

# THE FAMILY STORY

## BURGLARIES AT BOURGEOISVILLE.

If Detective Sergeant Collie had arrived sooner he might have been able to discover a workable clue, he thought, but when he was called in the burglary was three days old. It was only after the local police had done their best and failed that they applied to Scotland Yard for help, and that the clever detective sergeant was sent to Bourgeoisville.

By that time the local police, under the able direction of Inspector Boodle, had succeeded pretty well in obliterating everything which might have served as a clue to the sergeant. Enough, however, still remained to show him that the burglary was not the work of amateurs, but of professionals. The way in which Mr. St. John-Smith's powerful plate safe had been forced was really a charming piece of workmanship, and excited the detective's warmest admiration, and the rapidity and noiselessness with which the massive silver plate had been removed, and the reception-rooms stripped of their valuables—including paintings, bronzes and other not easily portable articles—proved the person concerned to possess the highest and rarest skill known to the trade.

Although Sergeant Collie thought he might have been able to do something had he been called in immediately, yet he fully recognized that it was no great discredit to the local police that they had failed to trace the guilty persons. It was clear that from the first there was little to indicate who they were. Not a single suspicious-looking man or woman had been seen in the neighborhood for weeks, and yet it looked as if those who committed the burglary had thorough knowledge not merely of the country about, but also of the house and the habits of its inmates. Not a single suspicious-looking vehicle had been seen on any of the roads about Bourgeoisville, or the village, as it was called, which was nearly a mile distant, on the night of the burglary, and yet the number and weight of the articles were such as to render it highly improbable they were carried off without the help of a vehicle of some sort. The policeman whose beat lay along the London road, off which the pillaged mansion was situated, had seen the ordinary number of vehicles during that night, but they all obviously belonged to "carriage people" in the neighborhood. There was not a van, dog cart or other likely conveyance among them.

Sergeant Collie spent a whole fortnight searching for anything that might promise a clue to the solution of the mystery. He examined and cross-examined Mr. St. John-Smith's numerous servants. He searched the grounds of "Longleat"—the pillaged mansion—and of the neighboring houses most minutely in the hope of finding some traces of the missing property. He questioned everybody who lived in the neighborhood and who within the past month had visited the house. But he discovered nothing.

At the end of the fortnight Sergeant Collie reported to headquarters that he had done all he could, and had completely failed to trace the criminals. As he was convinced that further investigation on the spot—at least, for the present—was useless, he was recalled to town. Before leaving Bourgeoisville he impressed on Inspector Boodle the necessity of reporting the affair at once if another crime of the same kind occurred in or about the village.

Sergeant Collie had not returned to town above two or three weeks before a telegram was received at Scotland Yard from the respected Inspector Boodle. It ran as follows: "Burglary last night at Chatsworth, seat of Mr. St. James-Jones. Similar in all respects to that at Longleat, seat of Mr. St. John-Smith. Immense robbery. Send help." Within half an hour of the receipt of this telegram Sergeant Collie was in the train bound for Bourgeoisville.

A rapid investigation showed the detective that Inspector Boodle's description of the burglary was absolutely correct. The second burglary corresponded with the first in every detail. It was executed with the same skill and daring; the thieves had forced with the same dexterity an equally strong plate safe, and had removed with the same rapidity and noiselessness an equally large amount of plate and valuables, and finally they had left as few traces by which they might be followed up and identified. Sergeant Collie, after three hours' most careful and intelligent inspection of the house, its grounds, and everything in the neighborhood which by any possibility could throw light on the mystery, felt compelled to acknowledge that he was as much at sea as to how or by whom the burglary had been perpetrated as the local police had been in the last case.

Indeed, the only point that even looked like a clue had been discovered by the local police. Toward evening, when the detective was wearied and disappointed by his labors, Inspector Boodle came to him with a very mysterious air, and told him that he had found an important clue. This turned out to be a story told by the groom of the doctor at the village, who had been attending one of Mr. St. James-Jones' family. This fellow said that, on coming to Chatsworth the previous day

with a bottle of medicine, he had noticed a shabbily dressed man hanging about the laurels at the side of the lawn. This person, when he saw he was observed, hurriedly made off. Sergeant Collie had the footman before him for examination. It was then made clear that the intruder on the lawn was merely a common tramp. The detective, on making sure of this, dismissed the footman and his story with contempt. He was certain of little as regards the burglary save this, that it was the work, not of tramps, but of men carefully trained in that line of business, who had planned out every detail in it before taking the job in hand.

