

A GOLD OATCH.

By a Secret Service Detective.

In the winter of 1864 I was sent to the northern part of New York State to "work up" a case against a gang who had been putting out a great deal of counterfeit money. Merchants and business men of Ogdensburg, Potsdam, Canton and Plattsburg and other towns were all stuck with counterfeit of that denomination issued during the war, and the faces of them were printed from a stolen plate. The paper was a little off and the engraving of the backs had been hurried too much, but during the rush and excitement of war times such a bill would pass muster with the merchants in any small town.

At Ogdensburg I began to pick up my first points. That town had been worked with a rush by a gang and \$20,000 in the "juicer" money had been left there inside of two days. There were five people in the gang. One claimed to be a buyer of horses, another was looking for an opening to establish a big factory and the others had other excuses. All had departed several days before I reached there, but I soon located their next work at Canton. Only three people had been engaged in the work there. At Potsdam an old merchant had kindly exchanged \$300 in \$20 bills for the bogus stuff for a premium of \$6, and I found that only one member of the gang had been seen there. I went back to Ogdensburg believing that to be temporary headquarters of the gang, and a wonderful bit of luck awaited me.

The snow lay deep on the ground, with more falling every day, and I took a horse and sleigh and beat up the country around. On my second excursion, riding to the east of the city, I was caught in a blizzard and driven to shelter in a roadside inn. The place was temporarily in charge of a middle-aged woman of very common looks and speech, assisted by her son, a boy of 15. She explained that the place belonged to her brother and wife, but that they had gone off on a trip to Oswego and secured her to manage it during their absence. There was a spirit of rancor in her speech, and as soon as I began to draw her out she exclaimed:

"Well, it's queer how some folks may work their finger-nails off and not get ahead, while others do nothing and have plenty of money! Last fall my brother was ready to give up that he couldn't make his salt here, but this winter he seems loaded down with money, and his wife will hardly look at me."

"Travel over the road must be heavy."

"Bah! He's had two or three men boarding here for a few weeks, but their money wouldn't more than run the house."

She had seen the men several times, and she gave me perfect descriptions of my counterfeiters. During the twenty-four hours I was in the place I searched every nook and corner of it, and unearthed enough stuff to convict my men a dozen times over. The place had been made a headquarters, and some of the men had wigs of two or three different colors, false whiskers, and clothes to make up as various characters. One of them had evidently made up as a woman, for a complete outfit was found in his room.

The first step was to reach Ogdensburg and secure help, but it was noon of the second day before I could start, and then I was the first one over the road, which was badly drifted at points. Three miles from the hotel, just where a big drift narrowed the highway, I encountered a sleigh coming from town. There were four people in it, and although all were muffled up I felt certain that they were my game coming back to headquarters after their trip. I was just coming out of the cut as I met them. Indeed, they were waiting for me to come out. I had only a minute or two to think, and perhaps that was the reason I took such risks. They had two horses and a sleigh with a wagon-box on it. A man and woman sat on the front seat and two men on the seat behind. I had to crowd close up to them to pass, and at the right moment I leaped from my cutter into the sleigh and let my horse go. He started off on a brisk trot, and the occupants of the sleigh hadn't time to understand what was occurring when I had a revolver out, a hand on the collar of one of the men, and was saying:

"Back your team out and turn around! you are my prisoner, and at the first excuse I will begin shooting!"

I stood in the sleigh behind them all the

way back to the city, and not a single word passed between us. It seemed as if the cold and sudden surprise had made them dumb. When searched every one of the men had a quantity of the "juicer" about him, and it wasn't two hours before the hotelkeeper's wife made a full confession, and was in turn followed by her husband. She got off scot-free, while he got two years and the other two men were sent up for five years apiece.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I should like to spoke a few words to Brudder Caravan Johnson if he am in de hall to-night," said the President as the triangle sounded.

Caravan slipped on his shoes and came forward and the President continued:

"Brudder Johnson, I h'ar dat you am contemplatin' a journey down into Kaintucky?"

"Yes, sah."

"Gwine down past Leweyville to see some of yer relashun?"

"Yes, sah."

"Dat's what I heard, an' I hope you a pleasant journey. As you will be representative of dis club while absent, I want to say a few words to you in a fatherly spirit. In the first place put on a clean shirt to start out wid. I believe dar' am mo' battles won by clean shirts dan fraw generalship. A clean shirt commands public respect, eben if de wearer's boot heels am all run down. It's a sorter sign of de wearer's decency an' honesty. It won't pay yer way frow the tollgate, but it will make de toll man duck his head to you an' rememder dat you wasn't a hoss."

