

A Sartorial Stab.
From Brooklyn Life.
Mr. Jackson, colored, had come to the home of his fiancée, Miss Jasmine Jones, to fulfill an afternoon appointment. Not finding the lady at the customary trysting place in the front yard, Mr. Jackson leisurely strolled around the house, thinking he would probably come upon her there. The lady was yet not to be found, but her mother was discovered on the back porch doing the family washing. Approaching with his utmost pompous air, the future son-in-law inquired: "Miss' Jones, can you tell me anything of de wharabouts of Mis' Jasmine dis fin' aftnnoon?" "De wharabouts of Jasmine, did you say, Mistah Jackson?" puzzled the old woman, looking up from the tub. "Yes'm, dat's what I say, de wharabouts of Mis' Jasmine."

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The Crime of the Boulevard

By Jules Claretie

CHAPTER I.

"Where does Bernardet live?" "At the passage to the right. Yes, that house which you see with the grating and the garden behind it."

The man to whom a passerby had given this information hurried away in the direction pointed out, though gasping for breath, he tried to run, in order to more quickly reach the little house at the end of the passage of the Elysee des Beaux Arts.

This passage, a sort of due de sac, on either side of which were black buildings, strange, old-fashioned and dilapidated storehouses, opened upon a boulevard filled with life and movement, with people promenading, with the noise of tramways, with gaiety and light.

The man wore the dress and had the bearing of a workman. He was very short, very fat, and his bald head was bared to the warm October rain. He was a workman, in truth, who worked in his concierge lodge, making over and mending garments for his neighbors, while his wife cooked after the house, swept the staircases and complained of her lot.

Mme. Moniche found life hard and disagreeable and regretted that it had not given her what it promised when, at 18, and very pretty, she had expected something better than to watch beside a tailor bent over his work in a concierge's lodge. Into her life a tragedy had suddenly precipitated itself, and Mme. Moniche found that day something to brighten up her afternoon. Entering a moment before the apartment occupied by M. Rovere, she had found her lodger lying on his back, his eyes fixed, his arms flung out, with a gas across his throat.

M. Rovere had lived alone in the house for many years, receiving a few mysterious persons. Mme. Moniche looked after his apartment, entering by using her own key whenever it was necessary, and her lodger had given her permission to come there at any time to read the daily papers.

Mme. Moniche hurried down the stairs. "M. Rovere is dead! M. Rovere has been murdered! His throat has been cut! He has been assassinated!" And pursuing her husband out of the door she exclaimed:

"This word 'police' awakened in the tailor's mind not the thought of the neighboring commissary, but the thought of the man to whom he felt that he ought to appeal, whom he ought to consult. This man was the good little M. Bernardet, who passed for a man of genius of his kind at the Elysee and for whom Moniche had often repaired coats and rehemed trousers.

From the mansion in the Boulevard de Clichy, where Moniche lived, to M. Bernardet's house was but a short distance, and the concierge knew the way very well, as he had often been there, but the poor man was so stupefied, so overwhelmed, by the sudden appearance of his wife in his room, by the brutal revelation which came to him as he lay on the floor, that he did not in the manner of M. Rovere's death, that he lost his head. Horrified, breathless, he asked the first passerby where Bernardet lived, and he ran as fast as he could in the direction pointed out.

He stood at the grating, the worthy man, a little confused, stopped a moment. He was very strongly moved. It seemed to him that he had been cast into the agony of a horrible nightmare. An assassination in the house! A murder in the Boulevard de Clichy in broad daylight! A blow at the heart, while he was quietly repairing a vest!

He stood at the house without ringing. M. Bernardet was, no doubt, breakfasting with his family, for it was Sunday, and the police officer, meeting him in the evening before, had said to him: "Tomorrow is my birthday. M. Moniche hesitated a moment. Then he rang the bell. He was not kept waiting. The sudden opening of the grating startled him. He pushed back the door and entered. He crossed a little court, at the end of which was a pavilion. He mounted the three steps and was met on the threshold by a little woman, as rosy and fresh as an apple, who, napkin in hand, gayly saluted him.

"Eh, Moniche!" "It was Mme. Bernardet, a Burgundian woman, about 35 years of age, trim and coquettish, who stepped back so that the tailor could enter.

"What is the matter, M. Moniche?" "The police officer," said the man, "has just told me that M. Rovere has been murdered."

"Nothing easier," said the little woman. "M. Bernardet is in the garden. Yes, he is taking advantage of the beautiful day. He is taking a group."

"What group?" "You know very well photography is his passion. Come with me."

And Mme. Bernardet pointed to the end of the corridor, where an open door gave a glimpse of the garden at the rear of the house. M. Bernardet, the inspector, had posed his three daughters with their mother about a small table, on which coffee had been served. I had just gone in to get my napkin, when I heard you ring," Mme. Bernardet said.

M. Bernardet made a sign to Moniche not to advance. He was as plump and as gay as his wife. His mustache was red, his double chin smooth shaven and his eyes had a sharp, cunning look, his head was round and closely cropped.

