

A FIRST LESSON FOR DETECTIVES.

It is Not How to Detect, but the Best Way to Avoid Being Detected.

I had occasion a short time ago to do some work under the direction of Superintendent Byrnes and received from him some instructions in the business of becoming a detective.

"To accomplish the ends which we seek in the case in which you are engaged," said the world-famed rogue catcher, "it is very important that no one should suspect what you are after, and it is of paramount importance that no one shall suspect that you are in communication with me. Now let me give you one of the first lessons that a detective learns. It is not how to detect, but how to avoid being detected himself. It very often happens that people who are playing a game for a big pot of money, and who fear the police will spoil their game, employ detectives to shadow every one with whom they are dealing for fear that they may be dealing with some one who will expose their schemes. The first thing a detective learns to do, therefore, is to find out whether he is being shadowed by any one else. To do this is simple and easy, and yet most people not familiar with how to do it would say, 'Why, how can I find out if I am being watched?'

"All that is necessary is caution and a little nerve. Keep your eyes open for any one whom you suspect of following you and never go anywhere where your hand would be exposed unless you are sure you are not followed. If you have an idea you are followed, pay no attention to the person you suspect of following you. Do not try to escape him, for that will at once arouse his suspicions. Let him follow you, and to make sure that he is really shadowing you after walking a block or two turn quickly and retrace your steps. As you pass the man you suspect look him squarely in the eye. Repeat this operation several times, and you will be bound to make sure whether or not he is really following you.

"Of course when you know you are being shadowed you will do nothing to reveal what you are really doing until your follower has abandoned the chase."—New York Herald.

Spilling Salt and Breaking Mirrors.

At the present day, when salt is spilled at the table, some persons at once throw some of the spilled article into the fire in order to avoid a quarrel. Salt in many nations was a token of friendship, and when an Arabian desired to assure you of his loyalty he handed you some salt and said, "There is salt between us." Should he spill any of it he would hasten to burn a portion as a sacrifice to heaven and a prayer to avert the impending quarrel.

To break a mirror to many persons indicates the death of the person who last looked into the mirror, or some serious injury to that person. The savage tribes of nearly every country believed that striking either the image or the shadow of any person meant an injury to that person. They believed that the image or the shadow represented the spirit of a person, and many are the tales told of magicians who inflicted the injuries on persons they inflicted on their images. To drop a stone into water where the image of a person was reflected meant death or some dire disaster.—New York Telegram.

Too Familiar.

Mamma had taken Fred and Helen to visit an old school friend whom she called "Jennie." On returning home she heard the children talking at some length very familiarly about "Jennie." "Whom are you talking about?" asked mamma of Helen. "About Jennie," said Helen. "Jennie who?" "Why, Jennie Gable." "Well, you must not talk that way. You must say Mrs. Gable." "But you say 'Jennie, mamma.'" "Yes, but mamma does not want her little girl to say it." Just then Fred came forward and said: "Why, of course mamma is right, Helen. How would it sound for any one to call grandma 'Tish'! Only people who are well acquainted with her, like grandpa, ought to call her that."—Youth's Companion.

Amethystine Cups.

The word amethyst means not intoxicated or drunken, because the stone was supposed to possess the virtue of preventing drunkenness, leaving the wearer or drinker not intoxicated.

For this reason it was made into drinking cups by the ancient Persians, but unfortunately tradition leaves us in doubt as to whether it was this misplaced confidence or not that led to the discontinuance of the amethystine cup.—Minerals.

A Wonderful Invention.

A chemist has invented an automatic sensitive paint which is a bright yellow at the ordinary temperature and a bright red at 220 degrees. It returns to its original color on cooling and may be heated with the same effect over and over.—St. Louis Republic.

A Royal Flush.

"What a beautiful hand that young lady has," remarked Vanderclaw to Mr. Bondelipper.

"Yes, that diamond ring, if it is genuine, must be worth at least \$1,200."—Texas Siftings.

The Future of Natal.

To the African native the establishment of a colony like Natal is like throwing open the gates of paradise. He streams in, offering his cheap though not very regular labor, and supplying all his own wants at the very smallest expenditure of toil. Where he multiplies, however, the British race begins to consider labor of all but the highest kinds dishonorable, and from the moment that a white population will not work in the fields, on the roads, in the mines, in the factories, its doom is practically sealed. It is limited to supplying employees, merchants, contractors, shopmen and foremen to the community.

