

**FEATS OF REPORTERS.**

**SOME EXTRAORDINARY SCOOPS WHICH THEY SECURED.**

Some of the Daring Deeds Cost Them a Good Deal of Trouble and Lots of Time but They Achieved the Stuff for Their Respective Papers.

When a really enterprising newspaper reporter feels a burning desire to put himself in possession of certain facts, and such possession is at all possible, he will not allow much to stand in his way. Some most daring features have been thus performed, a few of which are here related. The facts are set forth bluntly; with the legitimacy, or otherwise, of such business the writer has nothing to do.

A few years ago the central figure in a notorious scandal suddenly decamped. When he went away he locked up his office and took the keys with him, and it was generally surmised that inside this office were books and papers which would throw considerable light upon the affair. For some reason, which did not appear to be understood the police did not force the door, but put a seal upon it less it should be tampered with by anybody else.

The public anxiety as to the contents increased, and at last a reporter determined to take the matter into his own hands. He procured the services of a locksmith, went to the office, declared himself to be a detective officer, broke the seal, and with a skeleton key opened the door. He spent two or three hours inside the room, and to his delight discovered a number of documents which had everything to do with the case, and which he knew would make excellent 'copy.' He made hurried notes of their contents and then took his departure. It was deemed wisest not to publish the results of the expedition immediately, but to wait a day or two. What the feelings of the police were when eventually they were published may be imagined; but for reasons best known to themselves no action was taken against the paper.

In another case, somewhat similar, but more daring the reporter did not get off so well. It was in connection with a celebrated murder, which completely baffled the detectives. It came to the knowledge of a reporter on an evening paper, however, that on a certain day one of them had prepared a report upon it, and, moreover, was walking about with it in his pocket. He made up his mind that he would get hold of that report.

First of all he, with some difficulty, discovered the detective, and having done so followed him up and down, waiting for a favorable opportunity to carry out his plans. At length it came when the officer was in a quarter of very low character, which was crowded at the time. The reporter espied a man who was notorious for not being particular what he did, told him that in the detective's coat-pocket there was a blue paper which he wanted, and promised him a sovereign if he would bring it to him at a certain place in half an hour. He brought it! The reporter rushed off back to his office, and his paper made a great score by printing a copy of the report which was then sent back to the police station.

But the matter did not end there. The police had a pretty good idea which man on the paper was responsible, and determined to make it warm for him. They forbore entering the office, but relays of policemen kept watch at the entrance night and day, intending to arrest him as soon as he made his appearance.

The man inside got wind of this intention, and very naturally stayed inside. He slept there on a sofa the first night, again the next, and again a third. Still the police remained outside, and the case was becoming desperate. On the fourth night the proprietor entered the office and said something else would have to be done. He gave the reporter £50, and told him to get out of the country as fast as he could. Some women's clothes were procured, and in this disguise he managed to get out, made his way to Liverpool, and sailed for New York, where he stayed several years. The police took no further action in the matter, and at last, when the whole thing was forgotten, the man came back.

Once, on the occasion of a great disaster in the North, it was realized that a certain man was the only one who could give any information upon a certain important point in connection with it. There were two or three evening papers in the town, and at midday a reporter on one of them sought him out and obtained the desired facts.

This, however, did not completely satisfy him, for he wished to prevent his rivals from getting at the man. Two or three dodges which he attempted with that object failed, and at length he had recourse to a desperate measure. He procured a drug, invited his man to have some refreshment, and when his back was turned, put the leaping stuff into his glass. An immediate excuse for leaving him followed. The

trick succeeded, for when the other reporter arrived upon the scene to their dismay they found the man asleep, and all efforts to wake him failed till it was too late to do anything that day. The trick which had been played did not leak out till long afterwards.

There was, some time ago, a tragedy which for a period presented a great element of mystery. A man had been shot dead, and a woman had been wounded at the same time, but not mortally; so she was taken to an hospital. The question was whether the man had shot the woman and then committed suicide, or whether it was the other way about. It was supposed that the police knew, but they would not tell the papers a single word.

A reporter, however, determined to ascertain the truth. Reporters were not admitted to the ward in which the woman lay; but this one dressed himself up in his best style, and walked straight in, ascertained which ward it was, and proceeded boldly to the bedside, taking care to drop casual remarks to the nurses on the way.

'A sort of a country fellow once came to me, when things were pretty lively in the Pit and he said—  
'Is this here an insane asylum?'  
'He seemed to be in a very mellow state, but I thought he was joking. To his question I replied—  
'That's about what it is.'  
'He seemed to get nervous.  
'What are they doing?' he asked, pointing to the brokers in the Pit.  
'Oh, I said we're just letting them out for exercise.'  
'He seized me by the arm: 'For Heaven's sake, do let me get out of here.'  
'I stepped away from the door and he went off like a shot. And he never came back.'

