

SHE SNUBBED THEM ALL.

She snubbed them all, The short tall, The sentimental lover; Their ears and eyes She'd criticize And every flaw discover.

With frown and pout She'd turn about, Indifferent to duty, If he who came Her hand to claim Was not endowed with beauty.

On wealth and style Disposed to smile, All artisans and scholars She'd quite ignore, And those who wore Fashionable collars.

For I confess Her love of dress Had so imbued this maiden Of lowly birth, That of less worth Were minds with culture laden.

And though each day With grave and gay And learned she might mingle, With short and tall, She snubbed them all, And that is why she's single.

For when she would Recall the good, And noble she'd rejected, Their debt they paid And snubbed the maid, As might have been expected.

—Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.

AN OBSERVING MAN.

The Capture Made by a Private Detective.

At three o'clock one morning twenty years ago I was on a railroad train going from Portage, Wis., to Milwaukee. I had been out on some private detective work for parties in the latter city, and had succeeded so well that I was both happy and sleepless. This was the reason I was not in a sleeping-car, fast held in the arms of slumber, instead of occupying a seat in the common coach, with my eyes very wide open and my wits all about me.

I may say, without egotism, that I am an observing man. There are others in plenty, but the greater half of humanity go through life with their eyes half shut. My father was a sheriff for many years, and, as a boy, he taught me to observe and remember. If I went down-town or out for a walk I had to tell him when I got home who and what I had seen. On one occasion, for failing to report a loose horse I had seen in the road, I got a sound thrashing, and again, for failing to report a street fight, my liberty was taken away for four days. I can thus truthfully say to you that I had the habit of observation licked into me, while nature had kindly furnished me with a very retentive memory. By and by I began to study human character as a profession, and I liked it. I learned to read men's characteristics by their faces, and their thoughts by their actions, and on two occasions this faculty of perception prevented jail deliveries.

I was wide awake, as I have told you, when the train stopped at a country station on signal. It barely came to a standstill, and only one passenger got aboard. The car was pretty well filled, and such of the passengers as had seats alone were stretched out in sleep. I had sized up every one near me, and had counted up two honest old farmers, a drover, two milliners, a mechanic and family, and a house painter who was evidently going to the city for work. No one seemed to notice the entrance of the new passenger. It was in October, and he had on a fall overcoat. He carried a heavy valise in one hand, and he came down the aisle, looking from right to left, until he finally reached my seat. I moved to the window as a hint that I was ready to share it with him, but he hesitated for a long minute, and looked at me sharply three or four times before he finally sat down. The satchel he placed between his feet. He had not uttered a word, and after sitting down he seemed to forget all about me.

"Hello! but I have found a two-legged hog," I said to myself after a bit. "I offered him half my seat of my own free will, and he seems to be mad because I did not surrender it all. Old fellow, you are an H. O. G., and no mistake. Let me look you over a bit."

I leaned back against the window, pretended to shut my eyes and resume my nap, and then inventoried the fellow. He had a hard, cruel face on him, and I felt sure he was a man with little mercy in his heart. I had not been looking at him over two minutes when I saw that he was taking sly glances at me, and that he was quite anxious about the satchel. In the course of five minutes he turned around and gave me a thorough looking over, and I read in the gesture of his hand and the toss of his head that he said to himself:

"Bah! Why should I be afraid of him?"

His dress was that of a barkeeper—rather flashy. The jewelry he wore gave him away as well. If he was not

a barkeeper he was at least the owner of a saloon, and, from his build, I judged him to be a pugilist of more or less local fame. After one general look at his dress, I began at his collar to make a closer inspection. His shirt collar kept working up to annoy him, and I said to myself that the button was gone and he had fastened it with a pin. In his twisting around he pulled his overcoat back, and I saw that the top button on his under-coat had been pulled out by a violent jerk, leaving a hole in the cloth. The coat was new, and it would take a hearty wrench to pull the button out that way. I followed his arm down to his right hand, and across the back of it was a long scratch. It was a fresh scratch, for the marks of blood still lingered. My eyes dropped to the stranger's right leg, and I saw that his knee was damp and soiled. He had certainly fallen on the ground. I might have reasoned that he had met with a very common accident, but I didn't. I said to myself:

"Old fellow, you have locked horns with somebody to get mugged up this way. It is a scrape you don't want known, for you keep throwing anxious glances at me. If it was only an accident you'd get up and fix that collar, growl a little over the spot on your knee, and cuss the railroad company for having a depot platform unprotected by a railing at the ends. Wonder what you've got in that satchel? A traveler with a few clothes in a satchel does not have to keep his foot on it while everybody around him is asleep. You are no cucumber, old fellow, and you've got something in there worth watching. I'll try a little trick on you."

