

WATCH ON BANK CLERKS.

Experience of a Stenographer Wired by a Cashier—He Found Himself Followed Everywhere by a Detective.

"I suppose the reason Alvord wasn't under the observation of the bank of detectives in recent years is that he'd been employed by the bank for such a long time that the officers figured him out safe," said a young man who runs a stenographic bureau down in the financial district. "I'll bet, though, that Alvord was watched all right when he first went to work for the bank, and probably for some time afterward. I don't believe that the bank are lax in the matter of having their employees watched. I had an experience myself that convinced me to the contrary."

"I found myself out of a job about eight years ago owing to the failure of the firm that had hired me for about two years, and so I went to one of the stenography and typewriting employment agencies and put my name down. The man in charge of the agency knew me and he knew that I was a good workman in the shorthand line. He told me that he thought he'd be able to land me in a job without much bother, and asked me to report to him on the following morning. I did report to him on the following morning, and he handed me a slip containing the name of the biggest of the national banks down this way."

"It's only a temporary job," the man in charge of the agency told me, "but it's big pay, and it'll hold you until I have a chance to place you permanently. The confidential stenographer of this bank is laid up, and has got to have an operation performed, and it isn't likely, I'm told, that he'll be on his legs for two or three months, although he's sure to recover all right, and when he gets well he's going to have his job back, for he's been with the outfit a good many years and is a crack-jack. It's pretty close and intimate work you'll be called on to do for the cashier, a sure enough trust job. I've been instructed to exercise extreme caution as to the young men I send down to the bank to be looked over, and I am exercising caution. You're the first I've sent. I guess you're all right. I know that you can do the work and you've a trick of looking a man in the eye that about satisfies me as to the other end of it, not to mention your recommendations. Go down and hit 'em up, now, and let the cashier see the best you've got in you. Hope you nail the job."

"Well, I went right down to the bank, and after a wait of half an hour or so I was let into the cashier's cage. The cashier was a mighty clear-eyed, shrewd looking man with a gray beard—everybody knows him well around this district—and the way he took me in from hair to shoe leather when I told him what I was there for was sure disconcerting. He let me do most of the talking, and even when I paused between replies to his questions he'd let the pause become so protracted, the while he looked me over, that I had a hard time to keep from wriggling in my chair."

"He asked me more questions than a census enumerator, and I got right back at him with the replies, so's not to give him the impression that I was a hesitator or anything like that. Finally he tried me in my Pitman, reading from the annual report of his bank at a rate of speed that certainly kept me on the hustle to stay along with him, although I never had to take much dust even from court reporters in the matter of speed. I transcribed the notes on a typewriter and handed 'em over to him, and he pronounced the work satisfactory."

"'Er—hm,' the cashier said at length, 'I think you ought to be able to fill the bill, young man. I don't—er—just precisely know when I shall need you, but—um—well, I think you may consider yourself employed from this date. Just let me have your address and I'll send for you when I want you.'

"That struck me as being queer. He told me that I was employed, and yet he didn't know when he'd want me. I couldn't just make it out, but I concluded that it wasn't up to me to say anything; if I was employed I knew that I was entitled to pay, and I figured it that if the bank could afford to pay a man the salary the cashier named—and it was certainly a whopping big salary for an amanuensis stenographer—while I loafed, I'd just enjoy the loaf and let it go at that. I gave him my address—I had a room then on Lexington avenue—and went away, to report to the man in charge of the employment agency that I had the job."

"I don't know when I'm going to work, though," I said to him, telling him about that end of the arrangement."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the man in

charge of the agency. "You're on the rolls from today all right. Just a little way some institutions have, you know. Er—by the way—just sort of take it easy until you're sent for—get your night's rest in full every night, you understand—the job may be exacting, and you want to be all there when you're called upon—see?" and he shot me a crafty glance out of the tail of his eye. Do you know that I didn't see through anything even then? I started to go out."

"S'y—er—you don't monkey with the pories or the pasteboards any, do you, son?" the agent, called after me.

"Money's too hard to get," I answered him, and then I went out.

