FAMOUS DETECTIVES.

The Pinkerton Brothers and the Great Agency They Have Built Up.

The Pinkertons—William A. and Robert A.—better known as "Bill" and "Bob," are at the head offices in Chicago the greatest private detective agency in the world. Allan Pinkerton started the business in Chicago before the war. Bill and Bob grew up with the business and the business grew up with them. Few people have any idea how big a concern it is.

The Pinkertons employ 5,000 men. Besides the two head offices in Chicago and New York, there are agencies in Boston, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Denver and St. Paul. They have a force of patrolmen in these cities known as "Pinkerton's Preventive Watch." They have arsenals at Chicago and New York with uniforms and Winchester rifles enough to arm five regiments of men. Pinkerton detectives are everywhere.

They are employed in nearly every large mercantile house in America, in hotels, in banks, following circuses and watching suspected employes of railroads and other big corporations. The business has doubled in the last ten years and promises to double again in the next decade. It is making rich men of Bill and Bob. Their income is variously estimated at from $150,000 to $200,000 a year. Either one of the brothers could probably count more than a half million dollars' worth of this world's goods.

The secret of their success in business is that it has been run on business principles. The Pinkertons do not chase criminals in the hope of getting rewards. They charge their clients so much a day for the services of an operator. Prices vary, but $3 a day is about the average. The Pinkerton detectives are not known to outsiders, and very often they do not know each other except as two or more are put to work on the same case. Bill and Bob hire all the new men themselves, putting their knowledge of human nature and the world to use in making their selection.

They have plenty of applicants to choose from. Healthy young men who are quick-witted, well informed and have large bumps of secretiveness and valor are preferred. Usually the new man goes to work as a watchman or in the office until he has shown what stuff he is made of. Then he is put forward by degrees. The Pinkertons have gray-haired detectives in their employ who have been there from boyhood. No man who ever worked for them and did his duty was allowed to go unrewarded, and when death takes off a good man the Pinkertons pension his widow and orphans.

There are probably few men in the world so well posted on what might be called thievology as "Bill" Pinkerton. He has made it a life study. He has in his library a photograph, description and record of every professional criminal of America and the most important of those of Europe. He has cultivated a wonderful memory for names and faces, and his brain is a storehouse of knowledge on this subject. He keeps a constant watch of the movements of professional criminals of all kinds, and when any big crime is committed in New Zealand or Delaware or anywhere else, he can come pretty near guessing who did it if it was the work of a professional.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

GOTTLAND'S VIKINGS.

One of the Most Romantic Sagas of the Lofty North.

From the early time before the dawn of accurate history, out from the mists of myth and tradition, there comes drifting down to us this saga of the lofty North. Far out on the wild Baltic Sea there floated of yore a wondrous island. Now and then some adventurous or storm-driven mariner caught sight of the low and indistinct outlines of this fabled isle shimmering in the moonlight. But if the sailor lay to his craft and waited for day, lo! the island vanished with the dawn, and only a wide expanse of white-capped waves rolled where dark groves had stood all through the hours of night. For this strange island sank beneath the sea every morning, and where it would reappear when the night came again no man knew, for it drifted about through the seas like a specter-ship. But at last a stalwart Northern chieftain, Thjelvar by name, sailed forth from the coast of Sweden in quest of this ghostly holm. Fortune favored the valiant sailor. He succeeded in effecting a landing on the shores of this drifting, sinking no-man's land. Instantly he struck fire. The heaven-born flames, as they leaped on high, drove out the demons and trolls and powers of darkness that had bewitched this wandering isle, and it now became fixed and stable. So was Gottland located and settled.

The little colony founded by Thjelvar spread gradually over the island, and in their insulated position took to the water as naturally as ducks. They built ships and sailed on trading voyages, not only to Sweden, but also to Germany and Denmark and Russia. They sailed far up the rivers of Northern Europe, and traded with the inhabitants along their banks. And so the thrifty and adventurous Gottlanders began to grow rich with the proceeds of their trading voyages and the booty of their Viking forays.—W. W. Thomas, Jun., in Harper's Magazine.