"Purceed on your way quietly. Yer doan' own de State of Michigan, an' you don't kerry Detroit in your vest pocket. Do man who enters a town wid two brass brnds ahead of him an' a crowd of people behind him has got to be a good talker, a smooth liar an' a chap full o' promises or he will fall flat."

"Keep your money in de toe of your shoe in de daytime, an' at night hide it in de straw bed. A man may be ober so good, an' great, an' wise, but if he becomes dead-broke among strangers nine people out of ten will take him fur a sharper playin' his lottle game."

"Only half de road belongs to you. De odder half am reserved by law fur de man gwine in de opposite direckshun."

"When you arrive at a first-class hotel to put up fur de night, doan' seek to create the id'ah dat you got dar' by speeshul train, an' dat fried oysters, banana-fritters an' champagne make you tired. You will simply be given de poorest room in de house an' charged de highest price when you settel up."

"Doan' start out wid a revolver in your pocket, an' as you work along frow Ohio an' Kentucky let politics alone, hev no disputes about religion, an' concede de fakt dat de world wasn't created speeshully fur your benefit. You may now take your seat, an' de hull lodgo will jine in wid me in wishin' you a safe an' pleasant journey."

TOO EARLY YET.

The Secretary then announced a communication from Columbus, O., inquiring if the colored men of America intended to put a Presidential candidate into the field in 1888, and asking Brother Gardner if he would accept the nomination if tendered him. Sudden and lively interest was manifested throughout the hall, and there was deep silence as the old man replied:

"As to de fast query, it am too airly to answer definitely, but I ar' of de opinyun dat our race will conclude not to put forward any candydate. It doan' appear dat de time am ripe yet. As to de second queshun, a nominashun would be a great honor, but if dar' was any hope of leckshun I think I should decline it. I kin now go home arter my work an' eat supper in my shirt-sleeves, an' den get down an' pop corn an' eat apples an' soak up an' pare down my co'ns an' bunyons. I couldn't do dat if I war President, an' I reckon I shall decline to run."

IT FELL DOWN.

Trustee Pullback then sent to the Secretary's desk a preamble and resolution, the former beginning with:

"Whereas, Our present relashuns wid England am so strained dat one—"

At this point the Secretary had to stop to

study over the next word, and the President said:

"Do Seckretary may boot dat paper under de table! Brudder Pullback when did you find out dat our present relashuns wid England war strained?"

"I—I duzno, sah."

"Who strained 'em?"

"I can't tell."

"Somebody has made a fool of you, sah! De relashuns between America and England am as slick as a streak of grease, and dey will continue so until tom-fool statesmen upset 'em. You sot down, sah, an' de next break will result in purceedin's to make chills creep up your spine."

ELDER TOOTS SET BACK.

The Librarian secured the floor to remark that he didn't want to seem captious, nor did he like to lodge a complaint against any member, but he felt it his duty to say that Elder Toots was making an obstructicunist of himself. He was the first one into the library after the doors were opened, and was the last to leave. He brought his corn-cob pipe and mouth organ with him, and when he wasn't smoking a mixture of cabbage-leaves and tobacco he was playing "Old Dan Tucker" on the organ. No matter who was reading, nor how much they were annoyed, the Elder persisted in his conduct. It was hoped that some action would be taken by the club to bring about a change. The Elder was fast asleep in his chair as usual, but Samuel Shin poured a dipper of water down the back of his neck, and as he got his eyes open Brother Gardner called to him:

"Elder, I ze wantin to remark a few observashuns to you! If you want to visit de club library an' look over our work on poultry to see why your hens doan' lay biled nigs dat's all right, but de fast time I happen in dar' an' you has got a pipe or a mouf-organ I'll take de law in my own hands an' make you tired!"

The Elder sat down in a dazed way, shivered a few times under the wet streak down his back, and then dozed off to sleep again.

THEY BALANCE.

The Chairman of the Committee on Finance reported that his books balanced for March, and that the general accounts for the last quarter had been looked over, audited and balanced up.

"I would also add," said the President, "dat all odder books about dis place also balance. Dey hes to. When dar comes a time in dis hall dat de cash doan' walk right up to figgers you am gwine to hear of somebody gittin' hurt. No one pusson am lowed to handle ober thirty-five cents at any one time, an' he can't be gone ober an hour at once wid dat. We believe all men am honest, but we believe dat nine out of ten of 'em can't stand temptashun. We will now embrace de opportunity to go homo."