"I had a room then, as I said, on Lexington avenue, and I got my meals around at any old place within the limitations of my purse. I went to my room straight from the agency, read the papers for a while, fussed around and changed my clothes, and about 5 in the afternoon started out to get my dinner. I noticed a smooth shaven, quietly dressed chap standing and swinging a cane on the corner opposite, but I didn't pay any attention to him."

"I walked over to one of the inexpensive restaurants in Sixth avenue and sat down at one of the rear tables. About two minutes after I'd sat down, the chap I'd noticed standing on the corner across the way from my lodging house walked in and took a seat at a table not far from me. I could have sworn that he didn't see me at all, and I didn't think anything of the matter. I went on eating and reading a paper as I ate, and when I got through I strolled out. I decided that as long as I was employed, even if I wasn't working, I could afford to blow in 75 cents on some kind of a show or other, and so I went to one of the Broadway theatres, invested in a six bit seat in the balcony and enjoyed the play."

"As I had an aisle seat I went out after the first act to refresh my legs and have a smoke. Standing idly before one of the glass frames of the lobby entrance to the theatre, looking out on the street, was the man I'd noticed across the street from my lodging house and at the restaurant where I had my dinner. I thought it a bit odd that we should come together in that way so often, but it never struck me that there was anything doing in which I framed up as one of the figures."

When the show was over I walked over toward my lodging house stopping at a drug store on the way to get some hot chocolate. When I came out of the drug store I could have sworn that I saw the chap I'd last seen at the theatre leaning against an electric light pole on other side of the street."

"Funny that chap and I have had the same route so often to-day," I reflected, as I strolled along to my room, where I turned in."

"Well, after I'd had my breakfast on the following morning I walked to the Astor Library. There was some shorthand books there that I couldn't afford to buy, and I was digging up on word signs. I got the book I wanted and sat down at a table with pad and pencil to do a little practising on the word-sign characters. When I looked up from my work ten minutes later the first man my eyes fell upon was the chap I'd seen so often on the day before. He was apparently buried in a big book that rested on his knees and oblivious of everything."

"Right then—and I guess you're saying to yourself that it was about time—the idea flashed over me that I was under surveillance and that the bank that had employed me was behind it. I didn't feel dead sure, of course but I felt pretty sure, and determined to rest the thing. I went on with my work for half an hour or more and then I returned my book and went out. It was then getting on toward noon, and I walked over to a Broadway lunch house and ate. My man whom I'd left buried in his book at the library was there, too, a few minutes after I'd sat down. Then I knew that the bank was sort of getting a little preliminary line on me, and I understood why I hadn't been put to work immediately by the cashier."

"It was surely a queer sensation, that thing of being dogged. It made me very nervous. I was constantly tempted to twist my head around and look back every time I walked on the street. I knew that man was not far behind me, and I knew or felt, that he didn't know that I knew it. Therefore I wouldn't yield to the almost irresistible temptation to look over my shoulder, but it certainly was a hard job

not to look around."

"I saw him everywhere I went that day up to the hour that I opened the front door of my lodging house to turn into bed, and by that time I felt genuine hang-dog. I felt like a man playing a part. I didn't get much sleep that night thinking about the matter. I concluded right then and there that I wouldn't be a fugitive from justice for all the wealth of India. I knew that I never could stand a game like that."

"My man was right in my neighborhood from the time I left my lodging house the next morning until about noon. On the whole I think he did his work somewhat clumsily. He ought to have known that his perpetual near-by presence would be apt to get me to thinking."

"He disappeared from off my beat about noon, as I said, and my relief was intense. I didn't know whether I'd pass the ordeal or not, but I concluded that I'd soon know I was right. When I got back to my room that afternoon I found a note from the cashier that had been left by a messenger, telling me to report for duty on the following morning at 9 o'clock. So I had passed all right."

"I thought as I started for work the next morning that this detective business was a whole lot of foolishness, especially as applied to a humble shorthand writer, employed only temporarily at that, who'd never have a chance to handle any of the bank's funds. But I found out on that very first day that it wasn't foolishness at all. Tell you why. A couple of hours after I'd been taking the cashier's dictation he dictated to me a telegram that read in effect like this:

"—National Bank, Chicago.

"Pay to John J. Blank, without identification, \$10,000."

