

THE DETECTIVE STORY

Origin and Growth of the Clever Amateur Sleuth.

VOLTAIRE WAS HIS CREATOR.

The Great French Writer Introduced Him to the World of Fiction—The Genius of Poe and Gaboriau and Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes.

Most persons who read detective stories, and most literary critics, too, believe that this very popular form of fiction was invented by Edgar Allan Poe. They point to his story of "The Purloined Letter" as being the first of its kind—the first in which is introduced the man of keen mind, of close reasoning and of constructive imagination, who is able to piece together certain facts that are known and then by brilliant deduction to pass from them to other facts which are not known, but the truth of which he is able to establish beyond a doubt.

Poe himself had a mind precisely of this character—the mind of a mathematician, subtle, logical and capable of searching analysis. He once gave a remarkable illustration of what he could do as an investigator of mysterious crime. A young shopgirl named Mary Rogers was found murdered under circumstances which excited great public interest in New York. The police were completely baffled, though they advanced a theory which was plausible in part. Poe, taking the facts that were admitted, wove them into a story, the scene of which he laid in Paris and which he called "The Mystery of Marie Rogot." Then from what was known he passed by deductive reasoning to what was quite unknown and worked out a solution to the puzzle which no professional detective had been able to explain. Years afterward the confession of a dying man afforded proof that Poe was right and that he had reconstructed accurately the whole series of events which led to the death of Mary Rogers.

This remarkable achievement fixed in the public mind the notion that this use of logic blended with imagination was original with Poe. As a matter of fact, it is almost certain that Poe, who was deeply versed in French literature, got the suggestion of the method from reading certain passages in the oriental tale called "Zadig," by Voltaire. In this book a young man is questioned as to whether he had seen a stray dog and horse that might have passed him on his journey. In reply he describes very accurately the peculiarities of both, though he had not seen them. He had deduced his knowledge from observing certain indications along the way—the nature of the footprints and many other signs which the ordinary person would either not have noticed or would have been too dull to understand. Here is really the germ of the conception which Poe so brilliantly elaborated in the story of "The Purloined Letter," where we find exhibited the striking contrast between the working of a usual mind and the achievements of a mind of exceptional power and training.

Poe's central figure, the amateur detective, was afterward caught up and elaborated with great effect by several French writers, of whom the chief was Emile Gaboriau. Gaboriau gave the world the character of M. Lecoq in the remarkable novel of that name. Lecoq is a professional detective, but appears in that book as a novice, inexperienced, but full of intelligence and enthusiasm and obliged to work out his clues against the secret opposition of his official chief, Gevrot, who is jealous of the young detective. In the background is the interesting figure of the real amateur detective, old Father Tire-au-Clair ("Bring-to-light"), a retired tradesman who studies crime from sheer love of the intellectual puzzle which it affords him and which he solves by purely scientific deduction.

Sir Conan Doyle in creating Sherlock Holmes openly acknowledged his great indebtedness to Poe. Like Poe's hero, Holmes works apart from the official police and is consulted by them when they are wholly at a loss. Many of the incidents in the Holmes cycle of stories were suggested by the inventions of Poe. Yet it is only fair to say that Doyle has gone one step further than his master. Poe's characters are abstractions. They are like chessmen on the board and excite interest only because of the complexity of the problem which they are made to solve. Doyle's characters, on the other hand, are drawn with sympathy and a shrewd insight into human nature. They entertain us by their whims and individual traits no less than by the adventures through which they pass. Thus Holmes' addiction to the cocaine habit, his trick of smoking great quantities of shag tobacco when thinking out a problem, his dislike of women, his skill as a boxer—in fact, a score of traits all give him individuality and make us think of him as a fascinating character quite apart from his powers as a deductive reasoner. And it is so with the minor personages as well—Watson, the somewhat obtuse chronicler of the adventures; Lestrade and Gregson, the official police and Moriarty, the arch criminal.

But, however brilliant Poe may have been, or however ingeniously Gaboriau may have spun tangled plots, or however ably Conan Doyle may have given life and reality to the central figure of his stories, they all derive their inspiration, whether consciously or not, from the clever tale told by the famous Frenchman before Poe saw the light.—Scrag Book.

TURNED THE JOKE.

The Way a Bridegroom Got the Laugh on His "Funny" Chum.

