

## A "HERALD" PERSONAL.

BY A DETECTIVE.

Kookuk Constitution.

"Ossib—Neyy uv haffuzb mrtay za 127 Urio hgyovy."

There it was, in italic, half way down the "personal" column of the *Herald*, conspicuous only for its singular and most aggravating combination of letters and figures, the so-called clue to the whereabouts of the game I had been after for over a week, scarcely resting, eating or sleeping in my anxiety to secure the reward offered in a heavy burglary case—and something else.

That "something else." Ah! my heart sank within me as I flung aside the enigmatical puzzle before me, and leaning back in my chair gave myself up to the gloomy reveries of the past. Edna Dayton—how I loved her! How fair and beautiful as a summer's idyl had been the week in which I had met her, had loved her, and had been told that my affection was returned! How well I remember the bitter parting—a hopeless one, it seemed to me—when I learned my fate from her father's lips, and passed down the brown stone steps of the Dayton mansion, wondering if the inclination of moneyed men toward stone residences was not caused by the existence of a similar hard material in that part of the human anatomy known as the heart.

I was a poor man, he said, and the profession of a detective was a precarious one. His daughter loved me—he could not deny that—but she was his only child and her wealth and position demanded a match with some social equal. He would not break her heart by absolutely refusing to sanction our engagement; but if within a year I could secure a fortune of twenty-five thousand dollars and a lucrative business, and Edna was still of the same mind—well, he would consider it.

Twenty-five thousand dollars! I grew sick at the thought of the condition imposed, upon which I was to purchase my future happiness. Friendless, the reception of a meagre salary, and utterly unknown, where was I to raise this amount and what business capacity had I, the son of parents who had given me every luxury, and neglected a practical education, until a crash came that left us homeless and in penury.

Day and night for over a month I brooded over my sorrows, and then one day I was aroused into renewed life by the reception of a formal but courteous note from Mr. Dayton requesting my immediate attendance at the mansion.

My feet winged as I hastened to the house of my loved Edna. What did it mean? Had he relented? Was Edna sick, or did business await me at the pleasure of my hard-hearted censor? I was ushered into the library, where I found the old gentleman in an intense state of excitement pacing the floor, the window broken in, papers and boxes scattered about the apartment, and a safe in the corner broken open.

I stared at him in amazement.

"You seem agitated, Mr. Dayton," I ventured to suggest.

"Agitated! agitated, sir! I am wild! Late last night, or early this morning, burglars entered this apartment by means of yonder window and broke open the safe. When I came down this morning, I found affairs as they are now, and nearly one hundred thousand dollars in money, bonds and jewelry gone!"

I stared mutely. The immensity of the robbery petrified me.

"You have informed the police?" I asked when I could find my voice.

"No," he thundered, coming to a full stop. "I have no confidence in a police force which fails to protect a house from such an audacious burglary and expects one-half of the booty for its return. Here is the room, and yonder is a list of the stolen property. I believe you are honest, and I leave the entire affair in your own hands. Call upon me for whatever money you require in an attempt to recover the property or to detect the thieves. If you succeed within a month I will pay you thirty thousand dollars. If you fail I will pay your expenses for the month and place the case in your hands. Are you satisfied?"

I gasped spasmodically. Thirty thousand dollars! A fortune—more than the price of my happiness! And then the pride of my profession came to my aid, and I told him that I should succeed.

I examined the apartment. The burglary had been effected very simply, apparently. Edward, the footman—a tall, lank specimen of humanity—had heard a noise in the night in the library, but had paid no attention to it, as Mr. Dayton was in the habit of writing very late, and he thought it was his employer.

What puzzled me most was the means of entrance and egress adopted by the burglar or burglars. The library was fully fifteen feet from the ground, had a bay window, and except the broken pane of glass, there was not the slightest sign to show how the window had been gained. A ladder would have done it, but no marks of a ladder, no signs of footsteps exhibited themselves in the damp, green, wet from recent rains.

I was sorely puzzled. I examined the servants one by one, but could find no clue to justify the slightest suspicion of complicity in the affair on their part. The work had evidently been done by scientific burglars, and they had worked at their leisure.

I inquired into the antecedents of Edward, the footman; but Mr. Dayton averred that he would allow no suspicion to rest on so faithful a servant to the family. I resolved to inquire more about him, however; but I found nothing against the man, and temporarily dismissed him from my mind as having any connection with the case.

"You heard no noise on the night of the robbery?" I inquired of Mr. Dayton.

