

A DETECTIVES STORY.

WHY HE IS NOT ON THE FORCE ANY MORE.

Two men sat together in the rear seat of a smoking car on one of our railroads and chatted familiarly of the ups and downs of a minor's life, the topic being suggested by a landscape dotted with coal-breakers and furrowed with coal roads.

The freedom and interest of their conversation did not seem to be dampened by the fact that the younger of the two carried a revolver, while his companion wore a pair of those uncoveted articles of jewelry which are known in criminal circles as "bracelets."

The few persons who had observed them learned from the confidential brakeman that they were a noted detective and his prisoner on the way to trial. As far as ages went the pair might have been taken for father and son, the fine gray head of the one contrasting strongly with the crisp brown curls of his captor.

What crime had been committed the brakeman did not know, but hazarded a conjecture that it "must have been a pretty bad one, or George Munsen wouldn't have took the trouble to put them things on his wrists."

Presently the brakeman and the conductor satisfied the joint demands of etiquette and curiosity by stopping to exchange a few words with the detective; the former then perched himself upon the coalbox directly behind the prisoner, and the latter dropped magnificently into the seat in front. The train was sweeping around a curve and past a ruined trestle on the hillside at which both of the passengers looked with some interest.

"Remember that place," said the old man.

"So do I," responded the younger; "I was born there. Came near being buried there, too," he resumed after a moment's pause.

"How was that?"

"It's a pretty long story," said the detective, "but I guess we'll have time for it between this and the next station. Way up there on the slope is the little settlement where I made my debut, so to speak; from it to the bottom of the hill there used to be a gravity road—a long, winding track reaching from the settlement down to the top of a bank full of earth where a slide occurred the year I was born. On both sides of the track grew saplings that had sprung up since the disaster (what I am telling you occurred five years later), and they crowded the road and hung over the old rusty rails on which the coal cars used to run. You must remember that the houses were built near the mouth of the pit—that was one of the first mines worked in this country, and one of the first to be abandoned. Time I am telling about, some men were walking up track, and a lot of children playing near the top, climbing up and out of an old car which had lain there since it made its last trip with the broken sprags still in its wheels.

"The men were miners, all but one of them, who questioned his companions about their work and the country they lived in. He was evidently a stranger.

"Presently, as they talked, a shout from the top of the slope attracted their attention, and they looked up just in time to see the car begin to move slowly down the grade.

"There was an impatient exclamation from the eldest man in the party. 'Them brats is always up to some mischief,' he said. 'They have started that old thing off at last; I've been expectin' to see it go at any time this five year. They'll be breaking their necks yet with their tom-fooling.' And another of the group added; 'We must dust out of this lively, unless we want to get our necks broke; she'll either jump the rail or go to pieces at the bottom; lucky there ain't no one aboard of her.'

"The stranger was looking anxiously up at the approaching runaway. His quick eye had caught sight of something round and golden above the car rim.

"There's a child in that car," he said quietly.

"It was a second or two before his companions realized the awful meaning of that statement. A child! That was as if he had said that in a few moments some one—perhaps one of themselves—would be childless.

"With one impulse they turned to look at the broken rails at the edge of the fault. Shuddering, they fixed their eyes again on the approaching mass, then hopelessly at each other. They could not dream of stopping the progress of the car. But, quick as thought almost, the stranger took hold of a sapling and bent it down till it nearly touched the track. 'Hold on,' he said to one of the men, 'it will help to check her.' A rod further down another and then a third and fourth were held in the same way. So four of the party waited for a few breathless seconds, while the two remaining ones hurried further down; but one more effort and the car was upon them. The first obstacle was whipped out of the hands of the strong man who held it and the car rushed on to the second with hardly lessened force. Again the barrier was brushed aside, but this time the speed of the old wreck was perceptibly less. By the time the fifth obstruction was reached the newcomer was able to clamber aboard and throw the child into the arms of his companion, but before he had time to save himself the old truck had regained some thing of its momentum and was plunging on toward the precipice.

