# An Amateur Detective.

It was while I was employed as clerk by a law firm in one of our eastern cities that I took a prominent part in grand opera unexpectedly, for my name did not appear on the flaming posters of the company. Yet I certainly received more attention than any one else on the stage during my brief and first and last appearance. It came about in this way.

About ten o'clock in the forenoon of a winter day I was called rather abruptly in to the chief clerk's room.

'Here, Harris,' he said, handing me an envelope you will find an injunction and a summons and complaint which you are to serve on Madam Dill, who is singing in the grand opera house in B. She was under contract to sing under the management of another party but has broken her agreement.

'We have commenced an action against her,' he went on,' and this an injunction restraining her from singing for these other people until this action is determined. You will have to take the train which leaves here at a quarter past eleven, and be sure to get service of her to day for she leaves for Chicago after the performance to night. Here is some money for your expenses. You can probably get back this evening.'

Now I was a very fresh clerk, quite unused to serving writs, but I did not suppose I should have any difficulty, and so I took the papers and the money, pleased with the chance for a days outing, and was leaving the room when Mr. Orr called after me, 'Oh, by the way, Harris did you ever see Madam Dill?'

'No, but I have seen her pictures often enough to recognize her.'

'Very well; be sure you make no mistake,' and away I went.

After a journey by rail of over a hundred miles, I reached B., found the hotel at which Madam Dill was stopping, and asked the clerk if Madam was in.

'Yes, she is here,' he replied, 'but she won't see any callers until after four o'clock.

'But I have important business with her'

'Can't help it, young man. Her orders are that she must not be disturbed for any cause before that time, and that settles it.'

As it was no use to argue the matter further, I strolled about the city until four o'clock, then went back to the hotel and asked the clerk to send up my card to Madam Dill.

The clerk took my card, and ringing up a bell boy, handed it to him. I waited about ten minutes at the desk, and was getting a little anxious, when a tall, sleek-looking man approached me and inquired, 'Is this Mr. Harris?'

'That's my name.'

'I am Mr. Holmes, manager for Madam Dill. I have charge of all her business matters, so she sent me your card. What can I do for you?'

Here was a pickle! If I told this man what I wanted he would try to prevent my seeing the lady, and if I should not hand the papers to her personally, it would not be a legal service.

So I said, in the innocence of my young heart, 'I'm afraid you can't do anything. I am entrusted with a message for Madam Dill, and no one else will do. I came down from R. solely to see her.'

The manager's face twisted into a knowing smile as he said, 'You did? Well, that's too bad, for I fear you can't see her. I see you are from Hoke & Spencer's?'

I could not deny it, and I must have looked very sheepish as I saw his exasperating smile and began to feel the difficulty before me.

'You see,' he went on, 'your firm were so kind as to write to us the other day, although they neglected to say that we should be favored with a call. How what do you want, Mr. Harris?'

Inwardly I did not bless our chief clerk, as he should have told me that they knew we were after them. Seeing that concealment was useless, I tried a bold stroke. I remembered having heard that such a course was often successful.

'Mr. Holmes, I have some papers here to serve on Madam Dill. One is an order from the court, and I am simply the court's messenger. If I cannot see her quietly, I must see her some other way.'

'How, for example?' said Mr. Holmes, in an aggravating tone, twisting his glossy mustache. He had evidently been in lawsuits before. 'Are those all the papers you have?' he asked, as I did not explain how.

'Yes.' I said, holding them up. 'This one is the judge's order, directed to madam. It is my duty to see her, and if you prevent it you are intering with the court's directions.'

I hoped this might succeed, as the oily Mr. Holmes was silent and looked perplexed. He contemplated the toe of his patent-leather shoe and fumbled his watch-chain for several minutes.

Then he said: 'If it's an order from the court, I suppose you will have to see her.'

'Of course I shall,' I said decidedly, very much relieved.

'But how do I know that what you say is true?' he said. 'That paper may not be a court order at all.'

'See for yourself, I replied.

He held out his hand indifferently for the papers, but as soon as I let them go and he had looked at them, he thrust them into his pocket, saying, with an air of relief, 'They do seem to be all right, don't they?'

When I think about it now, I regard myself as having been that day the very greenest law clerk I have ever known. He had bamboozled me as if I were a baby. For an instant I did not know what to do. I was tempted to attack him and get my papers back by force, for I was pretty strong and athletic, but I remembered that I was there to serve those papers, not to avenge their seizure. I might get into the hands of the police if I tried to take them from him by main strength, and be locked up until next morning, when Madam Dill would be gone. So I concluded to be patient and try to outwit him, which may seem as if a gosling should think of outwitting a fox. But wonderful things are wrought by patience in this stony world.