"None. I slept unusually sound last night."

I went away thoughtfully, for I had found in the library an empty bottle which from the scent I knew to have contained chloroform, and I had noticed the marks of muddy boots leading from the apartment, while around the window none were to be seen. The glass, too, had been broken by a quick blow, not cut out. Altogether, it was a most mysterious piece of business.

I watched all dives frequented by the crackmen of the city, and worked like a beaver. I could not obtain a clue to the perpetrators of the daring burglary, and, after three days of unremitting toil, I was considering if it would not be as well to call in professional assistance, when the advertisement in the *Herald*, at the head of this story, attracted my attention. Instinctively I divined some connection with the "crooked business, and whether it referred to my case or not I resolved to ascertain its meaning.

I went down to the *Herald* office that morning, and introducing myself, attempted to obtain some description of the person who had handed in the advertisement. The clerk stated that it had been received by mail, in a letter inclosing the amount requisite for its insertion in the paper. Could I see the original copy? Luckily, the copy had been preserved. It was written in a disguised hand on a little scrap of paper. I asked leave to retain it, and permission being granted to me, I returned to my room at once.

I pored over the cipher for a long time, and discouraged at my inability to make out a word of it was finally about to abandon it, when I chanced to look at the reverse side of the paper. There were figures and words on it, and I read "U. S. Bond \$10,000," and other memoranda, indicating that it had been a loose wrapper for valuable papers.

Then I knew that the advertisement bore an important relation to the robbery.

And so until the day upon which the story opens I was unable to make head or tail of the secret enigma.

So wearied was I that I feel asleep with my head upon my desk, and I did not awaken until noon. It is wonderful how a brief repose will clear the mind. I took up the paper with renewed energy, and a bright idea flashed over me.

Simple as it was I had not thought of it before. The entire message was written on the substitution of letters, based on the reversal of the alphabet. Instead of a, z, the last one, was substituted; instead of b, y was used—the alphabet reversed was the key to the solution of the puzzle.

I gave utterance to a shout of joy, for, following out the theory, it read:

"Larry, meet me Saturday night at 127 Fire street."

And "Ned" or Edward was the name of Mr. Dayton's footman. I began to see a very large mice. But Fire-street—there was no such thoroughfare in the city, and I was "flooded" again.

Gradually, however, the thought occurred to me on the basis of reversal and opposites adopted by the sender of the message, why should not "fire," mean "water," its direct reverse?

I dashed down the stairs, and, hailing a cab (for I had not forgot that it was Saturday, and that evening was the appointed time for the meeting of the two burglars, (if such they were), I soon had reached Water street.

Vacant! Number 127 was an empty lot!

I paused, disappointed, and dismissed the vehicle, again having recourse to the puzzled enigma! So near the solution, and yet doomed to be balked at the last, and—

A sudden inspiration of renewed energy, and I had forged the last link in the chain of evidence! There had been reversal in the order of numbers from one to 10, as in the letters of the alphabet, and 127 meant 1094.

I looked at my watch; three o'clock. I went to the nearest local telegraph office and sent the following dispatch to chief of police:

"Send to this office three efficient men in citizen's clothes."

I signed my name, lit a cigar, and awaited the arrival of evening and my companion officers.

It was dark when we reached the place for the meeting appointed by the two men. It was a vile groggery, kept by a woman and a resort for the very lowest class of ruffians. I had put on a felt hat and a pair of whiskers, and I entered the bar-room, having first placed my men in advantageous positions on the outside.

Within half an hour there entered an old woman, veiled, bearing some bulky object under her cloak. She made a sign to the woman behind the bar, and went into the next room. I caught sight of her feet as she passed through the door; they were encased not in shoes but in men's boots. I went quickly to the bar, and made a sign to the woman.

"Is Larry in there?" I inquired in a loud voice, pointing to the other apartment.

She looked at me sharply, and then replied in the affirmative.

"Keep anybody that comes out," I said, significantly. "We are going to divide the swag."

And I opened the door.

There was no one in the first room, but in the second by a table, on which lay a large tin box, was my game—Larry, the burglar, and a tall, spare form in female attire, with veil thrown back, and terrified face, and the footman, Edward.

"You can drop on that little dodge, gentlemen," I said, quietly whipping out a brace of revolvers. "The house is surrounded, and any resistance will only make it worse for you. Larry, open that door."

He unbolted the rear door under the

silent persuasive eloquence of my revolver, and three officers entered.