"Well, the man jumped just as they reached the edge, just before his vehicle shot over into the air, but he had very little time to choose his ground, and so landed, as luck would have it, on the only heap of stones in sight. The others picked him up for dead and carried him up to the settlement, where the miners held a regular wake over him. But he came to life in the middle of the festivity—the obsequies, I mean—and found that he was only crippled for life.

"The miners—folks not easily moved, were enthusiastic about the affair, and gave such testimonials as they could to show their gratitude and appreciation. One of these expressions took the form of a souvenir, signed by every man in the place, and stating in very grandiloquent language what the poor fellow had done. His quick wit seemed to them more wonderful than his courage and devotion, in a community where neither quality is unusual at all.

"The man who takes his own life in his hand every day, and has frequently to fight for the life of some companion values a 'brainy' action. In the box with the testimonial was a purse of fifty dollars and a curious old gold cross, that had been treasured by the brother of the lad who was saved as his one piece of finery. On it was rudely engraved these words:

"Given by the miners at the Notch to the man who risked his life for a child."

"That was all. The poor fellow went away and would have been forgotten, only that the old miners told the story sometimes to their children."

The prisoner was looking out of the window. The conductor rustled around as though ashamed of the interest he had shown in the story—a story which he did not doubt was pure fiction. Only the brakeman gave way to his sympathy, and asked whether the man had ever been found.

"Not that I know of," replied the detective.

"And was you the boy that he saved?"

"I was the kid."

"And you never heard tell what became of the man—what would you do if you should come across him some time?" Evidently the brakeman had an imagination which was trying to assert itself.

"Oh! I'd try to even the thing up somehow. I suppose common decency would demand that, I'd treat him as well as I knew how."

"Look here," said the prisoner, turning from the window with an apparent effort to change a conversation which for some reason had not seemed to interest him—"look here, old man, I've got a little keepsake that your story just reminded me of, and if I could get at it I'd ask you to take charge of it for me till—till this thing is over. If you'll put your hand in there and pull out that bit of ribbon; so."

The conductor almost jumped out of his seat. "Blamed if it ain't the cross that you've just been telling about," he shouted.

A month later the detective was undergoing a cross-examination by the conductor and brakeman.

"Yes, he was a bad lot. Oh, yes, he didn't have a leg to stand upon. The facts were all as clear as day. All true about the cross and the rest of it? Just as true as gospel. What had he been doing? Throwing bombs the last time. Punished? Well, to tell you the truth, they won't be apt to punish him till they catch him again, I guess. The fact is, he got away from me somehow that same night. Who, me? Oh, no, I'm not on the force any more. I've been bounced.—Lowell (Mass.) Courier.

"HEIMWEH."

"There he comes," I said to myself; "it's time to put the tea down."

I had watched him pass so many mornings and evenings, going to and from his work, that I felt acquainted with him before we had exchanged a word. He was so regular in the time of his goings and comings that I had come to time many of my simple domestic arrangements by him, and when his shadow fell across my little doorstep I knew it was time to put my tea to steep. As I said, I had grown into the habit of watching for him—so much, that when one day he failed to appear at the usual time, my supper hour went half an hour by before I noticed it. And I felt strangely worried all the evening. When three days had passed and still he did not come again, my endurance had reached its limit. I walked to the gate and looked aimlessly up and down the road before venturing further.

Surely that was he coming around that bend in the road! It was, indeed; but, oh, how changed!

His face was pale and drawn, his shoulders stooped, his gait that of weakness and exhaustion.

"Good evening," I said, intending to ask him his trouble.

"Gut'nabend, mees," he replied, touching his hat.

"Ah, you are German," I cried, eagerly.

"Nein, mees, I bin Schweitzerlander," he said, and a sadder look came into his blue eyes.

He was a Swiss. I might have known it from his perfect politeness.

In no other country under the sun, I think, are the lower classes taught from their cradle up to so respect those common rules of politeness that the youth of this land of the free and screaming eagle consider it a reproach

to their manhood or womanhood to notice. Nor do the latter always belong to the lower classes, either, more is the pity.

"Do you not miss your mountains?" I asked him in the language he loved best.