Laughing as if I thought his conduct a good joke, I said, 'Well, you are a cool one, Mr. Holmes. I guess the joke is on me this time.'

He seemed glad that I took it good-naturedly, for he joined in my laugh, drew a cigar from his pocket, and lighted it with the air of one who feels that he can now enjoy himself.

'You managed that about as well as anything I ever saw,' I said. 'I suppose your business sharpens your wits.'

'Yes, we do meet all kinds of people in our travels, and we do learn a thing or two. Some times process severs are easy,' said he, blowing a cloud from his lips and lounging back comfortably.

If you humor a man's vanity, he is apt to like you—I knew that. It was plain that Mr. Holme's weak point lay in his conceit of his own smartness. I listened well as he went on to talk fluently of his experiences, more and more magnifying Mr. Holmes in the stories he told as I gave no signs of incredulity. Probably he felt that I could not but share fully in his exalted opinion of Madam Dill's manager.

Finally I looked at my watch and said, 'dear me, I did not know it was so late! It is after five, and the train leaves at six. Those papers are useless to both of us now, as it is quite evident that madam means to deny herself the pleasure of my acquaintance, so I wish you would let me have them. It would be decidedly unpleasant for me to explain to the firm why I have not got them, especially as I shall quite likely be pretty well scored for not having served them.'

'What's your hurry?' said he, looking out of the window. 'Why not wait until the midnight train? I am going to have a party of friends with me at the performance to night, and would like to have you join us.'

Evidently he did not mean to entrust me with those papers until Madam Dill was safely out of the way, rightly guessing that although the train might leave at six I would not. It was still my intention to serve the papers on the lady, and now I thought I saw a new chance, so I paused as if in reflection, and then replied, 'Well, the midnight train will get me home pretty early to morrow, but I should be glad to see the performance, thank you. I guess I'll stay.'

Then he wrote me a pass to his box, and handing it to me, arose and said, 'I must go now, but I shall expect to see you this evening.'

'All right, I'll be on hand, but don't forget to bring my papers, so that I can take them back with me. It would be a bad job for me if I had to explain how you fooled me.'

'All right. I don't want to do you any harm, young man,' he said, very well pleased with himself, and shaking hands with me, he left.

Five minutes later my plan was clear in my mind. I hurried to the box office of the opera house and bought a ticket for a seat well up in front, in plain view of the manager's box; then I went to the office of a private detective whom I knew slightly, and hired a man to sit in the seat—a large red-headed man whom I had never seen before. After transacting a little business with the justice of the peace, I went to supper.

Mr Holmes and his friends were in their places when I arrived at the theatre. The curtain had just gone up, and his guests were intent upon the performance. He motioned me to a chair and introduced me to 'Mr Methong and Mr Bassol.' As he did so I thought I detected a smile on their faces. No doubt he had been telling them how he had outwitted me.

I glanced down into the parquet Yes there was my big, red-headed man looking at us.

I watched the performance until the curtain fell on the first act, and then leaning over to Holmest I said, Mr Holmes, I wish you would let me have those papers now. You might forget them.'

'Oh, now, you don't want them! They are worthless. I think I will keep them as a memento. Do you know Methong,' he continued, addressing his friend, 'some people got out one of those pleasing injunctions against Madam Dill, ordering her not to sing for us, and sent Mr Harris here to serve it. But he is a decent sort of chap and had the good taste to submit the papers to me for inspection. They are disreputable documents, and I don't think madam ought to see them. Suppose I keep them, Mr Harris?' and he winked at his smiling friends.

'Well,' I said, keeping my temper, and I had a good deal to keep just then, 'if we are supposing a case, let us suppose that red headed man on the end of the fourth row down there. You see him, don't you? The big fellow.'

They all looked.

'Suppose,' I continued, 'he had a silver star under his coat, and supposing he had a paper in his pocket directing him to take from the possession of one George Holmes certain papers claimed to be the property of 'said plaintiff Harris, and wrongfully detained by said defendant Holmes?' And supposing he had also a warrant to arrest one George Holmes for wrongfully detaining property which did not belong to him?'

The manager's black mustache was puckered up by a smile of incredulity. I did not pretend to notice it, but continued:

And since we are suppossng, let us suppose I place my left hand on my chin, this way, and you were all to look down at the red-headed man.' They all looked again, and as they did so he drew back his coat for an instant. There was a gleam of silver on his breast, and then it was covered again.

The sneer had left Holmes's face, and he and his friends looked startled.

