

RATES  
OF  
ADVERTISING

One square, one insertion -	\$1.00
One square, two insertions -	1.50
One square, one month -	2.50

For larger advertisements liberal con-  
tracts will be made.

**Two Birds.**  
A bard who wrote in slaves  
Once made a feather hymn.  
It had this stern refrain,  
And moved as though in pain,  
"The underthought of graves  
Makes the sex grim."  
A southland singer sang  
With happy heart and free;  
The living, not the dead,  
He dealt with, and he said,  
"The world is glad and young,  
And good to me."  
And ever since mankind  
Is shuttled back and forth  
Between these singers' train  
Of glad and sad refrain:  
The southland warm and kind,  
The bitter north.  
—[Richard E. Burton, in Harper's Weekly.]

### DETECTING A ROGUE.

BY LAWRENCE LESLIE.

One of the cleverest feats in the detection, pursuit and capture of criminals that has been developed for years was performed by an officer of the New York detective police force some years since.

About that time the officers of the City Bank of New York discovered that they had been swindled out of \$75,000 by means of a forged check for that amount, purported to have been drawn by Commodore Van derbilt. Nearly a month passed before the fraud was discovered, and in the meantime several other checks for large amounts, drawn by the same party, had been honored; so it was almost impossible for any of the bank officials to remember with satisfactory distinctness any of the circumstances connected with the payment of the fraudulent document. However, it was placed in the hands of a shrewd detective, and he went to work to find a clew and trace out the mystery.

The officer's first suspicion was that some of the clerks of the banks had been in collusion with the forger, and doubtless shared the profits of his crime. After two weeks' scrutiny of the character, habits and associations of the various clerks, that theory was abandoned, and it only remained for him to gather from them, if possible, some clew, however slight, of the bold perpetrator. His first inquiry was if any one, not in the habit of presenting checks, had been doing so within the past month. Only two of the clerks had any memory of the subject, and these were of the most shadowy and unsatisfactory character. One remembered seeing a stout, elderly man driving a strikingly beautiful black horse and fine carriage up to the bank, enter the office, and transact some business, he knew not what, and depart, since which he had not seen him.

The other clerk, after a thorough examination, and a multitude of questions, put to assist or quicken his memory, at last concluded that he did recollect a strange man, who entered the bank one day about the time the forged check was presented, and had a draft cashed for a large amount. A peculiarity in the man's neck-tie attracted his attention, and he looked him full in the face, and retained a vivid recollection of every feature. He was an amateur artist, and especially expert in pen-drawing. Taking a sheet of paper and an old pen which was lying upon the desk, he quickly produced a portrait, which he declared to be a good likeness of the man he suspected.

The officer did not look upon these clews, if such they might be called, as promising much hope of success. He first exhibited the drawing to the clerk who had seen the suspected rogue drive up with the fine black horse, and he could hardly identify it.

Here at last was some encouragement. The first attempt was to trace the horse and carriage, and discover who owned or who had hired such a rig. The effort was unsuccessful; the officer, however, was convinced that the man, whoever he might be, was an admirer of fat and stylish horses, and he therefore commenced a search among the establishments devoted to the stabling and sale of such animals, hoping that he would find some one who could identify the parties.

After going to nearly all such establishments, exhibiting the portrait, he came upon a man who recognized in the drawing one William Livingston, whom he had known a year or two, but who had disappeared within the past month, after paying up some old debts and buying one or two fancy horses. Further inquiry brought out the fact that Livingston was in very straggle and circumstances, and a few months previously, and how he could honestly obtain the means to pay his old debts and gratify his love for horses—it was not so clear, and gave fresh encouragement to the persevering detective.

To follow Livingston was necessary, in order he could be traced. He had

disappeared, and no one knew when or whether. What, then, was to be done? Should the trail be abandoned and the case given up as one of the mysteries that baffled solution? Never, said the indefatigable officer, and he went to work with desperate energy to unravel the tangled skein. He finally reached the following conclusions: The perpetrator of the forgery was Livingston; he was a good deal of a horse-fancier, and would doubtless spend a considerable portion of his dishonest gains in the purchase of fine stock; and, further, that the stock would be purchased in New York, as that market promised a better selection, and the criminal considered himself entirely safe from detection.