Sooner or later the black race will be educated to a point at which it will demand and receive a share in those employments and in the government. Whenever that happens the white race will either be absorbed or disappear. The mass will gradually depart, but a few who have lost the sense of superiority will remain, intermarry and be perpetuated in the persons of a few hundred, or it may be, a few thousand, mulattoes and quadroons.—"National Life and Character."

She Meant Well.

There was a debutante as beautiful, as attractive and as perfect a dancer as every debutante is—or is supposed to be. But this debutante, like her sister "debs," was not overpowered with literary knowledge. Before one of her first dinner parties she was told that she would be taken into dinner by Mr. F.

"Now," said Miss Deb's mother, "Mr. F. is much interested in historical subjects, therefore, to make him think you agreeable, start a discussion in history. Do you understand?" "Yes, mamma."

At dinner that evening Mr. F., bending over, told Miss Deb "he heard that she had been quite the belle of the last German—such dancing, such a gown, such flowers," etc.

"Yes, yes," said the trembling Deb, and then with a burst of confidence, "But, oh! Mr. F., wasn't it sad about Mary, queen of Scots?"

Poor little maiden! She tried hard to appear learned, but it was evidently beyond her depth.—Cor. Richmond Dispatch.

A Radish Shaped Like a Human Hand.

I have before me at this moment a portrait of a radish, painted from life by John Penoy, which is an exact counterpart of a human hand, the leaves at the top strongly reminding one of the laces and frills which men formerly wore at their wrists. The original of this portrait grew in sandy soil in a garden at Harlem, Holland, in the year 1672, and is now preserved in spirits and kept in the museum at Glandorp among other vegetable, mineral and animal curiosities. If the portrait is true to life, the resemblance could not be more striking. The fingers, the lines in the palm, the nails, etc., are all perfect. The fingers all stand slightly apart, just as yours would if you were to hang your hand down at your side and straighten them.

Another radish exactly resembling a human hand came into possession of Mr. Bisset, secretary of the museum at Birmingham, England, in 1802, but has since been lost or destroyed.—St. Louis Republic.

The Lovers' Leap.

Sappho killed herself by jumping from the Lovers' Leap, a Leucadian cliff. This leap was often taken by lovesick persons, who believed that if they survived the fall they would be effectually cured of a hopeless passion. The leaps were always witnessed by crowds of spectators, and the would-be suicides were in no way interfered with by the state. Boats were in attendance below to pick up the leapers if they came to the surface of the sea after the plunge. Sappho had a passion for a young man who did not return her love and leaped from the cliff in order to be cured. She perished in the fall. So also did Artinesia and many other celebrities.

Pliny tells a curious story of an old Athenian miser who was in love with his cook and desiring a cure, went to have a look at the cliff. He peeped over, shook his head, went home and married the cook.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Inter-cession For Business.

A mother tells the following story on her two young children. At the time she was not at home, and the nurse, in order to insure a peaceful retirement of the tots, allowed them to take a small lunch to their room. They knelt down, as is their nightly custom, and all was still, as became the solemnity of the occasion, when one of the curly heads was raised, and a startling announcement was made:

"Mr. Lord, please 'cuse me a minute, Kit's takin a bite of my pickle." After a short but decisive engagement devotions were resumed.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Fashionable Catastrophe.

"How did you enjoy the dog show, Maud?"

"Not at all. My dear, sweet, lovely little Fido was eaten up by a horrid big brute of a St. Bernard."

"Dear me! How did it happen?"

"She said it was because Fido looked so much like a sausage."—Harper's Bazar.

Throughout Green Spects.

One evening not long since our reporter was loitering along Main street enjoying the sweet fragrance of his havanna, he noticed something that looked just a little "queer" to say the least, and like the generous soul that he is, he wants everybody to read and judge for themselves as to whether everything "is gold that glitters," or not. A real nice looking young lady walked past him quite hurriedly and crossed to the opposite side of the street, and upon arriving in front of one of the office buildings on that side, she cast hurried glances to all points of the compass, but not seeming satisfied she passed on. In a few minutes she returned and went through the same movements. Even this time she did not seem to find what she was looking for. The reporter's curiosity became aroused and he concluded to watch the proceedings. The young lady sauntered up the street again about a block and then turned and started back just as if she had left her pocket book some place. When she arrived at the building above mentioned she turned in and was lost to view. Probably ten minutes afterwards, "Romeo," as we will call him, passed by and went through similar maneuvers, but it seemingly did not take him very long to get his bearings, for he walked along softly whistling "They're after me" and seemed to know exactly where he was headed for. As he neared the same dark doorway where "Juliet" had disappeared, he looked as if wondering whether he was not a little too early for some appointment, but seeming to think he would rather be a little early than late, he darted out of sight. Neither appeared for over an hour and when they did, they came out as they went in—one at a time, hurrying off in different directions.

