

HER VIOLIN.

I would I were a violin,
To rest beneath her dimpled chin,
And softly kiss her swanlike throat,
And breathe my love through every note.
When o'er my strings her fingers fair
Should lightly wander here and there
The while her flashing bow did press
My bosom, with its swift caress,
Then would I waken into song
The rapture that had slumbered long.
Mine ear against her swelling breast
Should hearken to its sweet unrest,
And—happy spy—then should I know
How, deep beneath that drifted snow,
A blissful tumult in her heart
Made all her fluttering pulses start.
Then that high calm, that maiden grace,
That meekly proud and peerless face,
That arched eye of sun-bright hair,
That brow such as the seraphs wear—
No longer these should baffle quite
The anxious lover's dazzled sight.
Ah, would I were her violin,
That thus her secret I might win!
—James Y. Kenyon in Century.

A SPECK OF DIRT.

The empty house in the square was taken at last. It had been let for months, but now the bills were removed from the windows, and painters and paper hangers took possession of the premises, to be succeeded by the young man with the yard measure and his satellites who represented a certain famous furniture emporium in the Tottenham Court road.

Arguing from the fact that a neat brougham containing a feminine figure in sealskin and latest thing in Parisian headgear paid frequent visits to the scene of operations, report said that the new tenant was a woman. The assertion was verified when she moved in one day, and the neat brougham, in company with a victoria and a couple of saddle horses, took up its quarters in a neighboring mews. She was young, moreover, and unmarried, and American from the crown of her well-poised head to the tip of her little arched feet.

Beyond her companion, a British dame of middle age, she was alone, and why she required that great ugly mansion in dingy Bloomsbury was incomprehensible.

Her left hand neighbor alone hazarded no idle conjectures regarding her. Mr. Barlow was a tall, spare, middle-aged man, but no ascetic, for if his appearance afforded a reliable index to his character he inclined more to port wine than imagination. He was supposed to be a childless widower, and his black broadcloth and fat watch chain were redolent of opulent and Philistine respectability.

But although Mr. Barlow took no interest whatever in her, strange to relate, she evidently took a great interest in him. For when, shortly after her arrival, he came out of his house to go for a walk the newly hung lace curtains in the dining room were slightly drawn aside, and the eloquent gray eyes of Miss Sadie B. Ruddock, late of New York, scrutinized him with peculiar intensity.

The same day a young lady, richly dressed and alone, entered the offices of Messrs. Lupton & Doyle, the celebrated private inquiry agents, and was forthwith ushered into the presence of the junior partner. She came to the point with that promptitude which usually distinguished the actions of her compatriots.

"Mr. Doyle," she said, "I require your assistance in a matter of great importance to me—a matter that concerns some one in whom I am greatly interested. Plainly, I want you to help me clear the name of an innocent man who was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. He did not serve his time. The train which was conveying him to Portland was wrecked. In the ensuing confusion he escaped and made his way in safety to the United States, where he is now living under an assumed name. But he cannot rest until his guilt is refuted and the real criminal brought to justice. As he dare not return to England for the purpose, I have come in his stead. If needful, I will spend thousands rather than fail."

"Is he related to you?"
"He is my future husband," she said, with a blush. "In order to make the matter plain, I had better give you a brief outline of his trial. It was only two years ago. Perhaps you may remember it? His name is Wilfred Vining, and he was convicted of uttering forged bank notes. They were given to him in the course of some business transactions by a Mr. Barlow, who subsequently denied all knowledge of the affair. I am hopeful in renewing investigation, because unfortunately Mr. Vining was poor, which no doubt had something to do with the failure of his defense."

"Hum," said the detective dubiously. "If I understand you aright, you want to obtain proof, after the lapse of three years, that certain notes were given by one man to another in an interview without witnesses. My dear lady, it isn't possible."

"But you don't understand me at all," replied the fair American. "What I want you to prove for me is my conviction that this Barlow's respectable exterior masks a forger. I was sure he was a villain when that poor boy told me his story. I am more than ever sure since I've seen the fellow. I don't like his eyes. A man with eyes like that would do anything!"

The detective laughed.
"My dear young lady, what a sensational theory! However, it's possible, of

course, and therein lies the only chance I can see of clearing Mr. Vining. What sort of person is Mr. Barlow?"

"He is believed to be a retired merchant of means and a childless widower. He has occupied a large house in one of the west central squares for the last three years and lives alone with the exception of servants, two male and one female. I have taken the next house. I thought it might be useful."