The first step, therefore, was to learn if any one had recently made any extensive purchases of such stock, and if so, to run them down and see who they were.

For weeks the search was without reward, but at last the case brightened. A man was found, of whom several horses had been purchased by a man much resembling Livingston, but here giving the name of Peck. The horses were shipped to Buffalo, whither "Mr. Peck" stated that he was going.

Here was a long-sought clew, and the officer lost no time in visiting Buffalo, to learn further of Mr. Peck's present abode. Another disappointment met him here. The freight books showed that the horses had been received two or three months previously and taken away, but nothing further was known concerning them or Mr. Peck.

Nothing daunted, however, the inquiry was pursued, and finally the horses were traced to a stable, but were now owned by a Mr. Welch. Several other animals were purchased, and the whole then shipped to Chicago. From the description, the officer was convinced that Livingston, Peck and Welch were one and the same person, and the pursuit began to wax interesting.

Arriving at Chicago, he found that the horses had been taken away, but the most careful inquiry revealed nothing more. As they had not been reshipped, the officer concluded they had been driven into the country. There were some mares among the stock, and he concluded that the party, whoever he was, designed to open a stock farm. Finding all other attempts to trace the horses vain, he attempted to learn if any farm suitable for such a purpose had been purchased recently, and if so, by whom.

At one of the real estate agencies he found that a man from the East, named William Livingston, had been looking for such a place, and had finally purchased one, but where was not known, certainly not in Cook County, as an examination of the records proved; but the officer reasoned that it could not be far from Chicago, as the stock was apparently driven instead of being shipped.

If, reasoned the officer, Livingston, who was without doubt the criminal, has purchased a farm of this character, he must buy a large quantity of tools, harness, saddles, wagons, and like goods for its use. A careful search among dealers in those articles revealed the fact that a liberal quantity of such goods had recently been bought by a Mr. William Livingston, and sent to Du Page County, about forty miles from Chicago, where he had bought four small farms and consolidated them into one handsome stock farm. Believing detection impossible after the lapse of so long a time, he had boldly taken his own name, and, though almost within the clutches of the officer of justice, was yet entirely unconscious of his danger.

The game was found—now for its capture. Taking four or five police officers from Chicago, all in citizens' clothes, the party went out to the farm, and inquired for William Livingston. The "elderly, short, stout gentleman," who had figured so conspicuously in the officer's search, appeared, and the correctness of the pen and ink sketch impressed the officer as remarkable.

The party represented themselves as from Chicago, who, having heard of his farm, and come down to see for themselves, and perhaps purchase some of his choice stock.

They were cordially received, hospitably entertained, shown over the place, and finally dined and wine-d from the spacious mansion. On rising from the table the New York officer remarked:

"Well, Mr. Livingston, do you like this place and this quiet life as well as life in New York?"

The man was startled, looked sharply at the officer and answered:

"What do you mean? I was never in New York in all my life."

"Well, then," retorted the officer, "you will have an excellent opportunity to go there. William Livingston, I arrest you!"

Livingston turned as pale as a ghost, and gasped out:

"What for?"

"For the forgery of a check on the City Bank of New York for \$75,000," replied the officer, drawing a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, and advancing toward him.

"Stop, sir!" exclaimed the culprit. "Stop, sir! This is an outrage," and he glanced around the room for some weapon with which he could defend himself. He was quickly surrounded, however, and the irons fastened upon him.

For a time he raged furiously, making fearful threats against his captors; but the storm soon spent itself, and he was able to talk over the matter calmly. He represented that a relative, who had recently died, had left him a considerable sum of money, with which he had purchased the farm and stock.

On searching him, however, a roll of bills amounting to \$10,000 was found in an inner pocket, many of them being entirely new, and on the City Bank—the very notes which had been paid out on the fraudulent check some months before. After this discovery he was more quiet, and willingly accompanied his captor to New York.

The cash found on his person, the farm and stock were taken possession of by the victimized bank, and managed so judiciously that more than \$65,000 was realized, leaving the bank a sufferer for less than \$10,000.