"Do you catch the rub of that? I ran the telegram off on my typewriter and handed it over to the cashier, who sent a messenger to the telegraph office with it. You see, John J. Blank—just to use that name—was one of the bank's depositors and he happened to find himself in Chicago in need of \$10,000. So he wired his New York bank to make him good with the Chicago bank for that amount, and the bank employed this method."

"Well, there were four or five more telegrams just like that, and some of them for even larger amounts in the course of that first day I worked at the bank, and of course I saw then why it was that the bank wanted to know what kind of a man it had to write telegraphic despatches of that character. It would have been the simplest thing in the world for me to have stationed pals on a given date in Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, New Orleans, San Francisco, all over the country in fact, and then to juggle off a without-identification telegram to each of them and send them myself during the lunch hour, and every one of my confederates would have got the money without question, and I could've disappeared that evening and met up with the gang of them in the city of Mexico or somewhere for my part of the rake-off. And there were any number of other ways whereby, as the confidential stenographer of the cashier of the bank I could have made a big haul and then have gone absent without leave, so to speak."

"I never had any such temptation, however. The little experience of being shadowed that I'd had before going to work in the bank was sufficient. My salary and foot-looseness looked good enough for me."

DOG SWAM WITH THE MAILS.

Faithful Carrier Perished at Last in the Line of Duty.

There are about twenty dwelling houses, a blacksmith's shop and a small store on the east side of Long Pond, Me. It is a settlement of woodsmen, farmers and bear hunters. The nearest Post Office is at East Bucksport, a half mile away across the pond, but more than three miles by the road. For fifty years the residents have carried their mails to and from the distant posting place, using up many years of time to keep in touch with the outside world. In 1898, when Shafter and Sampson were pounding away at the south side of Cuba the citizens could stand their isolation no longer, and sent a petition to Senator Hale, asking for a Post Office and requesting that it be named Santiago. The demand was granted so quickly that everybody wished he had thought of such a plan twenty five years before and began to count the hours and horse shoes that had been worn out going after mails and bringing them home.

No sooner was an office established than every resident of Santiago had an idea that he was the proper person to carry the mails. The Second Assistant Postmaster-General received a dozen letters from Santiago by every mail. Petition poured in, filling the mail bags and thereby increasing the earnings of the fortunate man who should get the coveted place. Santiago is four miles distant from Dedham from which

place it is only two miles to George's Corner on the line of the Bar Harbor Railroad. On the south side, however, it was but three miles from East Bucksport, whence a stage line ran six miles to Bucksport, where a railroad connects with Bangor. The northern route was the longer distance, but the time required was less owing to the nearness of the mail cars. Here was a question that puzzled the Washington officials. An inspector was sent down, who made a report, after which a surveyor was sent to measure the two routes in order to find their exact length.

Manime John Hubbard of Santiago had been carrying the daily mail to East Bucksport, crossing on the ice in the winter and making a wide detour around the pond during warm weather. An aged Newfoundland dog, who had earned retirement in a bear fight years before, was Hubbard's attendant on every trip. The dog was in the habit of following the mail wagon down in the forenoon, and then if his day proved warm, he would swim back home, allowing Hubbard to go his roundabout course alone. Hubbard noted the action of the dog and came to the conclusion that he could make some profit by cultivating the habit. He was making two trips a day, which was a waste of good time, when he could make the dog perform one trip alone and thus have the whole afternoon left for hunting bears. The next morning he forgot to feed the dog before starting out. On arriving at East Bucksport he took the postmaster aside and confided his plan for carrying the mails by dog power.

"Here is a water tight bag," said Hubbard. "I'll chain up the dog before I go home. I want you to keep him fast until the mail comes up from Bucksport. Don't feed him or go near him. As soon as the mail gets in tie the bag to his neck and let him go. I'll warrant he'll get the mail to Santiago ahead of time."

Hubbard's idea worked splendidly all summer. The dog was at home and the mail was distributed inside of half an hour while it had always taken Hubbard more than an hour to go around the pond. He was saving time and money and giving perfect satisfaction. Along in the middle of October there came a day that was cold, so that shell ice formed on the pond. Later the wind grew to a gale. When the stage came in there was a big bundle of mail for Santiago, consisting of political documents for the voters and a score or so of official reports from Washington. The mail route fight at Santiago had made the place famous. Postmaster Hewey tied the heavy mass to the dog's neck with many misgivings. Then he fed three links of new sausage to the animal and cut it loose.