"It may be useful. I see you have been doing a little detective work on your own account," he said, smiling. "So far so good. But please don't make any more inquiries about him. If he has anything to conceal, we don't want to set him on his guard."

He shifted on his chair and scribbled on a blotting pad.

"By the way, I suppose you are quite sure that Mr. Vining's version of the affair is correct?"

"I would stake my life on his truth and honor."

"You are biased, my dear madam?"
"Possibly. But common sense must tell you that if he had wished to deceive me as to his character he need not have confided to me his name and history. However, if you are afraid to undertake the case, say so, Mr. Doyle, and I will go to some one else."

"Afraid? Not at all," said the detective, with alacrity. "I shall be happy to exert my best endeavors on Mr. Vining's behalf."

The first thing the detective did was to set a watch upon Mr. Barlow from next door, but he had to pass the notes after he had forged them, so his every movement out of doors was reported. At the end of a couple of weeks the private inquiry agent began to look blank.

Mr. Barlow's conduct was irreproachable. He went for a walk every day, and once he visited his tailor's. That was all. He was invariably home before dark.

"I'll have him shadowed for another week, but really I don't see much use in it," he thought, and he said as much to Sadie. "Mr. Vining must be mistaken as to who gave him the notes. The man seems perfectly respectable."

One of Doyle's emissaries, following Barlow one night in evening dress, succeeded in making himself chummy with that gentleman in a chance encounter at one of the music halls and thereafter had many social evenings with him. Still nothing was discovered.

At length, however, something occurred. A satellite returned with the information that Barlow had entered a small hairdresser's shop in a back street in Soho and had remained there quite two hours.

This was mysterious. For what purpose could the white waistcoated householder with the bland smile and the creaking patent leather boots have spent all that time in a dirty little barber's shop?

The next morning Doyle undertook the shadowing himself. Mr. Barlow went for a walk and nowhere else. Ditto the next day and the five subsequent days. The detective raged. For nearly a fortnight nothing occurred, and then Mr. Barlow visited Soho again.

While Doyle waited for his reappearance one or two persons came out of the shop, and some went in. Among the former he noticed a gentleman with bushy sandy whiskers. Three-quarters of an hour later he returned. The pavement was narrow, and he brushed against the shabby lounge at the corner. And the shabby lounge's observant eyes noticed that there was a speck of mud on the gentleman's otherwise immaculate shirt collar. It was a dirty day, one of London's own.

Presently the private door opened, and Barlow, in his own proper person, issued forth and walked briskly down the street.

On his collar, in the very same place, was a little speck of mud.

It was three weeks later. In his private room the manager of the X—bank was cordially shaking hands with a spare gentleman of benevolent aspect.
"You want those large notes changed for small ones? Certainly, sir. Anything to oblige a client of Messrs. Gordon & Co. A recommendation from them is a recommendation indeed!"

A few minutes afterward the old gentleman quitted the building, and calling a hansom drove to Charing Cross station. Close in the rear followed another hansom, whose occupant was Mr. Doyle.

The old gentleman entered the station. So did the detective. He came out again and took another cab. Ditto Mr. Doyle. A short journey on the underground railway was followed by a sharp walk, which terminated at the private door of the shop in Soho. Therein vanished the old gentleman, only to reappear a short time later in his true character as Mr. Barlow.

The detective watched him down the street with a look of genuine admiration on his face.

"He's disguised himself twice within my knowledge so that his own mother wouldn't know him," he muttered. "And to think that a man of that genius should have been betrayed by a little bit of dirt!"

Mr. Doyle returned post haste to the X—bank. Therein all was consternation, for a discovery had just been made that the old gentleman's letter of reference from Gordon & Co. was as false as the £25 notes they had exchanged for him.

That afternoon the house in Bedford square was entered by the police. A quantity of forged notes and the necessary implements for making them were discovered in a back room, and Mr. Barlow and his servants, or rather confederates, were arrested.

At the time of the trial it transpired that they had only been waiting to make one more large coup before leaving the country with their ill gotten gains.

By the next steamer the young man sailed for England, and a week later Sadie was clasped in her lover's arms.—Good Company.

A Dampener.

"Way is it that you girls seem to think so much more of the men who come to here than you do of the women?" asked the man with an interrogation point in his mind. "Is it because the men are more agreeable?"

