbow of the pipe."

With a cry, Graham Arnold fell senseless to the floor, as Vogdes put his hand upon the stove.

Mr. Markham turned to Fred. There was no word spoken. Hand clasped hand, and each read forgiveness and love in the other's eyes.

Mr. Graham Arnold spent some weeks in jail ere his trial and conviction; but before his sentence was pronounced Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tryon were crossing the ocean on a wedding tour to Europe, and only Mr. Potter and Fred ever knew of Maud's first and only appearance as "a Girl Detective."

**On Swearing.**

Cowper wrote some lines about swearing which it would be worth while for every one to learn:

"It chills my blood to hear the liest Supreme  
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme;  
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise—  
To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise;  
You would not swear upon a bed of death;  
Reflect: Your Maker may now stop your breath."

Some who would not swear by the name of God, think nothing of swearing "By George," or "By Jingo," or by something else; others often cry out "Good gracious!" or "Mercy on me!" and the like. They are the beginnings of swearing. They are to profane swearing what acorns are to the oak.

Our Saviour said, when on earth:—"Let your yea, be yea, and your nay; nay; for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil." This means we shall use plain, simple language. David had a short prayer to this point: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, and keep the doors of my lips."

**A County in a Queer Fix.**

Howard county, Iowa, is in a fix.—Frank Kye, the Treasurer, suddenly departed, leaving the funds of the county—unless he took them away with him—in a \$1,300 safe which he had bought conditionally for the county. He also kept the combination of the safe to himself. It is supposed that from \$18,000 to \$20,000 is in the safe, providing that Kye did not steal the money. The owner of the safe has attached it, and refuses to allow it to be opened until he gets his \$1,300. No evidence can be obtained to warrant the arrest of Kye until the safe is opened, and while the litigation goes on between the safe owner and the county the Treasurer is making his escape unmolested.

**Will not get his Peasias.**

An old gentleman of sixty years, living in a suburban town near Boston, was recently interviewed by an inquisitive but respectful young stranger, to impress whom he showed his house and garden all paid for and his bank book, besides

boasting of his health and strength.—The stranger was emissary of the Commissioner of Pensions, and it is not likely that that old gentleman will secure a pension of \$18 a month, with 12 years' arrears, for being the indigent and invalid father of a dead soldier.

**MANY WHO ARE SUFFERING**

from the effects of the warm weather and are debilitated, are advised by physicians to take moderate amounts of whisky two or three times during the day. In a little while those who adopt this advice frequently increase the number of "drinks" and in time become confirmed inebriates. A beverage which will not create thirst for intoxicating liquors, and which is intended especially for the benefit of debilitated persons, whether at home or abroad, is Dr. Schenck's Sea Weed Tonic. Containing the juices of many medicinal herbs, this preparation does not create an appetite for the intoxicating cup. The nourishing and life-supporting properties of many valuable natural productions contained in it and well-known to medical men have a most strengthening influence. A single bottle of the Tonic will demonstrate its valuable qualities. From debility arising from sickness, over-exertion or from any cause whatever, a wine-glass full of Sea Weed Tonic taken after meals will strengthen the stomach and create an appetite for wholesome food. To all who are about leaving their homes, we desire to say that the excellent effects of Dr. Schenck's reasonable remedies, Sea Weed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills, are particularly evident when taken by those who are injuriously affected by a change of water and diet. No person should leave home without taking a supply of these safeguards along. For sale by all Druggists. J31 1m

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