**Who Lost the Key?**

If there is anything more disgusting and annoying to a professional person, especially a singer or reader, it is to be flattered into accepting an invitation to a dinner or party, only to find that it is a scheme mere-



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**A Little Surprise in the Souffle.**

I have cooked a little surprise for you, dear, said young honeybride. 'An almond souffle, for after dinner. I got the recipe from that new cookery book that came as a wedding present, and the instructions are really most clear. Handy isn't it, a book like that? I'm sure the thing will turn out a success.'

Edwin smiled a dubious sort of Abyssinian gold smile, and temporized about the success as he looked at the souffle.

'Can't say I like it,' he said after the first mouthful. 'Sure you got the instructions right, darling? It tastes very funny.'

'Oh, yes,' responded Angelina, with tears in her eyes. 'I can say them by heart from the book—just hear me,' and she reached down the volume.

'Take a pound of grated almonds—  
'Quite right,' interrupted Edwin, following with his finger.

'One pound of castor sugar; mix well with the whites of three eggs—  
'Correct,' said her spouse, as she continued, breathlessly:—

'Add two ounces of white pepper.'  
'Pepper! Great goodness!' said the unhappy man, as he turned over the leaf.

'Two large carrots chopped into dice, a spoonful of mustard, four chopped onions and—'

'Stop! Stop! You must be wrong, I'm sure. Why my dear I thought so. You are muddling up almond souffles with Irish stew. You've forgotten to cut the leaves of this blessed cookery book.'

**Corns on her Kismet.**

A London journal tells of a certain lady who has in her room a piece of statuary which bears the inscription, 'Kismet.' The housemaid was dusting the room one day, when the mistress appeared, 'Sure, ma'am, said the girl, 'would you mind tellin' me 'meanin' of this writin' on the bottom of this figger?' 'Kismet' means 'fate,' answered the lady. 'Sure, an' is that it?' said the girl. A few days afterward the housemaid came limping into her mistress' room. 'Why, what's the matter with you, Bridget?' asked the lady. 'Oh, ma'am, sure an' I have the most turrible corns on me Kismet!' said the girl.

**Small but Effective.**

The tin-clad gunboats may have its weak points, but as long as the enemy does not discover them or hit them they are unworthy of mention.

The tug of war is no longer a mere figure of speech, but a puffing, smoking, belching, screaming, bellowing fact.



which led them to believe he was a doctor.

At the bedside there was a policeman and a nurse. The former he ignored, and to the latter he put questions as to her treatment of the patient. He examined the woman, felt her pulse, made use of a stethoscope, with which he had provided himself, and finally ordered a different treatment and diet to that which had been in force! Then, in an off hand sort of way he questioned the woman as to the exact details of the tragedy, and got her entire story. The policeman supplemented it with something that he knew; but warned the 'doctor' against saying anything about the affair outside. At this point the reporter caught sight of a real doctor advancing in his direction, and made an excuse for leaving, promising to return in the evening to see how the patient was getting on. When they saw the afternoon papers they realized that he never would return.

**Just Let Out.**

Chicago has many wonders, and one of them is the Wheat Pit in the Board of Trade Building. On entering the great grey structure the senses are assailed by the feverish clicking of a hundred telegraphic instruments, the frantic rush blue-uniformed messenger boys, the ceaseless jostling and shouting of busy brokers, the continual glitter of electric lights. All this is the normal condition of things.

There is a big officer at the entrance to the Pit, resplendent in a uniform of blue with shiny buttons. This man bears a fair reputation for veracity, and is always ready to initiate strangers into the mysteries of the Pit. He tells this amusing story about one visitor.

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ly to capture them, to assist in amusing and entertaining a house full of company, with no expense to the getting-up of the show' There is one tenor in the country, however, who knows exactly how to manage under such circumstances. He was recently in London and invited to dine with a well-known lady, and accepted the invitation. Soon after his arrival at the house, one of his friends intimated that their hostess intended asking him to sing after supper. He approached the piano under the pretext of examining some rare old pictures that hung near it, and in the course of his inspection he contrived, unobserved, to lock the piano and to abstract the key. Soon after dinner, the guests having returned to the drawing-room, the hostess begged him to sing. 'Most willingly,' responded the tenor. She attempted to open the piano, and was surprised to find it locked. Search was made in all directions for the key, but in vain. So the evening passed off without music. When the great tenor went away he let the key fall on the floor of the ante room, where it was discovered the next morning, greatly to the amazement of the hostess, who was quite unable to solve the mystery of its appearance there.

**Rough on the Generals.**

A French actor, named Hyacinthe, once illustrated the saying, 'Discretion the better part of valor.' It was in the month of June, and a company of the National Guard of which Hyacinthe was a sergeant, was engaging a body of insurgents behind a barricade at the other end of a short street. One of the insurgents, in particular, from a corner of the barricade was making remarkably effective practice on the assailants. At that moment up came a general.

you fetch him down. Up with you sergeant!

'Beg your pardon general, but, perhaps you see, an insignificant non-commissioned officer like myself may have no attraction for him. But a handsome, distinguished man like you, in that stylish and becoming uniform—he'd be more than mortal if he resist the temptation! I lend you a hand general!

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