—A good sister in Madison County, Tenn., told of an eccentric Methodist preacher, once on that circuit, who delivered an address on a certain occasion and divided his subject into the following three heads: First, Willability; second, Do-ability; third, Stick-ability.—Louisville Recorder.

TORTURED TO DEATH.

The Terrible Punishment Inflicted on Two Innocent Chinamen.

The following case, which is reported by the highest authorities of the Hu Kuang provinces, has been under judicial investigation for some time past and its final settlement is now reported. The principal parties to it were She Yun-shan, a man who kept a drapery establishment at a place called Jen-ho, in the Kung-an district, and two persons named Chang Tsumao and Chang Ming-la, father and son, who carried on a trade in firewood. About [illegible] purchased the trees of a small wood in the Chiang-ling district, and went with a number of their servants to cut them down and convert them into firewood. They then hired a boat belonging to a Chung-king man to convey the products to the Kung-an district, where they heard there was prospect of a high market for it. One night, shortly after their arrival at that place, the drapery establishment of She Yun-shan was attacked by robbers and completely rifled, the proprietor himself and his wife being wounded in the struggle with the assailants. The robbers were pursued by the village police, but contrived to make their escape under cover of night.

Next morning She Yun-shan instituted a search for the property and found five bales of cloth, part of the plunder, at a place not far from where Chang Tsumao's boat was anchored, and his suspicion having fallen on its six occupants, he called in the aid of the police and had them at once arrested. When he brought them before the magistrate he charged them with piracy and falsely alleged that he found the stolen goods on board the boat. The accused, having refused to confess, were beaten and tortured, and in the end one or two of them dreading further torture, said that they had agreed with Chang Tsumao and his son to rob the house, but were not present at the commission of the deed. Chang Tsumao and his son were brought before the magistrate and were exposed once more to torture, but they still firmly adhered to the declaration of their innocence. Both men died under the ordeal, and the wife of the former instituted proceedings against all the parties responsible for the death of her husband and son.

The magistrate was at once removed from office and degraded, and a full investigation of the whole circumstances was held in the provincial capital, with the result that the innocence of the six men were completely established. The blows, it was proved, were administered on the usual places, the buttocks and legs, and no illegal torture was used. The law is that any one who falsely accuses an innocent person, and thereby causes his death, is to suffer strangulation after the usual period of confinement. In the present insiance, although the immediate cause of death was torture, still, as the torture was the consequence of the false accusation, She Yun-shan has been convicted under the above provisions of the law. The magistrate is to be banished for his careless management of the case; the policeman who made the arrest and the Yamen underlings, who only carried out the law in the usual way, are exonerated from all blame, and a fresh search is to be made for the actual robbers.—Peking Gazette.

How to Write a Good Letter.

A letter, whatever its faults of expression, is a good one if it makes the reader feel that the writer is speaking with the pen out of the fulness of the heart, not composing something to be read. When we hear that Lady Duff Gordon said: "I never could write a good letter, and unless I gallop as hard as I can, and don't stop to think, I can say nothing, so all is confused and uncorrected," we feel sure that her letters are agreeable reading. When Swift writes to Lord Bathurst, "I swear your Lordship is the first person alive that made me lean on my elbow while writing to him, and by consequence this will be the worst letter I ever writ," we expect to find Swift in his correspondence. When, on the other hand, we are told that Lord Orrery, Swift's "noble biographer," made transcripts of his letters, "following regular rules of composition," adding chapter and verse for model, and pointing out the elegance of his own conceits," we are glad that Lord Orrery does not write to us. When we read that the letters of Mr. Day—the man who talked like his own Sanford and Merton—were written as fast as his pen could move, and nevertheless are so rhetorical as "to give the idea of their being composed with great care," we are thankful that we are not obliged to read them.—Prof. A. S. Hill, in Harper's Magazine.

