G. W. PAIRBROTHER & CO.,

Pullishers and Proprietors

WRIT IN FLOWERS.

In all the blessed seasons when the flowers Dock with rare beauty this brown earth of ours.
In my small garden every day I find

Some lovely blooms that bring dear friends to mind, Not only friends who year by year have

Into my heart, but many friends unknown, Save in the spirit, who have sent to m : Gifts that, awhile imprisoned, when jet free, Burst into words in "angel alphabet," In which the giver's memory was set. In snow-drops white as is the snow; in blue And graceful scilla belis whose beaventy hus Seems to have dropped upon them from the

skies; In roses which each morn give glad surprise Of wondrous colors; in the tulips gay; In pink thrift blossoms; in the bright array Of velvet pansies smiling to themselves (F owers loved best by merry flower cives): In lilies, these obed like a youthful bride. And those pranked out in garments richly dyed. In gold and crimson: in forget-me-nots.

Peoping with haby eyes from study spots; In honey-suckles with their brilliant show Of fairy trumpets, which uncessing blow Most fragrant invitations to that gem Of birds, the humming-bird, to visit them: In dainty mignonette and violets shy: In daisies ever gazing at the sky; In spicy pinks and lackspurs blue—I read That which gives strength, and makes me glad, indeed.

For sure no sweeter messages could be Than those my friends have writ in flowers for me.

MODERN DETECTIVE WORK.

A Profession with Little Romance or Mystery About It The Investigator and the Roper.

"How do men become detectives, what sort of men are detectives, and what sort of lives do they lead?" asked a reporter of Mr. Robert H. Pinkerton. "There seems to be just enough of supposed mystery and romance about the the younger citizen.'

"Bob" Pinkerton, as he is pretty generally called, a square-shouldered, well-built young man, with a pleasant plied: "There's precious little romance about detective work nowadays for romance or mystery. We leave that for the French novels and the blood and thunder stage. Crime has become scientific; it keeps up with the progress of the times, and the detective has got to keep up, too. So that the detectives mouchards of Paris, the old Bow street runners of London, and the "shadows" of the old American police system. Men of intelligence and strong will devote their lives to the study of means for getting hold of the property of othmust be intelligent, clear-headed, acute. persistent, honest, and physically vig-

"To begin with, I'll say that detectives are divided into three general classes: shadows, investigators and ropers. When a man begins the business he is put at shadowing. It is an excellent way to try him and see what stuff there is in him. If he will watch a house night after night, in all sorts of When he was called to the witness weather, or a man day after day, without exciting suspicion, it is pretty safe to employ him regularly. A good shadow is an important part of a detective force. In a great many cases of crime there is no clue to the criminal, but only a suspicion. The shadow is told to watch such a man and see what he does, what sort of company he keeps, where he resorts; or he is told to watch a house, see who goes in and out, what the character of the inmates is, what hours they keep. Now, in order to do this, a man must have tact, intelligence, perseverance. He must not only not excite the suspicions of the suspected parties, but he must not excite the suspicions of the police. It is very awkward for a detective to have to give an account of himself to a policeman. While the policeman may there is not much danger. Criminals be the most honest and fa thful in the world, it endangers the case if he knows a detective is around and mentions it casually to a brother policeman. You can see that to do his work well a shadow must be a man whose appearance will not provoke comment or attract attention. You'd not make a good shadow You're too tall. A very short man won't do. In fact, a thoroughly commonplace-looking man is the very best. He should be young and active We have had office boys who developed considerable talent for that sort of work. Sometimes a boy can be used where a man cannot. He can hang around a house, make the acqurintance of other boys in the neighborhood, and the criminal, who may be watching from inside the house for a chance to steal out unobserved, may think the coast clear when he sees that there is no one around except two or three boys playing marbles on the sidewalk. We had a case of this kind in Baltimore at the time of the robbery of the Third Nat onal Bank there. We wanted to watch a house in Perry street, and we couldn't do it with any of our regular shadows. So we put a boy there. He was playing marbles when the man came out, and then gave the signal that resulted in his capture. But boys, as a rule, are not safe. They are likely to become too important in their own estimation, and they may talk. Some great crimina's have been Northhampton Bank robbers were shadowed months before Scott and Duniap were arrested. Billy Conners was shadowed two months, and Red Leary, before his last arrest, was shadowed nine weeks by three different de-