Under the thin disguise of harmless fun many an unpardonable rude prank is played upon newly married couples. It is refreshing to hear of an occasional instance in which the "joke" reacts on the joker. A young man and his bride, who had just been married in a western town, were starting on their wedding journey. They had managed to reach the train in safety despite the showers of rice and old shoes.

Just as they had taken their seats in the car one of the bridegroom's chums came hastily in to bid him goodby. As the young husband extended his hand the friend snapped a handcuff round his wrist. The groom had been suspecting a trick of some kind, and before the practical joker could play a similar trick on the bride he found the other handcuff snapped round his own wrist. He was chained to the happy bridegroom himself.

"That's a good one on me, Harry," he said, with a sickly kind of smile, "but I'll have to ask you to come to the door with me and get the key to these things from the fellow outside that's got it. Hold on, conductor, just a minute!"

But the conductor, whose quick eye had taken in the situation, refused to wait. He gave the order for starting, and the train pulled out. It was a through train and made no stop for the next fifty miles. Before it stopped, however, the brakeman, with the aid of a sharp file and a hammer, succeeded in releasing Harry. The practical joker meanwhile had had to pay full fare for the fifty miles and still had his fare home to pay.

FRENCH SENTIMENT.

The Way It Classifies the Greatest Men of the Nation.

The Petit Parisien in 1906 conducted a very interesting plebiscite, the object of which was to ascertain who, in the opinion of its readers, were the ten greatest Frenchmen of the nineteenth century. More than 15,000,000 votes were given, and the result was that Pasteur came out at the top of the poll with 1,338,425 votes. The next were Victor Hugo, who received 1,227,103 votes; Gambetta 1,155,672; Napoleon 1,118,034; Thiers 1,039,453; Lazare Carnot 950,772; Curie 851,107; A. Dumas pere 850,602; Dr. Roux 603,941 and Parmentier 498,863. Immediately following were Ampere, the electrician; Brazza, the explorer; Zola, Lamartine and Arago.

It will be observed with interest how large is the proportion of scientific men in the number of those who, in the opinion of Frenchmen, occupy the highest places in the records of the country. Napoleon heads the list, though Pasteur heads the list, and Curie, Roux and Parmentier, the chemist who introduced the culture of the potato into France, are also honored, while Ampere and Brazza are not far behind. Literary men and statesmen dispute with the scientists for the highest distinctions, and the national sentiment of France is evidently eclectic.

Animals That Are Trained.

The animal trainer paused in his midnight supper. "It is strange," he said, "how training increases an animal's value. I can buy a young lion for \$100, train it and sell it for \$500 afterward. Take the group I performed with tonight—three lions, three tigers, two leopards, four bears and four boardwounds. They are all young adults in the pink of condition, but untrained they wouldn't be worth more than \$1,500 or \$2,000 at the outside. Yet the boss was offered \$60,000 for them last week. The training sets the price, and no wonder. It took four years to train this group of mine, and though there are only sixteen animals in it now, no less than seventy had to be tried and discarded before we got together the sixteen we wanted."

Short Stay Neighborhoods.

A man who contemplated going into business for himself looked around for a good location. He rejected the advice of two friends who had suggested neighborhoods which they thought desirable. "I don't like either of the places," he said. "Business can't be good around there. I have passed through those streets many times, and always I have been struck with the frequency with which the names on the shops are changed. That doesn't look promising. Wherever a man finds trade profitable he stays; contrarily, he moves. None of the short stay neighborhoods for me."—New York Post.

Causes of Headache.

People get headache because they do not take sufficient active exercise to keep the blood circulating actively, become excited and often about things that do not concern them at all, neglect daily action of bowels, bathe in cold water without wetting the head, sleep on a low pillow, take too much alcohol, allow the feet to get cold, take iron and quinine when these drugs do not agree with the system.—Pittsburg Press.

The Return.

"I believe," said the cheery philosopher, "that for every single thing you give away two come back to you." "That's my experience," said Phamley. "Last June I gave away my daughter, and she and her husband came back to us in August."

It often takes a lot of common sense to get a man out of trouble a little nonsense got him into.—Beaver (Okla.) Herald.

THE EDIFYING SC.

Sketch of One of the Great German Toy Warehouses.

The Troedel market is on a little island in the heart of the old town of Nuremberg. Along the north branch of the river is an old, low eaved house with a little darkling doorway. When you have got so far you are met by a little old man—a rusty little man who looks as though he were made of metal—who leads you into the great mysterious warehouse of toys.