—A workingman with a dinner pail in his hand came out of a little shop and was met by a fellow workman, who said: "Why, Jim, you're working overtime now, aren't you?" "No," was the reply. "I am not." "Aren't you putting in more than eight hours a day?" "Yes." "I thought eight hours was the union scale?" remarked the outsider." "Yes, but you see I have just bought the shop and work thirteen."

—Some of the largest deer forests in Scotland are owned by Americans. Mr. Bradley Martin, of New York, Mr. Carnegie, of New York, and Mr. Winans, of Baltimore, are the most conspicuous of these. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt leased Beaufort Castle of Lord Lovat some time ago, but only for a season's shooting.

DRAINAGE OF LANDS.

An Improvement for Which More Is Claimed Than Is Reasonable.

It may be said in general that the drainage of land that is at any time too wet for any farm operation is beneficial to it. But, at the same time, there are things which are beneficial that are not expedient or judicious to be done. Drainage is costly work, and the prevailing "craze," we will say, for draining has unquestionable led to a great amount of borrowing, which, as the proverb avers, leads to sorrowing. Drainage is one of those works which should be thought of thrice before it is undertaken, and the cost and profit of it should be well considered before it is begun, and when it is done it should be well done.

The principal considerations in the work of draining are the depth of the drains and the size of the tiles. These are the chief items in the cost. The third foot in depth of a drain costs twice as much as the first, and the fourth foot half as much more than the third. The first foot may be plowed out, and the second foot may be loosened by the plow to as to be quickly and easily thrown out by the shovel. The third foot is dug with a [illegible] vated this must be so narrow that special tools will be required and the word will be very slow, or the whole ditch must be widened. The business of drainage has gradually got into the hands of the manufacturers of the drain tiles in the Western States, and as the greater part of the money spent goes into their hands, it is obviously desirable to them to increase the cost of the work as much as possible. It is not strange, therefore, that farmers are recommended to put their drains down four feet, notwithstanding the doubled expense, on the ground that the crops grown upon land so drained will be increased fully fifty per cent. This is an instance, supposing the claim to be well founded and the alleged increase certain, of a result that may be beneficial, but which is by no means expedient, for the increased cost will scarcely be repaid by the enlarged product, and in truth, this enlarged product will in many cases be illusory. There are very rare cases in which four-foot drains are necessary. Such deep drainage has been declared a failure in England, where the land requires to be drained much more than is needed in our drier climate, and where the evaporation from the soil is very slight.

More is claimed for the drainage of land than is reasonable or certain. The warming of the soil by the entrance of air into it through the drains is one of these very questionable claims. Very little air ever passes into the soil in this way, and it has never been observed that any current of air is ever apparent passing in or out of the drains. The writer has made many trials to discover this alleged circulation of air in drains, but without ever detecting the slightest movement. A flame or smoke made in the outlots has never shown the slightest indication of any current at any time of the day or night in any season. No doubt when the soil is filled with water after a heavy rain, and this water flows off through the drains, air will gradually enter the interstices of the soil, and occupy the vacant spaces, and, as far as this may go, the effect will be to raise the temperature of the soil in the summer, but it will have a contrary effect in the winter, when the soil is warmer than the air. This aeration, however, is of very little account, for the roots do not absorb the air, nor do they, as far as is known, take in any carbonic acid from the air, and if they take up any carbon in this way at all the soil always has a larger supply of it derived from the decay of organic matter than it can ever obtain from the air.

