Thy life is one lonely distress.

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Yet thou art golden in beauty, And delicate, too, in thy form. There! as I lifted thy glory. 'Tis shattered before the rude storm. Flower, thou art parched in this des-

Too dry for one tear of complaint; Around thee hard stones, and above Fierce rays-thou wilt wither and faint.

"Oh, no," said the poppy, "not so; God made me to blossom out here; My red-coated brothers, I know, Were formed for a different sphere. But God wanted one little flower To grow where no other bloom grew, And He has provided my dower, Where you think the comforts are few.

"And if He has called you to be Where, all things seem barren and bare.

Then learn this blest lesson from me-God's flowers in a desert are fair. The yellow sea poppy God made To grow amid shingle and sand;

And here I have always His aid, To me 'tis a good, fruitful land." -William Luff, in N. Y. Tribune.

A Chat With a Detective.

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There was a tremendous crowd outside the Marylebone Police Court last Tuesday morning when I presented my card to the policeman at the door.

Some time after I had entered the court, I was introduced to a very well known detective, who has gained many laurels in the past, and who will gain so many in the immediate future.

He is a very gentlemanly man, welldressed, smart-looking; and when you have talked to him for a few minutes you realize in the quickness of his eye, and the sound sense of his conversation, the ability that has brought him into his present position.

I wanted his reminiscences; but an inherent dislike of publicity forbids nor would he help me more than oun-

"Never mind," I said, "I shaft have them for all that, you see if I don't," I thought it so desperate that he beg-I am able, however, to tell you some ged not to be left alone with Owen amusing things about this great de- even for a few minutes. detective officer, almost as famous, and an ardent admirer of my sub-

out has only been a detective for ten years. During that time he has seen as much of London life-in its better I'd known who you were." and more vicious forms—as any living man; and were he to write a book, it would be one of the most entertaining volumes that we could possess.

One of the most amusing cases that he was ever engaged on was when, in young man was stabbed and no ciue 1882, he arrested three famous "magsmen," that is, confidence-trick men, in

a public-house near Euston Station. He had followed these men for days. until one morning he saw two of them in the public-house and the third loafing about outside. They were the "tec," "I will be their victim, and they shall try to play the confidence trick on me *

With that he strolled into the bar, and instantly one man nudged the other, and gave him the signal that the game was to begin, little thinking what a comedy they were playing or how particularly lively a bird was their audience of one.

The first process was for them to quarrel. They called each other a lot of bad names, and then one turned to the "victim" and said:

"Look here, sir," this man is my son, and I allow him a lot of money every month, which he dissipates and wastes. He has just spent five hundred dollars of mine, and he wants me dence in him-none at all."

tive and asked him to have a drink. He had a drink, smoked with the men for over an hour, and pretended to be

fresh from the country. The fellows were delighted, and were about to confide in him, when in came the confederate from outside, and, suspecting something, said, "You fools;

don't you see he's a 'D.' The game was nearly up, but the detective, quick as lightning, saved it. He pulled out some money from his pocket, and said:

"Look here, let's toss for drinks." The pseudo-father cried to the suspicious man, "It's all right, you idiot, shut up," and then he fell to tossing with the detective, and finally opened the whole scheme, saying that, if but was overpowered by the smoke, smiled the detective would trust his son with and fell back into the flames only to his one hundred dollars to go round the corner with, he would give him more money, and the son hinted that he (the victim) and himself might divide it.

"Exactly," said the detective, and with that he whipped out the hand-

cuffs and buckled the pair. Of course the swindlers were fairly taken. "That big sum of money did me," said one of them, "I never thought that the police went about with so much morrey."

These three sharpers were in a jesting mood when tried. They kept the judge and jury in fits of laughter, for they did not seem, even then, to have recovered their astonishment at learning that the supposed greenhorn was one of the sharpest men in London.

"Didn't you drink with me?" asked oze; "didn't I stand you cigars?" insuired another, and to all this the tetactive merely smiled and replied; strains of music?