The three daughters, clothed alike in Scotch plaid, were posing in front of a photographic apparatus which stood on a tripod. The eldest was about 12 years of age, the youngest a child of 5. They were all three strangely alike.

M. Bernardet, in honor of his birthday, was taking a picture of his daughters. The ferret who from morning till night tracked robbers and malefactors into their hiding places was taking his recreation in his damp garden. The sweet idyl of this hidden life repaid him for his unceasing investigations for his trouble and fatiguing man's bluish throat.

"There," he said, clapping the cap over the lens. "That is all. Go and play now, my dears. I am at your service now, Moniche."

He shut up his photographic apparatus, pulling out the tripod from the deep soil in which it was imbedded, while his daughters joyously ran to their mother. The young girls stood gazing at Moniche with their great blue eyes, piercing and clear. Bernardet turned to look at him, and at once divined that something had happened.

"You are as white as your handkerchief, Moniche," he said. "A murder?" "A murder, yes, M. Bernardet. M. Rovere—you did not know him?" "No."

"He was an original, a recluse, and now he has been assassinated. My wife went to his room to read the paper. Bernardet interrupted him brusquely:

"When did it happen?"

"Ah, dame, monsieur, I do not know! All I know is my wife found the body still warm. She was not afraid. She touched it!"

"Is warm!" These words struck Bernardet. He reflected a moment. Then he said: "Come, let us go to your house."

Then, struck with a sudden idea, he added, "Yes, I will take it."

He fastened his camera from the tripod. "I have three plates left which I can use," he said.

Mme. Bernardet, who was standing at a little distance, with the children clinging to her skirts, perceived that the concierge had brought important news. Bernardet's face had suddenly changed. The expression became serious, his glance fixed and keen.

"Art thou going with him?" Mme. Bernardet asked as she saw her husband buckle on his leather bandolier.

"Yes," he answered. "Ah, Mon Dieu! My poor Sunday, and this evening! Can we not go to the little theater at Montmartre this evening?"

"Do not know," he replied. "You promised. The poor children! You promised to take them to see Closerie des Genets."

"I cannot tell. I do not know. I will see," the little man said. "My dear Moniche, today is my fortieth birthday. I promised to take them to the theater, but I must go with you." Turning to his wife, he added: "But I will come back as soon as I can. Come, Moniche, let us hasten to your M. Rovere."

He fastened his camera on the forehead of each little girl on both cheeks, and, strapping the camera in the bandolier, he went out, followed by the tailor. As they walked quickly along Moniche kept repeating, "Still warm—yes M. Bernardet, still warm."

CHAPTER II.

Bernardet was quite an original character. Among the agents, some of whom were very odd, and among the devoted subalterns this little man, with his singular mind, with his insatiable curiosity, with his papers and his hands on his hands, passed for a literary person. His chief sometimes laughingly said to him:

"Bernardet, take care. You have literary ambitions. You will begin to dream of a swam of files around a notecomb. A rumor had spread about which brought together a crowd animated by the morbid curiosity which is aroused in some minds at the hint of a mystery and attracted by the sinister thing, 'crime,' arouses. The women talked in shrill tones, inventing strange stories and incredible theories. Some of the common people hurried up to learn the news.

At the moment Bernardet came up, the concierge, a couple stopped at the door and a tall man got out, asking:

"Where is M. Morel? I wish to see M. Morel."

The chief had not yet been advised, and he did not get there. But the tall young man suddenly recognized Bernardet and laid hold of him, pulling him after him through the half open door, which Moniche hastened to shut against the crowd.

Living in the same officers', Bernardet said to the concierge, "or the crowd will push in."

Mme. Moniche was standing at the foot of the staircase, surrounded by the lodgers, men and women, to whom she was recounting for the 20th time the story of how she had found M. Rovere with his throat cut.

"I was going in to read the paper—the story—it is very interesting, that story. The moment had come when the baron had insulted the American, M. Rovere said to me anxiously yesterday, poor man, I am anxious to find out which one will be killed—the colonel or the baron." He will never know. And it is he—

"Mme. Moniche," interrupted Bernardet, "what do you mean, one whom you can send or a commissary?"

"Any one?" "Yes," added Moniche. "M. Bernardet needs a magistrate. It is not difficult to understand."

"Mme. Moniche," repeated Mme. Bernardet, "that is so, commissary, and what if I go for the commissary myself, M. Bernardet?"

"All right, provided you do not let the crowd take the house by assault when you open the door."

"The woman said, happy in having something important to do, in relating the horrible news to the commissary how, when she was about to enter the room for the purpose of reading, the—

(Continued Next Week.)

banker said to his employees, in an easy tone: "Goodby for the moment, messieurs. I will return soon."

It was also Bernardet who, visiting the Bank Hauts-Plateaux, said to his chief, "M. Morel, something very serious is taking place there."

"What is it, Bernardet?" "I do not know, but there is a meeting of the bank directors, and today I saw two servants carry a man in there in an invalid's chair. It was the Baron de Cheyraud."