ary investigation. He usually works with the local officers. He seldom pretends to work in secret. He looks the ground over, mingles with civilians, talks with every one, and forms his conclusions. He must be a man of greater intelligence than is necessary to make a good shadow. He reports the results of his investigations, and on his report is decided the course to be pursued. Perhaps one result of his report will be that a shadow is put on a certain man, and an effort is made in that way to reach the truth in the matter. The preliminary investigator, in short, opens the way for private investigation.

"The roper must, to speak plainly, 'rope' men in. He comes nearest to the dime novel detective of any in the list, but he is a great way off from that romantic hero. The roper is simply a gentlemanly person, social, of good address, able to frame excuses for anything he may do or say, and able to turn the conversation in any way he pleases. He must have traveled, must have a good knowledge of men, must be an easy talker, but a better listener. You remember the murder of the Norwalk miser, old Schultz. His servant, Bucholz, was imprisoned, on the Coroner's jury's verdict, in Bridgeport jail. It was morally certan that he did the murder, but there was not the legal proof. Bucholz was a German, well educated, a man of unusual intelligence. He would have nothing to do with the other prisoners. We put one of our men, Stark, on the case. But you were at the trial and know all about that case."

The reporter did remember. No one who was present is likely to forget the look on the prisoner's face when, in answer to the call for Edward Somers, a slender, well-dressed, gentlemanly person slowly walked to the witness stand and was sworn as a witness for the State. The case is worth repeating detective's calling to make it attractive as an illustration of the roper's methto the average citizen, and especially to ods. An express agent in this city was taken into the confidence of Mr. Pinkerton. A package of paper, alleged to be a package of \$500 in money, was sent to Bridgeport. The police there were face and slight lisp, smiled as he re-telegraphed to arrest the man who called for the money. Stark had been hanging around Bridgeport a day or The modern detective is the last man two. He looked seedy. He called for the package, and was promptly arrested. He appeared confused, contradicted himself, and the upshot was that he was lodged in jail, pending trial, under the name of Edward Somers. He was months in jail. By degrees he seof to-day are very different from the cured first the acquaintance, then the friendship, then the confidence of the prisoner, Bucholz. Every night, after a day of conversation with Bucholz, the detective in his cell wrote a full report of all that had been said. The strain on him was such that he became ill. But To meet such men the detective he persevered until at last the prisoner told him where the money taken from the murdered man was concealed. Then Somers had no trouble in getting bail. He led the proper persons to the spot designated by the prisoner, and they found some \$60,000 buried in the earth. Stark remained in Bridgeport until the trial. He made many friends there, as Ed Somers, and the little episode of the \$500 package seemed to be forgotten. stand that memorable day, there was murder in Bucholz's heart, or his face belied him, and when Somers, laying down the Bible, said that he was Stark, a detective, a young woman among the spectators fainted. Stark was the last man to be taken for a detective. To all appearances he was a German gentleman, possibly a teacher of music, or a professor of the languages.

> "You remember the case," said Mr. Pinkerton. "Well, Stark's proceedings then illustrated the work of the roper better than anything I can say to

"Is a detective's life particularly

dangerous?" "Not in the East. No more so than yours. When a man has the law on his side and attempts to arrest a criminal, are very often cowards, especially our Eastern thieves and burglars. Occasionally a young and reckless thief will attempt to shoot, but such men are of the lower order of criminals. Burglars, counterfeiters, forgers, and the like, take the chance of being arrested as you have the law on your side and go going strong enough. If a detective is trouble, no matter who the criminal is. ives who are sent into Arkansas, Texas, generally, run a tremendous risk. We lost five men in Missouri in eight months in loo ing up the James and Younger brothers. Our men were after such criminals earn their money | Cork." every time, I can a-sure you."

