A TELL-TALE PHOTOGRAPH.

BY AN ENGLISH DETECTIVE.

Some time ago a robbery from the person, attended with considerable violence, was reported as having been perpetrated in a retired spot in the suburbs of the metropolis.

An elderly gentleman had been discovered lying near the roadside in an unconscious state, his pockets rifled, and with every indication that he had been subjected to very rough treatment, and that robbery had been the object. As nothing was found on him that could give any clue to his identity, the police were unable to communicate with his friends, and he was, by direction of the division surgeon, removed to the hospital, where it was found that his injuries were of a very serious nature, and at least three days elapsed before anything like an intelligible account of the occurrence could be obtained from him.

By degrees, and during lucid intervals, the following facts were elicited. He resided near London, about five miles from the spot where he had been found. On that day he had called upon one of his tenants, who lived about a mile distant, and who had paid him a quarter's rent in cash. In addition to this amount, he had a few pounds with him, making altogether about twenty pounds. He was wearing a gold watch, and he had also a few other articles about him of no great value. He stated that when he left his tenants to walk to the nearest railway station, about a mile and a half distant, it was nearly 7 o'clock, and dark.

When he arrived at nearly a quarter of a mile distant from the station, he was accosted by a man of stoutish build, and whose general appearance he minutely described. The man asked to be directed to some place at no great distance, and after being informed the way, still lingered, and, suddenly turning round, aimed a blow at the gentleman's head. The force of the blow was checked by his hat, but this was followed by others, until the old gentleman became exhausted, having struggled with his assailant vigorously, and shouted for help. As no houses were near, however, and the road was not much frequented, he was unheard. He was conscious that his assailant was robbing him. He felt him take his watch, remove from his pocket a bag containing gold, his purse and pocket-book, but was too weak to offer further resistance. Having secured his booty, the man struck the old gentleman a violent blow with his stick and left him. He remembered nothing more until he found himself lying on a bed in the hospital ward.

The case having been placed in my hands, I at once caused a description of the man to be circulated among the police, and also among jewelers, refiners and pawnbrokers, accompanied by the maker's name and number of the watch. I soon ascertained that a man answering this description had been observed near the spot by a policeman, who had closely observed him, as he had a suspicious look. But the question was where to look for some clew to his whereabouts. I had been about a week on this job, and could get no farther with it, when I received a note from Mr. C., a pawnbroker with whom I was acquainted, asking me to call upon him as early as possible.

I lost no time in complying with his request, when Mr. C. produced a bill such as is daily circulated among pawnbrokers, containing a description of stolen and lost property. He explained to me that his assistants always carefully scanned these lists, but that as he did not give much attention to the pledge counter, he did not always examine these bills. He had, however, casually taken up this list on the previous day, and had been particularly struck with one item, in which it was stated that special attention was requested to the following:

NOTICE.—A gold lever watch, open face, with seconds—makers' name, Barr and Lund, Cornhill, London—likely to be offered by a man of the following appearance.

The general appearance of the man, his height, complexion, his dress, and some peculiarities of manner and expression were then given.

I may here remark that added to the notice was an offer of a reward of twenty pounds to any person giving such information as should lead to the restoration of the property and to the conviction of the thief.

I at once confided to Mr. C. the fact that I was then engaged on the case, and sincerely hoped that, as he had sent for me in relation to it, he had some information to give that would be of real assistance to me in my investigation.

"Well," said Mr C., "I am by no means sure that my suspicions are well founded, but I imagine I have at least some slight clew to the mystery;" for I had told him all the circumstances as I have already related them here. He then went to a drawer, and taking from it a photograph album, opened it before me, saying, "Is that the man you want?"

From the first moment I saw the photograph I felt convinced it was the likeness of the man of whom I was in search. Instead of replying to his question, I asked, "Where did you get this?"