'Now supposing,' I continued, 'that that had really been a star, and supposing if I were to put my right hand on my chin it would be a signal for the red-headed man to come up here and make a scene not on the program. Supposing such were the case, Mr Holmes, would you advise me to put my right hand on my chin?'

Mr. Holmes did not seem to enjoy my joke quite so much as he had his own, but he made a poor attempt at a laugh as he said, 'Oh, I should not care it it were worth while, but I have consulted my attorney and have no fears of your action. Here are your papers, if you feel so badly about them. They are defective, any way, but if you wait until after the performance I will introduce you to Madam Dill.'

'Thank you. You are very kind. I shall be pleased to meet madam,' I said, taking the papers and returning to my chair.

'But,' I said to myself, 'I shall not wa i for Mr. Holmes to present me. If I do, he will say how sorry he is to find that madam left after the close of the second act, very sorry indeed.'

Such I knew would be the case, for the reason of my late arrival was that I had been watching the stage entrance for the arrival of Madame Dill, and had heard her order her coachman to call for her at ten. I guessed that their game was to get her away and out of the state as soon as possible. I had therefore intended to make some excuse for leaving at about half past nine if I got possession of the papers, and wait for her at the stage entrance.

The curtain had just gone up on the second act, in which the prima donna first appeared. The audience eagerly awaited her entrance. The orchestra broke into a grand crash as the music rose to the climax. The chorus swelled to a great wave of sound which seemed to sweep the diva forward. A storm of applause broke over the audience as she entered. She was magnificent as she stood bowing in her silks and jewels, but I was not thinking of the beauty of the scene.

I was thinking of Holmes. He had planted himself in his chair against the door leading to our box, which was on the second tier. His face wore an expression I did not like Was he more afraid of our papers than he pretended to be? Did his position against the door mean that I was a prisoner until madam should escape?

I looked over the rail of the box, which overhung the edge of the stage. A brass ornamental rod projecting from the front of our box was about level with its floor. From this ornament down to the stage floor was seven or eight feet. I was more interested in speculating on the strength of the brass rod than in the grand performance.

There was Madam Dill within a few feet of me. I might never see her again. In my pocket were the papers I was employed to serve. Our box was very conspicuous. The service of those papers would mean the breaking up of the performance, for madam would not dare disobey the injunction so long as it was in force; but I had not been sent there to witness an opera, and there was only an unpleasant moment or two and less than thirty feet between me and success. I looked at Holmes. He was watching me I rose as if to get a better view of the stage. In an instant my foot was over the rail. Homes leaped from his chair. My foot rested on the brass rod, and just as the manager's fingers touched my hand in a vain grab at my wrist, I jerked it away and leaped.

Mine was not an elegant entrance, but it was effective. The applause had just ceased and all was silent, waiting for madam to begin, when I alighted upon the stage with a resounding clatter. Not pausing to see the effect of my sudden appearance, I stepped quickly up to madam, handed her papers, and then hurried out through the wings.

As I went out I glanced up at Holmes, who was standing at the front of the box, his face like a thunder cloud and his lips moving. I waved him an adieu, but he did not return it. I am afraid the manager was angry.

### A Professional Story-Teller.

A writer in the English Illustrated Magazine listened to a professional story-teller plying his calling in a Moorish market. By half past six in the morning the great square beyond the city gates, where the market is held, was crowded. Patient Arabs sat in front of their stock of fresh vegetables and maize, or presided over a supply of fruit. Beggars claimed the attention of passers-by.

Presently, down the dusty road from the interior came a man without whom the market would be incomplete. He was the story-teller. He passed the beggars with a simple 'Allah will provide!' that convinced them he had no intention of sharing the responsibility of providing, and made his way to a corner beyond the circle now occupied by a caravan from Tafilet.

There he seated himself comfortably on the ground. Within five minutes there was a circle of men and boys round him.

A brisk conversation ensued. The writer gathered that they were giving the story-teller directions concerning the tale they wanted to hear. This is very often done. The audience, knowing that the story-teller lives by their support, is at times very definite in its demands, and not infrequently a plot must be altered in course of narration.

Soon the story started, and no knowledge of Arabic was nesessary to understand that the narrator was a man of parts The audience was deeply moved, the interest extending from the gray-bearded veterans more than sixty years old to the fifteen-year-old boy.

Later in the morning, when the sun's rays were nearly vertical and most of the business was suspended, the story-teller was still at his labors, and his audience had grown until the enlarged circle was four or five feet deep, the inner rings sitting down, the others standing. Traders had left their stock in charge of children, and beggars had forgotten their woes, and were eagerly listening to the tale which one who understood explained to be about a beautiful princess, a wicked djinn, an old husband and a young man.