"That suggests the question of pay." \$15 and \$20 a week to \$3,500 a year. The man that goes on a dangerous mission doesn't necessari y get higher were, we need not wonder that a Bishop wages. In fact, he does not get them. of Llandaff could reside permanently He works for so much, and does what he is ordered to do. But, at the same captured by means of shallows. The time, a man is not asked to do a dangerous piece of work against his will. It he hesitates, he need not go. To succeed, a man must go willingly. Of course the fact that a man succeeds in a dangerous pieces of work is often the means of an increase of his salary. Why, it's like any other business,

crime is committed, makes a prelimin- uature is human nature, and when a man sees a big pile of money coming as the result of nxing a crime on some man-well, it's dangerous for that man, guilty or innocent. The work should be done for so much, whatever the result.

"What is the average life of a detective?"

"Well, I don't know as to that. I think, though, they stick to the work on an average, say lifteen years. Then they get tired of traveling, and want to settle down. They get situations in banks, hotels and other institutions." "Are female detectives much employed or depended upon?'

"It is difficult to get a respectable woman to do detective work. There are lots of that claim to be detectives, but they must be employed with caution. They are occasionally useful to work up a case against a woman. In such cases we usually employ a female relative of some one of our men-a woman who knows what detective work is, and who is respectable. But we have to be very careful always in employing women.

"As a rule, detectives are jealous of

each other. It is human nature, I suppose, especially where a reward is offered. A reward stirs up every man that thinks he is a detective. The Charley Ross case is a striking example. We had a turn at it, and we had a very curious experience. We thought surely we were on the track of a woman with the boy. We followed her to Montreal, then to Quebec, then across the Atlantic to England, then to Aberdeen, Scotland, then back through London and Liverpool, and then back again to Quebec; and when at last we caught up with her, we found that she was a woman who was trying to get her boy away from her husband. It is very frequently the case that in working up one crime we run across the perpetrators of another. This is natural, since all classes of professional criminals work in gangs. Each gang usually bears the name of its leader. You would be surprised to know how exclusively each class attends to its own line of work. There are the 'iron men,' who do nothing but safe burglary. There are the store burglars, who devote their entire attention to silks, kid gloves and laces. There are the house robbers, who begin in the fall and work through the winter. They are also known as 'second-story men,' or 'climbers.' Then they are the higher class, the counterfeiters and forgers. Some of them make plenty of money, but it goes as fast as it comes, and none of them dies rich. There is one exception that comes to my mind as I speak, Max Shinbourn. He was the best safe burglar that ever operated. and he made some tremendous hauls. He went into the safes of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company in Whitehaven, Pa., three times; twice as preliminary steps, just looking over the ground you know. The last time he found \$47,000, and then he took it. He robbed the Westmoreland Bank of Maryland, and he broke the Ocean Bank in this city. He and George Miles educated the best class of bank burglars. Shinbourn took \$500,000 out of this country, and to day is said to be a successful business man in Belgium, employing 500 men.

'Are disguises much used?' "Not nearly as often as the student of Gaboriau would imagine. It's all nonsense, this talking of a man's so disguising himself by false whiskers, a wig and paint, that he can pass unrecognized in daylight. He might not be recognized, but he would surely be detected. The police will pounce on a man at once if they see him wearing a false beard, and it's easy enough to tell false beard-much easier than a wig, and they are easily detected. The shadows usually carry a soft cap or hat, or both in their pockets to use in case of necessity; and sometimes in the night a beard can be used, but not often. If the criminal has 'dropped on' a shadow, the best plan is to put another man on him. As I said in the start, there's very little romance or mystery about a detective's life."-N. Y. Sun.

Brown's Benefice.