Livingston was soon after brought to trial, convicted, and escaped with a sentence of four years and a half. At the expiration of his sentence he went West, and when last heard from was opening a small stock farm in Iowa.

The case in all its phases ranks among the most curious and interesting in criminal annals. The slight clew so perseveringly followed, the little incidents which pointed so unerringly toward the culprit, and the sagacity with which all these little hints were followed to the end, places the detective art among the most notable and useful of the sciences.—[New York Weekly.]

**How a Lot of Urchins Saw the Circus.**  
People were willing to pay almost any price for tickets of admission to the last Republican convention, says the Chicago Times, and yet it was the easiest place in the world to get into, if one only had the requisite cheek. One man, and no very big one, either, but just one of the common herd, took a plain note-head and wrote: "Chief Door-keeper Republican Convention: You will pass B. E. Jones and E. T. Smith," and merely signed his name to the order. It was good, and still the writer had no more right to make such a request than a tin soldier.

When a gentleman had related the above incident someone remarked that it might be easy to gain admission to a convention by the aid of a check, but one couldn't work a circus that way.

"That's where you are wrong," said a third person: "I am well aware that check is a commodity the circus man has usually a large stock of, but I saw it most successfully used against him one day. It was circus day down on the Lake Front; the ordinary large crowd was there, standing around listening to the music and looting generally; the small boys were there waiting for any possible chances which might offer of 'gettin' in.' A man went up to a group of anxious urchins. 'Want to go in, boys?' said he.

"'Yas; let yer life we do,' came in chorus from the lads. They marched up in front of the door-tender. 'Count these boys,' said the man, and the gentleman of the moral exhibition checked the lads off with his finger as they rushed by him and scattered on the inside.

"'One, two, three,' counted the door-keeper, and finally announced 'eleven.'

"'All right,' said the man, 'all right; that's all,' and he turned away.

"'Hold on there,' said the circus man, 'are you going to pay for those boys?'

"'Pay for 'em?' said the stranger, 'well, I guess not; I said nothing about paying for 'em; I just wanted to know how many there were; you circus men are good at figures, and I ain't, all I asked you to do was to count them. Much obliged.' And away he went, astonishment at the surprising check preventing the door-keeper from making any further effort to stop him. Oh, yes, the circus can work him."

**Paradoxical.**  
"Your contributions to light literature are wonderful in one respect," said Bibby.

"And that is what?" asked Scribby.

"They are so heavy."

**CHILDREN'S COLUMN.**

**TWO LITTLE CHICKENS.**  
Said the first little chicken,  
With a queer little squint,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,  
With an odd little strut,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,  
With a sharp little squeal,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken,  
With a small sigh of grief,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A green little leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken,  
With a faint little moan,  
"Oh, I wish I could find  
A wee gravel stone!"

"Now, see here," said the mother,  
From the green garden patch,  
"If you want any breakfast,  
You just come and scratch!"

**A FEW FACTS ABOUT LONDON.**  
Did you know, good Householders, that to supply the inhabitants of London, Eng., with milk, 90,000 cows have to be milked twice a day?

Did you know that, by means of the Needlework Guide of that same city, thousands of made garments were distributed throughout its many districts every year to its worthy and deserving poor?

And did you know that the population of this great metropolis is actually greater than that of all Sweden and Norway combined?—[Detroit Free Press.]

**A WONDERFUL PET SEAL.**  
It is well known that seals are very easily domesticated and show almost as much intelligence and devotion as a pet dog. A French paper gives an account of a learned seal which, not long ago, made its debut at a Paris circus. It came from Russia, when a baby, to a fishmonger in Orleans, who instead of killing it made a pet of the little creature. He would come when called and shake hands with his lipper, and in the performance of many funny feats might put to blush a well educated terrier. The seal occupies a water tank in a room adjoining his master's. On a fine day he walks, in seal fashion, which might be called a "flip-flap" one, to the circus, but in rainy weather he prefers to ride. At the circus he rides a horse and a velocipede, and astonishes the children by preferring fish to candy. A great many smart doings are accredited to this wonderful seal, some must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt, yet the fact remains that seals are easily trained and become affectionate, faithful pets.—[Plymouth.]