"Well," said Mr. C., "when I read the description of the man on that bill, he seemed to rise up before me. I could not divest myself of the idea that I had seen him, and that the general details of his appearance brought before my mind a familiar reality. I pondered the subject for some time, when the whole thing came to my recollection. I called one of my assistants and directed him to go to the ware-house and fetch me a certain photograph album pledged a few months since. I opened it and soon found this photograph, and I at once saw—or imagined I saw—the individual described in the list. I lost no time in sending for you, as the most likely officer I know to follow the matter up, if there is really anything in it."

"Do you know the pawner of the album?" I asked; "and did this man"—pointing to the photograph—pledge it?"

"I will tell you all I know," he replied. "I am well acquainted with the pawner—a female, a young, careworn woman. My attention was directed to the photograph in this way. When the woman brought the album to pawn, I was looking through it, when she directed my attention to this, remarking, 'That is my husband.' You will notice, he observed, "that this is the likeness of a somewhat remarkable looking man, and it left an impression on my mind which the description on the bill at once revived."

"Can you give me the address of the woman?" I inquired.

"I can. Here it is," he said, handing me a slip of paper with an address written upon it.

I was permitted to take the photograph with me, and bidding Mr. C. good day, I took my departure, and fell to considering my next step. I determined to ascertain if the woman lived at the address I had obtained.

As we frequently, in the course of our inquiries have to make various excuses for calling at the houses where we hope to obtain some information, we are somewhat fertile in concocting reasons for so doing, and when I knocked at the door of the house in Swan street, to which I had been directed, I had quite prepared myself with a plausible reason.

The door was opened by an elderly woman, who had the unmistakable stamp of lodging-house keeper upon her.

On my inquiring if Mrs. Pritchard lived there, she surveyed me with a rather critical air, as if to glean my business, and then replied:

"She used to, but she has left."

"How long has she left?"

"I think about five weeks."

"Just about the time of the robbery," I remarked to myself.

"Do you know where she has gone?"

"No, I do not. I wish I did; for if ever I felt for a poor young thing, I do for her. She paid me up all she owed before she left. But her wretch of a husband—he is a bad 'un, he is, idling his time away during the day, and just going out when all decent people think of going to bed."

"Then you can give me no idea of where they have gone to?"

"No; they left me somewhat suddenly. She told me she was going into the country—that her husband had obtained a situation; but as she was never ready to talk about her affairs, I did not trouble her by inquiring any further."

Finding I could get nothing from the woman, my next step was to submit the photograph to the police officer, who had stated his readiness to identify the man he had met near the scene of the outrage. I accordingly looked him up, when he unhesitatingly recognized the likeness.

As I had sufficient evidence of identity, I determined not to trouble the injured old gentleman, and began to turn over in my mind what was the best thing to be done next. The man had removed from his lodgings, and as far as I could ascertain, had left no clue to his whereabouts.

After some consideration I determined to call upon Mr. C. once more. I soon found myself sitting in his snug little office, and after informing him of the departure of the man from Swan street, I asked him if he had many transactions with his wife and if she often visited the shop. He told me that she had been a frequent customer, usually bringing articles of her own apparel, and rarely obtaining more than a few shillings upon them.

"Can you inform me if she has any more articles in pledge with you now?" I asked.

"I will ascertain," he replied. "Of course there is the album, and probably there are other things."

In a short time I was informed that there were several other parcels belonging to her still in the warehouse.

A happy thought struck me:

"Are you in want of an assistant just now," I inquired.

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Could you not take an extra one—temporarily, you know?"

"I do not understand you."

"See here," said I—"suppose I were to enter your service for a shot time, just to be handy in case your customer called to redeem some more of her goods."

"I see," said Mr. C., smiling, "I think it might be managed."

So in a very short time I was stationed at a small desk at the end of the counter, with a pen behind my ear, and looking as much like a pawn-broker's shopman as I could.

I had previously secured the assistance of a reliable man, who often worked with me, to be on hand if I required his help.

It had been arranged that a certain signal should be given me if the woman called. An inkstand stationed on my desk was to be removed and placed before where she was standing.

After three days' waiting, and occupying my time the best way I could, about 11 o'clock in the morning a neatly dressed young woman entered a box, and, after looking through a packet of pawn tickets she had taken from her pocket, placed about half a dozen on the counter, saying she wished to redeem them.