Ned I tell the rest! Edward, the footman, had admitted his accomplice into the house and had chloroformed his employer. He had kept the booty hidden in his room, not daring to go out to communicate with his pal, except as has been seen, for fear he was watched.

The property had not been disturbed, but justice was cheated, for both the men escaped before conviction, and were never heard of again. As for me, I quietly handed five thousand dollars to the department, resigned, engaged in business and married Edna.

## PHENOMENA OF VISIONS.

Graphic and Interesting Sketches—A Man Who had a Concert in His Brain.

A Boston correspondent writes: At the time of his death Dr. Edward H. Clarke, of this city, whose essays entitled "Sex in Education" and "The Building of a Brain" provoked more or less sharp antagonism, left unfinished an essay entitled "Visions: A Study of False Sight (pseudopia)." His nearest friend, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, to whom Dr. Clarke left the manuscript and its disposition, had no hesitation in deciding that, imperfect as it was, it should be given to the public. Ingenious and interesting as are the speculative portions of the essay, the numerous hitherto unrecorded cases will be found its most permanently valuable contribution to science and herein may possibly be found an explanation of the visions of the enthusiasts and seers of all nations and ages, as well as those of modern spiritualism, whenever the latter are not the result of sleight-of-hand or other deception.

The sixth case cited by Dr. Clarke is an extraordinary account of the abnormal action of two senses—pseudopia and pseudotia—simultaneously, which finally proved fatal.

The subject was Mr. A., over eighty years of age. He was a retired merchant. Possessing an ample fortune, he devoted more time to intellectual aesthetic pursuits than to business. He was passionately fond of music, was familiar with the works of the great composers, and in Europe listened to artists who interpreted them. He was also endowed with the rare gift of good common sense. Few persons could be found less likely than he to be led astray by their imagination or superstition. Armed with an active temperament, good habits and a strong physical organization, he had good health until a year or two after he became an octogenarian. Towards the close of life he was troubled with severe cerebral disease. Its precise character, however, was not ascertained by a post-mortem examination. The account, as given below, is in his own language, with the exception of changing the first to the third person:

"He had retired, on the night referred to, at his usual hour and in his usual health. Nothing had occurred for the day previous or for several days previous, to disturb him in any way so far as he could recollect. He had partaken of his usual diet, and followed his customary mode of life. Soon after retiring he fell asleep, and slept well until about 2 A. M., when he was awakened by the sound of music, which seemed to come from the street near the house. Thinking a serenade was going on, he got up to ascertain where it was, but discovered nothing. The sound ceased when he arose. On returning to bed, he heard the sound of music again, and was at the same time surprised at the appearance of three persons standing near each other in his chamber, opposite the foot of his bed. It was his habit to sleep with the gas-light burning feebly near the head of his bed. He turned the gas on to its full power and inspected the intruders. They appeared to be musicians, who were humming and singing, as if in preparation for a musical performance. He rang a bell which summoned his man servant. John soon arrived and was ordered to put the strangers out.

"There is nobody here, sir," was John's reply to this order. For a moment Mr. A. was not only amazed, but alarmed. "What!" he exclaimed, "do you see no one there?" "No one, said John. 'Go where those chairs are, and move them,' was Mr. A.'s next direction. John did so. The strangers stepped aside, but did not go out. By this time Mr. A. had gathered his wits about him, and was satisfied that he was the victim of a hallucination; and he determined to observe its phenomena carefully. Accordingly he bade his servant depart, and prepared to watch his visitors. But they were so life-like and human that he was again staggered, and recalling John told him to go to the housekeeper. She soon came, and on being interrogated, confirmed John's statement, that there were no strangers in the chamber, and no sounds to be heard. Convinced by the testimony of two witnesses, Mr. A. yielded to the decision of his reason, and again resolved to go on with the investigation of the strange phenomena. The musicians had now resumed their position near the window and opposite the foot of the bed.

Mr. A. turned the light of the gas full upon them. He looked at his watch, which marked the hour of half-past-two. He then arranged his pillows, so as to sit almost upright in bed, and waited for the next scene of the play. He was able to note the size, form, dress, and faces of the performers. One was a large man, who bore some resemblance to Brignoli. The two others were of less size and shorter stature than their companions. All were habited in dresscoats, and white waistcoats, and wore white cravats and white gloves. After a little time spent in coughing and clearing out their throats, they began to sing. They sang at first a few simple airs, 'Sweet Home' among others. They then attempted more difficult music, and gave selections from Beethoven and Mozart. Between the pieces they chatted

with each other in a foreign language, which Mr. A. took to be Italian, but they did not address him. Occasionally they changed their position, turned in various directions and part of the time sat down.

