

## SLINGSBY JONES.

HOW MRS. J. GOT AHEAD OF HIM?

I.

Slingsby Jones was a jovial soul and a pretty good chap in reality, though his tastes often led him too far in the path of fun and of conviviality, and it was not unusual to see him come home when his walk was not straight as a bee line, and he'd stop at his door and pull off his boots and creep in with the stealth of a feline. Now Mrs. Jones had sufficient good sense not to twit her old man with his failing; the doing of which leads in many a house to bickering, snoring and railing; but she didn't approve of his ways, I admit, though she deemed it was wise to keep quiet, by which she avoided a great deal of noise and escaped without scolding and riot. One night Slingsby Jones had been out very late; he had been as he said in his lodge, (How thin this excuse must appear to a wife, for of course she must see through the dodge.) And when he came home it was long after two. Mrs. J. was in bed—not asleep, and from under the clothes she could manage to get at his devious movements a peep. She could see as he entered, his boots in his hand, his collar and necktie awry, that he'd looked on the wine when it moved in the cup; she could see by his imbecile eye that Jones was full up, but she said not a word, she had got an idea in her head. When she'd put into practice next morning, thought she. Meanwhile Slingsby had crept into bed. In a very few moments his snoring proclaimed he was sleeping the sleep of the just, or the tramp, or the weary, whatever you please; he slept like a man on a bust.

II.

In the morning he woke feeling thirsty and dry, and caught sight of his wife with his dull, aching eyes. She was up and was hunting for what spare doubloons she could find in the pockets of Sling's pantaloons. She rummaged them well, as these feminines will, when lo! she discovered a ten dollar bill. "My gracious!" she cried, as she opened her eyes. "I never expected so great a surprise; he really can't know that this money he owns." And she laughed to herself in inaudible tones. "Now this ten dollar bill, ah! 'tis sweet to my touch, will buy me that bonnet I long for so much; so I'll take it, but lest poor old Slingsby should think that I've been through his pockets in search of his chink, I'll put what I have in the place of this ten. And I'll fix and go out for that bonnet; these men when they come home so very peculiar at night, and try with a pen-knife the gas jet to light, can't really just know how much money they've spent; and I think that this X is by Providence sent. When Sling finds what I've put here, he'll think it's all right, for he'll know he came home most disgustingly tight, and he knows when he's tipsy he oft makes mistakes; but I'd better be going before he awakes." She slipped in a two and a battered shuip plaster and crept from the room where her liege lord and master lay feigning to sleep; but directly he heard His wife leave the house he sprang up like a bird; he seized on his trousers, dived into the pockets, whilst his eyes with delight nearly jumped from their sockets. When they lit on the money; "By Jove! I'm in luck, why, here's two and a quarter; I thought I was stuck. So now let me dress, I'm uncommonly dry, and I want a good cock-tail to open my eye; what should I have done for my brandy and water if fate hadn't sent me this two and a quarter? It will set me up bravely; by Jings! how I wish I was ready to go, for I'm dry as a fish; and when Mary gets back, if the truth I must say, I really had better be out of the way." He tarr'd not long, in a hurry he dressed, and outward he sallied by great thirst oppressed. But not many minutes had gone ere there came in furious haste to the house his fair dame; she was pale with excitement: "To think that I've been a dupe of the scoundrel! Oh, isn't it mean? I thought a good ten dollar bill to secure, but I find it is bogus; he knew it, I'm sure, and I've wasted two dollars and twenty-five cents. For a thing that is worthless; now ain't that immense? But wait till I get hold of Jones." She may wait, but I don't think that Slingsby will be home till late.

## A DETECTIVE STORY;

OR,

## THE BLOODHOUNDS OF THE LAW ON THE TRAIL.

Intense excitement prevailed throughout the city. A burglary of no ordinary daring had taken place some time during the night, and the police authorities had just been apprised of the fact. The chief was consulting with three or, four of his detectives at the

same time that the news was brought to headquarters by a small boy, at seven o'clock one morning lately, of the burglary at McCoffey's grocery, and he at once despatched detectives Oldhall and White to the scene of the robbery, whither they repaired, accompanied by a reporter who had somehow got wind of the affair, much to the disgust of the officers. Shrewd, matter-of-fact men these detectives were; hawk-eyed, intelligent-nosed sleuth-hounds of the law; nothing appeared to escape their lightning glances as they walked through the streets to McCoffey's, and all that they said, in the fewest possible words, was to the point. "Say, young fellow," said detective Oldhall, to the newspaper man, "You got to keep this thing out'n your d-d paper or we'll ring your blamed neck." "Say, young fellow," spoke White, "we'll wring your blamed neck if you don't keep this thing out'n your d-d paper." The embryo journalist promised that not a word should appear, at the same time running over in his mind a few startling headings that he thought would look well in that evening's edition. McCoffey's was reached in due course, the two officers and the reporter went at once to the rear of the store—shrewd fellows, no fooling about the front for them—that being apparently the quarter where the burglars had entered the building, as a window was standing wide open. Several footmarks were visible in the snow, which was two feet deep; the footprints each made a