As soon as the assistant had taken them he came to my desk, removed the inkstand, and placed it in front of the woman.

Without appearing to notice the circumstance, I leisurely sauntered toward the door, signaled to my man, and instructed him to follow the woman whose appearance I described—telling him not to lose sight of her until he saw her enter what he might suppose to be her home. I gave him some money, and directed him to telegraph to me cautiously when he had reached his destination, as I expected he might have to travel some distance.

About 7 o'clock that evening I had a telegram placed in my hand:

"From James Collier, Sussex Inn, Hayward's Heath.

"Have carried out your instructions. Am waiting for further orders."

To this I replied:

"Will be with you by first train to-morrow."

Early next day I packed up a few things in my portmanteau and started for Victoria Station, and in due time reached Hayward's Heath. My man informed me that he had followed the woman to the station, saw her enter a train, and not being aware of her destination, told the guard he was an officer, that he was watching a passenger going by the train, and would settle his fare when he alighted. This was readily agreed to. He entered the next compartment to that occupied by the woman, and after carefully noting each person leaving the compartment at the various stations which the train stopped, saw her alight at Hayward's Heath. He followed her a short distance from the station, when he saw her take a key from her pocket and open the door at a small house. He then looked out for a place to stay at, and telegraphed as I had told him to do.

I soon ascertained that the woman was a lodger at the house, that she lived alone, and that no person had been seen to visit her during the time she lived there.

The next morning I looked out for the postman and saw him knock at the door of the house and deliver a letter—Mrs. Partridge (the only name I knew her by) taking the letter from him. After he had left the house, I went to him and informing him that I was a detective officer, asked him if he could tell me the postmark that was upon the letter he had just delivered.

He replied that he had not noticed, but it was similar to several he had previously had for the same person, Mrs. Saunders.

"Persons receiving letters usually answer them, I thought; something may yet be done. Toward evening I saw her leave the house with a letter in her hand. I noticed it was in a buff-colored envelope. She went direct to the post office and posted it.

I went in, inquired for the postmaster, and, showing him my card, explained to him that it was of the utmost importance that I should see the address on a letter just posted. He said it was contrary to their regulations, but they were allowed to make an exception in a case where investigations were being made by the police. He turned the letters out from the box, when I at once pointed out the one in the buff envelope, there being no others like it. The direction was: "Mrs. Shepherd, Post Office, Liverpool."

I was soon on my way to London to catch the first train I could get to Liverpool; but with all my dispatch I could not reach there until the following day. Leaving my portmanteau at the station, I hurried off to the post office and inquired for a letter for "Mrs. Shepherd."

The clerk looked at me and remarked that Mrs. Shepherd usually called for her letters herself. I inquired if I could see the postmaster, and upon being introduced to him, I soon obtained permission to watch until Mrs. Shepherd called for her letters.

About 10 o'clock next morning a woman, apparently about sixty, with gray hair and wearing spectacles, asked if there were letters for Mrs. Shepherd.

The letter was handed to her, a signal being given to me at the same time. I was soon on her track. She walked very briskly through several streets, and at last turned into a house the number of which I carefully noted. I soon ascertained that Mrs. Shepherd occupied a room, and that the only other occupants of the house were the landlord, his wife and two children.

After watching two or three days, I noticed that she left the house only in the evening, and that she usually hurried home after making a few purchases.

Certain suspicions having arisen in my mind respecting this woman, I determined to test them, and accordingly the next evening, when she left the house as usual, I contrived to meet her, and, as if by accident, I stumbled and fell heavily against her. I will not repeat here the expressions she used. Suffice it to say that they were not of the kind usually to be heard from female lips, and the sound of the voice was unmistakably masculine.

Seizing her by the arm, I said:

"Shepherd—Partridge—or whatever you call yourself, I arrest you on the charge of highway robbery with violence, committed about two months since."

"You be hanged! You have made a mistake altogether," was the reply.

"It is very fortunate for you," I replied, "that your victim is in a fair way to recover, or you would have to answer a more serious charge."