One or two points in the burglary had carefully struck the detective. In the first place the plate safe in Chatsworth was built into the kitchen wall, yet the burglars had gone straight to it in this unusual place. Again, a minute examination of the footprints outside the house and it had convinced the officer that two or, at the most, three, persons had been engaged in the job. Thirdly, the plunder carried away—and carried away with amazing rapidity—must have weighed the best part of twenty stone. And, lastly, there was not the slightest evidence to show that a horse and vehicle of any kind had been used to remove the plunder. As before, the usual number of private carriages had been seen passing along London road, but nothing beyond that.

To the detective's mind all these peculiar circumstances could point to only one conclusion, namely, that the burglars had been in the house before they went there to commit the burglary, and that they must live somewhere in the immediate neighborhood of the scene of the burglary. Accordingly, he directed his inquiries as to the persons who had lately been visiting the servants' hall at Chatsworth.

These he found consisted pretty exclusively of tradesmen and the maids' sweethearts. The former were all ultra-respectable men who had been living in the village for years back, yet the detective thought it wise to inspect the premises of all of them. They raised no objection, and he made no discovery. As to the sweethearts, he found that all the maids had recognized lovers, who were allowed by Mrs. St. James-Jones a pretty free run of the servants' hall. Among them was the policeman on whose beat London road was. He informed the detective who the other lovers were, and assured him that no new admirers had been hanging round the place of late. "I'd have seen 'em if they 'ad," he said, "and the missus would 'ave done so, too. She's a very systematic lady. She hallows each of 'er mides one sweet'art and no more. When the gal 'as got one, too, she won't stand poaching. No, h'm sure there weren't no other men about." And the men who were about, the detective soon ascertained, were all as respectable and above suspicion as the constable himself.

Sergeant Collie occupied a full fortnight in these inquiries. At the end of that time he had to confess that he was not an inch nearer the solution of the mystery of the burglaries than ever. He again reported to headquarters that further investigation seemed useless, and requested to be recalled.

He was awaiting an answer from Scotland Yard, when, early one morning, he was aroused by Inspector Boodle rushing excitedly into his bedroom. The officer brought news of another burglary. This time the victim was St. George-Robinson. The mansion broken into was called Hatfield and lay on the opposite side of the village to the other two plundered houses.

Exasperated at this repetition of the burglaries under his very nose, Sergeant Collie set out hurriedly with Inspector Boodle for Hatfield, fiercely resolved to leave no trace unturned in his efforts to trace the perpetrators. As they hastened along the road—the house was some half-mile from the village—the sergeant cross-questioned his companion as to the character of the poor people who lived in the neighborhood of Hatfield. When he had got all the information he could he became silent. Suddenly, when they were not far from the house, he came to a dead stop.

"Hurrah!" he cried, delightedly, "we'll nab them this time!" "How? Why? What makes you think so?" asked the inspector, amazed. "Don't you see this?" replied Sergeant Collie, walking across the road and picking up a horseshoe. "Lucky my boy—good luck!"

The inspector's amazement turned into annoyance. "Is that all?" he said. "I thought you were wiser than to pay attention to such old women's notions as that." "You'll see we'll nab them," cried the sergeant exultantly, as he pocketed the horseshoe. "I never felt more certain of anything."