hole one foot nine inches and a quarter in depth; the keen eyes of the detectives saw these at once, nothing escaped them. Oldhall stooped down and for several minutes inspected these footprints closely. "White," he said at length, "White, the burglars wore boots." White made a note of this in his pocket-book. "Ha!" exclaimed Oldhall, picking up a dark brown wad of some substance, "Look here, White, tobacco; the burglar chewed; this is fine cut Virginia leaf; the burglar, consequently, was a native of the southern States; he was an American." The reporter was astounded at the skill with which this officer gradually tightened the meshes of the net he was weaving round the culprit, whilst White jotted down the gist of Oldhall's remarks in his book. "Send for detectives Podgins and Heavystern," said Oldhall. White stepped out and telephoned to headquarters and the officers named were soon on the spot. "My men," said Oldhall, addressing them, "you have a work before you which will call for your utmost penetration and skill. You see these footprints; go, now, and shadow every man you see who wears boots, who chews fine cut Virginia leaf, and who looks like a South American. Go." Officers Oldhall and White entered the building by the door which was found open. "Stay," said White, pausing on the threshold, "this door was open. This door being open, why, then, did the burglar enter by the window?" The reporter suggested that the burglar might not

have been aware of the fact that the door was open. Oldhall scowled at him and said, "Look here, young man, you just keep your suggestions to yourself, and keep this thing out of your d-d paper or—" White said the same. "Stay," exclaimed Oldhall, "these footprints lead from the window, consequently the burglar must either have walked backwards to the window, or he came out of the building by the window. Now I look again, I see that these marks lead to the door, consequently, he entered by this door." White was lost in admiration of his brother detective's argument. "But," he ventured to observe, "he has been shown to be a South American; South Americans are Indians; therefore, these should be moccasin marks." "White, you're a fool," said Oldhall, sharply. White seemed hurt, and said no more. "Why," continued Oldhall, studying deeply, "why should he leave the building by the window when the door was open? Obviously to throw us off our guard. White, send to headquarters for detectives Blossombeak and Rumjug." White telephoned as before and the officers were soon on hand. "Men," said Oldhall, "shadow every man you see walking backwards, or coming out of his house by the window. Go." Oldhall, White, and the reporter now entered the store, which had not yet been opened for business, and made a close scrutiny of everything; tapping the walls, tasting the samples of liquor in order to see if the burglar had done the same, their idea being that his breath would be a clue when captured, and noting everything in their pocket books as they went. The safe was untouched; the till drawer had not been opened; more mystery. Near the stove lay a button. Oldhall's lynx eye detected it in an instant; he picked it up, inspected it closely for ten minutes or so, and then said, "White, this is a trouser button; the burglar, then, wore trousers. When we leave here we must closely shadow every man we see with trousers on; we shall have our hands full ere we dispose of this case." "But," again remarked the reporter, "I don't see what any burglar wanted to enter a place without taking anything for; nothing appears to be disturbed." "Oblige me," returned Oldhall, "by keeping your mouth shut; for two pins I'd arrest you for interfering with the police."

(To be continued.)

## THE INVENTION OF THE DAY.

A young man residing out beyond Yorkville is taking out a patent for an invention that should call for the most fervent thanks and gratitude of the youths of Canada, as it is designed to fill a want long felt among the young people of this country. The invention consists of a metal plate, so fashioned that it can be fitted on to the person, underneath the pantaloons, immediately below the frowning bluff, which adorns the *sub rosa* portion of most young men's persons. To this plate are attached several rows of movable barbed and sharp hooks. When in repose, these hooks lie in grooves in the plate; but at the first note of warning, intimating the approach of the enemy in the shape of the adored one's irate papa, they can be caused to spring out and bristle like a porcupine's tresses when he beholds a ghost, yet remaining invisible on account of the nether garments of the wearer: their action being governed by a spring attached to the plate, and connected with a handle in the young man's vest pocket. The use of the whole arrangement is obvious, and is likely to be particularly so to the old gentleman referred to, after the first kick. In times of peace, spiral springs are arranged on the plate, so that when the wearer and his soul's enchantress are occupying the same chair in the usual manner of lovers, a gentle undulating motion is imparted, and the happy