'Oh, yes; I enjoyed myself very much." This is the amusing side of detective life. Let us take another side. In the in capturing eight desperate burglars, of whom the captain was a man named

Willim Lovett This man, a regular desperado, was traced by the detective to a loft over a stable, and, although knowing that two or three desperate scoundrels were at the top of the norrow stairs, our detective went up, taking but one of-

ficer with him. The moment he entered the room. he saw that the affair was full of danger. Lovett drew a knife from his pocket and sprang upon him, but he struck the man under the ear and knocked him down. Then, lest he should recover, he took him in his arms, and thinking that the other men were about to spring on him, he contemplated throwing Lovett down the Stairs.

However, in the end he carried him down, and called his officer, who said. We're carrying a corpse," a statement which frightened the "fec" very much. They laid the man down in the policestation and applied cold water to his head. But Lovett did not like cold

With a howl and a bound he sprang up, and made another grab at the detective who had caught him; rather a coolish proceeding, seeing that he was surrounded by police officers, and had no chance of escaping.

This Lovett, afterwards sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, was a daring feliow, for he made his escape from Milibank, and then walked about London for two days with a loaded revolver, his sole purpose being to shoot the celebrated detective, whom he regarded with a perhaps easily comprehensible feeling of animosity.

Fortunately for himself, that gentleman was at that moment lying in his own house, suffering from a sharp attack of typhoid fever, and when he recovered he learnt the great risk he had escaped.

All great criminals seem possessed of a great desire to shoot detectives, and this is not unnatural seeing that such officers are, in the opinion of thieves, impertinently inquisitive and offensive in their curiosity.

The suject of this article once had a narrow escape with an American burglar named John Owen, a man who had committed many crimes in the coast. north of London. The detective followed him for days, knowing well in his pocket; and that, were he tackhim from helping his would-be scribes; led, he would certainly shoot his captors.

> Here was a desperate job then; and one of the detective's assistants ontory, and I found myself alone, or

ame at last. Walking close by him He is now forty years of age; he has wards. The fellow was thrown down, a detective he said, "Well, I should a good many, have made a hole in you, I guess, if | Comfortably

> These are but a few of the many great cases that the great enemy of evil-doers has been engaged in. For instance, he captured the perpetrators of the Regent's Park murder, when a hat; but young men always think that of any sort was left to identify his assailants.

Again, he brought Hatton to justice when a woman was discovered in a field near Elstree with her head crushed, and dozens of other cases have been charactirized by the skill that he waiting for a victim; "and so," said has brought to bear upon them. With had covered the beach and was lashing these I do not propose to deal; but I may just cite one instance to show how ready is the insight of such a magi and how true his quickly-formed conclusions.

> One day a woman came up to the police-station, and said that her servant had been nearly murdered by burglars, who had wounded her, pulled her hair out, and made off with a valuable silk dress.

> The detective went up to the house, and cross-examined this domestic, listening to her whole explanations, and then saying:

> "What do you take us for, detectives or fools? Come now, where is that silk dress?"

Of course, he was abused. "How to give him more; but I've no confi- dare he suspect our servant! how dare he make such instructions?" He lis-Here the son called his father bad tened to them, and laughed. He knew names: and then turned to the detec- in a moment that the servant was lying, and that no robbery had been committed.

> The girl had stolen the dress herseif, and before he left the house it was produced; and the astonished householders confessed that his instinct was nothing less than marvelous.

subject wears a fine gold chronometer to notice it: whatever shall I do?" given him for saving life from fire. One night a house in Cardigan Square was ablaze. He heard cries and screams; he rushed in and brought this piece of water, but it is rather out a woman, who, however, died in deep.

his arms. He entered the house again, brought out a child; entered yet a third time, be rescued by the fire brigade.

Where Can We Find-A woman to mop the brow of the

mountain? The whetstone that will sharpen a

dull appetite?

The ring that will fit the finger of

The correct measurement of the footprints of time?

The number of inhabitants in the matrimonial state? A frame for the mirror that is held

up to nature? Experience to ripen those people who are green with envy?

A ladder that will reach the top of

the morning? Something to southe the itch for fame and relieve some of the awful

The state of the property of the state of th

RETIRED.

same year, my friend was instrumental | The strong tide breaks upon the narrow pier. The ships go by; and one who knew

them well Sits at the close of day, and sits alone.

Captain no more! But he remembers The little town in dear old Maryland. Where first he learned by star and

wind and tide The track of the ocean, and the way of war.