The inspector made no reply; he was too disgusted at his colleague's folly. They were now close to Hatfield. On going into the house they found everything and everybody there in the wildest confusion. The family were away from home, and the housekeeper, terrified at the burglary, and still more terrified lest she might in some way be held responsible for it, was in so excited a condition that the policeman

found it useless to question her. From her daughter, however, who was the only other person staying in the house, he learned that the burglars on this occasion had been disturbed in their work, and that they had hastily to leave the house before they could force the plate safe. Dawn was just beginning to break when the alarm took place. The housekeeper and her daughter had sprung out of bed and run to the window to call for help. The burglars by this time were running helter-skelter down the side of the lawn to some trees which separated Hatfield—which was on the by-road—from a field occupied as a dairy farm, and opening into the main road. The women had only a glance at them, and could give no very definite description of them. All they could say was that there were two men—one looking something like a stableman, the other more like a clerk in dress. A remark of the younger woman, however, struck the detective sergeant as of more importance than her description of the burglar. She said that the man who was dressed like a stableman seemed like somebody she could not remember.

The alarm had arisen through the barking of a little fox-terrier which was sleeping in a basket in the hall of the house. Usually two dogs were kept there—the fox-terrier and a big mastiff; but when the family went to the seaside for the benefit of their only child's health, the little girl asked to have her dogs with her, and the doctor who was attending her advised that her wish should be granted, as she was much attached to the animals and might fret if parted from them. The mother assented; but, at the last moment, the father insisted that one should be left behind for the protection of the house. To this fortunate circumstance it was due that the burglary was discovered before the house-breakers could secure their plunder.

Collie and Inspector Boodle spent several hours in a most exhaustive examination. At the end of it one or two things seemed clear enough. As before, it was clear the burglars were adepts in their business; as before, it was clear, too, that they knew well the interior of the house; and, as before, there was not a trace or a mark to show who they were or where they came from.

When they gave over the investigation for the day they walked back to the village both deeply depressed, and one reflecting deeply. The latter was Sergeant Collie. After he reached his lodgings he sat quietly for some time, reflecting still. Then he rose, put on his overcoat, and walked down to the village carrier's. The blacksmith was still at the forge, though it was now evening. Sergeant Collie, who knew him slightly, bade him good-day.

"Had a busy day?" the sergeant then asked the blacksmith. "Pretty well—pretty well," answered Vulcan. "This weather, you see, makes the roads plaguey heavy, and there's a lot of shoes dropped." "I thought so," answered Collie. "I myself found one." He took the shoe out of his pocket.

"Ay, ay," said the blacksmith, looking at the shoe; "fore off, I should say. I had three of them to-day." "Any of them about the size of that?" "All of 'em, I should say," answered the blacksmith.

"Whose were they?" "Let me see. Yes, Farmer Oake's mare, the carrier's pony, and—and I should say the third was Dr. Fell's gelding—yes, it was."

"What sort of a man is the carrier?" asked Collie.

"Old Fardell? One of the best old souls living," said the blacksmith. "He's lived in the village since it was started, I think—remembers when there wasn't a big house within three miles, except the old manor house, which was pulled down by St. John-Smith, three years ago. He's getting past work, I'm afraid."

The detective sat in silence for a minute or two. Then he said, "I don't feel at all well to-night."

"I thought you was looking a bit gum," said the blacksmith. "I'll go home, I think, and get to bed."

The detective went home and went to bed. Before he was long there he directed his landlady to send for Dr. Fell, and ask him to come as quickly as possible, as the case was urgent. In spite of this intimation, Dr. Fell was not particularly quick in coming, and by the time he arrived the detective seemed very ill, indeed. He made the doctor feel his pulse, examine his tongue and try the state of his lungs and heart. Then the doctor left, saying it was merely a gastric attack, and promising to send him some medicine.

When the doctor was gone Collie sat up in his bed and reflected. "I have seen him before," he said to himself. "Was it a witness in a stabbing case, or what? Let me see, now. He's altered, of course; but I feel sure I know him." He paused and thought again. Then he suddenly jumped out of bed. "I'll swear it. It's Jack Howse, the forger, or I'm an ass!"

Half an hour later the doctor, his coachman and footman were in custody on charges of breaking into and stealing from the houses of Messrs. St. John-Smith, St. James-Jones, and St. George-Robinson, and half the plunder of those burglaries had been found by the police safely stowed away in the doctor's house and stables.

