



MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

OR
THE CRIME OF THE BROKERS' OFFICE.

BY W. MOTT.

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)
"Mr. Paxton, I presume," said Stanmore.
"Yes, sir, at your service," responded the detective.
"Then I have a note of introduction for you," said Stanmore, and he presented a letter, which Paxton read, after which he arose and shook hands with the old gentleman warmly.
Stanmore's introductory letter was written by the chief of the New York City police, and it stated that the bearer, Richard Stanmore, Esq., was the writer's personal friend.

The letter concluded in these words:
"My assistant, Mr. Paxton, who will make his business known, will be daily appreciated by myself and well remembered by the gentleman in question, who is a man of vast wealth."

The letter was duly signed.
"Mr. Paxton," said Stanmore, "I have interested myself in the case of the murder of my old friend, John Oakburn, and I desire to especially engage you to solve the mystery of his fate."

"I am anxious to work up the case on my own account," said Paxton.
"Very well, I will add an incentive which will perhaps not be ill-received. Find the assassin of John Oakburn and secure his conviction and I pledge myself to pay you the sum of \$25,000 cash, the day the work is done," said Stanmore.

"That is a small fortune; I am yours, I shall work for money as well as fame," said Paxton.
"Good, and I wish to give you a few items of information," continued Stanmore, and he went on to tell Paxton of his discovery that the marked money was in the possession of Pratt and Weeks.

Previously to his appearance at Garrison's office, and before he knew that the money missing from the broker's safe was marked, Stanmore had chanced to be in Pratt & Weeks' office and he saw the latter counting a large sum of money and noted without thinking of the significance of his discovery that each note was marked with a small red 'V.' as the banker said the money paid John Oakburn was marked.

"I must get hold of the marked money; I'll take out a search warrant," said Paxton.
"No," said Stanmore, emphatically, "I object to that. I know the devilish cunning of those accountants. They would find a way to get the money beyond your reach the moment you presented yourself with your warrant of search—if, as I suspect is the case, they have not already cunningly secreted the money. No, no, Pratt & Weeks must not know that anyone possesses the knowledge that they have the money hidden away. I will, however, I pledge you that they shall be made to pay out the stolen money under circumstances which will make any attempt at denial of their knowledge that it was stolen futile."

"Perhaps some stratagem may accomplish that. I fancy you have no love for Messrs. Pratt & Weeks," said Paxton regarding Stanmore curiously.
"I love justice," said Paxton; "Levi Kregde, Mr. Garrison's janitor, is a man upon whom suspicion may rest, answered Stanmore, and he went on to tell how he had seen Kregde come out of the private entrance of Pratt & Weeks' office and the reasons he had for suspecting that he was a spy employed by Pratt and partner to watch Garrison."

Such suspicion was entirely unfounded from the moment when he knew that Kregde was listening at the door of the office department of Garrison's office.

"At this moment the conversation between Stanmore and Paxton was interrupted. A man who the detective recognized as a night watchman employed on the block where Garrison's office was situated, entered.

CHAPTER VI.
The appearance of the watchman was a source of the greatest satisfaction to the detective. He had desired to question him, but had been unable to do so by reason of the man's absence. He had been called away from the city on the day preceding the night of the murder.

Paxton greeted the watchman familiarly, addressing him by the name of Tomp.
"I want to speak with you in private, Mr. Paxton," said the watchman.
"You can speak fearlessly before this gentleman," answered Paxton.
"All right, sir, I heard you were asking for me at my home, and though I just returned from the country, I hurried to call here. You know my heart is around the block in which Jason Garrison's office, where the murder was committed, is located."

"Yes, and I wish to ask if you had noticed any suspicious circumstance which might be important for me to know. The man who supplied your place on the night of the murder had nothing to tell me."

"Well, I saw something. Last Monday night—two nights before the murder—I saw a man prowling about Mr. Garrison's office. He was at work at the street door when I discovered him. Thinking to arrest him, I tried to take him by surprise, but just as I was about to seize him, he discovered me. Then he was off like a shot. I pursued him, but he gave me the slip after all. I obtained a good look at his face though when he turned and saw me at the door."