After considerable resistance, with the aid of a policeman I got my "man" to the station. He was brought up to London, and in due course sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. Although very little was known of him by the London or provincial police, beyond his being a suspected person, it was ascertained that he had been convicted in Dublin, and had also been in trouble in Scotland.

A few days after the trial I waited upon Mr. C., and placed before him a check for £20 I had received from the old gentleman. On searching the prisoner's room I had discovered the watch very carefully secreted. He had evidently been afraid to offer it for sale or pawn. Mr. C. insisted that I should have the reward.

"You, officer," he remarked, "have had all the trouble, and the credit is entirely your own."

"The owner of the watch has not forgotten me," I replied, "and has acted liberally toward me; but he considers, as I do myself, that you are entitled to the reward as the person who gave the information that led to the conviction of the offender and the recovery of the property."

"Well," said Mr. C., as he turned to his cash-box, in which he placed the check, "as you will have it, the reward is mine, I may at least do what I like with it. I will ask you to hand it for me to your excellent institution, the Police Orphanage."

Finding he was resolute, I thanked him for his kindness and help, remarking that in all my adventures, and among my numerous disguises, I never before assumed the character of an amateur pawnbroker.

Strike Her Down.

Beware of her, she's false and foul,
She greets with smiles the villian's bowl,
Ann Archy!

She'll prate about the rights of man,
And steal from you whate'er she can,
Ann Archy!

She's dyed in vice from crown to sole,
Her hand's hold Murder's reeking bowl,
Ann Archy!

She comes to kill the pleasant home,
To send men forth like beasts to roam,
Ann Archy!

All social ties she would dissolve
And in red riot men involve,
Ann Archy!

Strike down the hag ere 'tis too late,
And send her back to Satan's gate,
Ann Archy!
—Boston Budget.

James Close, of Walla Walla, Washington territory, killed an Indian about a month ago, and last week was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary and to pay a fine of $5.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

A Little Girl's Account of the Suffering She Endured While Among the Gypsies.

Taken from an Infirmary and for Five Years Subjected to Terrible Treatment.

Her Escape.

A little less than three months ago the citizens of the little town of Gettysburg, Darke county, O., were horrified by a story told them by a waif calling herself Cora Dobbins, writes a Shelbyville correspondent of *The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette*. The child's story was so horrible as to create the wildest indignation, and but for the fact that she would tell some her name was Cora Dobbins and others Cora Green, this letter would have been written in Ohio, with a detailed account of the manner in which the girl's tormentor was mobbed.

An exceedingly pleasant drive of some seven miles, going east on the Michigan road from this place, brings you to the elegant, not to say palatial, farm residence of Mr. Leonard Powell. This gentleman's home is surrounded with all the wealth and luxury that a successful life brings to the industrious farmer. It is just such a home as all wish for, but few ever secure. The beautiful dwelling, the elegant lawn, the walks, which are bordered with the sweetest flowers, the spacious outbuildings, the herds of fine, sleek kine, with great fields of sweet-scented clover in full bloom, the fields of waving wheat, the songs of the birds—make the scene one worthy of the artist's best endeavors. To this elegant home your correspondent, this morning, wended his way, and there heard one of the saddest, most shocking, and heartrending tales that ever fell from the lips of a mortal.

In this beautiful home, taken there through the act of pure philanthropy, is now Cora Doolittle, a child only 14 years old, who has suffered all the tortures ever inflicted on the bravest hero of the days of the inquisition. As she stood before me this morning it was hard to believe that her story could possibly be true, and were it not for the scars that cover her body, from her very toes to the crown of her head, any person would be justified in disbelieving her. The child is bright in the ways of the world, but thoroughly ignorant as to books. She is not handsome, neither is she homely, her bright, sparkling gray eyes being so quick to see everything that she is rendered attractive. Her hair is blonde, complexion fair and ruddy, and her build is strong and elastic. In conversation she is adroit, and shows the cunning of the people she has lived with so long. Dressed in a neat, light lawn dress, with a pale blue ribbon at the throat, the child was neat, and were it not for a horrible scar across the left cheek and a bullet wound in the forehead she would be considered by some as handsome. This child's mother was Susan Doolittle, a poor, unbefriended woman, who found her way to the county asylum, four miles south of here, before the child was born.