Unless in exceptional cases drains need not be made deeper than three feet. It is true that four-foot drains may be placed further apart than three-foot drains and dry the soil equally well, but for all purposes the depth of three feet is ample. The distance between the drains depends wholly upon the character of the land. If it is low and receives a large quantity of water from adjacent higher ground and the soil is of clay the drains may be needed at sixty-six feet apart, otherwise one hundred feet will not be too much. In such cases as this much benefit may result from cutting a drain at the head, across the land on the level, to cut off the inflow from the higher ground, and leading this water off through the laterals to the main drain at the foot. Indeed, the writer has known one in which a large tract of very wet land at the foot of an extensive slope has been wholly drained by one main drain at the foot of the slope, which was dug to a depth of seven feet, where water enough was met with to fill a ten-inch pipe and run a small mill. An instance of this kind shows how necessary it is to thoroughly study the nature of the land and test its condition by explorations by pits or boring before spending a large amount of money in digging a number of ditches and burying a costly quantity of pipes, according to a theoretical plan of thorough drainage laid out in entire ignorance of the real necessities of the case, and copied from a book or other publication.—N. Y. Times.

—Chocolate Cookies.—One and one-half cups of sugar, one cup grated chocolate, one cup butter, one scant teaspoon soda, two eggs. Mix quite stiff. When baked drop teaspoon of frosting on each cookie. Frosting: Powdered sugar mixed with a small quantity of boiling water.—Albany Journal.

THE WORST OF BRUTES.

A Correct Estimate of Cowardly Wife and Child Beaters.

We preach and believe that the world is growing better; but when we read of wife-beaters and child-beaters there is a suspicion that philanthropy has yet plenty of raw material. We call men brutal who kick their wives and whip their little children into insensibility. We malign the brutes. Who ever heard of a tiger—the most ferocious of the animal kingdom—killing its young. All the recorded data of animal life will not furnish the record of abuse of their kind, of their own, as will the daily press for one month dealing with the affairs of men. Brutes war against brutes of a different type, and when they kill it is for food. There is one notable exception in the brute kingdom—that anomaly which answers in the animal kingdom to the wife-beater and child-beater among men. It is the hog. The wallowing, obstinate, stupid hog. The animal cursed of the Hebrew law. The creature into which the devils entered when cast out of men. This animal, this ancient horror and still groveling type of the brute creation, is a creature that sometimes destroys its young. The man who kicks a woman that the law gives him to protect, the man who beats the child God gave him to love, is infinitely lower than this meanest of animals, infinitely less worthy the respect of men. But we should be just. The hog has been a domestic animal, it would seem, in all ages. Who shall determine whether or not the hog has not fallen through his association with man? Until further data is collected let us hold the hog guiltless and attribute his downfall to evil communications.

Wife-beating and child-beating is [illegible] dren suffer for years in silence. It is generally outside complaint that brings these fiends into print, and to some small measure of justice.

It is too late to put up the whipping post, and vigilante [illegible] but a law that [illegible] strike a sick [illegible] child into [illegible] fines him $25, or possibly give him thirty or sixty days in the workhouse, is a law that wants attention. When some petty pilferer, or swindler or minor rascal receives his moderate fine and moderate sentence of imprisonment, justice is satisfied. The public no longer feels resentful. It is so kind-hearted it pities him. But when men read of easy sentences dealt out to creatures who have kicked women and cut open the flesh of their children there is an involuntary tingling of blood and tightening of muscles. There is an innate conviction that the law should set apart some special punishment or special humiliation to meet this abnormal blot on the face of creation. A man may kill, forge, steal, lie and cheat, and yet have claim on human sympathy. The coward who beats his wife and child cuts himself off from even that, and exists thereafter an alien among men.—Minneapolis Tribune.

VALUABLE SUGGESTION.

A Simple Expedient for Starting a Balky Horse.

I have had to do with many balky horses, and I have never known the following simple expedient to fail, provided it was not a case where some other person had been tampering with the will of the horse before I had taken him in hand. It is another method of "diverting a horse's attention":

Whenever a horse driven by myself has balked I have got out of my carriage and gone to his fore foot, lifted it from the ground and struck the shoe a few sharp blows with a stone or with a wrench (which I always carry in my carriage). I have never failed to start a horse in that simple way, and I have on several occasions had balky horses which exhausted the patience of all former owners.