I had my right hand in my pocket. I carefully worked my knife out, and as it fell to the floor I gave a start, woke up, and bent down to look for it. As I moved my hand toward his feet he quickly bent down and moved the satchel into the aisle. Then I was satisfied that my surmises were right. Was he a burglar, and did the satchel contain his kit? It was more probable that he was just returning from an expedition to the country, and that the satchel was full of plunder. I was perfectly satisfied as to my man, and I made up my mind to have him arrested as a suspicious character as soon as we reached the city. That was what I did take place, only, as there were no officers about the depot as we arrived, I had to take the fellow myself. I let him reach the door of the depot, and then put my hand on his shoulder. He dropped the satchel, made a bolt, but fortunately, he ran plump against a hackman who was entering, and both were upset. Before he could get up I had him nipped. On the way to the station house, and speaking for the first time, he asked:

"How did you know it was me?"

"Oh, easily enough," I answered.

"Well, curse him, he didn't act square with me, or it would never have come to this."

I had no idea to what he referred; but seeing that he was ready to talk, and being anxious to take advantage of the moment, I asked:

"Do you think he is dead?"

"Dead as a herring, and the old woman with him. However, they can't punish me any more for two than for one. I was after my own, and when they wouldn't give it to me I determined to take all."

"What weapon did you use?"

"Got the axe from the back yard."

"And when you had finished off the old couple you robbed the house, eh?"

"Well, I took what I wanted, and if I hadn't been the biggest fool on earth you wouldn't have nabbed me."

"How?"

"Why, boarding the train at that little station. It was the act of a lunatic, but after I left the farm-house I got frightened. I ran across the fields, fell down, imagined that I was pursued, and bore off to the station and hoisted the signal myself for the train to stop. I suppose Rider gave you the tip and put you onto me?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll kill him on sight. That is," with a little laugh, "I will if I get the chance."

I knew Rider to be a Milwaukee gambler and a hard case, but was completely in the dark as to what crime my prisoner had committed. It was probably a murder, and near the station where he got on, and from his statements I inferred that it was an old couple. He had pumped himself, and it was certain that I had made a big catch. When we reached the station, however, my troubles began. There is always an ill-feeling between police and private detectives. This feeling comes almost entirely from the police. They look upon the private detective as a sort of guerilla, ready to break up the happiest homes or to sell out to the highest bidder. This, unfortunately, is true in many cases, but not in all. As I entered with the prisoner the captain in charge roughly demanded by what right I had made an arrest.

"The right which any man has to arrest a murderer," I replied.

"A murderer? Bosh! Where did you get him?"

"At the depot."

"Well, I shan't lock him up. Let's see (to the man), but your face is familiar to me."

"I am Charley Short, bartender in Harrigan's saloon."

"Ah! so you are. Well, what story is this about a murder?"

"All nonsense, sir!" replied Short, who saw how things were drifting and sought to take advantage. "I was on a spree last night, and this bloke saw me at the depot and wanted to play smart."

"Well, you can make it cost him dear if you will."

"I propose to. Here, take these irons off my wrists!"

The satchel was on the floor at my feet. Lifting it up I said to the captain:

"An old couple living about forty miles from the city were murdered by this man after midnight last night. Examine this satchel if you want proofs."

"There's nothing in there but laundry work," boldly replied Short. "I set out with it in my hand last night, and didn't get drunk enough to lose it. Open her up and let the captain see."

"Take the irons off this man!" commanded the captain as he waved the satchel down. "If he doesn't capias before dinner he's not the man I take him to be."

"Aye! he shall pay for putting the irons on to me. Why don't you take 'em off?"

Was I dreaming? Had I made a fool of myself? Had this man confessed a murder to me? I was staggered for the moment. Then I tore at the satchel and burst off the poor old lock, and as the receptacle flew open I emptied its contents on the floor. Gold, greenbacks, silver, bonds and jewelry!

"Curse you!" growled the prisoner, as he turned away.

The captain turned as pale as death. These were the proofs, and he stared at them for a full minute before he could say:

"Well, this is a go! I shall lock you up, Short."

The man was registered and taken down stairs, and then we counted up the contents of the satchel and made out, a value of over \$12,000. When this had been completed I went out after Rider, and inside of an hour he was behind the bars. He went all to pieces as soon as I charged him with having put up the job for Short to carry out, but denied it in the most vigorous manner.