"This is news, certainly," said Paxton, as the watchman paused.
"But I have not told you all," the latter added. "After I gave up the chase of the man I discovered at the door of Garrison's office, I returned there and made an examination. I found wax on the keyhole, and of course I knew at once the fellow had been taking a wax impression."

"Describe the man," said Paxton.
"He was a well-made young fellow, with light hair and mustache and blue eyes. There was a small scar across

my forehead, I think. That's the best I can do for you in the way of description; you know I only had a glance at him," replied the watchman.
"This account of the man seen at the office door accords with the description Stuart Harland gave of the man who took his eye out," said the detective.
"I think I could recognize the fellow again if I were to see him," said the watchman.

Paxton asked several more questions and then the watchman took his departure. Stanmore, too, withdrew and the detective found himself alone.
"The watchman's story had confirmed his theory that the man who had the skeleton keys and was impressed with the assassin of John Oakburn or the confederate of the murderer."

By Paxton's determination to place Levi Kregde under surveillance, for he entertained a suspicion of the janitor which had been materially strengthened by the information that Stanmore had given him.

"Every day the detective placed one of his most reliable assistants on Kregde's track, and he also directed another co-laborer to shadow the brokers—Pratt & Weeks."

The quest for the man who had taken Stuart Harland's coat, and whom the watchman had seen at the door of Garrison's office was continued, and Paxton began to think he had the game well in hand.

Little did he anticipate the startling and mysterious developments that were to follow, as he advanced in the campaign against the mysterious assassin.

When Stanmore found himself in the street at the conclusion of his interview with Paxton, he turned to a cab stand, and, entering one of those convenient vehicles, he directed the driver to proceed to the residence of Jason Garrison.

"Marks & Book have informed me that Pratt & Weeks are the unfortunate broker's pressing creditors. The loss of the money which has found its way into the hands of those Wall street scoundrels has ruined Garrison at their mercy," said Stanmore, mentally.

While he was approaching Jason Garrison's home Daniel Pratt was leaving the broker's residence.

An hour previously, while Garrison was wondering why he had not yet heard from his importunate creditors, there came a loud ring at the doorbell, and a servant admitted Pratt.

Garrison received him in the library, and a stormy scene ensued. Berating him for his behavior, and how he had been playing the spy at Garrison's office for a long time.

"You have done well, Sayer. I am greatly indebted to you for the information you have given me in this regard," said Stanmore, and he turned to the clerk who had been playing the spy at Garrison's office for a long time.

"That same day Paxton's assistant, who was shadowing Levi Kregde, reported that the fellow was constantly in communication with Pratt & Weeks, and further, that he had learned that the treacherous janitor had been playing the spy at Garrison's office for a long time."

Paxton gained no further information from Stuart, and he left the young man after assuring him that he would endeavor to make every possible effort to detect the cashier's assassin and thus prove his innocence.

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FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

Pop and Toller.
Lately the bumblebee
Dives from flow'r to flow'r,
Back and forth upon the leaf,
And hums in monotone.
Buzzy the honeybee
Tends from flower to flower;
Winter stores thus gathers he,
Toiling all about.

Carelessly the bumblebee.
Kisses rose and daisy—
The birds upon the apple tree—
That sits on all the flowers,
Diligent the honeybee.
Dives through bushes many,
"Work and save," that is his plea;
"I have no idle hours."

Noisily the bumblebee.
Tends to his labor,
"Why should I so long be?"
"I have my own," I say
Unconscious the honeybee,
Careless of the neighbor,
Gathers honey on the leaf;
No time for idle play.

Cold winter comes. The bumblebee
Is sore with cold and sorrow.
He has become a humble bee.
And wistfully he dies,
Not so the sturdy honeybee;
He's thought of a tomorrow;
A warm and sheltered home he has,
In bed of case he lies.

