

AT THE THEATER.

The Man Who Sat Behind Miss Nellie and Her Daughter. I'd write a horrid thing, no doubt, did I suppose a sunset, as to the way I judged about one wretched maiden's heart.

THE THIRD DEGREE.

How Inspector Brynes Sometimes Obtains Important Confessions. Chicago Inter Ocean New York Letter.

Among the manifold fine tones employed by Chief Inspector Brynes in his detective work, no touch shows the handiwork of a great artist so markedly as the "working of the third degree." To catch a thief is one thing, to convict him is another. A thief may be set to catch a thief, but the evidence of a turned-out convict is not always successful in convicting his prey.

In olden times the "third degree" was frequently called into service to supply the missing link in the chain of testimony, but the methods of the inquisition and of the torture bore the same relation to the Inspector's system that the club of a Zulu warrior does to the keen-edged stiletto of the Corsican bandit.

Two men were mysteriously arrested last night and taken to the marble headquarters of the police department. One of the prisoners was about to board an outward-bound trans-atlantic steamer. His ticket had been bought. His baggage had preceded him, and he carried a large leather valise in his hand.

"Mr. Frisbie-Jones?" observed the former deferentially. "Yes," replied the latter curtly. "I want to see you a minute."

"Never mind them, I have ordered them put ashore, and I want you to go to police headquarters with me."

Mr. Jones' face became ghastly in its pallor. His square jaw dropped. His black mustache drooped at the ends and his low, broad forehead was creased in a frown.

These two men, so mysteriously arrested, are much better known to the police by their false names than by their real names. They are ex-convicts, both of them. Mr. Jones is a criminal of renown, and has served many sentences for robbery and other crimes.

The night's confinement and his anxiety to learn the exact cause of his arrest had told upon him. His face was a shade paler than it was the day before, and his composure was clearly forced. As he settled himself in his chair, the inspector gave him a rapid and comprehensive glance, taking in his neatly combed hair, his curled mustache, his chin, collar, cravat, waistcoat, trousers and boots—taking in everything save the prisoner's eyes.

Count Von Moltke has determined to pass the winter in Italy, its milder climate being more beneficial to his health than that of North Germany.

deuce had they against him? Those were the thoughts that crossed his mind as he wrinkled his brow in thought. It was at least half an hour, though it seemed to the prisoner twice that long, before the inspector looked up from his desk and tapped a bell. A detective appeared in answer.

"Show the gentleman in," he said. A moment later a business man entered, and the inspector retired to the further end of the room and occupied another half hour in consultation with him. He was followed by other visitors. Evidently the routine business of the office was being conducted without any reference to Mr. Jones' presence.

Mr. Brown was hurried from the room as though his presence had been an accident, and was followed into the ante-room by the inspector. They remained a few minutes, and the inspector returned to his desk, and the prisoner was left alone in the room.

It was 3 o'clock before he returned. During this time the office had been visited by a score of men, some on one errand and some on another. The sergeant listened to their complaints or answered their questions, and for the second time during the day Mr. Jones and his accomplice were swallowed up by the routine business of the busiest department of the municipal police.

Mr. Jones heard the inspector several minutes before he saw him. He heard the sergeant at the desk in the outer room call him by name. He heard the inspector's voice talking to the dozen persons who were waiting the turn to see him.

Nature is not backward in contributing her share of enthusiasm to general excitement. The climate is so mild that carnations and fuchsias bloom the whole year round in the open air; the scenery, without having the grim majesty of Alpine districts, is everywhere picturesque at times rugged and wild. The coast is defaced by deep cliffs and marvellous granite walls, against which the waves dash in foam, and the English style of deep caves into which they roll with a thundering roar.

With a light trap and strong pony it is easy to travel all over the island, wandering at will in the deep Devonshire-looking lanes, arched with greenery, that invariably led to some point of interest, branching in every direction out of the town and returning to it by a circuitous but ever delightful route.

The capital of the island, St. Helier's, has been of late years much improved and no longer resembles the squalid town that it originally was. The streets are wide and well paved, running between rows of large and elegant looking houses, built in the English style of architecture; the principal thoroughfare can vie in appearance with Regent street and the Rue de la Paix; the lighting is good, and there is nowhere a policeman to be seen.