Mr. A. said the singing was excellent; he had rarely heard better. After the first feeling of surprise and amazement had passed away, he enjoyed the music exceedingly. The performance continued in this way for some time, when it suddenly came to an end. The singing ceased and the singers vanished. He looked at his watch and found that the time was four o'clock. The concert in his brain had lasted nearly an hour and a half, almost the length of an ordinary concert. He reflected for a while upon this strange occurrence, but, not being able to arrive at any satisfactory explanation of it, he turned his gas down and went to sleep. The next morning he called at my office, as previously stated, to ascertain, if possible, what pranks his brain had been playing, and if he should regard them as a warning of his approaching departure."

## A Visit to Slag Town.

Did you ever visit Slag Town? or hear of it? Until making my last tour in England, I never heard of the Black Country.

Just after leaving Wolverhampton for Birmingham we began to rush through settlements of small, low, brick houses huts rather, yet arranged with order huge chimneys standing in the midst of them, and clouds of deuse black coal smoke belching from them, filling the atmosphere with soot. It was not long before we perceived that this was a coal and iron region, and here were the peoples and the work by which these great staples are produced. It was the first sight we had of the life that is led by some of our fellow-men and women, and their children; the subject was one for a study and a wonder, and we became deeply interested in it before we gave it up.

"You should see it in the night," said a friend who had lived in the region, and had long been familiar with the moods of the Black Country. "The night is the time when the lurid gleams of the fires light up the blackness of darkness, and make the sublime a picture of horrors; you ought to see it in the night."

But it was out of my power to "see it in the night," and my friend was so good at discretion, I took his word for it. And he told me of the effect produced on the agricultural laborers who are tempted, by the promise of high wages, to leave the farm work and come to the mines. When they had a strike in the Black Country a few years ago, and the miners and puddlers (I do not believe you know what a puddler is, or does) refused to work for six dollars a week, agents were sent out among the farmers; and the field hands, who get but half that, were easily persuaded to quit the green meadows and hillsides, and turn in as workers in the mines and furnaces of the Black Country. They made a rush to Slag Town, happy in the prospect of doubling their wages, and getting rich in a hurry. This ever thus in life. Hastening to be rich plunges people into a pit, and these fellows soon found themselves in a pit from which they were glad enough to escape. Why? For the very good reason they could not breathe in the day time nor sleep in the night, and unless a hard-worked farmer can have air and sleep he is not in a state of great enjoyment. He is fond of high wages, the English laborer is—and in this respect he is not distinguished from other men who work for wages—but there is nothing dearer to a farm hand among the English than air and sleep, unless it is beer. And so it was a short apprenticeship these farmer boys served in Slag Town. They quit. Remonstrances was in vain. Few and short were the words they said, but they were about like these, not excepting the allusion to Bunyan's Pilgrim, which showed that the spokesman was above the average in book-learning:

"Let them as think they'd loike it go and hev a try, I hev tried, and when I tell ye that there beant a part o' 'Pilgrim's Progress' itself that can coom oop to it for viery valleys and belchings o' smoke and vlam, you won't wonder to see me back again, and to hear me say that I am glad o' the chance."

If I had been a believer in the heathen mythology of ante-Christian times, I could have readily imagined that Tartarus was directly under this region, and the chimneys from which the thick black smoke and flame of the bituminous coal fires were rising all the while, were the outlets of the fire that is never quenched. Here there are vast iron-works and coal-pits to match, so that quantities of coal are here mined to be consumed on the spot, as well as to be sent away. These long streets of low brick dwellings are over the caverns made wider and more dangerous, as they reach nearer the surface, or becoming more extensive and not safely supported, the roof is more likely to fall in.

It does sometimes. The wife of a pastor who had lived in this region assured me that she had seen houses standing in apparent security on her way to church, but on her return they had sunk into the awful abyss. In the midst of these perpetual fires and smoke and dirt, the blackness of the coal-pits pervading the whole mass of humanity, the inhabitants become careless, as the dwellers on the sides of Vesuvius, who dress their vines mindless of the destruction that may be ready to come upon them. The pits that have been made by these sudden sinkings of the earth become pools of stagnant water, and the boys and beast bathe in them, and sometimes they are dry and wide enough for public play grounds. Graveyards have caved in, and the dead have been mingled in a heap from which

there will be no rescue before a general resurrection. Yet there are thousands, and perhaps tens of thousands, of these dwellers on this frail crust, who sleep, if they do sleep at all, with the knowledge that underneath them men are at work with picks and with powder, earning their bread by undermining the house above in which are wife and children.