Round all the walls they are ranged—guns, cannons, motors, steamships, trumpets, sabers, and everywhere the soldiers. How many millions of metal soldiers have marched away from the Troedel market not even the rusty old man could tell you—mighty articles of pewter and tin.

Hundreds of regiments, of battalions, of divisions, are drawn up on the shelves, waiting for the day when they shall be sent out into battle. And with a kind of pride the rusty old man says, "They are edifying soldiers." That is the German way of putting it. What it means is that each army illustrates a battle or a campaign—the war of Troy, the campaigns of Alexander, the exploits of Coeur de Lion, the war of thirty years, the siege of Orleans, the victories of Napoleon, the battles of 1870 and (the one I liked best) that desperate battle in which a tiny tin hero with gleaming teeth rough rode it up San Juan hill. In a word, the edifying soldiers teach history, geography, strategy.—Vance Thompson in Everybody's.

EATING IN PUBLIC.

The Varied Sorrows of the Critical Man Who Dines Out.

What chance has the diner out of being completely happy? The mere actions of eating and drinking are neither pretty nor conducive to showing people at their best. It is really a most uncouth sight to see a man or a woman stoking food. The necessity of being polite at the same time makes it uncomfortable as well. No sooner have you got into conversation with a pleasant woman than the soup in your mustache stops all inspiration. She despises you for your play with your napkin, and your mustache is out of shape. And who can feel that the evening is going to be what he hoped when he realizes that his shirt front is smirched with some relic of the meal?

Indeed, dinner parties are really a struggle between eating and talking, a struggle which does not always end, as do most things, in the survival of the fittest. As one can't speak with one's mouth full and first hunger must be appeased, conversation and eating go on rather as a game, the one person whipping up some food while the other is speaking and then in his turn speaking in order to enable his partner to get some nourishment. To talk or to eat might be a sensible question at the beginning of dinner, but it is not one likely to be asked. One is seldom sure which is least worth sacrificing, the food or the conversation. How much simpler it would be if we fed apart and indulged in conversation afterward.—Macmillan's.

Shingling a House.

And I looked and beheld seven carpenters shingling a house. They were hauling up bundles of shingles that had been lying in the rain for two days and nailing them on one by one. In a few days the shingling will be done. Then the painter will come along with his ladders and brushes and stainers, and \$300 will be spent by the owner of the cottage to have it thoroughly dabbled. And in a little while the sun will shine, and all the shingles will buckle, some up, some down, until the cottage will resemble a frizzled chicken. And there will be leaks and cursings and lamentations. Now, brethren, why not be sensible in these small matters? Painters are not needed at all in a case of this kind. Keep your shingles dry; buy a few barrels of stain; soak the shingles in the stain and throw them on the grass to dry; then nail them to the clapboards. They will never buckle, they will never leak, and you have saved \$300.—New York Press.

Forest Air.

There is a general impression that the humidity of the air is greater in the woods than in the open fields. This is contradicted, however, by the result of observations made in Germany. It was found there that the humidity, both relative and absolute was slightly greater in the open than in the woods, and this was true equally in the morning and in the afternoon. As to the temperature of the air among the trees, it was a trifle higher than in the open in the morning and in a more marked degree in the afternoon.

A Comparison.

Thomas Sheridan, the father of Lady Dufferin, once displeased his father, who, reemansfating with him, exclaimed, "Why, Tom, my father would never have permitted me to do such a thing!" "Sir," said his son in a tone of the greatest indignation, "do you presume to compare your father to my father?"

Dickens' Interest in Inns.

"Pickwick" is the very Odyssey of inns and travel, for the youthful Dickens had traversed England as a reporter, and in "Pickwick" alone no fewer than fifty-five inns, taverns, etc., in London and the provinces are mentioned and often described at length.—London Chronicle.

The Change She Wanted.

Stella—Do you advocate changes in spelling? Bella—Only Miss to Mrs.—Tit-Bits.

THE SPANISH ESCURIAL.

It is a Marvelous Specimen of Ancient Architecture.

The Escorial, the palace of the Spanish king, an architectural marvel, formerly described as the "eighth wonder of the world," is now seldom spoken of even by those who are ready to go wild over much less picturesque structures. The cornerstone of the stupendous St. Peter's" was laid by Philip II in 1563, but it was 302 years (1865) before the monstrous building was pronounced finished. It was built by Philip in fulfillment of a vow to "erect the finest monastery in the world" should his forces be successful in their great battle with the French. That battle was fought at St. Quentin on Aug. 10, 1557, St. Lawrence day, and in order to honor that saint as well as to fulfill his vow the king had the foundation of his great memorial laid off in the shape of a gridiron, the implement of torture upon which the goodly Lawrence is reputed to have suffered martyrdom.

