

COMMERCIAL CRIMINALS.

Their Dolours While Being Escorted Across the Ocean.

The writer recently had the privilege of a long chat with the detective officer who has, perhaps oftener than any other man in this country, been deputed to fetch to England from abroad notorious absconders from justice.

'I cannot,' he said, 'exaggerate the watchfulness and care entailed in bringing over a great offender. You feel and know that if he in any way slipped through your fingers there would be a serious outcry from the press and the public, not to speak of the authorities; and I could tell you of a too-well recognised case where a most astute officer first went mad and then died, only a very few years back, solely through his disappointment in not being able to obtain the extradition of one of the greatest commercial criminals of the century. Some injudicious friend sent him all the British newspaper comments on the delay there was in getting the custody of his man, and he told us that he was never the same man after reading the record of a failure he had no power to avert.'

'I have several times myself never slept, except in snatches of an hour or so, between leaving New York and arriving in London, for, besides the risk of a man escaping or committing suicide, there is such a close watch to be kept over other persons—possibly his confederates—who beset one on all sides, and to whom information, involving thousands of pounds may be given. Of late years we have derived some relief from the fact that the captains of the great liners are sworn in as special constables, and they put a man we have in charge safely under lock and key, in a cell cabin, during certain hours of the night.'

'As to the many offenders I have had the custody of, for thousands of miles, let me first say that they are seldom depressed during the voyage, even though they have been unexpectedly trapped just as they thought themselves secure in another country. As a rule, they have a feeling of relief that the chase is over, or they have scarcely begun to realize that the dread ordeal of the dock is at hand, and such passengers as are allowed to approach them are so friendly and sympathetic that they are buoyed up, and make the very best of matters.'

'One of the greatest fraudulent bankrupts of the century—a man who ruined thousands—whom I brought over played at all the usual deck games with the greatest heartiness, and when he sat in his private berth he used to learn passages of Shakespeare off by heart. He said to me one day that there was more philosophic comfort—and he cited many lines in proof—to be found in the great playwright by a ruined man than in any secular book extant. This man showed me a list of over fifty members of Parliament and peers of that time who owed him money, the exact sums being put down in black and white, and a large proportion of the money having been borrowed, as he alleged. He is now in penal servitude, and when he comes out he will be by no means badly off if he can command even two thirds of the money that he alleges to be owing to him.'

'What would you say to seeing two celebrated actors, a noble lord of unimpeachable reputation, a great newspaper proprietor, and one of the chief hotel swindlers of the last decade, all sitting bob-nobbing, and smoking, and playing cards together for hours, day in day out, in the saloon of a liner? That is what I saw not long since, and the companions of the handsome and accomplished swindler I had in my charge well knew who he was. He kept them in roars of delight with his stories of dishonest escapades; but the funniest incident was when he gave them his solemn word of honour that he would not cheat at cards. He appealed to me, and said, 'Whatever I am, I am not a card sharp; is not that so?' And I smilingly agreed.'

'I lent him a sovereign, and he won over seventy besides at cards during the voyage. Those who lost paid just as though he were a personal friend, for he certainly played on the square. He offered to give me half the winnings for the loan of the sovereign. He is now in penal servitude, but I really believe that if a gentleman, a Liverpool merchant and magistrate whom he met on the voyage, befriends him, as promised, he will become an honest and a successful man. It was amusing to see the noble lord and the others shaking hands with him and wishing him 'good luck' when I brought him away.'

'I once brought an absconding solicitor, who had committed vast frauds in England, from a remote part of Australia. One day he had gone into an hotel dining-room more than a year after he had absconded, and actually met a young fellow, then on a pleasure tour, who recognised him, in spite of many changes in the cut of his whiskers, and so on. The young fellow

was quite unknown to the absconder, but the former, whose uncle had lost money through the frauds, denounced the runaway. The queer thing about the voyage was that my prisoner denied wholly that he was the man wanted, and nothing was found on him that identified him. I almost began to believe in him—till I heard him talking in his sleep. Brave as was the show he made to me, he was for ever muttering about home and his old offices in his sleep. I have read of sleep talking revelations in novels, but I never knew of a case besides this in my own experience.'

'Another thing I must tell you that rather savours of the circulating library. I was, not ten years ago, bringing over from America a man of fine appearance who was mixed up in some celebrated letter-of-credit and bogus-checke frauds. He was an accomplished man who had been for years living a life of fraud on the Continent. For special reasons, I kept him apart from the other passengers at the earlier part of the voyage, but there was a great English theatrical company returning in the same boat, and with it were many very pretty chorus girls. Many of these, who knew that a notorious swindler was aboard, showed great anxiety to see him, and one day the chief officer let half a dozen of them stray into an office-cabin where the man and I were sitting smoking. A very pretty girl—one of the youngest of the chorus and now well known on the boards of the music halls—gave a great scream when she saw the man and then fainted away. He was in reality her eldest brother. He had occasionally visited the home of his parents at Dalston a few years before, representing that he was in the wine trade at Bordeaux, and it came as a terrible shock to the girl to find that he was a criminal being taken to justice in the very boat in which she was. The man was very much 'cut up,' but, curious to say would never see the girl again.'