I have undertaken to start balky horses, being handled by others, after other methods of starting them had failed. I request the driver generally to move out of the way, that his voice or presence may not be recognized by the horse. I then first inform the animal, by patting him and talking to him that there is a new man at the helm, thereby diverting his attention. As soon as he begins to give me his attention I take up his foot and tap it a few times, and never failed, except in one instance, to start the horse. And that exceptional case was where the horse was overloaded and knew it.

The very worst method of attempting to start a balky horse, according to my experience and observation, is that of pulling the head of the animal by the bit, and it is a method almost universally adapted by the inexperienced users of the horse. The stubbornness of the horse is only increased by that method. I offer this suggestion in the interest of your cause.—Joseph A. Titus, in Our Dumb Animals.

—Editor—"How's this? Here, in one paragraph you have 'her ardent eyes,' 'her ardent gaze' and 'her ardent longing.'" Reporter—"An oversight, I guess." Editor—"Yes; entirely too much of the ardent. You'd do well to let up a little on it."

—Evergreen boughs make an excellent covering for young rose bushes. Cornstalks can be utilized in no manner so well as for covering plants that are to be exposed to the weather during the winter.

ALL ABOUT HOP-PICKING.

A Business That Is Profitable and Amusing as Well.

No agricultural business has so much risk as that of hop picking, and in none of them are the returns so large, writes a correspondent from Waterville, N. Y. It costs but six cents to produce a pound of hops, and it is a poor year when the price does not reach twenty. The greatest care must be paid by the grower to the plant from the time the bulb is placed in the ground until the crop is matured, harvested and dried.

The worm is the greatest enemy of the plant. About the best remedy so far discovered for getting rid of the pests is the extract of tobacco stems diluted in warm water and applied to the plants by means of a pump and hose. Paris green has been tried without success, the insects seeming to relish the taste of the poison. Turkeys are very good protectors of the young plants, and nearly every hop-grower has a large flock. Early in the morning they may be seen going through the yards stopping at each plant and critically examining the under side of each leaf, where the worms most do congregate. As the season waxes long the turkeys get fat, but it is a rank fatness that is not agreeable, and so they have to go through a diet of corn before they are fit to eat.

When the hops reach a height of two or three feet the time for "poling" has arrived. Cedar poles about twenty feet in length are used for this purpose, being driven into the ground three inches from the plant. The sprigs are then trained around these poles, carefully turning them *to the right*. It is a singular fact that they will *grow no other way than toward the setting sun*. Another singular thing about the fields is the presence of the male plant. Several of these will be found in every yard. In appearance they are similar to the females, except in the very important particular that they do not bear hops. However, no field yields well without its quota of so-called "barren bills." Carefully tended and reared by the ever-watchful farmer the vines grow to a height of eighteen or twenty feet, and should Ceres prove propitious, so she has this past season, the harvest time comes and the dark green branches yield a plentiful supply of pearl-scented buds.

The hops are picked by [illegible] ments, each of which holds about seven bushels. Running between the compartments and over the box is a ridge-pole. The box is movable and as the hops are picked from around it is transferred to a new "set" further into the unpicked portion of the yard. To every two boxes there belongs a polesetter, whose business it is to keep the pickers supplied with work. He cuts the stalk of the vine at the bottom and then with the help of a "dodge" draws the pole with his clinging vines from the ground. It is carried to the box, the vines are stripped and placed upon a table between two boxes and within easy reach of the pickers. An average day's picking is two boxes, though some of the fast workers pick double that number.