The United States revenue cutter Kesh arrived at Honolulu last Thursday morning, having on board ex-Congressman Blount, of Georgia who was appointed commissioner to investigate the existing conditions in Hawaii and report as to the expediency of the annexation of the islands to the United States. As soon as the cutter was sighted off Koko Head, at 9 a. m., business men went to work, and in a short time the street and buildings were covered with flags and bunting. The townspeople turned out en masse. By 11 o'clock when the Kesh anchored in Naval Row, the docks and the streets were crowded. The mail steamer Australia, which was scheduled to leave at noon, was held back and from her dock the band of the provisional government welcomed the new arrivals with the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner." A delegation from the Annexation Club was hastily formed and welcomed the commissioner at the boat landing. During the two weeks preceding the arrival of Commissioner Blount the lethargy of the Hawaiians has given way to action. The Civil Rights League and the Hawaiian Patriotic League have held frequent mass meetings, at which either annexation or disfranchisement were the respective subjects of denunciation. On the evening of March 21, the day before the arrival of the steamship Australia with news that the annexation treaty had been shelved, a meeting of white residents, numbering fully 1500, was held at the large drill shed adjoining the armory of the provisional government, at which an annexation club was formed which has 1200 members, and speeches were made by some of the most prominent men in Honolulu. Robert Wilcock, editor of the Liberal, was made one of the Vice-Presidents of the club, and was the only Hawaiian who prominently allied himself with the meeting.

During the next week there will arrive in Chicago all sorts of people, from all parts of the world, and they are all coming to assist in making the exposition the great success that it will be.

An entire tribe of giants from Bolivia will be among the first to arrive. These fellows are of assorted sizes, ranging from 6 feet 8 to 8 feet 6. The giant among the giants is an Indian named Namani, who claims eight and one-half feet of frame and a weight of 418 pounds. Twelve natives of India are also expected to find their way to Jackson Park this evening. They are strict Mahometans, and will spend the first three days after their arrival in giving praise to the Holy Prophet for keeping them in safety during their trip. The greatest combination that will reach the city, however, will be the nineteen European maidens, who are now being chaperoned across the continent by Colonels W. T. C. Hyde and Thomas Ochiltree, who will be wel-

comed to Chicago by W. F. Knox. These young ladies represent the different types of beauty of modern womanhood. They come from different countries of Europe, and will during the exposition act as models for the International Dress and Customing Company, which has a "concession" on Midway Plaisance. The International Etc. Company was organized by a number of Chicago gentlemen for the purpose of displaying the latest fashions in dress to the visitors at the exposition. Down at Jackson Park the concern is spoken of as a "Beauty Show." And perhaps it might as well be called that as anything else. In fact the central figures will be two scores of lovely women, of whom the first installment will arrive soon. The young ladies are said to be all that is beautiful, as they took New York by storm, the adjective may not be misused. The three who are called the most beautiful are Miss Enid Scott, of England, Miss Gertrude Rimont, of France and Miss Ladizok Keihuhart, of Hungary. Colonel Ochiltree describes Miss Scott as "a dainty little girl with a thoughtful face, deep violet eyes, wavy blond hair, symmetrical figure, and an inordinate appetite for mixed ale." Ladizok Keihuhart is said to be beautiful as an hurricane conjured by the god of dreams. And she also has a reputation of being possessed of a temper that is uncontrollable. Gabrielle Ramont has been for two years noted in Paris for her beauty. While in New York she caused trouble by smiling on a young gentleman who was accompanied by his sweetheart. A street scene was avoided only after Colonel Ochiltree had exhausted all his powers of persuasion. The management is endeavoring to keep the ladies in the backgrounds, as they do not care to have notoriety before the exposition opens.

Another Chance for War.

It was Chili during the last administration. It may be its neighbor Peru during this. It appears that the United States consulate at one of the Peruvian ports has been sacked by a mob with apparent police sanction. The officer acting as consular agent for the United States was fired upon and wounded in the foot. The news comes in a brief telegram from the United States minister to Peru. He omitted such essential details as the name of the place and the name of the wounded officer, or they were dropped from his dispatch in the telegraphic transmission. His telegram is as follows:

LIMA, April 5.—Gresham, Washington: At place omitted mob attacked Masonic lodge, sacked building and burned the fixtures in the street. Incidentally, United States consulate was invaded, furnishing destroyed and acting consular agent shot in foot. Archives saved intact. Squad of Peruvian police looked on while the mob performed work without interference. The mail brings the particulars.