'This conclusion I have come to—that bright, honest company which is sympathetic to the wrong-doer creates more remorse even than solitude. I have often seen all that was good brought out more strongly in men steeped to the lips in fraud and deception by the kindly acts of fellow-voyagers than by means of any other ministrations that I know of. I believe that many of the men I have brought back have decided to plead guilty and get the sentence over quickly, solely because hopeful words from honest fellows aboard have led them to think of a better and straighter life.'

SAVING FOUR HUNDRED LIVES.

An Old Peasant Who Knew How to Chase the Cruel Waves.

It is a beautiful story told by Lafcadio Hearn of an old man whose great deed belongs to Japanese history. He was Hamaguchi, and his farmhouse stood on the verge of a small plateau overlooking the bay. The plateau, mostly devoted to rice-culture, was hemmed in on three sides by thickly wooded summits; and from the outer verge, the land sloped down to the sea. Below were ninety thatched dwellings and a temple; these composed the village.

One autumn evening, Hamaguchi Gohei was looking down from his balcony on the preparations for some merry-making in the hamlet below. All the villagers were out, and he would have gone with them, had he not been feeling less strong than usual. Suddenly there came an earthquake shock, not a very strong one; but Hamaguchi, who had felt many before this, thought there was something odd in its long, spongy motion. As the quaking ceased, he chanced to look toward the sea, and there he saw the strangest possible sight; it seemed to be running away from the land. Apparently the whole village had noticed it, for the people stood still in wonderment; only Hamaguchi drew any conclusions from the phenomenon, and guessed what the sea would do next. He called his little grandson a lad of ten, the only one of the family left with him.

'Tada! Quick! Light me a torch!' The child kindled a pine-torch, and the old man hurried with it to the fields, where hundreds of rice-stacks stood ready for transportation. (One by one he lighted them in haste, and they caught like tinder, sending skyward masses of smoke that met and mingled in one cloudy whirl. Tada, astonished and terrified, ran after his grandfather, weeping and calling: 'Why? Why?' Hamaguchi did not answer; he thought only of four hundred lives in peril. He watched for the people, and in a moment only, they came swarming up from the village like ants. And still the sea was fleeing toward the horizon. The first party of succor arrived, a score of agile young peasants, who wanted to attack the fire at once; but Hamaguchi, stretching out both his arms, stopped them.

'Let it burn, lads!' he commanded. 'Let it be. I want the whole village here.'

CANCER

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The whole village came, mothers and children last of all, drawn by concern and curiosity.

'Grandfather is mad. I am afraid of him,' sobbed little Tada. 'He set fire to the rice on purpose. I saw him do it.'

'As for the rice,' said Hamaguchi, 'the child tells the truth. I set fire to it. Are all the people here?'

'All are here,' was the answer; 'but we cannot understand this thing.'

'See!' cried the old man, at the top of his voice, pointing to the open. 'Say if I be mad!'

It was the returning sea, towering like a cliff, and coursing swifter than the kite. There was a shock, heavier than thunder, as the colossal swell smote the shore, with a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet-lightning.

Then a white horror of sea waved over the village itself. It drew back, roaring, and tearing out the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times it struck and ebbcd, each time with lesser surges, and then it returned to its ancient bed, and stayed there, although still raging. Of all the homes about the bay, nothing remained but two straw roofs tossing madly in the offing. All lips were dumb, until Hamaguchi observed gently:

'That was why I set fire to the rice.' He was now poor as the poorest in all the village; but he had saved four hundred lives.

A BEAR'S RIDE.

A Reliable Newspaper Tells a Pretty Good Bear story.

A railroad train was running through a narrow cut in Pennsylvania says the Boston Transcript, when the engineer was startled by the sight of a bear rounding the curve just in front. The bear, too was startled, we may suppose, for instead of stepping aside, he reared upon his hind legs and waited. The engineer shut off steam, but it was too late. The cowcatcher slid under the hind legs of the brute and lifted him off the ground. Thinking all trouble was over, the engineer put on steam again, while the fireman climbed out the cab window, and stole along the guard-rail to see what had become of the bear. He was there, clasping the cowcatcher, the lower part of his body just grazing the ground, and his head almost reaching the bottom of the head light. He seemed to understand that the only thing he could do was to hold on fast, and he did so during the run to next station, ten miles distant. The station agent was standing at the door as the train approached. The sight of a full grown bear on the cowcatcher took away his breath.