**ABOUT AN ELEPHANT'S MEMORY.**  
A writer in Our Dumb Animals gives the following incident: "A gentleman who crossed the Atlantic a few years since on a German steamship, the Rhdine, found himself a fellow passenger with a large female elephant. To while away the time he often visited the elephant's quarters, and at dinner filled his pockets with tid-bits, crackers or refuse from the table to carry to the sagacious quadruped, who soon learned to expect him and fish his pockets for the same. At his coming she would throw out her trunk and show signs of gratitude and pleasure. But at length land was reached and business cares left little time for thought of his 'companion du voyage.' Several years after, elephants were quartered in Central Park, New York, for the winter, and children of the household desired to visit them. He accompanied them, and obtained permission of the keeper to go into the building where they were kept tied to heavy posts. As soon as he entered, one elephant at once became restless—she threw out her trunk, tossed her ears, rumped her feet, etc. The keeper looked for a dog, and ordered her to be quiet, then asked: 'Have you ever had any thing to do with elephants?' 'No,' was his reply. Then his voyage was recalled. 'That is it,' said the keeper, 'you can go to her without danger.' It was the elephant that came over on the same vessel. He went to Nellie, the keeper called her; she became quiet, and expressed her pleasure. From an apple woman near he procured fruit and filled his pockets. She had not forgotten the old trick, but love down with her trunk, as in the old days, until every one was found. The keeper said: 'You can visit her any time. She will never forget you.'"

**A Traitor.**  
Mr. Giltman—What have you done with my wife's pet poodle that I paid you \$20 to steal?

Sneak-Thief Bill—I returned it this morning and got the \$50 reward she offered for it.—[St. Jo News.]

**THOUSANDS OF ELK.**

**Big Game is Plentiful in Yellowstone National Park.**

**A Picturesque Sight Described by a Recent Visitor.**

Recently I saw over three hundred antelope on Specimen Ridge at an altitude of 8000 feet. Several large bands of these beautiful animals can be seen in the Blacktail country. So many antelope when seen by hunters remind them, they say, of old times, the good old time when game was abundant everywhere. It is useless to attempt to convey to the Eastern mind any idea of the number of elk in the Park. One can simply say there are thousands of them. The country at times looks like an over-stocked cattle range during a round-up. Elk everywhere in large and small bands. I recently had the pleasure of watching a band of over four hundred for an hour. They were in an open park on Specimen Ridge, and I was about three hundred yards distant from the centre of the band.

Myself, horse and dog were in plain sight on a ridge. Other elk were scattered about on ridges and in the edge of timber. It is possible they mistook us for elk, for they paid no attention to me whatever. I saw fights between bulls, one which lasted as long as I remained in sight, was between two of about equal size, but one had only one horn, the other being seemed to have been broken off close to his head. I could hear their clashing horns as they made a dive at each other, and could see with my glasses that my one-horned friend was holding his own very well, sometimes pushing the other bull back bodily. When again it would be his turn to get the worst of it. He would be moved back, all four feet sliding on the ground. It was a very interesting sight, but I could not stay to see the end. Mr. Onelona was standing off the other bull when I left. I heard several whistle, but not so clear as early in the season. I was surprised to hear them at all so late, Nov. 20.

There is a very perceptible increase in the number of black-tail deer, but I cannot say the same for the mountain sheep, this may be accounted for by the fact that the latter have not left their summer range in any number, only a few have appeared on Mt. Evans.

No buffalo have been seen on Specimen Ridge so far this winter. A small band is in Hayden Valley and can be seen at any time by parties passing through. The reported band of seventy in the Red Desert, Wyoming, which were said to have left the park, is all a mistake. So many parties were along the line south of the park over which these buffalo would pass that they would have been seen by some one, or their tracks noticed. The buffalo in the Red Desert are probably a band that have been there for years. They have been seen before, but only by parties which did not care to give it away to any and every one who came along, for, had it become generally known, they would soon have been killed by sportsmen and trophy-hunters or the Indians would soon have finished the band, for they enjoy the privilege of killing game at any and all times, no game law affecting them. There is a little danger of the buffalo in the Park straying out, except on the west into Idaho, where, if molested, they would soon return to the reservation.—[Forest and Stream.]