To those who have never visited the Escorial the size of the gigantic structure is beyond comprehension. It is 740 feet from north to south and 530 1/2 feet from east to west, the square towers at each corner rising to a height of over 200 feet. Within this monstrous building are the king's palace, a cathedral, a monastery of 200 cells, two colleges, three chapter houses, three library buildings, five large halls, six dormitories, three hospitals and over 3,000 other rooms. In order to make St. Lawrence's gridiron complete, the building is built in quadrangular form, with seventeen rows or ranges of monstrous stone structures crossing each other at right angles, these forming the gridiron's ribs, the handle being a wing 470 feet in length. The church, which is a part of this vast pile of masonry, is 364 feet long, 230 feet wide, with a dome 330 feet in height. It is estimated that the building cost \$30,000,000.

FAMOUS ARCHERS.

Stories of Wonderful Skill With Bow and Arrow.

The expression "drawing a long bow" does not of necessity mean the telling of a falsehood. It sometimes refers to a wonderful story, which may be true enough, but which is so marvelous as to require a firm trust in the veracity of the narrator to enable the hearer to believe it. Some of the longest bows of this sort have been drawn about bows and arrows.

These stories began long ago. Virgil in the "Aeneid" tells of four archers who were shooting for a prize, the mark being a pigeon tied by a cord to the mast of a ship. The first man hit the mast, the second cut the cord, and the third shot the pigeon as it flew away. The fourth archer, having nothing left to shoot, drew his bow and sent his arrow flying toward the sky with such speed that the friction of the air set the feathers on fire, and it swept on, like a meteor, to disappear in the clouds.

The stories told of Robin Hood's archery, illustrated by his wonderful performance as Locksley in Scott's "Ivanhoe," are also a decided strain upon a sensible person's credulity. The famous story of William Tell, doubted by many persons, is believed by others to have a foundation of fact. There was a Dane named Foke of whom the same story is told, and William of Cloudeley, an Englishman, is said to have shot an apple from his son's head merely to show his expertness.

Most stories of bows and arrows relate to the accurate aim of the archers, but a Frenchman, Blaise de Vigenere, tells one that shows the tremendous force with which an arrow may be propelled if the bow be strong and long enough. According to his own account of the matter, he saw Barbarossa, a Turk, admiral of a ship called the Grand Solyman, send an arrow from his bow right through a cannon ball.

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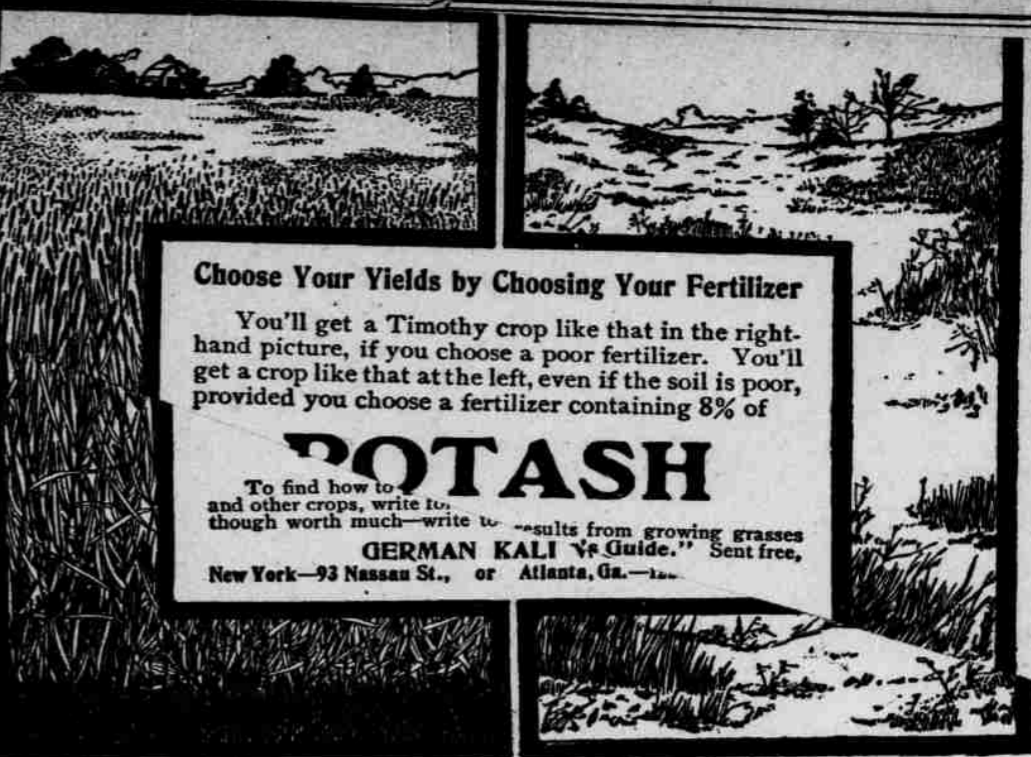
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NOTICE.