"Short has been telling for a year," he said, "what his uncle out in the country was going to do for him. A few weeks ago the old man found out what a bad pill his nephew was, and since then Short has been up a tree. He told me a week ago that he'd have some of their money one way or the other, and when he talked about killing and robbing, I did my best to put the idea out of his head. He softened up a bit, and I supposed he had given over. If Charley Short says I ever advised him to murder and rob, or that I have had my eyes on him for a week past, he's the biggest liar on earth."

Well, curiously enough, we had a murderer on hand without a murder. That is, no crime had yet been reported. I had secured the murderer without a hunt. It was not so easy to find the murderer. A telegram was sent to the agent at the station where Short had boarded the train, and he replied that he had heard of no crime. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before he sent a dispatch, saying that an old couple, living about three miles away, had been found in their house with their heads chopped to pieces with an axe. That was the crime for which Short was guilty and for which he was tried. When he knew that he was in for it he turned boaster, and felt himself a hero. He was delighted to give me all the particulars. He said:

"I lived with Uncle and Aunt Desbro until I was of age. Indeed, I was an adopted son, both my own parents being dead. I came into the city nine years ago as a dry-goods clerk. After a time I got in with some bad fellows, lost my place, and rather went to the dogs. For the last three years I have been a gambler, boxer, bar-tender and confidence man. Uncle went back on me a good while ago, refusing to give me a dollar. He had in his hands money which honestly belonged to me, for I had worked hard for him for thirteen years. I went out there the other day to see if he would not give me eight hundred dollars to buy an interest in the saloon. Aunt Mary was for giving it to me, but the old man was as ugly as a Turk. We got into a wrangle at the supper-table, and he ordered me out of the house."

"I went," said Short after a pause, "and it was only after that that I got the idea of robbing the house. The old man never banked a dollar, but kept every thing in a bureau in his bedroom. I sat down in a fence corner on the highway, and thought it all over. I made up my mind that I would enter the house after they got to sleep, and steal what I could lay

hands on. I did go in about eleven o'clock, gaining access by a kitchen window. I took the axe in with me to intimidate them in case I was discovered. While my uncle was sixty years old, he was a vigorous, hearty, man, and capable of making a strong fight. I don't know whether he suspected I might come back, but I had not yet reached the bedroom when some slight noise I made roused him out of bed, and he struck a light and discovered me.

"I want it to stand in court that he was the aggressor. When he saw me he yelled out to know what I was doing there. I told him I was bound and determined to have eight hundred dollars, and that if he would count it out I would go away and never trouble him for another dollar. He had a big club at the head of his bed, and instead of stopping to argue with me he seized the weapon and rushed at me. I had to use the axe. He would have killed me if I hadn't struck him down. Then my aunt came out, screaming for help, and she was about to escape from the house when I hit her. After I made sure they were both dead I went at it to rob the house, and the plunder I got you found in the satchel. That's the whole story, sir, and if the lawyers can make any thing else out of it, let 'em.

It seemed such a straight case that there could be no loophole of escape, but within three days after Short had confessed to me he engaged two lawyers, recanted all he had said, and when put on trial plead insanity. His friends, as was afterward known, raised two hundred dollars for each lawyer, and the lawyers moved heaven and earth to earn their money. One of the instances of Short's alleged insanity was a clear case of bribery and perjury. A man was brought forward to swear that he sat behind the two of us as we came in that morning on the train, and that he heard Short tell me that he had killed seventeen people and was then on his way to Heaven to tell God about it. The person in the seat behind us was a woman, while the seat ahead was occupied by two women. This liar's testimony had great weight, or enough to call for a commission of doctors to examine and pass upon the question, and before the case was finished Short died in his prison bed of heart disease.—N. Y. Sun.

SAMOA ISLANDERS.

Where It Is Considered a Great Honor to Have Red Hair.