Now all is done: a warship rides the

With shining bull and blackened funnels high.

And his old heart leaps at its prisoned For that his boy is there! He minds the time When little arms were twined upon his

neck. And ears bent low to hear the thrilling tale

Of ships that fought in battles long ago.

He thinks of her who stood beside him then With shining eyes-the light-house of his heart-And outward passed. like to a little

That, rocking in the mist, returns no

So comes the dusk; he hears the booming gun,

He sees the lowered flag, the nightlamps set; And watching on the pier he falls asleep,

And dreams of golden anchors far -John J. Meehan, in Leslie's Weekly.

MY DOUBLE DILEMMA.

Thoroughly tired of the pier, the esplanade, and the tennis-court, one afternoon, during my stay at the seaside, I took a solitary ramble round the

With the tall cliffs on one side of me and a vast expanse of ocean on the that the man always had a revolver other. I made my way over sand and shingle, careless of everything savo the appearance of my immaculate fiannel trousers, until the town of Brinybay was hidden by a chalk promapparently alone, with Nature.

As, however, I approached an irregular mass of rock lying together at the tective, things learned in a chat with The hour for this burgiar's capture, foot of the cliff, a scarlet object appearing above them attracted my pinned his arms and threw him back- discovered it was a parasol shading always passed her without any token one of the most bewitching girls I had been in the service for twenty years, and when he learnt that his captor was giver beheld in my life-and I have seen

Comfortably seated on a mossy boulder and deep in the perusal of a yellow-backed volume, she was becomingly attired in a dress of pale pink. and as I passed her I fancied she peeped at me from beneath her shady straw girls notice them, especially when like myself, they are Oxford undergraduates with their college arms emblazoned on the breast of their blue

serge jackets. I had not left this giren very far behind when my progress was suddenly brought to a stop by the sea, which the base of the cliff. I at once realised the unpleasant fact that the tide was flowing, and that if I did not speedily retrace my steps, my return to Brinybay would be prevented in the

same manner as my advance. Hastening back, and passing the maiden in pink, who was reading as unconcernedly as ever, I again found my path barred by a sheet of water

several yards in width. I was completely shut off from the mainland. To scale the cliff was utterly impos-

sible, and although I might have rewho was evidently unconscious of her critical situation. The waves were among which she was seated, and the at high waser they were totally sub-

Approaching the parasol, I coughed. "Excuse me," I said, "but the tide is coming in very fast, and, I amafraid, will soon be up here."

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, blushing, and hurriedly looking around her. Nor should it be forgotten that our "Oh, dear, how very stupid of me not "The only possible way of getting back," I remarked, as she slowly closed her book and left her seat, "is across

> In silence she followed me to the spot, and after gazing upon the fastwidening barrier, looked up at me and

"I think I know how we can overcome the difficulty," I said, "but I hope you won't be offended at my sugges-

tion." "Oh. no. no." she exclaimed, with a little laugh; "anything as long as I can get out of this horrid fix."

"Then, I believe I could manage to carry you across, if you wouldn't object," I said, after some hesitation. Another smile illumined her fair countenance, and she replied in tones

of the deepest sincerity... "Oh, thank you, thank you; I should feel so grateful if you would, so very much obliged."

Throwing off my shoes and socks, and tucking up my immaculate ones, I but the yellow-covered book into one of my capacious pockets, deposited my stick with the scarlet paragol on the beach and gently lifting its fail owner in my arms, in another moment had lorded the water and deposited her on

She returned with me to Brinybay.

Her thanks were overwhelming, and ere long we were chatting together like a couple of old friends.

A proposal I made for taking her mother for a sail in my yacht pleased her more than ever, and when I parted with her near the pler—though ignorant of her name and connection thought she was the most charming

girl I had met with for a long time. On arriving at my apartments I found that the yellow-covered volume which she had entrusted to my care was still in my pocket. I opened it Upon the wave that smote his native and found on the title-page the following: "Bessle Cragg, Sea View Villa, Brinybay."