It is some years now since an old clergyman died-we forget his name, one of the chances of their business. If but Brown will do-of whom a story was told which even then seemed incrediat them in a proper manner, you'll win ble; it would seem more so now. Mr. every time. There is everything in Brown had been in the army, and, finding his occupation gone after Waterloo. foolish enough to go single-handed into gladly accepted an offer of a fat living a thieves' resort, he's bound to have down in Cornwall. "You needn't reside you know," his friend the patron But in the West and South a detective said, "you can get a curate to do the takes his life in his hand. The detect- work for eighty pounds a year or so, and you can live about town on the Missouri, Western Tennessee, Missis- rest." There was a little difficulty sippi, Alabama, the Indian Territory, about procuring ordination, but the and into the great South and West Dake of York overcame that. He gave the candidate a note to take to the Bishop of Cork: "Pear Cork—Ordain Brown. Yours, York." In a few days Mr. Brown presented himself before the working for the Adams Express Com- Commander-in-Chief with a note: pany a the time. The men who go out Dear York-Brown's ordained. Yours,

The thing was done. Brown went down to Cornwall, read himself in, and "Well, the pay runs all the way from returned to London. He lived some fifty years more, and never visited his benefice again! When such things on the banks of Windermere, never visiting his diocese. But happily the absentee is an impossibility in these better days, and the mere sporting parson is a rara avis .- Lon- on Society.

-In Great Britain, more persons were killed during last year by horses than by all the railways of the United Kingdom. The number of violent "The investigator," continued Mr. exactly. Each man has his value. It deaths registered, from all causes, Pinker on, "is the man who, a ter a won t do to work for reward. Human | reached 23,000.

Youths' Department.

PICNIC SAM.

You youngsters who haven't heard of Pienie Just huddle up around here where I am, And listen sharp while memory wanders to

him. And briegs out what he seemed like when I knew him. He lived in one of those high-stretched affairs Called tenements, up any amount of stairs; His room there, when the tired streets he for-

Sook, Was just what room he crowded in and took Though he "lived high," he never had the gout,
And for the most part took his dinners out;

Breakfast and supper were not in his way; His motto always was, One meal per day; Or rather, may be, when you squarely met it, One meal per day, providing I can set it. His garments-well, you've stood and looked,

perhaps, At those plump, little, beaming, made-up with nobby coats, and smiling painted faces, The clothing dealer in his window places (To make meet children envious, I suppose); Well, Sam wasn't dressed at all like one of

Raiment like his no lively lad enjoys It had been cut for several different boys: And, taking garments as they come and go, He had about one suit-or nearly so Still, dry-goods are of life a smail-sized part; A bad coat often hides a first-class heart. His face suggested, to the casual sight, A bull-dog's when he's waiting for a light; And on it might be traced full many a streak, As though it were not laundered once

And yet his eyes were handsome, for a fact is, of course, the one that was not blacked, For be had fighting-more or less-to do; But his well eye looked rather good and true,

You youngsters, huddle round here where I I'll tell you why they called him Picnic Sam. This young home heathen had, by day and

A regular first-class pienic appetite: And, with a zeal good children stood in fear

of, Attended every picuic he could hear of. When Sunday-schools were going to have

spread,"
He'd always join, a week or two ahead;
And though no "verses" he had ever learned,
Tried to look serious like and deep concerned, And it some go. d boy he was sitting near) Would answer every question, loud and clear Twas strange, when near the time of feasting

How sure a school was to get Samuel's name, Why, 'said a teacher, rather prone to scod, "He'll smell a picnic full a fortnight off." Twas strange, in different schools he ravaged

round in, What various kinds of classes he'd be found

in. Three times he actually tried to pass As member of an old folks Bible class; And once appeared (rough brick-bat among pearls)
In a small, timid infant class of girls!

But in whatever company he came. His appetite stood by him all the same, No picuic ne r, in weather four or pleasant, But Sam and stomach managed to be present And when, with innocent, unconscious air, He placed himself at table, firm and square, With one eye partly closed, the other looking Intently at the different styles of cooking, And when, with savage-gleaming knife and fork, He brought himself down seriously to work,

And marched through every dish in conquer ing glory.