Hicks.

Secretary Gresham conferred with the president on the subject and this afternoon sent the following telegram to the minister:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 6, 1893.—Hicks Minister, Lima: Protest against failure of authorities to afford protection to consulate, and if facts are well established ask expression of regret, prompt prosecution of the guilty parties and reparation for injury to American property or person.

GRESHAM.

There is but one consulate in Peru, that at Callao. In this position Mr. Aquila K. Daugherty of Illinois, appointed during Mr. Harrison's administration, stands on the record as consul. There are under him seven consular agencies the occupants of which positions are doubtless merchants of the country who are paid by fees, and these fees seem to be very small inasmuch as only two make any returns at all to the department of fees collected and those returns are under \$25 a year.

Inasmuch as the dispatch comes from Lima the impression prevails that the scene of the outrage was one of the interior points. This impression is further strengthened by the knowledge in the department that in many cases where the natives assault the sub-consulate, the trouble is due, not to any antagonism to the country represented, but to prejudice and ill-feeling against the representative personally. This is not an uncommon occurrence in South America, or in other parts of the world, where the acts of a mercantile consular agent are resented by the people, who would respect the acts of a citizen of the United States duly appointed to a full consular position.

It is believed that the matter will be satisfactorily explained in a short time.

SALESMEN.—Energetic men wanted. Free prepaid outfit. One of our agents has earned over \$20,000 in five years. P. O. Box 1371, New York.

THE RAG MAT FEVER.

Why Farmer Joel Took an Intense Dislike to the Form of Disease.

"I'd as likes our women folks would get a disease hatched on to 'em in the fall as this here rag mat fever," said Joel Potter to his hired man as they rested from their labors in the great open door of the barn. "I'd liver, fur that matter, fur then they might, with nursin, git over it," he added after some thought. His listener nodded sympathetically, as one acquainted with trouble of that nature.

"I know it, Joel," he said. "A man ain't safer ter lay down his clo'se, keerslike, thout he wants 'em cut up and hooked in—in scroll pattern." "That's jest it," chimed Joel, glad of an appreciative ear. "Lizy'd slit up anything when the banker's on her. She actually buys the young ones' clo'se with an eye to what kind of a groundwork they'll make fur mats, and she knits their stockin's outen all them bright shades so they'll work into the flowers fur the center."

"When you go into the best room, you hev ter step high as you would walk in the woods through under brush jest to avoid all them tarral rag mats she's got sprea' down."

"She has got quite a big assortment, that's a fact," rejoined the hired man in a tone that invited further confidences.

"The last spurt she hed at it," continued Joel, "was when she made the button mat. That's little bits of cloth 'bout the size of buttons, sewed on in separate piles. She got it all done but the last row, an her green give out. Well, sir, she ransacked this town ter find some ter match. Weddn't hev a hot dinner fur a good spell, fur she was all of a whew 'bout that mat. Wha' do you u'pose she done?"

"I wouldn't presume ter say," said his companion, with an air of not being surprised at anything.

"Well," said Joel in an awful whisper, "she tuk the bottom ruffle off'n standy's new dress an slit it up fur me mat."

The listener was duly shocked. "It's more'n I can stand! Mat-makin has swallowed up her best feelin's. I tuk her up to the city with me last year, and we went to one of them high toned churches."

"The minister he was smart as a whip, an the singin would carry a man right up. I could see that Lizy was moved. Her head was a-shakin and her lip was a quiverin, and I leaned over and says I, 'How do you like it, Lizy?' an she turned kind of a dumb look on me fur a minute, an then she says, 'Oh, Joel,' said she, 'wouldn't them curtains round the organ look handsome hooked in?'"—Youth's Companion.

Ice Caves in Savoy.

There are several ice caves in Savoy, but the most remarkable is that near Vergy. The grotto is hollowed out in a yellowish limestone and forms a hall about 50 yards in depth. All around you are stalactites, stalagmites, columns, platforms, amphitheatres, raised thrones, etc., not of mineral, as those found in most caverns, but of pure ice, hard and clear as crystal. The forms of the great icicles depending from the roof are exactly like those of stalactites, but where the stalagmites should rise from the bottom conical and bottle-shaped peaks are the prevailing forms.

At one point in the cave there is a row of objects which forcibly reminds one of a troop of soldiers. On the opposite side there is an ice pipe organ, while underneath the latter and extending into another chamber there is a perfect natural ice tunnel.—Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Looking Through a Telescope.