The story appeared to be more engrossing than wholesome in tone. To the excitement of his audience, to their cries of pleasure, their constant smiles and occasional jokes, the story-teller was to all appearance indifferent. He seemed to take an intense delight in the development of his romance, and never showed the slightest sign of sharing the emotions of his hearers.

### ST. MALACHI'S PROPHECIES.

**Story of the Predictions About the Papacy Made by Armagh's Archbishop.**

One of the English magazines has been explaining once more the oft-quoted prophecies of St. Malachi, which have found astonishing backing in history. St. Malachi was, it appears, an Irishman. He distinguished himself in battle against the king of Ulster in the twelfth century and was so handy with the sword that they made him Archbishop of Armagh.

Then he went to Rome and received high honors, going back to Ireland as the Pope's legate, on a second pilgrimage to Rome he died in the arms of Bernard of Clairvaux.

His prophecies all concerned the future of the Papacy and were handed down orally until the sixteenth century, when they were written. The Papal succession has in many instances corroborated these sayings of the Irish saint.

Clement XIII, was indicated by the phrase, 'Rosa Umbria.' He came from Venetia, which is the home of this flower. The place of Pius VI. in the prophesied line was filled by the description, 'An Apostolic Pilgrim.' No words could better have described the man who was driven from Rome and borne from prison to prison until he died in exile.

Next after Pius VI., said Malachi, would come a pope, whose fate lay in the words 'Aquila Rapax.' Pius VII. certainly fulfilled the prophecy, being but wax in the hands of Napoleon of the Emperial Eagle.

Pius IX, who saw the white cross of the house of Savoy wave above the crossed keys of the papal flag in Rome, was described in the prophecies as he who would 'bear the cross from the cross,' and the present pope was to come 'as a light in the heavens.' The pope bears the arms of his family, a silver star on a azure field.

Six more popes are fortold by Malachi's prophecy, their mottoes being, 'A Burning Fire,' 'Religion Laid Waste,' 'Intrepid Faith,' 'Pastor and Pilot,' 'From the Work of the Sun' and 'The Fame of the Olive,' and those who believe in the Irish Saint's foresight trust that the six popes will be long lived; for, said the archbishop, 'in the last persecution the pontiff of Rome shall feed his flock amid sore persecution, and at the appointed time the city of the Seven Hills shall fall, and the Judge shall judge the nations.'

## BORN.

Midgic, to the wife of Wm Hicks a daughter.
Halifax, Mar 20, to the wife of Dr Gow, a son.
Shubenacadie, Mar 4, to the wife of W Neil, a son.
Westfield, Mar 5, to the wife of John Burns, a son.
Amherst, Mar 19, to the wife E H Moffatt, a daughter.
Halifax, Mar 22, to the wife of R G Rent, a daughter.
Lunenburg, Mar 9, to the wife of Alex Norman, a son.
Midville, Mar 14, to the wife of John Arenburg, a son.
Maitland, Mar 15, to the wife of Robt McKenzie, a son.
Yarmouth, Mar 15, to the wife of C W Tappenden, a son.
Moncton, Mar 21, to the wife of Chesley Rushton, a son.
Lunenburg, Mar 15, to the wife of Titus Knock, a son.
Kentville, Mar 16, to the wife of Lindsay Hiltz, a daughter.
Shubenacadie, Mar 9, to the wife of Wm Miller, a daughter.
Burlington, Mar 14, to the wife of Willis Marsters, a daughter.
Shubenacadie, Mar 7, to the wife of George Miller, a daughter.
Bridgewater, Mar 15, to the wife of Maurice Walsh, a daughter.
Windsor Forks, Mar 17, to the wife of Isaac Gormley, a daughter.
Conquerall Bank, Mar 17, to the wife of Capt Alton Rafuse, a daughter.

## MARRIED.

Calais, Mar 8, Wm. Porter to Mildred Webber.
Truro, Mar 14, David Lawson, to Lily Murray.
Lunenburg, Mar 16, Henry Bolivar to Ida Colp.
Colchester, Mar. 7 Jas Graham to Christy Graham.
Wallace, Mar 12, Chester Palmer to Caroline King.
Port Elgin, Mar. 19 Stanley Allen, to Josie Parsons
Hants, March 14, Capt Jock Douglas, to Alice Roy.
Chipman, Mar 11, Somers Fiddler to Sarah Thompson.
Glace Bay, Mar. 4 George Hickman to Amelia Hull.
Colchester, Mar. 13, Ernst McElmon, to Bessie Reid.
St Stephen, Mar 18, Fred Grant, to Emma Frankland.
Murray Harbor Mar 14 James Bell, to Kosella Jane Beck.
Princeton, Mar 7, Dr Jas Blenkhorn to Mary Chadbourn.
Pugwash, Mar. 16, Gertrude Piers, to Charles A Wood.
Wilmot, March 12, Philip Hilton, to Mrs Christian Muhlig.
Cumberland, Mar. 12, Margarie Rindress, to Fred Battye.
Folly Village, Mar 20, Norman Langille to Hattie Meikle.
Melrose, Mass., Mar 4. Joshua Westbaver, to Lottie Ritchie.
Quincy, Mass, Mar 15, Ernest Inman, to Barbara McFadyen.
Sheffield, Mar 25, David W Burpee, to Bessie Thompson.