## Lost in the Black Hills.

After a fearful experience of five days' wandering in the forests and canyons of the Black Hills, Mrs. McLeod safely returned to her home.

A reporter of the *Enterprise* called at the residence of Mrs. Annie McLeod, who resides in another city, and perceiving that she was completely exhausted from her travels and conversation with friends, he sought an interview with William Clemmens, the gentleman who found her, and who had learned all the facts of her bewilderment and subsequent wanderings, from which we learned, in substance, the following:

In the afternoon of the same day she left home, she was walking along a hill or standing by a precipice fifteen feet high, and by some unaccountable means, she slipped, or overbalanced, falling the entire distance, where she lay unconscious for the space of two days. Finally she awoke and discovered that she had received a wound below her left eye; also that her right hand had been sprained by the fall. Though greatly exhausted and suffering from the injuries received from the fall, with returning consciousness came her indomitable courage. She arose and attempted to regain the trail from which she had staggered. She traveled till overtaken with darkness, only to find that her search had been in vain. Thus she wandered through the lonely canyons, hope never forsaking her, yet death from exhaustion and starvation was staring her in the face.

Lonely must have been those long weary hours of night. Think of being all alone in a deep dark canyon, many miles from the habitation of any human being, with a pack of wild, ferocious wolves within a few feet of you, uttering angry growls and preparing to pounce upon and devour you! Such, or similar, was the situation of Mrs. McLeod, a lady of fifty-six years old.

When morning dawned, she could behold the glorious sun, but could see no human being nor find her latitude. When she came to a berry patch she would fill her pail with the delicious fruit, eat what she wanted and travel on. On arriving at a spring on the mountain side, or a babbling brook in the valley, she would empty out her berries and fill the pail with water always before leaving the stream. She was always very careful about the heat for fear of getting a sunstroke. In her precaution about all matters, she manifested extraordinary good judgment.

One day she was caught in a slight hail storm, and after the storm passed she picked up some drops, ate them, and thought that they tasted as good as any bread she had ever eaten.

When discovered by Mr. Clemmens she was standing in the road, about two miles beyond Spearfish, on the Bear Gulch road. She presented a wild appearance, her clothing being almost torn to shreds from traveling through the brush and over the rocks. She had lost her bonnet when she fell over the precipice; on one foot she wore a shoe, while the other foot was wrapped in a piece of cloth. Mr. C. spoke to her and asked: "What is the matter?" She replied: "I'm lost." "Where do you live?" inquired Mr. C. "At Anchor," was the reply.

Mr. Clemmens then took her to his ranch, which was some two miles distant. He told Mrs. C. to make her a cup of tea and give her a small piece of toast, knowing that she was weak to endure a hearty meal.

Mr. C. took his gun, went out and returned with a squirrel, from which his wife made some broth for the almost famished woman. Mr. Clemmens was not aware that there was a woman missing from Anchor, and that there was a reward of \$100 offered for information leading to her discovery, until he met a friend from Spearfish City who had read the news in the *Western Enterprise*.

The most mysterious part of her experience while wandering in the woods is the fact that when she felt faint and thought that she could go no farther and would lie down to rest, singular as it may seem, a little chipmunk or squirrel would jump into her face; then she would arouse, get up and walk a piece farther. Again she would become almost exhausted with fatigue and lie down, only to be disturbed with another chipmunk. This being repeated every time, she attempted to reconcile herself to her fate, produced the impression upon her mind that that was a presentiment intended to stimulate her to move on, which she did in each instance till she was discovered by Mr. Clemmens. Strange though it be, yet there must have been something more than ordinary courage that enabled her to overcome all human weaknesses till she came into the presence of her human savior.

A new married lady, who, as in duty bound, was very fond of her husband notwithstanding his extreme ugliness of person, once said to a witty friend, "What do you think? My husband has laid out fifty guineas for a large baboon on purpose to please me!" "The dear little man!" cried the other, "Well, it's just like him."

"What is the defendant's character for truth and veracity?" asked a lawyer of a witness. "Wall, now, squire, she's allers used me fust-rate, I'll be blowed if she didn't. As for voracity, 'squire, why, bless you, that was her big holt. Why, I've seen that air gal eat a whole"—Here the judge asked the witness if he understood the question.