A number of persons were talking about telescopes, and each professed to have looked through the "largest one in the world." One after another told of the powerful effect of the respective telescopes. At last a quiet man said mildly:

"I once looked through a telescope. I don't know as it was the largest in the world. I hope it wasn't. But it brought the moon so near that we could see the man in it gesticulating wildly and crying out: 'Don't shoot! Don't shoot!' The old fool thought it was a big cannon that we were pointing at him."

The quiet man subsided, and so did all the rest of them.—London Tit Bits.

Colonel Calliper Explains Why.

"Jason," said Mrs. Calliper to her husband, "I should think he would get tired standing there like that with his mouth wide open all the time, shouldn't you?" They were passing a furrier's store, and Mrs. Calliper referred to a bear in the window.

"Why, no; I shouldn't think so, Cynthia," said Colonel Calliper in his absentminded way. "Why should he? He isn't alive, you know. He's just stuffed."

"Oh, is that so, Jason?" said Mrs. Calliper.—New York Sun.

Too Great a Burden.

A gentleman reported dead was rewarded with a first rate press obituary notice. He was not dead, but being met in the street, after the surprise was over, his friend merely observed, "If you are not dead, you ought to be, for no man can live up to that splendid obituary notice you have had."—Exchange.

COLORED WORDS AND SOUNDS.

It is Alleged that a Voice May Be Red and Musical Notes Purple.

One day, by chance, in a conversation upon colors one of the persons present, thinking to express a general sentiment, remarked in a matter of fact way that certain words had peculiar tints or shades. He was utterly unconscious that he had said anything unusual. I also recall a woman, who upon another occasion, while we were speaking of the blue color of a certain flower, made this remark, "It is as blue as the name Julius," and then, seeing the astonishment of those around her, she added naively, "You all know very well that the word Julius is blue." Naturally none of them had ever suspected such a thing.

Pedrono, a physician, has published a very interesting case of color hearing that of a young professor of rhetoric. Some young persons had assembled and were chatting gaily. They repeated at random several times the very unspiced pleasantry, a comparison found in a romance, "beautiful as a yellow dog." Then this person, remarking on the voice of the one who had just uttered the expression, said in a serious tone, "His voice is not yellow; it is red." This affirmation called forth astonishment and a shout of laughter. They all bawled the person who had thus made known his peculiar impressions, and beginning to sing each one wished to know the color of his voice.

Those who learn for the first time of these peculiar perceptions to others experience a great surprise. They can form no idea what it is. The likening of a sound to a color seems to them a process utterly devoid of any intelligible character. Meyerbeer has said somewhere that certain chords in music are purple. What meaning can be given to this expression? Each of the words taken separately has a signification. Every one knows what is meant by a chord in music and by the color purple, but the linking of these terms by the verb and making such a sentence as "this chord is purple" conveys no idea to the mind. As well say virtue is blue or vice is yellow.

So for the great majority of people color hearing is an enigma. Simulation has generally an individual character. It is the work of one person and not of many. It does not give rise to uniform effects which repeat themselves from one generation to another and in different countries. It is especially important in the examination of this subject to take into consideration the number of persons who affirm that they have the faculty of color hearing.

According to Bleuler and Lehmann, this number would amount to 12 out of every 100. Claparede, a distinguished psychologist of the University of Geneva, who was deeply engaged in an examination of this subject, has stated that out of 407 who responded to his question 255 possessed color hearing.—Alfred Binet in Chautauquan.

Ages of Political Leaders.

General Washington's first cabinet is said to have been the youngest, all told, in the history of the country. Jefferson was 35, Hamilton 32, Randolph 35, Knox 35 and Osgood 41 at the time of their induction into office. A cabinet whose members averaged less than 39 years in age would be considered a very remarkable one today and a hazardous one as well, small it is doubtful if any president would care to take upon himself the burden of adverse criticism sure to follow the appointment of so youthful a set of advisers. The fact is, our colleges and professional schools keep the young man from active life so long nowadays that his public career can hardly begin before he is four or five years older than his ancestor was when the latter started out to make the world over after the usual fashion. The ambitious youth just out of his teens. —Presidence Journal.

A Planters Experience.

"My plantation is in a malarial district, where fever and ague prevail. I employ 150 hands; frequently half of them were sick. I was nearly discouraged when I began the use of

Tutt's Pills

The result was marvellous. My men became strong and hearty, and I have had no further trouble. With these pills, I would not fear to live in any swamp."—E. RIVAL, Bayou Sara, La.

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