At the assizes Dr. Fell and his associates were tried and convicted of the three burglaries. The story of Fell was then made public. His real name was John Howse. He had been a medical student in a London hospital, from which he had been expelled for dishonesty. One of his chums had succeeded, however, in getting a diploma. This man, who was as disreputable as Howse himself, was called Fell. Shortly after his expulsion,

Howse was convicted of forgery and sent to penal servitude. While he was serving his sentence Fell died, or, at any rate, disappeared. On his discharge, Howse became aware of this fact, and calmly appropriated his missing friend's diploma and name, started practice at Bourgeoisville as a doctor. His former training as a medical student enabled him to carry out the imposture with complete success. Unfortunately his old criminal associates found him out, and, willingly or unwillingly, on his part, made him their chief in carrying out a regular scheme of burglaries. His professional position diverted suspicion from him and them, while his brougham was used to remove the plunder, and his residence to store it till it could be safely disposed of.

"You see now," said Collie to Inspector Boodle, "the horseshoe proved lucky after all."—London Truth.

## WOMEN OF ABYSSINIA.

They Are Said to Be Very Beautiful, but They Are of Many Colors.

The Abyssinian women are said to be very beautiful. They are of different colors, some jet black, others copper-colored and others fair. They are noted for their very pretty soft hands, which are so small that in general they will pass through the bracelets which fit their wrists. They use mutton fat in the dressing of their hair, and sleep upon pillows, upon which they rest only the neck, much like the Japanese. The women do all the work connected with the household and the men scorn to do anything of a domestic nature. The women do not fight in battle, though they go to the field and take care of the wounded. They are often given charge of the captives, and during Gen. Dy's trip one of the doctors escaped through a woman who fell in love with him. Abyssinia is said to be the land of free love. Marriage seldom lasts any length of time. Couples marry and separate at pleasure. Upon separation they divide the children. The eldest son goes to the mother and the eldest daughter to the father. If there is but one daughter, and all the rest are sons, the father gets the girl, but if there is one son and all the rest daughters, the boy goes to the mother.

The Holstein-Jersey Cross.

This cross is often tried, and with varied success, says the Practical Dairyman. Occasionally a good animal is obtained, but, as a rule, the results are disappointing. In the first place, the types of the breeds are too wide apart. The Jersey gives a small amount of rich milk containing large fat globules, while the Holstein gives a large flow of thin milk in which the fat globules are small. In the cross-bred animal, the fat globules are found to be of various sizes, some small and some large, and for this reason the cream does not separate readily from the milk by any gravity process, nor does it churn uniformly. In writing upon this cross in an exchange, Solomon Hoxie, a noted Holstein judge and writer, says that the cross of medium-weight Holstein bulls on Jersey cows is a success, but that Jersey bulls on Holstein cows do not produce nearly so good results.

The Fate of New Varieties.

As an illustration of the very great uncertainty that attends the production of new varieties, it is noted that out of over four hundred seedling strawberries fruited at the Geneva, N. Y., experiment station in 1893, only sixty-one were retained for further trial. In 1894 one of these varieties showed so high a degree of merit as to induce still further trial. In 1895 it fully maintained its previous record for quality and productiveness, and the station authorities decided to name it and send it out for planting in different parts of the State. The late T. B. Miner originated fifteen hundred varieties of the grape. From this great number he selected twelve that he thought were valuable. His death interfered with their introduction, but even if he had lived, it is probable that not more than three or four of his favorite kinds would ever have attained a wide popularity.

They Fear Nothing.

The followers of Menelek, king of Shoa, while not so large as the fierce Zulus of the south, are about the toughest warriors in the world. They do not know physical fear. I have seen a man jab a burnt stick several inches in his flesh without wincing, declares a writer in the New York Press. This apparent insensibility to pain is accompanied with a religious frenzy in battle that renders the soldiers unconscious of bodily harm. They have no fear of death, and their happiness is to kill.

Sheep Diseases.

Looseness of the bowels may be checked safely by giving five drops each of laudanum and tincture of rhubarb to the ewes three times a day. A sheep having a dry, husky cough will be improved by giving two teaspoonfuls of turpentine every morning for a week, an hour before feeding. Sulphur is a rank poison to a sheep in the cold weather. It opens the pores of the skin, and makes the sheep exceedingly susceptible to the cold.