"Ah, Gott, my mountains," he cried passionately, raising his hands with a little pathetic gesture, and as I looked at him I saw the heavy tears that had risen to his eyes, wrung from the depths of his strong, silent nature.

I had struck the keynote or the man's life, his love and longing for his beloved Swiss mountains.

After the first meeting I used regularly to walk down the little path to the gate when I saw him coming, to exchange with him a few words in his own tongue, I flatter myself, as though the very sound of the words brought him nearer home and his loved mountain peaks.

Gradually I learned his whole history. He had left Switzerland five years before, promising his sweetheart to return to her when he had made enough in the new country to which he was going to marry her and give her a home at least as comfortable as those of their peasant neighbors.

"I told her good by," he said simply, "and went away. I did not fear, nor did she—she knew I would come back if I lived—but my mountains! How could I say them good by for so long. I wept. I have no shame, Miss, to say I wept as I have not done since I lay in my mother's arms—as I never shall do again."

There was a resignation that amounted almost to despair in his tone. Before I knew it the tears were running down my cheeks.

"I thank you, Miss," he said simply, "but do not weep for me."

"Have you never heard from your sweetheart?" I asked him once. He made a gesture of apology.

"How could I, Miss?" he said. "We can neither of us read or write."

"Let me write it for you," I begged, "and she can easily find someone to read it to her and send a reply."

His face brightened wonderfully, and as soon as possible a letter was dispatched to the lonely heart in far off Switzerland, that I pictured to myself waiting and watching so anxiously for the word that never came.

Then we waited patiently for the answer. He never mentioned it from the day he walked ten miles to post it, so that it might go one mail earlier; but I knew he dreamed of it, waking and sleeping; and my heart sank more and more with each day that the postman passed my gate, with his "Good morning, ma'am—no, nothing today."

At last came June—a perfect June.

When heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays.

Oh, deathless words of the poets, expressing so well the thoughts that lie hidden in our inmost hearts, but that our stubborn tongues refuse to clothe!

June, that most beautiful month of all the twelve in the lovely valley of the Alps. He had failed visibly all through the long, cold winter, until he was only a shadow of what he was when I first knew him.

"You should see the valleys now, Miss Atwood," he said one day. "They are carpeted with forget-me-nots, and my mountains, my beautiful mountains, are looking down on it all."

A few days later, and a neighbor's little boy rapped at my door.

"Come quick, Miss Atwood," he said, "he's dying."

I did not need to be told who was dying. He was propped up in bed, a shining smile on his pale face. He spoke to me in German, as in all of our conversations.

"Have you heard from her—from my Lisa?" he whispered. I burst into tears, for I had but barely finished the long-expected letter when the message from him arrived.

"She is dead," he said quietly; "I know she has not forsaken me. She could not be false to me, my Lisa, any more than could my mountains."

"You are right," I said, softly, "she is dead, not faithless."

He was silent for some time, so silent that at times I almost thought he had already come. Suddenly he sat upright, his arm extended, his eyes shining with joy. "See," he cried, "there is Jungfrau, grand, glorious old Jungfrau. My mountains, they have come to me."

I looked and saw a beautiful, sun-drenched cloud, so like some wonderful mountain peak that it might well deceive keener eyes than those of the dying man.

"Do not see the sun on Jungfrau's top, my Lisa?" he murmured. "Do not see the crows fly by and disappear? See how the snows are changing—red and purple and green. The sun is setting, Lisa, and the mountains are growing dim and far away. I cannot see you, Lisa, and they, too, are growing dark. Oh, wait—wait—I am coming—I come!"

And he had gone to them; if not to the earthly mountains, for which he longed, yet to the more beautiful mountains of the New Jerusalem.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wallingford, Conn., Nov. 16.—Solon G. Jenkins, formerly a prosperous merchant, but gone to the dogs through drink, last night shot and killed his father-in-law Stephen Anthony, aged 60. He threatened all the rest of the family with death. He was locked up. Angry citizens threaten to lynch him.

CARE OF THE HAIR.

SOME SOUND ADVICE FOR WOMEN WHO WANT FINE LOCKS.