## DIED.

Halifax, Daniel Larisey, 58.
Halifax, Leo C McLellan, 3.
Lunenbury, Joseph Risser, 92.
Halifax, Thomas Shortall, 86.
Calais, Mar 14, Mrs Chas Hatt 35.
Halifax, Mar 18, Eliza Woods, 50.
Kentville, Feb, 9, Annie Illsley, 15.
Amherst, Mar 20, Aubrey Bell, 16.
Oromocto, Mar 12, Miss M S Allan.
Oak Bay, Mar 18, Mary Wescott, 62.
Halifax, Mar 23, Robert Letson, 69.
Baillie, Mar 16, James Milligan, 67.
Calais, Mar 11, Rhoda Munson. 60.
Amherst, Mar 18, George Rodger 66.
Cumberland, Mar 17, John Smith, 80.
Port Wms, Mar 18, Hannah Chase 52.
Amherst, Mar 17, Mrs Blenkhorn, 68.
Shubenacadie, Mar 17, Mrs D C Snide.
Yarmouth, Mar 21, Richard Trefry, 60.
Clark's Harbor, Mar 19, Dora Swim, 11.
Old Perlican, Mar 11, Joshua Burt Sr.
St. Jacques, Mrs Patrick Burke, 80.
Halifax, Mar 20, Maxim J Gaudet, 56.
Glasgow Scotland, Mrs James Stewart.
Glassville, Mar 8, Mrs Hector McIntosh.
Bridgewater, Mar 15, Wm Hubley, 73.
Queensport, N S, Mar 2, John Ehler, 82.
Moncton, Mar 20, Donald McKinnon, 81.
Yarmouth, Mar 22. Harriet Landers, 72.
Campobello, Mar 10, Mary Farmer, 23.
Calais, Mar 17, Mrs Solomon Jordan, 81.
Musgrave Town, Mar 9, Jos Oldford, 56.
Halifax, Mar 21, Mrs Gabriel Pitcher, 34.
Richibucto, Mar 17, James McDougall, 69.
Campobello. Feb 28, Herbert Mitchell, 82.
Antigonish, Feb 20, Mrs Arthur Faitf 31.
Ashdale, Hants, Mar 13. Amy Parker, 28.
St Stephen. Mar 16, John McWilliam, 60.
Edinburg, Mar 1, Mrs Alexander Murray.
Colchester, Mar 16, Mrs Nathaniel Hughes.
Chocolate Cove, Mar 16, John Haney, 58.
Wolfville, Mar, 16, Blancho Weatherbe, 4.
Little Ridgeton, Mar 15, Mary Trainor, 18.
Shubenacadie, Mar 19, Mrs Daniel Snide, 32.
French Village, Mar 19, Mrs Peter Boutilier.
West Gore, Hants, Mar 16, James McPhee.
Richibucto, N B. Mar 12, Richard Farrel, 29.
Robbinston, Mar 5, Benjamin Blackwood, 73.
Lunenburg, Mar 14, Mrs Edmund Silver, 83.
Milltotown, N B, Mar 19, John McGarrigle, 86.
East Glassville, Mar 10, Clareta May McBrine, 3.
Musquodoboit Harbor, Mar 17, John Blakley, 90.
Upper Stewiacke, Mar 14. Mrs Samuel Creelman, 44.
East Glassville, Mar 17, Delma Burns McBrine, 16 mos.
Jeddore, Mar 24, Lrvinia infant of Mr and Mrs J Jennex, 4.

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Express for Halifax and Picton.....12.15
Express for Sussex.....16.30
Express for Quebec and Montreal.....17.00
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....22.10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17.05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.

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Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Quebec and Montreal.....12.40
Express from Halifax, Picton and Point du Chene.....16.05
Express from Halifax and Campbellton.....19.15
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.....24.45

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D. POTTINGER,
Gen. Manager.

Moncton, N. B., March 5, 1901.

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