When the little unfortunate babe was ushered into the world, Mr. Hugh Dobbins was then superintendent of the institution, and he christened the babe Cora, and as she grew up the inmates generally called her Cora Dobbins. It was this fact that made her give the name of Cora Dobbins at Gettysburg. One evening in 1881, when Henry Spellman was acting as superintendent of the asylum, a man and woman walked up to the front door of the place, and, inquiring for Spellman, asked him if they had a little girl they could get to raise. The stranger gave his real name, that of John Moberly, and claimed that the woman was his wife.

Cora was brought down stairs, and, her mother now being dead, she was turned over to Moberly and the woman. They walked but a short distance when they arrived at a place where they had left a covered wagon, and into this they put the child and made off. From that date to this the girl has been wandering over the country with this man in bands of gypsies, her travels including all of Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio. The leader of the gypsies was "Sugar" Stanley, a brother of the gypsy queen, who was buried at Dayton, O., a few years ago with such great pomp and eclat.

As soon as the pair who had Cora in charge were out of harm's way, then gave her to understand that the man should be called John McVey and the woman Mary O'Connel. In order to make her more fully appreciate this command, McVey took a small club and beat her over the head and arms till she was covered with welts and her clothing soaked with blood. This mode of punishment was inflicted so often that the child's back is now so covered with ugly scars that it is impossible to lay the hand down without covering one or more of them. At the least provocation, and without any cause, McVey would beat her, and as the child was forced to beg along the road the more horrible they could make her appear the greater her success, so this torture was often inflicted for this purpose alone.

On one occasion McVey kicked Cora in the side, the blow being so heavy that three ribs were broken and the flesh badly bruised. This developed into a running sore, and, as she said, "It was so big I could put two fingers in it, and three or four pieces of bone came out." No attention was given her, and during all the terrible suffering of this awful wound the child was forced to beg and do camp work. While up in Grant county, this state, they were in camp near a farm that was well stocked with chickens. When night came on McVey made Cora go to the hen roost alone to supply them with fresh meat. Forced to obey, she started, and on arriving at the place captured four hens. As she started away one of the hens squalled so lustily that McVey heard it, and the child, fully terrorized, dropped one hen and with the other three in her arms made a break for the camp. For permitting the hen to cry out, McVey bound the child hand and foot, bucked and gagged her, then deliberately thrust his pocket-knife into the quivering flesh six times. "This," said the child, placing her finger on the scar on her face, "is one of the gashes." Then, pushing back both sleeves, a number of scars were revealed that made the writer's blood fairly turn cold. Wounds were then disclosed on the lower limbs that were fully four inches long, and so many were they that the flesh had the appearance of being welted and seamed. Mrs. Powell says the body is in the same condition all over.

"See this knot on my elbow?" pointing to a swelling on the right arm; "this is where he hit me with a club and broke my arm. He had to get a doctor then," continued the victim, "but that was the only time he ever did anything to help me. Pointing then to the left elbow, she exhibited another knot that was made by a club, the blow dislocating the elbow, which was "pulled" back by McVey. "Oh, that is nothing—just look here!" continued the child, as exclamations of horror were made by the scribe. Parting her hair, a healed wound was disclosed that extended two inches across the head. Here Mr. Powell explained that when the child was recently examined by a physician twenty-eight scars were found on the head alone, all of which were made by clubs. To show how thick these wounds are, the hair was parted in a half dozen places, each spot showing where the scalp had been broken.

As well as the child can remember, two years ago she determined to make her escape, and one day, when she was threatened with a whipping, an opportunity was waited for and a dash made for liberty.