**The Frontier Scout Has Disappeared.**  
The scout of the frontier is like the typical cowboy—a mythical personage in these days of steam and electricity. The recent Indian war was conducted without him, and the travelers on the prairies do not need his services. Trailing is as much an art as is painting or sculpture, and almost as few become proficient in it as in the handling of brush or chisel. It requires constant practice and much knowledge of nature to learn it thoroughly. It seems to be more natural for an Indian or Mexican to be a tracer of men or beasts than an American. They acquire by intuition what the white man learns from a lifetime of study. Occasionally found on the plains an American is found who is an expert, but for the most part the boasted leaders of civilization are far behind the natural horn scouts.

It is impossible to realize nowadays the importance of the scout in former times. No party dared cross the plains alone without a professional trailer to lead it, and no marauding band of Indians or whites could be overtaken unless they were tracked across the boundless wastes of sod.—[Chicago Herald.]

**A Strange Punishment.**  
True to the well-known motto of E. Pluribus Unum on the armorial bearing of our country, the navy is composed of the descendants of many nationalities; and in the future, as in the past, these adopted sons of Uncle Sam will, undoubtedly, point the guns of his cruisers to the confusion of his enemies. But it happens that they are not seldom addressed in language at once abusive and contemptuous by the thoughtless and ignorant. I recollect, some years ago, a strange punishment being dealt out to one of these revilers—a "hard case" from San Francisco—who had called one of its shipmates a "Dutchman." The expression was heard by the commanding officer. He at once ordered the offender "to the mast" (the break of the quarter deck, where all delinquents are arraigned on a non-official, and customarily reprimanded him.

"Now," said the commanding officer, "you will stand four hours of each day for a week on the bridge, and every quarter of an hour you will point to the ship's ensign, flying at the peak, and while doing so you will say to the officer of the deck: 'That flag is potent enough to nationalize and naturalize every one who sails under it.'"

The man was astounded, but I rather think it had a most salutary effect, subduing many asperities of speech in other directions for a long time.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

**It Was a Wonder.**  
One of the many thousands of wonderful babies was lately brought out for the inspection of a friend of the family.

"Really, Mr. Seacock, said the mother, 'I suppose it's perfectly natural for every mother to think that her baby is the smartest one in the world, but our baby just proves it.'"

"Indeed! What does he do?"

"Everything, Mr. Seacock—everything."

"Does he walk?"

"Why, he's too young for that! The idea of a baby not a year old walking! But just let me hold him up in my arms and see how perfectly he executes the Highland fling!"

The baby kicked out its legs. Mr. Seacock expresses wonder and admiration, and asks:

"Can he say 'mamma'?"

"Oh, no, but you ought to hear him imitate a locomotive."

"Dear me, how does he do it?"

"He puffs out his little cheeks and says: 'Choo-choo!'"

"Well, now, that is surprising! What other remarkable things can the baby do?"

"Oh, Mr. Seacock, you should see him when I take him up in my arms, so! He looks up in my face just as sweetly, and breathes!"

The gentleman agreed that at last the most wonderful baby in the world had been found.—[Youth's Companion.]

**History of Platinum.**  
The history of platinum is quite as interesting as its qualities are remarkable. During the sixteenth century it was found with gold in the Darien mines, but the Spanish Government, which controlled the mines, did not make known the discovery of this new white metal, as it was found to be a good material with which to adulterate gold. The deposits of platinum in the Ural mountains, whence the supply is mostly drawn, were discovered about 1802, and have been worked in connection with gold mines by the Russian Government since 1838. Owing to the large yield of gold the platinum was for a long time sold cheaply, but with the growing scarcity of gold, the cost of producing the other metal was increased.

A well-known chemist says that without platinum, combs, which share the infusibility of porcelain with the chemical inertness of these of gold, the composition of most metals could not have been ascertained and chemistry could not have come to its present level. Very few people in this country are probably aware that pure platinum has ever been coined. It was coined by Russia, however, as late as 1804, at which time it had been put in circulation to the value of over \$2,000,000.—[San Francisco Examiner.]