"Oh, no," replied the saleslady, with a toss of her head. "It is because the men are such ninnyms that they don't know what things are worth. If they do, it doesn't matter, if you only appear to think they're awfully bright or awfully good looking."—Boston Transcript

During the gold fever in California the price of board was from \$5 to \$15 a day in San Francisco.

THE LISTENER.

Ex-President Harrison is confining himself closely to his law practice.

Senator Squire appeared in the senate the other day attired in a Prince Albert suit and a vest of striking yellow.

Mr. Donovan, the only Democratic member of Michigan's legislature, has had a county named after him by his Republican confederates.

Senator Baker of Kansas says that, while he is not a church member, yet he has since childhood repeated every evening a little prayer that his mother taught him.

Beathold Neumoegen, a stockbroker of New York, who died recently, made the collection of butterflies his hobby. He had over 100,000 rare and beautiful specimens.

Senator Elect Knute Nelson is only a trifle over 5 feet, shorter by an inch or so than Napoleon. He will be the smallest man physically in the United States senate.

Tom Burton of Hart county, Ga., dreamed the night before election that he would be re-elected treasurer by 230 majority. When the vote was counted, 230 votes was his exact majority.

Colonel Seward Cary, the Buffalo millionaire and amateur whip who bought the coach Vivid, exhibited at the World's fair, and Niagara falls next summer as a public coach.

Ed Partridge, the Chicago board of trade plunger, is guarded by a detective wherever he goes. He is frightened half to death at a notice he received that if he does not make wheat rise 10 cents a bushel he will be killed.

Deacon White of Wall street fame is of the old North Carolina Quaker stock and has been in New York making and losing millions since 1865. His great point is his tenacity of purpose and of not caring whether he is the under dog or not.

J. Sterling Morton, secretary of agriculture, is as hard to make an impression upon as if he were made of stone. No matter how pathetic a member of congress may become in the interest of some forlorn female, the secretary of agriculture remains unmoved.

Lorenzo Chanter, now a resident of Jackson, Mich., claims to have brought the first tobacco seed to America from the island of Malta in 1828. He says he planted the seeds in a garden in Boston, from which a big crop resulted. Mr. Chanter is now 85 years of age.

Lord Burton of pale ale fame has given a \$200,000 town hall for Burton-upon-Trent, England, the town in which his immense brewery is located. His father, Sir Michael Bass, who first brewed the beverage which bears his name, spent \$850,000 in beautifying the town.

Rev. Edward Davis of Oakland, Cal., recently illustrated a sermon on "Eternal Judgment" by assuming the character of Richard III and quoting in a dramatic manner the famous soliloquy in the first scene and also in the fifth act of the play. The preacher's acting was realistic. There was a big audience.

Captain W. G. Kidd is conductor of the accommodation train running between Nashville and Pulaski and has held the position since 1857. In all that time he has never missed a trip, has never been reprimanded and has never been reported to the company. Captain Kidd is 72 years of age, but in activity is fully 30 years younger.

Colored Floridians In Clover.

Nothing will kill a young negro but a charge of dynamite, and their stomachs must be wonderfully and fearfully made. The freeze was an unmitigated blessing to them, and they luxuriated on frozen oranges for two weeks afterward. It was fun to see them. They would gather around the various shipping points, and when a lot of fruit was ordered to the cremator they would help themselves before it was hauled away. Some of the boys would eat two dozen frozen oranges at a sitting, or standing, rather, and the feat did not seem to harm them in the slightest. Some of the bootblacks and newsboys made a point of buying 5 cents' worth of frozen oranges every day for their dinner. They could get a dozen large ones for a nickel, and they would eat them way down to the yellow hide. A white boy who attempted the same performance would have had several different kinds of cramp colic in less than 15 minutes.—Florida Times-Union.

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P. O. address, Puller Springs, Montana.
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Cattle mark, down-cut dewlap in brislet. Range, upper Ruby valley, from lower upper canyon, including all tributaries.

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P. O. address, Puller Springs, Montana.

Cattle brand as shown in cut; horses same brand on left thigh. Vent for cattle same on left thigh; for horses, same under m-n-n. Cattle cropped on right ear, and with down-cut dewlap on brislet.
Range, upper Ruby valley, from lower to upper canyon, including all tributaries.

Jack Taylor.

P. O. address, Virginia City, Montana.
Horse brand, circle T on left shoulder.
Cattle brand as shown in cut.
Range, Madison divide.
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