How a Boy Measured a Gate.
Did you ever try to measure the force of the wind? When Sir Isaac Newton was a boy he wished to make such a measurement. Heaving an apparatus for the purpose, he set about to think up a means. Presently he had an idea. Going into an open space where his body would receive the full force of the wind he stood and jumped against it as far as he could. Then he turned and jumped with the wind as far as he could. The difference in the length of the two jumps gave him the facts for calculating the force of the wind. How many of our boys would have been as clever as that?

Basket, Brush and Pinchers.
Naturalists say that the feet of the common working bee exhibit the curious combination of a basket, a brush, and a pair of pinchers. The brush, the hairs of which are so arranged in a regular row, is used with a minute comb-like motion. With this brush of fatty substance the bee brushes its velvety robe to remove the pollen dust with which it becomes loaded while sucking up the nectar of flowers. Another delicate apparatus is the spoon-shaped appendage that receives the gleanings that the bee wishes to carry to the hive. Finally, by opening the "brush" and the "basket" by means of a pair of little wings, the two become a pair of pinchers, which render important services in constructing the cells for reception of the honey.

The Death of Rags.
Belonged to a sawyer, who one day got caught in the machinery of the saw mill and met his death before noon and was buried in the mill. Rags saw the crowd that gathered about the mill, but he could not drag his master away, though he tried with all his loving thought.

These two had lived their simple lives together, and when the sawyer was laid under the churchyard daisies Rags was left alone to wander back and forth between the low, quiet mound and the noisy old mill.

The next man at the mill did not care for daisies, but he never drove the gentle creature away, and if anything was left at lunch time he seldom forgot to toss it to Rags. But he never thought to toss a pleasant word or a gay whistle along with it to cheer the dog's heart, as well as his stomach, and the hours often came to poor Rags when his heart was even sadder than his stomach.

He tried to make friends with the faint breeze that bluffed about the old pond. He guarded their clothes while they were sunning, fetched the sticks they tossed upon the water, and almost every time brought back the marked stones they had thrown as far as they could.

And this is the way they repaid such gentle behavior.

One autumn day, when it was so cold that one could be comfortable only in the sunshine, the boys began throwing sticks into the water and sending Rags on after them. He plunged in once, twice and came out shivering, but glad to be of interest to any one. A nobody that he quite conscious of the fact that he is nobody's dog. He may appear very gay sometimes, but it is only because his loving heart is trying to coax some one to come into it and make it happy. A third stick and a fourth were thrown. The chilled, reluctant creature brought them back. But at the fifth he whined and wagged his tail, and did his very dog's best to make them understand how hard a thing this was that they were asking of him.

But the sun shone warmly upon their own shoulders. They must have sport. The biggest bully of them all threw a stick with such perfect aim that poor Rags gave a sharp yell of pain and plunged again into the chilling water. He was long in reaching the floating stick. Even then he passed it once, for he appeared to be a little dazed, and when at last he was only to swim where he seemed not to know in which direction to lay.

One of the loonies gave a careless laugh. Rags heard him, turned slowly and swam toward them for a moment, then sank out of sight. "He is drowned!" cried a distressed voice; and the

little daughter of the new mill owner came springing from log to log until she reached the one nearest the shore. Then she leaned far forward to look for poor Rags.

The loonies scrambled to their feet. The head of Rags appeared again. The little girl cried out encouragement. One of the drowned loons gave a whistle to cheer him onward. But after a faint struggle he went down again with the cruel stick between his faithful teeth.

Then Turner Robbins threw off his coat and boots and before the others realized what he was doing he had brought the dog ashore, and was kneeling beside him upon the yellow sawdust, squeezing the water from his long, thick fur.

The little girl knelt, too. She smoothed the poor, wet head, and cried over a bruise that the heavy stone had made.