Not displeased at my discovery, I penned a polite little note to "Miss Cragg"-who was evidently the bewitching possessor of the scarlet parasol-in which, after briefly referring to her book, I had the boldness to fix a day for the proposed yatching ex-

pedition. Neatly enclosing the epistle with the Edward O'Gradyvolume, I left the parcel that evening at Sea View Villa

Next morning I was told that a gentleman desired to speak to me in private. I ordered my landlady to show the visitor in, and forthwith a black-looking man, of middle age, entered my parlor.

"Mr. Lyon, I presume?" he began eyeing me unpleasantly. "I am Mr. Lyon; what is it?" I said,

annoyed at the stranger's manner. "What is it?" he sneered; "what is it, indeed young man! What do you mean by sending my wife such stuff as this, and by asking her to accompany you in a yacht, etc., you impertinent fellow?" and he threw my little

note to Bessie Cragg on to the table. "Your wife?" I exclaimed in confusion, "your wife, sir? I think you are in error; I think that you have made a mistake, sir."

"Mistake!" cried the stranger flercely; "mistake-fiddlesticks. I am Mr. Joseph Cragg, young man, and if ever I catch you insulting my wife with another such billet doux it's ten to one you won't have a chance of repeating the offense!" With this terrible threat, my visitor

left the house. I threw myself into a chair and grouned aloud—a pretty ending, forsooth, to the romantic incident of the preceding day.

During the next week I had little bliss; it made me miserable to think that fair and froliceome Bessie was bound for life to such a wolfish monster as Joseph Cragg. On reflection, I wondered why she

adventure by the seaside (for I presumed he was unaware of it,) and why, when she was with me, she had any peared so eager to accept my invita-

tention, and, on nearing the spot, I alone in the town and on the pier, but of recognition. On one occasion I fancied she smiled faintly at me, but taking no notice of her familiarity, I thought, for a married person, that her behaviour was extremely improper.

Just a week after my eventful rameble round the coast, while strolling listlessly on the esplande, I was surprised on being accosted by a pleasant! looking old lady who, grasping my hand, exclaimed-

"Are you the gentleman that saved my dear little Marie from being drown- QUARANTEED 25 YEARS. Not the ed when almost caught by the tide some days ago?"

I was absolutely bewildered, nor was it until I was seated in the gushing old lady's drawing-room conversing Own RELIABILITY & ESTABLE with her and her fair grand-daughter sedded with breakyour Marie—the identical possessor of the Bank scarlet parasol—that am explanation inof the whole affair took place.

Mrs. Elizabeth Crage was a triend SEARS . ROL of Marie's and had lent her the yellowbacked volume which, on being returned to its original owner, had fallen into the hands of Mr. Cragg.

Without showing either the book or the note to his wife, this gentleman Interest on Mouthly Bale had opened the letter with the above accorded unpleasant result.

It may interest the souder to know Regard Hards sumed my homeward course after wading through the water, I could not trip as proposed, and thoroughly enhanced the fair girl near me. joyed it, too; but beyond the information of the later of the late tion contained in the appending news- Russi A. paper cutting, I cannot furnish further Cilbert Bride. rapidly advancing towards the rocks particulars of the consequences of my eventful ramble when, although I clud- EDWARD HARRIS. seaweed clinging to them told me that ed the clutches of Neptune, I fell a ALEX M. LINDSA victim to the snares of Capid.

Lyon—Brading.—August 4, at 8t. Old's. Erinybay, by the Rector, the Rev. P. Prosy, M. A., Charles Lyon, eldest son of John Lyon, Esq., of Harrowfield, Hants, to Maria, daughter of Colonel John Brading, Royal Slashers.

How to Bead the Tongue. The perfect tongue is clean, moist, lies loosely in the mouth, is round at the edge and has no prominent papilate. The tongue may be furred from local cause or from sympathy, with the

stomach, intestines or liver. The dry tongue occurs most free quently in fever and indicates a neryous prostration or depression.

A white tongue is diagnostic simply of the feverish condition, with perhaps a sour stomach. When it is moist and yellowish brown it shows disordered digestion. Dry and brown indicates a low state of the system, possibly typhoid.

When the tongue is dry and red and smooth, look out for inflammation gastic or intestinal. When the papilae on the end of the

tongue are raised and very red it is called a strawberry tongue, and that means scarlet fever. Sharp pointed red tongue will hint

of-brain irritation or inflammation. and a yellow coating indicates liver derangement.

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