Ruined by Relic Hunters.

The furnishings of the historic palace of Henry VIII., at Hampton Court, are being taken away in bits by visitors from America and the continent. Some beautiful tapestry chairs have been destroyed, and even valuable tapestries have been ruined by the insatiable relic hunters, through lack of an adequate force of attendants.

Whenever two evils may befall, The less all-wise men choose; 'Tis wrong to go to war at all, But worse to go and lose. —Washington Star.

The funniest things around every house are the things called "concernments."

## HELPFUL FARM HINTS

### SUGGESTIONS FOR THE AGRICULTURIST AND STOCKMAN.

Productiveness of the Elberta Peach—How to Make a Cheap and Practical Causeway—Good Device for Smoothing Ground—Farm Notes.

The Elberta Peach. Among the whole list of peaches both old and new, there is no variety that has attained a higher place in public estimation than the Elberta. It is liked equally well by the grower and consumer. About twenty-five years ago Dr. Samuel H. Rumph, of Georgia, raised about 12,000 seedling peach trees from the seeds saved from the very



ELBERTA PEACH TREE.

choicest named varieties, and in the whole lot there was but one that he deemed worthy enough to be preserved. This was the product of a cross between the Chinese Oling and Crawford Early. He bestowed upon it the name Elberta, in honor of his wife, and it has in turn been an honor to its namesake. Knowing something and hoping more of its good qualities, he planted extensive orchards of it, from which he shipped large quantities of choice fruit, and realized profitable returns. It was not long before other peach growers learned of the good qualities of the Elberta and began to plant it; first in the Southern States, where it had already proved its value beyond question, and then in the northern peach-growing sections. It has proved to be one of the standards in all regions, from Georgia to Michigan, and from Connecticut to California.—American Agriculturist.

Fattening Animals Quickly.

The old saying that time is money is doubly true with regard to fattening animals. There is no profit in slow fattening of anything. The largest amount of nutritious food that can be digested and assimilated is always the most profitable for the fattening animal. The food required for maintenance of the animal to merely keep it in store condition is just so much wasted if no more than this goes with it. This does not mean that fattening animals are to be given food without limit. That will injure digestion, and then, no matter how liberal the feeding, the animal will not thrive. Old animals are generally fattened slowly. For this reason their flesh is tough. But if they are fattened quickly, as they may be by combining some grain with succulent food, their flesh will have the tenderness and sweetness that are commonly associated with the flesh of young animals.

Device for Smoothing Ground.

Many people sow their grain and cover it with the harrow simply. A good brush and a rough roller ought to follow the harrowing, but much better than the simple harrowing (which leaves the land in ridges to dry out rapidly), is an arrangement like that illustrated in the engraving. A heavy



IMPROVED SMOOTHING HARROW.

wide plank is attached to the rear of the harrow; the ridges are thus levelled, and any lumps that may have been left are pulverized. But, best of all, the soil is pressed down over the seed, causing it to sprout more rapidly, and giving it a better chance to get hold of the ground with its roots.

Warning Ground by Plowing It.

It used to be the practice of a farmer of our acquaintance to replot the part of the garden yet unplanted whenever a new piece was to be put to use. The whole garden was plowed as early as possible, and the parts devoted to peas, lettuce, onions and other hardy plants were planted at once. When corn, beans and the tenderer plants were to be put in the ground was replowed, mixing the manure thoroughly with the soil, and also imprisoning a new supply of warm air from the surface. In this way the soil was made much warmer for the late-planted crops than it could be by cultivation without plowing.—American Cultivator.

Early Lambs Not Profitable.

Unless making a specialty of early lambs for the market, there is no object in having them come before April. By that time the weather is warmer, the grass has started, and the conditions of growth are more favorable in every way; and, as with all young stock, it is quite an item to procure a strong, vigorous growth from the start.

Potash Salts on Manure Heaps.

The German potash salts are excellent applications for the manure heap. They help to keep it moist, and they absorb whatever ammonia the manure gives off while it is fermenting. They are much different in this respect from caustic potash in the form of ashes,

which will liberate much ammonia before it is itself changed to a nitrate. The potash salts are so changed almost immediately, and when applied with manure they furnish plant food that can at once be taken up by the roots of plants and thus greatly increases its value.