"Baron Cheyraud, in his quality of ex-senator of the second empire, of president of the council, an ex-commissioner of industrial expositions, is grand cross of the Legion of Honor. Grand cross—that is to say, that he cannot be pursued only after a decision of the council of the order. And then, you understand—if the Bank of Hauts-Plateaux demands the presence of its vice president, the Baron de Cheyraud, paralyzed, half dead, it is a thunderbolt!"

"The grand cross, monsieur. They would hesitate to deliver up to us the grand cross."

"You are right, Bernardet. The bank must be in a bad fix, and you are a very keen observer—the mind of a literary man, Bernardet."

"Oh, rather a photographic eye, M. Morel—the habit of using a kodak!"

Thus Bernardet passed his life in Paris. Capable of amassing a fortune in some Tricouche agency if he had wished to exploit, for his own benefit, his keen observing powers, he thought only of doing his duty, bringing up his little girls and loving his wife, time along with Bernardet came up.

M. Bernardet hurried toward M. Rovere's lodgings, and Moniche followed the house they saw that a crowd had begun to collect.

"It is known already," Moniche said. "Since I left they have begun to collect."

"If I enter there," interrupted the officer, "it is all right. You have a right to call any one you choose to your aid, but I am not a magistrate. You must go for a commissary of police."

"Oh, M. Bernardet!" Moniche exclaimed. "You are worth more than all the commissary put together."

"That does not make it so. A commissary is a commissary. Go and hunt for one."

"But since you are here—"

"Do nothing. We must have a magistrate."

"You are not a magistrate, then?" "I am simply a police spy."

Then he crossed the street.

The neighbors had gathered about the door, a swarm of files around a notecomb. A rumor had spread about which brought together a crowd animated by the morbid curiosity which is aroused in some minds at the hint of a mystery and attracted by the sinister thing, 'crime,' arouses. The women talked in shrill tones, inventing strange stories and incredible theories. Some of the common people hurried up to learn the news.

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Stimulating the Stogy Output.

Elizabeth P. Butler in the July Charities and the Commons.

Where hours are irregular in the Pittsburg stogy manufacturers, the time element enters, with natural differences of speed and with differences in quality of stock, to affect the amount earned. Perhaps here better than elsewhere mention may be made of some of the methods of stimulating output in the larger factories. There are eight factories which employ 100 hands or more. In each of them as well as in some of the smaller plants which approach them in size, there are speed requirements. One factory, for instance, pays a bonus of a hundred cents a case if a roller turns out less than 6,000 stogies a week, although there is not a sweatshop which falls below the 11 cent rate. In other cases, emphasis is placed on close cutting as well as on speed. The following regulation is posted on a workroom door.

Pump Handles (Cigars).

All rollers getting an average of below 275 a pound will receive 12 cents a 100.

All rollers getting an average of 275 or better will receive 13 cents a 100.

All rollers getting an average of over 325 will receive 25 cents additional to their week's pay.

Little Havana Specials.

All rollers getting an average of below 325 a pound will receive 12 cents a 100.

All rollers getting an average of 325 or better will receive 13 cents a 100.

All rollers getting an average of over 375 will receive 25 cents additional to their week's pay.

The Dangerous House Fly.

Michael Williams in "Success Magazine."

Flies cause, in New York city alone, about 7,000 deaths yearly from other diseases. Last year a fly was captured on South street, in New York (not far from one of the city's biggest meat and fish markets), that was found to carry in its mouth and on its legs more than 100,000 disease bacteria. Flies walk over decaying and fetid matter, for which they have a natural affinity, and then, entering meat markets and homes, travel over the food, explore the milk pails, and alight directly on the skin of the householders.

HENRY WATTERSON ON "BLIND TOM"

As His "Oldest Living Friend," the Great Editor Pays Touching Tribute.

Henry Waterson, in the Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Tidings of the death of 'Blind Tom' at Hoboken, where he had been living in retirement, the wires tell us, and substituting charity for reach, a heart that loved and pitied him, and summon from the land of shades and dreams many a ghost of days and dear ones long since departed. I must be his oldest living friend. It is not true, as I have sometimes seen it stated, that I taught him what little of the keyboard he knew, but I was in at the outset of his strange career and am familiar with all its beginnings.

I first heard of him through Robert Heller—William Henry Palmer—best known in his day as a popular magician, but a most accomplished pianist. It was at Washington and in the autumn of 1850. Palmer had just come up with 'Blind Tom' in Louisville, I think, and had been, of course, and at once perplexed and amazed by his extraordinary characteristics. His crude, often grotesque, attempts to imitate whatever fell upon his ear, his play over the keys, or on his keyboard, were startling. He had heard Judge Douglas speak and graphically reproduce a few sentences. He had heard a reigning prima donna sing and repeated her soprano in a few bars. The Bethune girls, daughters of General Bethune of Columbia, Ga., his old master, had taught him few things, which he rattled off upon the piano. He knew nothing very complicated, or very well. But he was blind and clearly an idiot; in short, he was a prodigy.

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