Hair must be carefully cultivated to grow even in length, supple, silken and graceful in color, says a writer in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*. Everything is encouraging for the improvement of the hair, if time can be given it. The same treatment will not do for different kinds of hair by any means. Strong, stiff, naturally moist hair needs a weekly shampooing and daily and nightly brushing, with exposure to the morning and evening sun, which is a great stimulant to the hair. Thin, soft, dry hair needs tender care, but with either the first step toward improvement is thorough washing of the scalp and hair, which collects dirt its entire length.

To cleanse it the various alkalis, borax, ammonia, carbonate of potash and washing soda are used, and the strong hair will bear them, but they burn the life out of thin, dry hair. Most hair washes are used entirely too strong. Soap bark is really better than any thing I know, except the shampoo powder of "the fatal sisters," which leaves the hair luxuriously silky, instead of drying like thistle-down. Pour two quarts of boiling water on a teaspoonful of soap bark, let it cool till pleasant, comb the hair smoothly from the face, part it and scrub down the parting with the shampoo brush like an exaggerated tooth brush, wetting the skin well with the decoction.

It lathers well, and the whole head should be gone over, making twenty or more partings, the hair rinsed in plenty of clear water, combed and wiped smoothly, not rubbing it ferociously, and tangling it, which breaks it. The Venetian ladies drew their hair through a crownless hat, and let it stream over the brim to dry, and you may follow the example, sitting in the sun, if possible, an hour. Light is a great stimulant and preservative to hair, and it is well to open it when dry and let the wind blow through. The sun will cause the natural oil of the hair to flow—or the head may be held to the fire until the dry hair feels moist.

A smart brushing night and morning, careful braiding before sleep, and an hour spent once a month clipping all forked ends, will insure a rapid growth of hair, if the general health is good, without other treatment. If you want a stimulant at night rub a little oil of lavender in the roots of the hair with the shampoo brush. Do not irritate the scalp by hard brushing. Regular care is better than overdoing.

This, fragile hair is best cleansed with the yolk of a fresh egg, rubbed in the roots with the fingers, left on fifteen minutes and washed off in warm, soft water. The egg is nutritive as well as cleansing to the hair, and may be used twice a week, wiping the hair and drying in the sun. Then comb, and stroke the hair smooth with the palms of the hands, gently and briskly, fifty to one hundred times. This stroking is better than brushing daily. A gentle current of electricity applied to the scalp every other day is excellent for weak hair, and is nearly as specific for baldness, partial or entire. To keep hair from falling nothing is better than the old-fashioned tincture of sage and rosemary, which, as no northern gardener grows rosemary, I leave the druggist to prepare. The wild white sage of the Rocky Mountains has great virtue as a stimulant to the hair. These two pleasant herbs are worth all the rest of the pharmacopoeia for the hair, lungs and nerves.

John Quincy Adams as a Grandfather.

He taught the little Mary Louisa her alphabet, and it was a proud day when she did really "know her letters." She was promoted at once to the Bible. Mr. Johnson says in a letter:

"The religious element was a dominant characteristic of President John Quincy Adams; the Bible was to him the Book of books, the sum of all truth, the main staff of life and hope of immortality, the very substance of things hoped for. He was a most assiduous student of its pages and not a day was ever allowed to pass without the reading of at least a chapter, and it was his ever constant resort for rest or refreshment. He thought it should be the first book for infant eyes to peruse, as well as the last in the hands of expiring age. In this regard his first care was that, as soon as might be, the 'Baby Mary'—child of his delight—should be taught to read; and this he made his personal care with such success that at the age of three years she was able to commence the reading to him of the Bible, in course as a daily duty. Thus at the period of my first meeting her at thirteen years of age, she was well on in the fourth perusal of the Bible word by word, verse and chapter.

"This fact I have heard repeatedly from the whole family and have often heard it from the President's own lips, uttered with a rapt expression of triumph."

Naturally one of her grandfather's early gifts was a bible; the one he gave her at nine has a presentation poem, "The Casket," from his own pen.