As soon as the engine came to a standstill, Bruin slipped from his perch and made a break for freedom. This took him straight toward the agent, who dashed through the door, slammed it shut, leaped through the rear door, and went up the street at a furious rate, calling, 'Bear! bear! somebody get a gun!' Soon the town was in a turmoil, a yelling crowd following in hot pursuit of the bear, some of the boys pelting him with stones. Suddenly a big shepherd dog bounded out of a yard, and dashed after the bear. Bruin paused but a minute or two, but when he passed on, the rash dog had no more interest in the rash proceedings.

At the street corner a lawyer, carrying a double-barreled gun, came face to face with the bear, which turned down the nearest alley. The crowd increased and encircled the frightened animal, making escape impossible. Finding himself at bay, Bruin backed up against a barn, rearing on his haunches. The lawyer sent two bullets into him, where upon the wounded animal charged the crowd. One urchin fell, was trampled upon, and had a leg broken. The lawyer slipped another bullet into his gun, and sent it through Bruin's head and finished him.

By this time the engineer and fireman recalled the fact that a trainload of passengers were waiting at the station, and hurried back and resumed their official duties. The hunt had lasted about twenty minutes.

A Providential Rescue.

The good ship regular while on a voyage from Liverpool to Bombay, was caught off the Cape of Good Hope in a gale. 'She sprang a serious leak, and captain and crew had to take to the boisterous sea in open boats. They had run so far off the course of vessels that there was small prospect of rescue. 'What seemed the direct intervention of Providence was evident in their case,' says Commander Pasco, in 'A Roving Commission.'

Captain Roi of the French frigate L'Alcmene, who rescued captain and crew from the boats tell how it was brought about. He was on the deck of his vessel at the moment, as afterward appeared, when the sinking ship was abandoned, and remarking to the officer of the watch that it was time to change the course of L'Alcmene, he went below to consult the chart.

'I went into my cabin,' he says, 'for the sole purpose of consulting the chart, but paused for a moment to glance at a book that lay open on the table. Then I fell asleep, a most unusual thing for me during daylight. I slept on, I knew not how

long, but when I waked it was dark and I was both cold and hungry. My last waking thought had been of changing the vessel's course; and I went on deck, supposing that that had been done, but found the ship still steering east.'

'How is this?' I asked; 'did I not direct the course to be altered?'

'I was told that you were going to consult the chart,' replied the officer, 'and then fix the course.'

'So I did; what time is it?' I asked.

'Past midnight, sir; this is the middle watch.'

'All right,' I said, 'we will continue on this course until we get sights for longitude in the morning.'

'Before that was done we had sighted one boat and rescued its crew; and we kept on the same course until we found the second boat.'

THIS WAS CHILDS'S WAY.

His Charity and an Example of Its Practical Form.

The late George W. Childs of Philadelphia was a frequent helper of the helpless, but he had a way of putting his beneficiaries on their feet, and showing them how to help themselves.

He was once visited by a widow, whose husband had died leaving her and her three children no property and no life insurance. Mr. Childs knew that his reputation for benevolence had influenced her (as it did hundreds of others) to come to him—with some expectation, of course, of pecuniary assistance; but he saw that she was a lady, and that her request for his advice was no artifice of one accustomed to take charity.

'What can you do?' he asked her.

'I can keep house,' she said. 'It is the only thing I can do, and do it well.'

'Perhaps you could manage a boarding-house. Would you be willing to?'

'I would certainly if—' She hesitated till her good sense told her it was better to speak frankly. Mr. Childs must know well enough of what she was thinking.

'I would if parties would trust me for the outfit,' she finally said.

Mr. Childs reflected a moment. 'Yes. How to begin without money is a question. You might succeed in the long run—after years of hard work, and broken down, perhaps, in health and strength. It would hardly be wise for you to start without capital.'

He paused, and the discouraged lady, mistaking his silence, was about to take her leave, but he stopped her. Then he unfolded his plan. She was to find a suitable house, if possible, in the best part of Philadelphia, get the most favorable terms she could get for five years' lease of it, and estimate the cost of furnishing it and the expense of supplying good meals. Having done this she was to report to him.

In due time the lady came back, and satisfied him that she had found the right place; whereupon he proposed to be responsible for the first year's rent, and to lend her five thousand dollars at six per cent. for five years.

'I judge that you are a good business woman,' he said, 'and in that length of time you can easily repay the loan.'

His prediction proved more than true. The lady prospered, and paid the last dollar of her debt before the end of five years.

Mr. Childs was not a 'professional' philanthropist, and philanthropy is not a branch of business; but save in the extremes of necessary charity, the same rules of mutual business obligation apply to both the helper and the helped. Benevolence ought not to be careless, and of all ways the practical business way of helping men to help themselves is the best.