Good Advice to Women.

There is any amount of good sense in the advice given by a business woman to her fellow women, to the effect that they are just as much bound as men are to support themselves in some fair, honest way, according to the position and opportunities within their reach. What is the use of a girl, any more than a boy, thinking that it is the right thing that she should tax father and mother, and all her brothers and sisters, in order that she may earn her bread as an indifferent painter, or as a third or fourth rate singer? If she can manage to get the requisite education without oppressing or wronging others, good and well. If she fails, then nobody need complain, or nobody need feel mortified but herself. But just as it is monstrous for a whole family to toil and moil in order to give one boy a superior education, often to very little purpose, so it is equally so with girls. If the boy has the requisite talent and go he will make his way, if not to the top of the tree, at least as far as he has any business to aspire to. So with girls. Self-support they ought to feel is indispensable, but if circumstances will not allow them to dream of the grand "role" then let them take the small, and be thankful. Many a father and mother beggar themselves to make one son "a gentleman and scholar" and get small thanks for their pains. He turns out a dismal failure, or a selfish, insufferable, cad. If he had been helped in a reasonable

way, without his parents sacrificing for him the interest of the rest, he might have been a credit to himself and a comfort to all in a moderate way. So with girls. What says this sensible "business woman" referred to:

"To work out our own salvation is as necessary to women as to men. Nothing valuable in this world is to be had without labour and we should not wait for necessity to compel us to work before we begin to try to learn how. But our choice of employment will, of course, largely depend upon our circumstances. If we are so situated that we have both money and time to pursue a light and agreeable avocation that requires the facilities afforded by wealth for its successful prosecution, we are fortunate. If not, we must take the next best. But as a working woman, who has seen many lives frittered uselessly and painfully away in the effort to pursue such employments without either the money to render light the consequences of failure or the genius which surmounts all obstacles, I would earnestly urge every woman to let practical common sense, and not vanity or love of ease, be her guide in her choice of an employment."

As true as truth. And what is to be said of this?

"As matters now stand most women are far too much helped, too much pitied, and too much praised for their own good. Girls—speaking not of the many noble exceptions, but of the average—are lacking in self-reliance, in courage to face the consequences of their own acts, in truthfulness, in magnanimity. And all this may justly be attributed to the over-help, the undue pity and the weak indulgence which they receive as children."

All which deserves and demands serious consideration. Good, reasonable, moderate help is right and all needed, but as much pluck ought to be both expected and demanded from girls as from boys. It is absurd in these days for butterfly girls, whether young or old, to meet with much patience, far less any admiration. It is not, and ought not to be any passport to honour or consideration for any woman to plead that she can do nothing, that she never had been able to help herself in any useful way, and that if reduced to the dire necessity of doing anything for her own support, she would either have to dip or take to a life of shame.

Doing Well for His Size.

Visitor (to Flossie)—"And how is the baby to-day, Flossie?"

Flossie—"Manna thinks he is a little better."

Visitor—"Then he is not very much better?"

Flossie—"No, ma'am. He couldn't be very much better, you know, because he is such a little bit of a baby."

All men try to get the earth, but the earth gets them. This is not a joke; it is; the grave and solemn truth.

M. Barthelmy Saint Hilaire has published a work on British India, in which he advocates the formation of a league in Western Europe to check the advance of the Slav-empire.

Never set the lamp upon a red table cover; if you cannot find time to make a green lamp-mat, put a piece of green cardboard under the lamp, and you will find the reflection upon your work much more agreeable to the eyes than that from the red cover.

A correspondent in *Notes and Queries* questions whether anybody was ever burnt alive. He writes: Of all the strange things in history that puzzled one's childhood, I do not remember anything that strained one's belief more than the stories of various persons who were made to harangue and argue, and even poke dry puns, while burning "at the stake." The story which harrowed me more than all concerned Savanarola. I think the book was by Dumas. A more shameless piece of circumstantial invention was never printed. More serious writers than Dumas, however, with less fascination of detail, have unblushingly asserted that he was burnt alive; and nine out of every ten of educated persons to whom you put the question would be found possessed of the belief that this was the case. Nevertheless, Savanarola certainly was not burnt alive. It is more than a ghastly myth that anybody ever was?