Too Early Sowing of Root Crops.

Most of the roots, like beet, carrot, parsnip and turnip, are true biennials, growing their root the first year and sending up their seed stalk after the root has been partly dried out and is replanted the following spring. But in our hot summers this drying out, which usually requires a whole winter, is accomplished in midsummer. The result is that the very early planted seed of beet, carrot and other root makes its root growth early in the season and by fall is ready to send out a seed stalk. Time, of course, makes the root worthless. The common radish is one of these natural biennials that always tend to become annual when early planted. If seed is put in the ground any time before midsummer, it will produce seed pods before cold weather comes.

Rich Soil for Early Potatoes.

In planting early potatoes there is never any danger of making the soil too rich. It will rot late potatoes to manure very heavily, especially with stable manure. But the early crop is got out of the soil soon after it is fully grown and before the time for rot to begin its work. One caution is to be observed, however, in manuring even for early potatoes. Coarse, strawy manure or that which is apt to dry up quickly should never be plowed in for them. It will keep the soil above the furrow too dry, and this will often lessen the yield more than the fertilizing will increase it. If the season is very wet the manure will heat and develop rot very early in the season, sometimes even before the potato crop is got out of the ground.

A Practical Causeway.

The usual method of building a causeway is to lay down two rows of stone, to stretch flat rocks across from one row to another, and to cover the whole with earth. The two rows of stones soon work together, while brush and other rubbish will work in and clog the drain. A better plan is shown in the accompanying sketch, taken from the Orange Judd Farmer. A few six-inch drain tiles are laid down, and both ends are covered with wire netting. The whole is then covered with earth to make the roadway. Such a drain cannot clog, nor can the



SECURE CAUSEWAY.

sides settle together, while the labor of making it is not one-half that required where stones are used.

Topdressing Grass Lands.

Almost anything spread thinly over grass lands will help them. Even material not very rich and which itself will not grow a good crop will make the grass grow better, because it acts as a mulch for the grass roots beneath. The washings of poor uplands will fertilize the richer soil of the valleys below. But except where topdressing can be thus done naturally by irrigation, it will not pay to topdress with poor material. The labor will be too great, and it will trample and cut up the grass too much unless the fertilizing material is put on during the winter.

Remedies for Neuralgia.

The following are homely remedies for neuralgia: Boil a handful of lobelia in half a pint of water, strain and add a teaspoonful of fine salt. Wring cloths out of the liquid, very hot, and apply till the pain ceases, changing as fast as cold. Two large tablespoonfuls of eau de Cologne and two teaspoonfuls of fine salt mixed in a bottle make an excellent mixture to be inhaled for facial neuralgia. Horse radish, prepared the same as for table, applied to the temple or wrist, is also recommended.

Notes.

Grow a small plot in horseradish. Simply place the roots on top of the ground and turn a furrow on them. They will grow and thrive without further labor.

A writer in an English paper asserts that only one steer out of every 200 shipped from the United States is lost, while from the River Platte from one to twenty-five and from Australia from one to over seven.

It is much easier to feed whole grain than to grind it, but it is better to put the labor to it than to lose in the feed. Ground grain can be more intimately mixed with coarse food, and in that respect it not only serves to balance the ration, but the combination of foods cheapens the whole and more perfect digestion results.

If your wheat does not appear promising apply from fifty to 100 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre upon it. The effect will be quickly noticeable, and the wheat will appear to take on a new growth at once. The nitrate is somewhat expensive, but the results at harvest time will show that the increased yield will nearly pay for the fertilizer.

Sow a patch of oats to be cut as green food. The oats should be cut just as the seeds are in the milky stage, which arrests the nutritious matter in the stalks and renders them palatable. They are cured the same as is done with hay. Farmers who use oats in this manner run them through a fodder cutter (stalks and heads) and sprinkle a little cornmeal over them. They are highly relished by cattle and horses.

The shuttle of time weaves the garments of eternity.