The camp at that time was five miles from Portland, Jay county, Ind., and that town Cora tried to reach. She succeeded, and just as she was beginning to think she was free she was recaptured by an old gypsy woman, who was in town telling fortunes. Being returned to camp she was beaten unmercifully, and, to add horror to horror, McVey again tied her, stripped the feet of shoes and stockings, and standing the then almost dead child up in the wagon, nailed one foot to the wagon-bed, the nail being driven through the left foot. The incarnate fiend, still not being content, struck her a blow across the instep with the blade of the hatchet, laying the flesh open to the bone, and then left her in this condition for more than an hour. If the scars did not carry out this assertion the people would not be asked to believe it. One day when McVey and the woman O'Connel had separated from the band, they went into camp alone, near Richmond, this state. As usual, Cora was turned out to beg. McVey was sharpening scissors, mending umbrellas, and doing such jobs of tinkering as he could secure. "The woman was "doing the town," and it so chanced that Cora saw her enter a livery stable in company with two men. Not knowing it would incur the wrath of either, the child told McVey what she had seen, and McVey in turn raised merry war with the woman. At this moment the three were in the wagon, and the woman became so incensed that she drew a small revolver from her dress-pocket, and fired at Cora. The ball struck her plump in the forehead, between the eyes, but by some happy circumstance it did not penetrate the skull, glancing off and lodging under the skin an inch from where it entered. "See, here is the place," said Cora, as she turned back her bangs; and, sure enough, there was the bullet-hole, the powder in the skin and the scar that was made by the surgeon's knife a short time ago. On one occasion McVey stripped his captive, and after bringing a pan of water to a boil dashed it against her lower limbs, scalding them till the flesh dropped off in places. At another time he tied her to a stake with the intention of burning her to death, but changed his mind, and amused himself by cutting off one of her finger-nails. Her hands all over shows where he bit out pieces simply for the sake of making her appear wretched when she would hold them out for alms. The atrocities visited on this helpless child are without parallel in the annals of crime, and to hear her recite her awful experiences makes an impression never to be forgotten.

Eleven weeks ago to-day, this poor little helpless child was doomed to die at the hands of McVey. How horrible her death might be she could not tell, for her sufferings and tortures for five years had been such as would have killed or dethroned the minds of most people. In a moment of desperation she determined to escape or die in the attempt. McVey had discarded his woman, and he and the child were alone near Gettysburg, not far from Greenville, O.

The moment arrived. McVey was away a short distance, and Cora, like a frightened deer, sprang away. Supernatural power was given the helpless orphan, and she sped away on the wings of the wind. A mile and a half away was the home of Manuel Miller, which the girl reached more dead than alive. She was given protection by these good people, and the next day was taken to a Mr. Juleck's, where she remained about one week. McVey, during this time, was skulking around, and in order to mislead him, Cora was taken to Alexander Brown's, and then to Caroline Brown's, in Gettysburg, next to Frank Choate's, and finally to Clay Choate's, where she was received by Mr. Powell. Eighteen years ago, Abraham Fessler, grandfather of Cora on her mother's side, died, leaving a small amount of money, which this child is heir to. Four years ago Mr. Powell was made guardian of the child, though it was not known whether she was dead or alive. He immediately commenced looking and searching for her, but could gain no clew. When the child first told her story in Darke county, she gave her name as Cora Dobbins, and to others as Cora Green, but she was certain she was carried away from Shelby county. Prosecutor Elliott and Sheriff Thomas Lickladder, of Greenville, followed this clew, came here, and on examining the records and following one clew after another, finally established the fact that the child was Mr. Powell's ward. On last Tuesday evening Mr. Powell returned from Ohio with the child, and to-day there is not a happier person in this wide, wide world than Cora Doolittle. She will be put in school this fall, and everything possible done to erase from her mind the tortures and sufferings of the past five years.