**A Successful Interview.**  
"What did papa say?"

"He showed me the door."

"And what did you say?"

"I said it was a handsome door, but not what I had come to talk about. That made him laugh, and a minute later you were mine.—[New York Herald.]

The teamster has no excuse for being idle; his business is always driving.

**In Quietness is Strength.**  
Cleanse, cleanse your soul from sin and evil.  
And poetry will in it grow:  
Quick in it greed and hate's turmoil,  
And music from its depths will flow.

Sill, still in tranquil mood advance,  
From evensong's ill scene to scene;  
Atoms and molecules may dance,  
But man should hold a constant mean.

Mad, mad, my masters, is the age,  
It plunges down, like Phaton's team;  
Consumed by fear and lust and rage,  
We have forgotten how to dream.

Less, less the golden store be mine,  
So that I may have quiet hours  
In which to train my cottage vine  
And pick the priceless wayable flowers.  
—[The Academy.]

**HUMOROUS.**

**The volume of trade—A ledger.**  
When is a window like a star?  
—When it's a skylight.

There is room for everybody in this big world. Friction comes from the fact too many want the front room.

Teacher—Freddy, how is the earth divided? Freddy—Between them that's got it and them that wants it.

The forms which, indistinct and dim, we see from far away,  
Are but the forms of summer girls preparing for the fray.

She—You don't mind my talking so much, do you? He—No, indeed, but, (mischievously) I may mind after we are married. She—But I shan't mind then if you do.

Woman is a theory, and man makes no more serious mistake than when he attempts to deal with her as he would with a fact. Men are facts, and facts are stubborn things.

First Broker—Hard times, aren't they? Hope you will be able to keep the wolf from the door. Second Broker—I'm afraid not. We can't keep the hear from the street now.

Sir Arthur Sullivan is credited with saying, in reply to an ignorant but pretentious woman who asked him if Bach were composing anything nowadays:—"No, madam, he is decomposing."

Galsby—Those three dulle sons of Van Nostrand cost him about \$5000 a year. Miss Gainsborough—Then he has been putting a good deal of money into real estate. "How's that?" "He is spending \$5000 a year on a vacant lot."

A gentleman had just succeeded in saving a big clothing merchant from drowning. "Ah," remarked he, gratefully, "I was, in rescuing you, you have ruined your clothes. Permit me to hand you my business card. Ten thousand of the best suits in the city from \$10 upwards."

**Amber.**  
Genuine amber is by no means so plentiful as it was some years ago, and amber cigar holders and pipe stems will probably rise in price. The genuine amber is a fossil gum, which was produced in large quantities by trees having a resinous sap, which flowed down the trunks and collected in masses at the root. It is found in the ground of marshes and other places where forests flourished in former times, and is also obtained by dredging. The German Ocean, Baltic and Black Seas formerly produced it in great quantities, but the supply is constantly decreasing, and unless other fields are discovered, real amber will soon be scarce and costly. There is some satisfaction in knowing that the imitation is just as good in every way, so that even if the real amber gives out there need be no diminution in the number of holders for cigars or mouth-pieces for pipes. In this country comparatively little is used, save for this purpose, but in India and China large quantities are in great demand. For some time an amber idol is more highly esteemed than a golden image, and so the best amber all goes to the East to be made into gods for the pagans.—[Great Divide.]

**A Maltese Dog.**  
A rival to the Maltese cat is the Maltese dog, an irresistible bit of canine beauty which comes straight from the Paris kennels. His mistress, a Washington belle, who has but just returned from abroad, considers him the most valuable prize she has secured during her wanderings. He has been dubbed Marquis, and is thoroughly French from the top of his snowy tail. Spoken to in French he becomes a most obedient dog, but his knowledge of English is at present very limited.—[New Orleans Picayune.]

**Vegetable Diet.**  
Jones—That's all nonsense about eating meat being injurious to health. My ancestors for hundreds of years ate meat.

Vegetarian—Yes, and where are they now? Dead, ain't they?—[Texas Siftings.]