The words she murmured were so kind that Rags opened his eyes as wide as he could. He tried to prick up his ears that had grown so heavy; and when he saw the gentle face bending over him he seemed really to forget that the tears were for him, and lifting one of his paws a little he tried to reach it toward her in a friendly greeting. One fluttering stick escaped him, and the troubles of poor, gentle-hearted Rags were over.

Then the little daughter of the new mill owner sprung to her feet.

"You are murderers!" she cried, "every one of you!"

And, as she turned her shining eyes upon them, they fell backward, one by one, and tried to get behind each other.

"Nothin' but a dog," said one of them surlily. "The ain' no sense in making such a fuss."

"God made dogs just as well as he made men," said the little assessor. "And I'd rather be a dog than to be such a man as you are going to be."

Turner Robbins looked up into her face. He was still kneeling beside poor Rags, and he was drenched and cold. He said something, he hardly knew what, but it meant that he was ashamed of his share in the bad business, and that he intended to be a different boy from that moment.

After that one of them slipped away and found a broken shovel and a grave was made on the sunny slope behind the old mill. But before the last bit of turf had been relaid, "sob, sob," in his own rough, hoarsest fashion, had given the mill owner's little daughter to understand that he was sorry and ashamed; and that, with the going out of the innocent life of poor Rags there had entered into his own heart a new feeling of mercy and kindness for every creature that can suffer and die.

Our Annual Friends.

The White Pebble Pit.
It has frequently happened that miners have discovered curious traces of former workings, hundreds of years ago, and tools have been found which belonged to the ancient miners, and many other relics.

A singular discovery was made, a few years since, by some workmen engaged in the Spanish silver mine known as the White Pebble Pit. While digging their subterranean passages they suddenly found a series of apartments, in which were a quantity of mining tools, left there from a very remote period, but still in such good preservation that they were hatchets, and shovels for sifting the ore, a smelting furnace, and two anvils, which proved the earliest miners had great experience in their operations.

In one of the caverns there was a round building, with niches, in which were three statues, one sitting down, and half the size of the other two were in a standing position, and about three feet in height. This building is supposed to have been the temple of the god who was believed, in pagan times, to preside over mines. Several objects of art, and some remarkable instruments, were also found, which have led scientific persons to think that the workings might have been made by the Phoenicians, the people who, as is well known, were in the time of Solomon, famous for their manufacturing and commercial genius.

In 1874 a discovery was made by some miners excavating on the other side of the mountain on which the White Pebble Pit is situated; this was a fine figure of the heathen god Hercules, which was found in an old working.

In digging for copper on the shores of Lake Superior, in this country, the miners have made many similar discoveries, showing that the mines were worked ages ago.

English-American Humor.
Many of the "funny men" of the American press complain with appropriate good reason of the wholesale appropriation of their jokes by some of the London papers. They assert that it is the custom of these papers, two of them in particular, to clip the best of American witlings systematically, "Anglicize" them, file them away, keep them until they have grown old, and then publish them as original.

The especially irritating feature of this system is that such jokes often go through the American papers a second time, credited to the English paper that published them. Not infrequently, by the grace of the exchange editor, one reappears in the paper in whose columns it was printed originally. This gives point to a dialogue said to have taken place in the office of an American newspaper recently.

Exchange Editor—Read this. It is from the London Tom-Tits, and it's good.

Funny Man—Yes, it's much better than when I wrote it, four years ago. They have improved it by changing "dollars" to "pounds." Oh, yes, it's good now!

It never comes natural to a man to be polite to his kin women folks.

IF I CAN LAUGH.

I hear the clink of the yellow gold
That bears the crest of a nation's coin;
I see the jewelled treasures old,
That even monarchs would I portion,
But yet I would not join the throng
Who bend the knees to the golden calf,
I will pass all by without an sigh,
If I can laugh, can only laugh.

The world's proud fair, yet what care I
For this that change like a summer's wind?
A picture rare to bring the sight,
Then draped at last with pall and shroud,
The one who roguish in Beauty's court,
A target is for envy's shaft;
I will pass all by without a sigh,
If I can laugh, can only laugh.