Since her escape she has seen McVey once, and that was when she was living at Alexander Brown's. The family was going to a funeral, and McVey approached the wagon in which they were at which Cora was made to lie down. He demanded of Mr. Brown to know where the child was, and threatened to whip him if he did not tell. Here Cora brightened up, and exclaimed, "Yes, but he couldn't whip Alexander Brown." In regard to McVey's real name, the girl thinks it is John Moberly. Among the gypsies he is known as "Three-Fingered Jack," from the fact that the first two fingers of his right hand are off. She describes him as being about five feet ten inches high (she judged this by a gentleman in the room), gray eyes, sandy hair, and beard of the same color, which he always cuts off in the summer. On one of his forearms is a scar, made by a knife. It seems that he is an Indiana product. Years ago he was living with a woman named Green, and, as was his habit, he spent about two months of the winter on a farm between Ridgeville and Farmland in Rudolph county. One day he and his mistress had a quarrel, resulting in McVey knocking her on the head and throwing her body into the fireplace. She did not die, and McVey being arrested he was taken to Winchester, where he escaped from jail. He was recaptured and sent to Grant county for trial, and was given four years in the state prison, where he cut his fingers off to keep from working. He is thought to be about 35 years old where he is not known, but in case he ever comes prowling around this section of the country he would be mobbed instantly. The entire story is one of real life, and so shocking in all its details as to make it seem impossible. The people in Darke county who befriended the child can rest assured that she is now happy beyond measure.

There is a dispute among certain papers as to who owns the most costly painting in the United States. The pointing is right here in Philadelphia on the end of a man's nose. What it costs to paint it would found a dozen art galleries.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

The question at issue between the United States and Canada: "Fish or cut bait."—*Indianapolis News.*

THE TWO REPORTERS.

The Reader Must Decide Which One Got a Permanent Engagement.

Once upon a time, says *The Washington Critic*, two reporters, seeking a position on a great morning newspaper, with the largest circulation in the world, as the affidavits of the business manager and office boy would testify, were sent by the managing editor to a distant and lonesome resort where the president was enjoying his honeymoon, in order that they might send back competitive reports, whereby their respective merits might be determined upon and the place given to the more worthy. They arrived at the place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 3 they saw the president emerge from his cottage, walk down to a little bridge, and return. After that nothing more was seen of him or his bride, nor could any information be obtained. At midnight they handed their respective reports to the telegraph operator, and this is what the managing editor received from the first man:

"The president took a short walk to the little bridge near the cottage and returned. He has not been out of the house since. All serene."

This is what the other man sent:

"As the god of day sank behind the impending summits of the Alleghanies this afternoon, the newly created Benedict emerged from the beautiful cottage in which he and his bride are passing their blissful honeymoon for a short stroll. He pulled the door of the cottage shut with his right hand, while in his left he carried a stick. This stick was three feet long and of rustic pattern. It had been cut in the mountains near the 'executive mansion,' and was still in its rough state, although slightly whittled round at the hand end. It was cut at 2:30 this afternoon. The president took three steps and a half across the piazza, and the half step off the edge to the steps leading to the ground. He wore a Prince Albert coat, dark pants, low cut shoes, and a silk hat. As he reached the walk in front of the house, it was noticed that there was a wrinkle in the president's pants at each knee, and a small piece of string clung delusively to his left trouser leg. There were also five new and unexperienced wrinkles in the narrative of his Prince Albert, and the conclusion instantly forced itself upon your correspondent's mind that the president, in the excitement of the moment, had sat down on his coat-tails. One button also gave indications of being loose, and there were four well-defined specks of dust on the collar a little northwest of the seam running across from the shoulder. How these specks accumulated your correspondent was unable to discover, but he has good reasons to believe the president shook them down from the ceiling as he slammed the door in coming out of the cottage. He walked slowly down the path in a direction leading to the point which he desired to reach, and a faint smile was seen playing over his features. This smile was encored five times during the president's walk. His right shoestring hung down a half inch lower than his left shoestring, but he did not stop to change his toilet. His shoes were made in New York and shipped to Washington by express four week before the wedding day, and they did not hurt his feet. When he reached the bridge he stopped an instant, then, setting his right foot back of his left he slowly turned around and retraced his steps. He look up into the clear sky on four distinct occasions, but did not see anything there, by your correspondent developed the fact that there was nothing to see. He wore a white shirt and a white collar, and his necktie was black and tied in a simple, plain bow-knot, with the ends resting on the lapels of his coat in a confiding manner. He noticed the white thread on his left trouser leg just as he reach the cottage steps, and, bending down carefully, he removed it and threw it into the grass near the path. Your correspondent afterward picked it up, and it was found to be cotton raveling off of a towel or napkin, and was an inch and a half long, with a small knot in one end of it. The president gave a short cough as he went up the steps into the cottage. His hair as it showed under his hat was smooth, with the exception of one hair, which straggled somewhat, and there was one loose whisker in his mustache. His color was good, and his step was as steady as a soldier's. As he reached the piazza a fly lit on his nose. It was only an ordinary house fly, and the president, after one or two ineffectual muscular contractions, raised his right hand and brushed the thoughtless intruder away. It flew off in a northeasterly direction, and lit on the railing of the piazza, where it carefully brushed its wings with its rear limbs, as flies are wont to do. At exactly 3:04 o'clock the president opened the door of the cottage with his left hand, stepped over the threshold, and disappeared within the cottage."