A HOLIDAY SCHOOLMASTER.

How Greatly They Honored the Chief Inventor of Austria.

A little Moravian village witnessed a curious sight a few weeks ago, when the school-teachers and children of the district marched in column to meet a young man of but twenty-four, arriving in a carriage loaded with fruit, candy and toys. The guest was Jan Szezpanik, the chief inventor of Austria, whose telegraphoscope for seeing at great distances is one of the marvels of the age.

Austria requires three years' military service of her male subjects, school masters excepted, and preferring to use the inventor in his laboratory rather than in the field, the government advised Szezpanik to become a schoolmaster again. Once in two months, therefore he goes to his native village to teach the school for half a day. In describing the first session under these novel conditions, Mark Twain says in the Century Magazine.

Szezpanik put the sapless school-books aside and led the children a holiday dance through the enchanted lands of science and invention, explaining some of the curious things he had contrived and the laws which governed their construction. After this there was a play and a distribution of the gifts, and again more science including the story of the invention of the telephone, an instrument which the children then saw and tested for the first time. Then school 'let out,' the teacher got his certificate, all signed, stamped and taxed, and said goodbye, driving off under a storm of applause from the children, who will resume their customary sobrieties until he comes again.

'A college is Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other,' Garfield once said of a famous educator; and for training her children in scientific methods and the love of invention, Austria seems to have stumbled humorously on the same theory. Spaces of time have no proportion in value. A half-day with one person is worth a cycle of another—an important fact for old and young to remember.

YOUNG AT SEVENTY.

Indigestion and Stomach Troubles Removed by South American Nerve—Four Bottles Brought Back Health and Vigor.

Mr. Jas. Sherwood, of Windsor, Ont., writes: 'For twelve months I was a great sufferer from indigestion and stomach trouble. After trying other remedies without any benefit whatever, I was attracted to South American Nerve through great cures I had read of its making, and I decided to try it. After a few doses I felt great relief and benefit. I have taken four bottles, and although I am 70 years old I give this thankful testimony for relief from the great suffering I had. I consider it a great medicine.'

His Hobby.

Things not to be smiled at in themselves may take on a humorous aspect through the manner of their expression. An English paper says: An old country sexton, in showing visitors round the churchyard, used to stop at a certain tombstone and say, 'This 'ere is the tomb of Tummas 'Ooper an' 'is eleven wives.'

On one occasion a lady said, 'Eleven? Dear me! that's rather a lot, isn't it?'

The old man looked at her gravely, and replied, 'Well, mum, yer see, it war an 'obby of 'is'n.'

Dyspepsia Groans.

For what Nature alone provides for this stomach curse. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are nature's panacea for all stomach ills. Pleasant and positive cure for Sour Stomach, Distress after Eating, Loss of Appetite, Wind on the Stomach, Dizziness, Nausea, Catarrh of the Stomach Sick Headache, and all disorders directly traceable to sluggish digestive organs. 35 cents.

Honoring the Flag.

Strange things happen in war-time, and here is one of the strangest, reported by the New York Tribune. A teacher of Holyoke, Mass., who is studying manual training in Sweden at a point where the cars run only twice a week, recently received a letter from home in a 'flag' envelope, which the authorities thought to be a communication from the United States government, on account of the flag. Immediately a special train was made up and took the letter forty miles for the benefit of the recipient.

The Rebellion.

In the North-west has been suppressed and our citizens can now devote reasonable attention to their corns. The only sure, safe, and painless remedy is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails; never makes sore spots worse than the original discomfort. See that you get 'Putnam's,' and take no other.

Nota Smoking Car.

It was a Boston lady to whom the conductor remarked:

'Madam, this is a smoking car.'

She looked it over and answered: 'I suspect that you are the victim of an optical illusion, due to the presence of a number of smoking men.'—Washington Star.

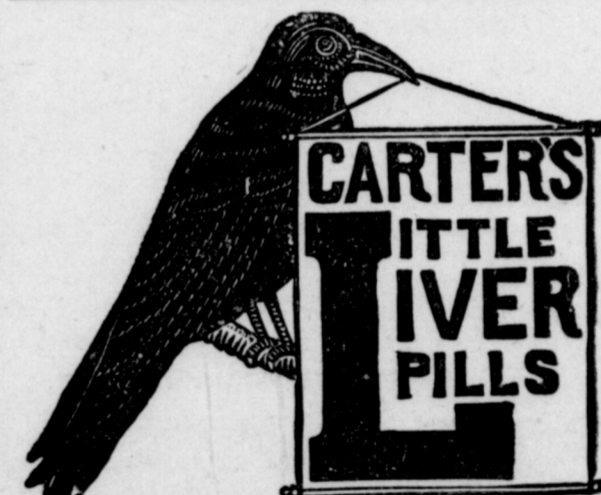
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