And ravaged all the adjacent territory.

Making the table for some distance round Look like a fiercely hard-fought battle-ground, A smile upon his placid face would fall, As if life wasn't a failure, after all.

But when the exciting dinner hour was gone, Sam always felt quite uncalled-for and alone; Felt snubbed and frozen and made quite game

But which he sensed as keenly (do not doubt As if some foe had told him all about it.

He always felt by that vague feeling haunted That hangs around tolks when they are not Because a boy is greedy, dull and droll, It needn't follow that he hasn't a soul; Because his stomach craves more than its

It's no sign he was born without a heart; Though ragged, poor, or coarse, or impolite, He may resent a wrong or feel a slight. Tis dangerous work, this making game of

Thinking, perhaps, they do not heed your Don't fool yourself; for, ten to one, they know And feel it worse in laboring not to show it.

Well, on one day particularly fine, Sam felt himself invited to help dine In a small grove, green, shady, fresh and cool, A recently-discovered Sunday-school;

A recently-discovered Sunday-school:
Which, when he'd joined, he'd muttered,
"This'll pass:
It's a swell crowd; the board'll be first-class."
And so it was; and for an hour or more
Sam slew things as he never did before,
Sam slew things as he never did before,

Wondering, with a gastronomic smile, Where all these victuals'd been all this long And made the teachers feel a great surprise That they d so underrated their supplies And in his stomaca could not but confess That life to-day was one good, square success.

Then, after dinner, feeling perk and smart, He tried to make a little social start, And frisk and frolie round, like any other, And be accepted as a boy and brother. But all the children shrank, with scarce-hid

loathing, From a strange lad in such imperfect clothing; And soon Sam's face a misty sadne s wore, As if to say, "I b'lieve I'm snubbed once

He tried to put them under obligations With street accomplishments and fascina-In turning somersaults and hand-springs led,

and sang, danced, stood upon his head: Even tried a friendly sparring match, till taken Right in the act, misunderstood, and shaken (B) the strong mother of the lad he battled), Till the provisions in him fairly rattled. But whatsoe'er he did, discreet or bold,

It seemed to drive him further in the cold. The grove was near a river; on whose brink Samuel sat down, with lots of time to think, And watch some light boats swiftly past him

With happy children flitting to and fro. Content to see him safe and dry on land.

And he t ought, "No, I ain't much in demand."

Just then a trim young miss came tripping With golden hair, and more than handsome And Sam remarked, his face full of glad "That's the smart girl that scooped em speak-

in' pieces; wonder if she learned hers like a song, Or made the speech up as she went along.
She came out first, though last upon the track,
But spoke so long it held the dinner back;
Still, what she said was sweet an soothin

rather.

'Bout how 'We all are children of one Father.
If that s so, she's half-siste unto me—
At least I think I'll speak to her, and see."
Then, thinking pleasantly to clear the way,
He shouted "Miss, t is'ere's a pleasant day."
B. t she flounced on, more haughty than be-

And Sam remarked, "I b'lieve I'm snubbed

While, roughly sad, the boy sat must g yet, He heard a shout, "Help! help! our boat s up-And, following with his eyes the fear-edged Sam saw three children struggling in the

And two were rescued; one went 'neath a The waters closed above her like a grave. She sank, apparently to rise no more,

While frantic crowds ran up and ouwn the shore, 'mid the turmoil, each one did his best,

Shouting first-class instructions to the rest.
"It's the swell giri," thought Sam, "that's
made this row; made this row;
I wonder how she likes the weather now.
I'd save her—if it wasn't too much bother—
'Good deeds for evil—child en of one Father.'
I rather think she's gone down there to stay;
She can't be yelled up, if they try all day.
Wonder, if I should save her, 'twould be bold.
I've dove for pennies—s pose I dive for gold.'
'Then they wise off his cont-wise.