The managing editor carefully read these two reports, and taking out his writing materials indicted two letters to the reporters. One of these said: "Your services are not wanted." We leave the reader to decide which reporter received this letter.

PEN GRAPHS.

The state is the child of the pen and the sword.

Is the penguin related to the pen—the steel pen?

That is a poor pen which does not provoke thought.

The pen is a helpless tool—its power is the writer's brain.

If the pen is mightier than the sword, how about the pin?

The pen that scribes bad thoughts finds few unpaid defenders.

The glory of the pen is ancient. The press is the pen of to-day.

The world's heroes of the pen are honored before those of the sword.

The funny pen will find its lovers, according as it is pure and sensible.

The pen and the brain are but the servants of the spirits controlling them.

Much of the pen's best work is done by women—they at least write valiently.

The power of the pen was never set too high. It molds the men who wield the sword.

The nation shows its progress more in its honor to the pen than in forts, seaports, or floating bomb proofs.

A good deal has been said on the subject of death that is morbid—much more that is commonplace and conventional.

The pen loses its power when it ceases to be truthful, as the sword its honor when it ceases to contend for the right.—*Chicago Ledger*

Teaching the Beaux.

A certain young lady living in Washington earns a fine salary by teaching American small talk to those young attaches who are great beaux in society. Her plan is simple enough. Her pupil calls, is received, and converses with his hostess teacher for two hours. The talk is confined to drawing-room topics. This wicked young teacher taught six young fellows precisely the same round of pretty and witty phrases, and at a certain grand ball they were hovering around Miss Daisy Ricketts, one of the youngest and most popular of the Washington girls, and each and every one was saying the same things to her.—*Washington Correspondence New Orleans Picayune.*

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The man who takes his family into the country for the summer should remember that he will save his children a great deal of pain and himself a large amount of money in doctors' bills, if he is thoughtful enough to carry a supply of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. The medicine is a standard specific for all cases of cramps, colic cholera morbus, diarrhœa, or dysentery.

Any lady sending 25 cents for Illustrated Catalogue of Briggs' Transfer Patterns and mentioning this paper will receive free a valuable work on Embroidery. G. L. Fox, 230 Woodward Ave., Detroit.

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Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

A man at his wit's end is not at his faith's end.—*Matthew Henry.*

As a hair dressing, Hall's Hair Renewer has no equal. Ask your druggist for it.

The only warranted cure for chills and fever is Ayer's Ague Cure.

Holiness, as well as pardon, is to be had from the blood of the cross.—*Beveridge.*

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is that of any man or woman afflicted with disease or derangement of the liver, resulting the poisonous accumulations in the blood, scrofulous affections, sick headaches and diseases of the kidneys, lungs or heart. These troubles can be cured only by going to the primary cause, and putting the liver in a healthy condition. To accomplish this result speedily and effectually nothing has proved itself so efficacious as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," which has never failed to do the work claimed for it, and never will.

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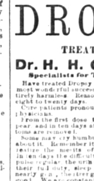

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