And what is worth, the fane of earth,
Though earned by sword or council art,
The stat of blood is royal birth,
The song of praise in glory's mart,
The gilded crown on the favored brow,
The polished hand on the sultan's staff,
I will pass all by without a sigh,
If I can laugh, can only laugh.

Then time the march of life with song,
The heart's forget with passing rest,
The happy heart can do no wrong,
The hours of gladness are the best,
No bring the wine of royal mirth,
That I the mortal rich can quaff,
All else I will pass as I drink my glass,
To the soul that can laugh, always laugh—
—Reverend Democrat and chronicler.

PITH AND POINT.

Against the grain—Beats in wheat—Life.

Friendship among women is a plant of which we don't know in August whether it will bear bitter or sweet fruit in September.

"Men never outgrow their childhood." "Alas no! Experience begins spanking us even before our parents leave off."—Puck.

Real estate is looking up. There is nothing else for it to do when buildings are climbing up on it twenty stories high.—Atlanta Constitution.

Two next door neighbors quarrelled, and one of them exclaimed, excitedly: "Call yourself a man of sense! Why, you're next door to an idiot!"—Tit-Bits.

South American Tourist—"You say the masses of your people are discontented?" "Native—'Alas! I honor, most of us have never been President.'"—Puck.

Madge—"Tell me, dear, did he go down on his knees when he proposed?" "Folly—'No; in his confusion he went down on his hat.'—Philadelphia North American.

"Don't you think your son a little fast, Mrs. Saelety?" "Far from it. He is so slow that we can never get him to breakfast before noon."—Detroit Free Press.

"Mamma, I know why angel babies are made 'th wings.'" "Why, Johnny?" "Cause, if they get borned in a family where they don't like it, they fly off."—Chicago Record.

Brown—"Isn't there a blue room in the White House?" Smith—"I think so. I believe it's the room in which the President expresses his private opinion of the office-seekers."—Puck.

"Did you hear of the great sacrifice in the way of self denial Ethel Tempert and Bessie Teeters are making?" asked Kicketts. "No; what is it?" asked Gaskett. "Each is riding the other's wheel."—Puck.

"Haw! Haw! I see that old Gotrox has been swindled out of two hundred dollars by a confidence man." "Anything funny about that?" "Why, yes! Gotrox is an old friend of mine."—Puck.

Country Cousin—"Do you keep anything in the house in case burglars should pay you a visit at night?" City Cousin—"You bet I do! My wife's maiden aunt lives with us."—Norristown Herald.

Imprecious—"I would like to have a nerve killed. How much will it cost?" Dentist—"Seventy-five cents." Imprecious—"Seventy-five cents? Can't you make it less? I have such weak nerves!"

Funeral Invitations in 1829.
In the early days of the present century funeral services were held in this city after a fashion that seems exceedingly odd in the light of modern customs, says the Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph. A Bucks County man recently found in an old Bible, published in 1776, the following curious invitation:

You and family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of _____ from the residence of Edward Abbott, No. 196 North Front street, tomorrow afternoon at 5 o'clock.
Philadelphia, July 4, 1829.

The invitation is printed in heavy-faced type upon rough paper. It was evidently the custom to send these notices to all friends of the bereaved family. The hour set, 5 o'clock, would appear unusually late, and yet it was a common thing on those days to hold funeral services at night.

Beetle as Undertaker.
There is a species of beetle in Australia which acts the roll of energetic undertakers that carefully bury carcasses left on the soil. As soon as they smell a field mouse, a mole or a fish in a state of decomposition, they come by troops to bury it, getting under the body, following out the ground with their legs and prodding the rubbish they dig out in all directions. Little by little the carcass sinks, at the end of twenty-four hours the hole is several inches deep. They then mount it, cast the earth down into the grave so as to fill it and hide the body from sight. The females will then lay their eggs in the tomb, where the larvae will afterward find an abundance of food.—Manchester Guardian.