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The inspector listened attentively to the confession, jotting down a few notes as it dates and names, and when Mr. Jones had finished, without giving him the slightest assurance of his prospects, he had him conducted back to his cell. Then, with an expression of satisfaction, he bordered on a smile, and was accompanied by a chuckle, he summoned a detective and had Mr. Brown brought into his presence. Confidently, and with the air of his superior in crime, with many an oath, the accomplice added his confession to the former's. Corroborating every essential detail, and painting the character of this treacherous companion so black that ink would have made a white mark on it. Then he, too, was led into a cell, but this time he was placed in one adjoining his fellow-prisoner.

For a few moments after the door had been closed and locked there was silence unbroken, save by the footfall of the prisoner at the end of the corridor. After an effort to control his wrath, Mr. Jones observed savagely:

"Well, you did play—didn't you?" "Yes, I did, you miserable sneak," retorted Mr. Brown unflinchingly. "What the—did you weaken for?" "I weaken?" replied Mr. Brown with scorn. "Your a liar. You weakened first."

"That's a lie. I heard you tell the inspector in the ante-room."

"You did, did you? We never spoke of this job. He was asking about a Hudson river job of mine that was worked three years ago. That was all. When I was brought up stairs again you had given the job away. He was working the third degree on you, and he did it to the queen's taste."

BOULANGER'S NEW HOME.

St. Helier's in Jersey, the Asylum of Victor Hugo and the "Brave" General.

From the New York Sun. On the 8th of this month, after the crushing disappointment of an unexpected but complete failure, exhausted by the expiring efforts of his ambitions, anxious to withdraw from the scene of his shattered hopes, and perhaps from the galling sympathy of his partisans, Gen. Boulanger left London, and taking the way at Weymouth, went over to Jersey, where rooms had been secured for him and his secretary at the well-known Hotel de la Pomme d'Or, the oldest in St. Helier's.

Jersey is the largest of the group of Channel islands, the most important of the territories designated as the "free dependencies of the English crown." Like the great British colonies, they virtually constitute a small state, with automatic customs and institutions, the ties of vassalage which bind them to the mother country being the slightest. Jersey has a parliament composed exclusively of local landlords. In order to keep the privilege strictly sacred, no foreigner is allowed to acquire landed property save on a life tenure, and is thus precluded from being elected as a legislator. The official language is French; every one exercising the liberal professions of medicine or law, or being engaged in any business, must correctly and to possess thorough knowledge of French. On the other hand, English is commonly and generally used; public notices, contracts, and proclamations are made in both languages, and it is perhaps the most vexatious duty laid on the inhabitants, that they should be proficient in English and French.

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The inhabitants of the Channel Islands are a singularly pleasing race, and they have the placid Saxon of Chaucer, with the fresh Norman complexion; their eyes are blue, clear, serene, with but little fire; their soul seems contentedly dormant, calmly awaiting an awakening that may never come. The men are divided into two classes, those who live by the sea and those who live by the land. They are as different in aspect and character as if they had sprung from different nationalities; the only trait they have in common is the same strong, resolute patience which imparts a certain nobility and features which their faces are lifted to the storm or bent over the furrows.

The Comte de Paris made a short stay at St. Helier's in 1887, when he retired to the Hotel de la Paix, the residence of the Breton royalists. Will the disciples of another creed, who used to knock at the door of the house in Portland place, cross the Channel to St. Helier's, and beat round the mot d'ordre of General Boulanger, or will they allow him to remain in the island, and retreat to his home until the time when visitors to the island shall come to have pointed out to them some vine-clad villa where the hero of a brief but lived, and died, in the Hauteville house, to English hospitality?

Not only in the Channel Islands has this generous hospitality been tendered to illustrious exiles; Hollywood was offered to the Emperor of Austria, and the Emperor of Austria, Louis Philippe came to Twickenham in 1848, and many a princely guest was entertained by the Duke of Devonshire. In 1848, Louis Philippe came to Twickenham in 1848, and many a princely guest was entertained by the Duke of Devonshire.

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son and never left it alive. Sovereigns and patriots, socialists and poets, titles of every rank and nation have ever found a safe resting place on these shores.

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THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of Diamond Mining and Milling Co. will be held at the office of M. J. Fitzpatrick on Monday, Nov. 18th, 1889, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of electing five Trustees for the ensuing year.

M. J. FITZPATRICK, Secretary.

ANACONDA Nov. 7th, 1889.