hen throwing off his coat-what there was of it — He plunged into the water, rose above it, Plunged in again, and came once more to air, Grasping a pretty, golden tress of hair, And a fine, stylish, shapely girl attached, With pale, sweet face, and lips that with it matched. He held her up till strong arms came from

And soon she raised her eyes, and lived once more. But Sam, poor boy, exhausted, choked and With the prodigious dinner he had eaten, Strangled and sank beneath the river's brim; And no one seemed to care to dive for him. Indeed, 'twas hard from the cold waves to win

With such a 'arge part of the picule in him;

And when at last be came out with "a haul, The school had one dead pupil, after all. Poor, drenched, dead hero!-in his tattered

Sam now was a society success They crowded round the dead boy as he lay, And talked about him in a mournful way: And from the teachers efforts did not lack To resurrect and bring their scho ar back; They througed about him, kept from h.m tho Pounded him, pumped him, shook him up with care; But useless was their toil, do all they could;

Nothing too nice that could be done and sa d For this poor fellow-now that he was dead.

His casket was the finest and the best; He went to his own funeral richly dressed. hey rigged him out in very pretty trim: A rich, first-class procession followed him, That reached the farthest distance up and

Sam and his dinner had gone on for good.

Of any often witnessed in that town; And all the children, shedding tears half hid, Threw evergreens upon Sam's coffin lid.

Now when you're tempted scornfully to smile, If a poor boy doesn't come up to your style, Or shrink from him as though, perhaps, he'll bite you, Because he has some points that don't delight

you, Or think, because your "set" can do without him, There's nothing much desirable about him,

Just recoilect that sque mishness is sham, And drop a kind thought on poor Pienic Sam. —Will Carleton, in Harper's Young People,

A School-Room Incident.

The New York School-Journal records a case showing a well-educated sense of truth and honor among boysa sense which has often been made to assist a teacher in his task of government and discipline:

The teacher had threatened to punish with six blows of a heavy ferule the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed detectives. Shortly after, one of them shouted, "Master, John Zigler, is whispering!" John who was a favorite both with his teacher and his schoolmates, was called up and asked if this was true.

"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware what I was about. I was inter-Slights that he didn't even know the name of, on working out a sum, and requested the boy who sat next to hand me an arithmetic that contained the rule

which I wished to see." The teacher regretted his hasty threat, but told John that he could not suffer him to whisper, or escape the punishment; and continued, "I wish I could avoid it, but cannot without a forfeiture of my word. I will," he continued, "leave it to any three

scholars you may choose, to say

whether or not I omit the punishment.' John said he would agree to that, and immediately called out three boys. The teacher told them to return a verdict, which they soon did, after consultation, as follows: "The master's word must be kept inviolate. John must receive the threatened six blows of the ferule, but it must be inflicted on voluntary proxies, and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving each of us two of the

blows. John, who had heard the verdict, stepped up to the teacher, and, with outstretched hand, exclaimed, "Teacher, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow. I will receive the punishment."

How the case was decided we are not told, but we should say the ends of justice and discipline had been sufficiently vindicated at this point. John's manliness supplemented the verdict of the boys, and left matters as they were before the offense, without the necessity of striking any blows .-Youth's Companion.

Women in Journalism.

The influence of woman in journalism in the United States is far greater than appears on the surface. The fact that there are sixty papers and periodicals openly edited and published by women gives but a very small fractional idea of the extent of their connection with journalism. The number of female contributors to all classes of papers and magazines is not known to the general public, and not always even to the publishers, from the fact that in the highest class of periodicals they frequently adopt male noms de plume, while many others form part of the editorial staff of influential journals. where, as impersonal contributors, sex is not recognized.

-It is probably not generally known that Virginia is becoming a cotton State. Cotton is now cultivated in nearly every southern county in the State, and the crop has crept up from nothing a few years ago to several thousand bales last season. The Virginians propose to go into its culture still further, and make it a staple crop. They give as a reason that tobacco will not pay for its production, beside greatly impoverishing the land.

-The "Thousand Islands" number 1,854 by actual count.