From the fields the hops are carried in sacks to the kiln, generally near by. A hop kiln has three rooms, two on the first floor and one above. The latter is the drying-room, and the two former are respectively the storeroom where the hops are kept after curing and the rooms where the fires are kept going. This is separated from the drying-room above by a thin partition of laths and cotton cloth. In it is a large stove and a series of pipes. The atmosphere is kept at about 130 degrees, and it takes about twelve hours of this to dry the hops spread out on the floor of the drying-room. When the doors are opened in the morning and the hot air allowed to escape the green buds of yesterday have colored into a beautiful golden brown. There is a difference in the weight also—for the 2,500 pounds that were put in fresh from the vines but 250 are taken out. The rest escaped through the cowl in the roof. The work is now almost done and the grower has only to bale his hops and send them to market when it suits his pleasure to do so. He watches the quotations carefully, and when in his judgment the price has reached the highest notch he sells and takes a well-earned rest.—Detroit Free Press.

—"I have made it a rule," said a busybody at the lunch-table the other day to the man on his left, "never to meddle with another man's business." "That's right—perfectly right." "But I see you have a new confidential clerk." "Yes, sir—yes." "He's a hard looking case. I've seen him drunk a dozen times, and I wouldn't trust him out of my sight with a nickel. Took him out of charity—eh?" "Well, not altogether, you know. He happens to be my oldest son!" Then there was a period of silence so painful that both wished somebody would yell "Fire!"—N. Y. Ledger.

—"How old is Charley Hopkins, Molly?" asked Mr. Bentley, as he passed his cup to Mrs. B. for a second supply of coffee. "Twenty-four, papa. Why do you ask?" replied Molly. "Oh, your mother and I were only wondering. We gather from what we overheard of his conversation with you last night that he had about reached his doat-age.—Harper's Bazar.

—A Louisville paper speaks of a robbery in which the victim was "a hard-working, frugal man, who, by a lifetime of toil, had amassed the sum of $43 and was about to enjoy a long-needed rest."

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Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the eighth judicial district in and for Webster county, Nebraska upon a decree in an action pending in said court wherein Elizabeth Boone is plaintiff and Samuel D. Baker, Lillie D. Baker and The Platt & Frees Co. are defendants, I shall offer for sale at public vendue for cash in hand at the east door of the court house in Red Cloud in said county, that being the place where the last term of court was holden, on the eighteenth (18) day of February, 1899 at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described property to-wit: Lots number thirteen (13) fourteen (14) fifteen (15) sixteen (16) and seventeen (17), in block two (2) Kaley and Jackson's addition to Red Cloud, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 11th day of January 1899.

H. C. SCOTT, Sheriff.

Chaney & Gump, Plaintiff's Attorney. 15-4t

Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a decree of the district court of the eighth judicial district in and for Webster county, Nebraska upon a decree in an action pending in said court wherein Charles H. Parker is plaintiff and J. W. Lavery and George Hallock are defendants, I shall offer for sale at public vendue for cash in hand of the east door of the court house in Red Cloud in said county, that being the place where the last term of court was holden on the 19th day of February 1899 at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described property to-wit: The southeast quarter (s. E. ¼) of section seventeen (17) and the south-west quarter (s. W. ¼) of section twenty-one (21) in township three (3) north range ten (10) west 6 p. m. in Webster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1899.

H. C. SCOTT, Sheriff.

J. A. Gilham, Plaintiffs Attorney. 15-4t

Sheriff's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the district court of the eighth judicial district in and for Webster county, Nebraska upon a decree in an action pending in said court wherein Elizabeth Boone is plaintiff and Benert Life Association, [illegible] and Amory L. [illegible] are defendants, I shall offer for sale at public vendue for cash in hand of the east door of the court house in Red Cloud in said county, that being the place where the last term of said court was holden, on the 20th day of February, 1899 at 2 o'clock p. m. the following described property to-wit: The west half of the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter (E ½ of S W ¼ and the southeast quarter (S E ¼) of section twenty (20) and the northwest quarter (N W ¼) of section twenty-one (21) of township [illegible] of range ten (10) west 6 p. m. in Webster county, Nebraska.

Given under my hand this 20th day of January, 1899.

H. C. SCOTT, Sheriff.

[illegible] Plaintiff's Attorney. 15-4t

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