There was a younger sister, Georgiana Frances, and Miss Adams says that they both used to go to their grandfather's room every morning to read the Bible with him. He was often, of course, amused at the remarks they sturdily made, and the questions they asked. "He always," she says, "attended the Unitarian Church in the morning; and the Presbyterian in the afternoon, and always some of the young people went with him. He did not like to hear young persons criticize the sermons or the music; he would

say, never a sermon that had not some good in it for him."

To imagine the great statesman with the little girls at his knee, talking to them over the open Bible, is to see a beautiful picture. It accords with the grandeur of the man who disdained to possess "a language official and a language confidential," whom party could not rule, nor guide, nor hold, nor count upon, whom the mere politician cannot so this day, understand, fathom, or forgive; it accords with the simplicity of the man who, when an old man, as trustingly as his little granddaughters might, used to repeat every night:

Now lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.

He wrote long letters from time to time to this dear granddaughter. The sheets show the same neatness and precision which characterize the diaries and the state papers, the same elegance of diction and chirography which the venerable gentleman of threescore years and ten commends to the young girl, though the pen-strokes are tremulous; he must have written with the aid of the steel ring and pen-socket which he wore in his old age to steady his pen:

"I was rejoiced also to find your handwriting much improved; because I feel that with perseverance and attention you will ere long write as neat and elegant a hand as your own mamma; and in my judgment that is one of the most precious accomplishments that a lady can acquire.—This neatness of handwriting is obtainable only by constant practice continued for years, and that same practice while improving the hand has the same favorable effect upon the style. This is the secret of the fact long observed both in France and England, of the superiority of the female style of letter-writing.—Another and still more elevated accomplishment for a lady."

This letter should benefit our girls of fourteen as doubtless it did little Miss Adams.—From "Children of the White House," in Nov. *Wide Awake*.

A Story with a Moral.

The story has reached us of an Italian nobleman who at the altar refused to marry a young English heiress because her bridal dress was trimmed with the dead bodies of white doves. The tale is good enough to be true, but unfortunately such stories are not always true, and the use of birds for ornamenting the person is not wholly dispensed with. Ornithologists, however, assure us that the decided progress already made by the press in creating public sentiment against this cruelty and barbarism has largely increased the song birds at the northern nesting haunts. Any woman who persists in the use of real birds and birds' wings should be socially ostracized. Let her lay aside her prayer-book and learn mercy and grace, and to be faithful to her natural obligations.

Corruption at Elections.

An election—so-called—at a great commercial centre is something openly hideous. Gangs are organized to sell, under leadership, to the highest bidder for votes on either side. These are supplemented in effect by gangs that manipulate the ballot-boxes or miscount the votes. We could fill this number of our magazine with illustrations quite uncalled for, as every intelligent mind in the United States is cognizant of the facts.

While Senators Chandler, Edmunds, Hoar, and Ingalls are loud in their demands that the negroes of the South, the Chinamen of that locality, shall have the power their number calls for, these same gentlemen know, and laugh among themselves over the fact, that the great state of Ohio puts to record every year its political decision upon the thirty thousand negro votes that are paid for as regularly as the day of election comes round.—*Dona Platt in Belford's Magazine for November.*

Economical Hints for the Kitchen.

Among the cheap and nutritious meats may be mentioned tripe. Twice a week, each time in a different way, a dish would be acceptable to many. Where the meat dish is light a cheese or macaroni may be served with it, thus keeping up the required nourishment. Lentils also contain so much nitrogenous food that very light or made over meats should accompany them. Variety will be found to be more economical, at the same time more beneficial to health and appetite than the usual rounds of the American housewife. When a quart can of tomatoes is opened for soup, one half only should be used, and with a quart of stock (the latter costs nothing, if all stock material are saved), a little snet, flour, onion and Bay leaf, makes a delightful dinner soup, and quite enough for a family of six. The few pieces of bread left from breakfast may be cut into squares and toasted to serve with it. The remaining half or the tomatoes should be put in a bowl or jar and used next day for sauce, scalloped, or if mixed with okra and rice will make a nice dish for lunch. Do not waste even a slice of tomato or a leaf of cabbage, and at the end of the year you will be well paid.

When the politician want to pick up something hot without getting burned he uses the officeholder.—*Times.*