The inhabitants of the Samoan Islands, usually called Kanakas, are very intelligent people, and by far the best looking of any of the South Sea Islanders. The men average about five feet ten inches in height, are erect and proud in bearing, and have straight and well-rounded limbs. The men all wear a clout, or short cloth, around their waists, which does not extend any farther in length than down to the knees; this clout in most cases is manufactured from the bark of cocconut trees and called "Lah-pahlpah." but since calico and other light linen materials have been introduced many of the men prefer to wear those, but always choose among the most picturesque colors. Tattooing is one of the Samoan's greatest prides, and every man is ornamented in a most artistic style and furnished by his parents with a pair of tototoed knee-breeches. Many of the men wear earrings. The color of the Samoans is of an olive-yellow brown. The nose is usually straight and not flattened like that of a Malay, and the mouth is large, with thick lips. The hair is black and straight. Among the men it is considered a great honor to have red hair, and the redder a person's hair the more influence he can command. But as nature has furnished the inhabitants of Samoa with jet black hair the natives have to look for some other source in order to be enabled to wear their choicest red.

Upon my first visit to Apia, the capital of the Samoan Islands, in 1878, I was surprised to see so many men walking about with what I at first believed to be snow-white hair, but upon closer examination I learned that the natives apply a whitish clay similar to our whitewash to the hair. This they use instead of pomade or hair-oil and apply it in a thick mass until the hair becomes thoroughly hardened and white. The men continue this process of bleaching their hair until it loses its former black color and with time turns to a brownish red. A rather peculiar taste, but the men feel proud of their success to color their hair. Quite often women go through the same performance, but they are compelled to wear their hair short, as long hair can not so easily be discolored. Natives of Samoa, as a rule, regard work as something unnecessary, and all the work done on the plantations owned by Europeans is performed by Kanakas imported from other islands.—Chicago Tribune.

—It is said that Dean Stanley once offered his hand to Jenny Lind in marriage.

PAINTING A PAIN.

A New Fashion Artist's Complaint.

"Tell me, Mr. Wight," asked one of the well-known art connoisseurs of the Emerald, New York, "is American art improving in character and excellence?"

"Very much so."

"Do Americans much patronize foreign art?"

"Yes, and as they pay the best prices their private galleries contain gems of the modern masters."

"Which are preferred, works of the modern or ancient masters?"

"The modern. Historical scenes, and ideal landscapes, and decided characters in figure are the most popular."

"The last time I was in Paris I picked up a very strong bit of drawing, which depicted a middle-aged man bolstered up in a hard-backed cushioned chair, his face and surroundings indicating intense agony."

"His table is crowded with many a physician's phials, abandoned bandages, and used-up blisters. Before him a tub of steaming water derivatively sends its incense into his face, and the grate fire cheerily blows in mockery of his unhappiness. His air is a type of dismay."

"I really enjoy looking at this picture!"

"I know how the old fellow feels! I myself was for twelve years a victim of inflammatory rheumatism. Every spring and winter perfect torture twisted me for two or three months, during which I was often unable to sleep for a week at a time; was tormented by continuous agony, and at one time was totally blind for a fortnight. I had disease having settled in my eyes. I had the best medical skill, used all the most approved scientific specifics, visited the famed mineral springs of America, of Carlsbad and Paris, but every year the same mad fire literally burned me alive!"

"I often laugh to myself as I think what an old 'bear' I too must have been, when suffering as that old fellow seems to be."

"Aren't you tempting fate by making sport of your old enemy?"

"Oh, no, I fear him no longer! My last tussle with him was over two years ago, and all the agony of the years of remission settled on me then. My physicians gave me no hope of recovery. I had faith in myself, however."

"Well, how did it work?"

"The rheumatism was in my case, as in nearly all others, caused by a disease of the blood, probably produced by unsuspected inactivity of the kidneys, for I have never had any pain in them. Twenty bottles of Warner's safe cure, however, completely purified my blood, and I never have enjoyed such robust health as now. Hundreds of friends in Europe and America have, on my recommendation, used it for general debility, malaria, rheumatism, etc., and I have never heard an unsatisfactory report from them."

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"You think, then, Mr. Wight, that there is substantial art development in America?"

"Certainly do, and I have confidence that when the true American idea is settled upon, our development will be both rapid and excellent."

—

Out of Season.

First club man—Old McGuzzle is married.

Second club man—You don't say so!

"Yes, he married a beautiful lady who is remarkable for her complexion."

"Has she got a creamy complexion?"

"She has."

"They ought to have waited until next spring."

"Why?"

"Because her creamy complexion matches his red nose, and strawberries and cream are not in season just now."

—

The Old Man is not Deceived.

"Wasn't it awful late when you came in last night?" remarked paterfamilias as George Henry came down to breakfast looking rather haggard.

"Why, no father, it wasn't 10 o'clock when I got home last night."

"You're blame right it wasn't; 'twas a darn sight nearer 2 O, you can't come any of those dodges over your old dad; he used to be in the swim himself, snee!"

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