By virtue of a mortgage executed by Elizabeth A. Stanley to William H. Richardson and registered in book No. 88, page 494, in office of Register of Deeds for Wayne county, I will sell for cash, by public auction, at the Court House door in Goldsboro, on the 21st day of February, 1907, a lot of land in the city of Goldsboro, on Daisy street, and bound as follows: Beginning at the North Eastern corner of the lot of Alex. Casey, on Daisy street, and runs thence with said Casey's line N. 72 W. 250 feet to W. H. H. Cobb's line; then with said Cobb's line N. 18 E. 80 feet to an alley; then with said alley S. 72 E. 250 feet to said Daisy street; thence with said street Southernly 80 feet to the beginning.

William H. Richardson, Mortgagee.
Jan. 18, 1907.



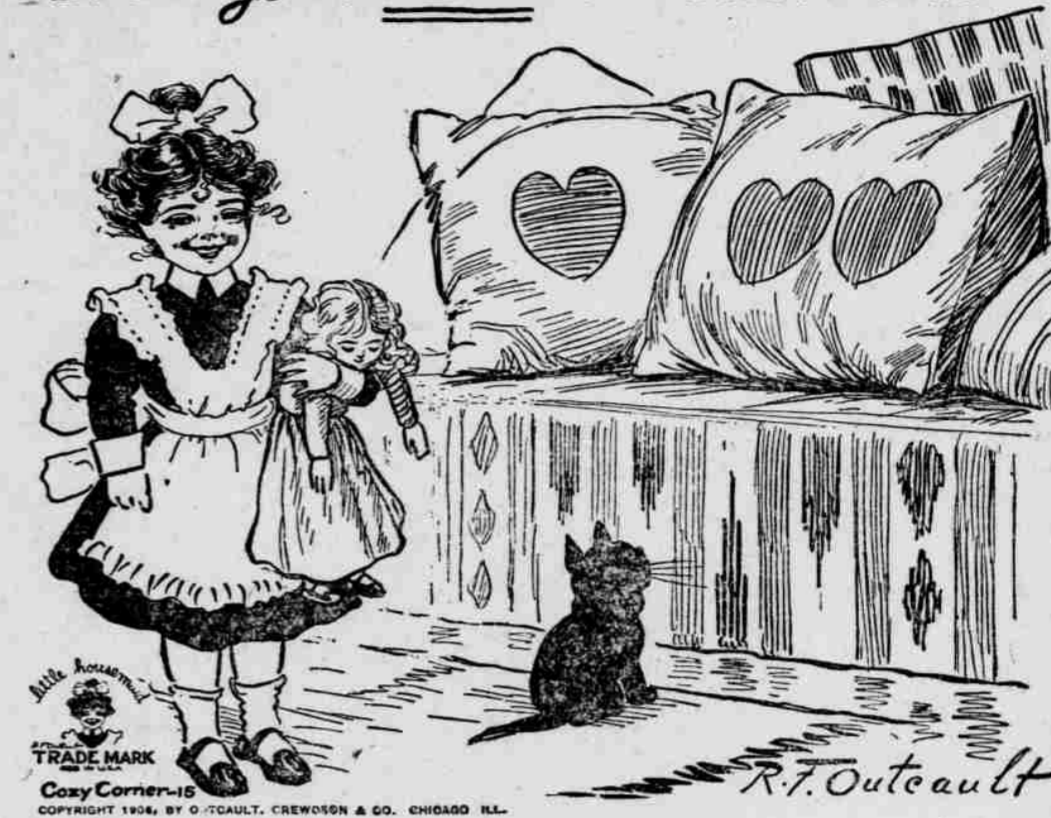
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