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DETECTED BY PECULIAR HABITS.

The Only Clue That Led to the Arrest of  
a Pretty Bracelet Thief.

"The detective who arrested that  
foreign defaulter the other day didn't  
have much of a clue," remarked a re-

porter to one of Detroit's ablest detectives. "The peculiar habit the fellow had of placing his finger lengthwise along the side of his nose, in a contemplative manner, was the only thing that gave him away."

"The fact that he entered his real name on the register of the hotel had very much to do with it," replied the detective. "I once spotted a criminal with less of a glow, however. I must

"A woman, eh?" asked the reporter, instinctively reaching for his notebook.

"Yes, and I have sometimes thought that a woman is harder to 'trip up' than a man. You see, you can't follow them everywhere because they

"A young girl was she?" asked the reporter.

"And as pretty as a picture. She looked too 'goody goody' to steal even a pin. A lady who lives not five blocks from where we are now sitting and a diamond bracelet stolen from

her room. It was worth a thousand dollars, and what was strange about the affair, the mate to it was not taken, though the two lay side by side on her bureau. The lady put the case into my hands. She suspected a child's nurse whom she had engaged one day, and who disappeared the next.

"She knew that her name was Mary," and that she was still in her teens.

that she was about all she did know. She could not describe the girl's features, except in a general way, and was not positive as to the color of either her eyes or her hair. After persistent questioning I got from her one of the peculiarities of the girl. Short though her stay had been, she saw her on three different occasions seated by the win-

"That wasn't much of a clew," remarked the reporter.

"Not unless I happened to stumble upon her in one of her absorbed

"Goods," replied the detective. "Fortunately, I did that very thing. I might add, too, that the lady allowed me to have the other bracelet, which was rather curious in its workmanship. Inside of ten days I had the girl in my clutches."

"Chance must have favored you!" suggested the reporter.

"To a great extent, of course," was the admission. "I had an idea that he had not left Detroit, and so I was on the alert wherever I went. On the first occasion I saw her she sat opposite to me in a street car. It was raining and she was looking out of the window. An absorbed look crept into her face and presently I saw the fingers of her right hand raised to her forehead."

"Of course I did. She was not a child's nurse then, but was employed in a paper box factory. I followed her from the factory to her boarding

house, around which I lingered for three or four days, not positive enough to make the arrest. On Saturday afternoon I saw her leave the house with another girl. I followed them, and we all three brought up at one of the theatres where we purchased tickets for a matinee.

"'East Lynne' was on the boards.

and twice during the play I saw her mechanically assume the attitude peculiar with her. When the performance was over I touched her on the shoulder as we were passing through the corridor.

"'Beg pardon,' I said, 'but didn't you drop this?' and I held out the other bracelet.

"She turned around and when her eyes rested on the bracelet she was unable to repress a scream. She grew deathly white, but rallied in a moment. "Yes," she quietly said. "How stupid in me to drop it and how fortunate in you to find it!"

"Mary," I gravely said, and she started when I mentioned her name,

"You dropped a bracelet like this we had better look for it, don't you think? This is the one you were kind enough to leave on Mrs. D—'s dressing bureau when you stole the other one."

"She would have fallen in a swoon, but I caught her. She rallied again and looked around, but her friend had deserted her."

"Must I go to jail?" she pitifully

" 'For a little while, at least,' I considerably said. It will all depend on Mrs. D——'s leniency. Mary, why did you do it?'"

"No. She returned the bracelet, and Mrs. D. refused to prosecute her. The girl reformed and afterward married a respectable well-to-do fellow. Hadn't much to work on, had I?"

"Well, no, you hadn't," replied the sporter. "Still, it was a marked peculiarity, and Mrs. D. had observed to some purpose after all. But you never would have found the girl had you not stumbled upon her. The most persistent inquiry about a girl who had a habit of sitting in that way would not have helped you."—Detroit Free Press.

Light Is Breaking for Yo.

Within the last three years the Indians have seen the folly of applying names a rod or so long to their children, and in place of naming a young "pap," "He-that-does-not-look-behind-him" until he has crossed the prairie," they simply call him Joe, Tom or Bill.

**A Narrow Escape.**

"There is one Lansing young man who wishes that death would come to his relief," says a Lansing (Mich.) paper. "A week ago he loaned a gold ring to a young lady friend. Two or three days later the absent-minded

Young man noticed that the ring was missing from his finger, and he walked straight down to police headquarters and notified Marshal Bates that it had been stolen, carefully describing the property. When the young lady returned the ring to its owner yesterday, she could have knocked him down with a feather duster. The innocent

"This talk about us fellows wanting to marry for money is all foolishness," remarked young De Tron.

"No," remarked young Inswim, "a thousand times no. You'd find out how much she was worth!"

...other way."—*Drake's Magazine*.