That night the neighbors waited until 9 o'clock for the arrival of the mail, which was due two hours earlier. Then Hubbard harnessed his horse and drove furiously to East Bucksport to look up his dog. He did not return until nearly midnight. Patrons of Santiago Post Office knew what happened as soon as they looked at Hubbard's face. The dog had attempted to swim the pond, carrying a heavy load in the face of rough water and high wind, and had been drowned while in the performance of its duty. They dragged the pond two days before the body was found. The mail was unharmed. They buried the dog under a big apple tree.

FOUND THE LOST PASS.

Rediscovery of a Practical Route Across Southern Andes.

More than 100 years ago, Father Menendez, while travelling among the mountains in the northern part of Patagonia, discovered a pass through which, he said, a practical wagon road might be made from the Pacific Ocean through all the mountain ranges to Lake Nahuel Huapi, by far the largest lake in the southern part of South America, and on to the Atlantic Ocean. It became known as the Bariloche Pass. In those days it was thought that no good would ever come out of Patagonia. Very few explorers or other white men visited this region and Father Menendez's discovery, though utilized for a time, was almost forgotten till some twenty years ago when ranch men began to move down to the neighborhood of Lake Nahuel Huapi and found the grass was good and other crops might be raised. Then citizens of Chili and Argentina began to look around for this pass in the mountains, and although they sought diligently they failed to find it.

The description which the pioneer priest had given of his important discovery was, unfortunately, very vague and painfully lacking in detail; and hunting for the pass in that rough and tangled mountain region was a good deal like looking for a needle in a haystack. Finally the official explorers whom Argentina and Chili have long kept in the field, began to take a hand in search. They used their utmost care, but all in vain until this late day, when the long sought for pass has at last been discovered and traced by the Chilean engi-

eer Capt. Barrios.

Petermann's Mitteilungen prints a list of all the valleys of big rivers and their little tributaries through which this comparatively low lying and tortuous route runs from the Pacific Ocean to the big lake of Patagonia. It is not worth while to reproduce them here and most of them are the names of valleys that have not yet appeared on any of our maps. One or another explorer has struck the route in a part of its course, but, somehow, has never succeeded in connecting it with the other parts for any great distance. But there is no doubt whatever, that the route which Father Menendez and some of his successors followed has been rediscovered in its entirety. Here and there are found traces of the old path and there are many blazed trees which the original discoverer is believed to have marked.

Itching, Burning, Creeping, Crawling. Skin Diseases relieved in a few minutes by Agnew's Ointment. Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly, and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Eczema, Ulcers, Blisters, and all Eruptions of the Skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in all Eruptive Humors, Irritation of the Scalp or Rash during teething time. 35 cents a box.—7

Essentials Lacking.

"He says he is from New York," said one young woman.

"Yes," answered the other.

"I can't believe it."

"Why not?"

"He talked with me for five minutes without saying anything was fierce or characterizing anybody as a 'lobster.'"

Eat what you like.—Give the digestive organs some work to do. These functions need exercise as much as any part of the human anatomy, but if they're delicate, give them the aid that Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets afford and you can eat anything that's wholesome and palatable.—Go in a box, 35 cents.—8

First attendant.—I hear de guy in 41144 used to be de seashore shark what discovered sea serpents.

Second attendant.—Yep. He's awful violent ain't he? How did he go wrong?

First attendant.—He got a-figgerin' on Pennsylvania as a B-yan state an' za za'd hisself.

Catarrah for twenty years and cured in a few days.—Hon. George James, of Scranton, Pa., says: "I have been a martyr to Catarrah for twenty years, constant hawking, dropping in the throat and pain in the head, very offensive breath. I tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrah Powder. The first application gave instant relief. After using a few bottles I was cured. 50 cents.—1

"He started out to make a name for himself."

"And did he succeed?"

"Well, hardly. He made a number for himself instead."

"How do you mean?"

"He's in the penitentiary."

Two Years Aged.—"For eight years I suffered as no one ever did with rheumatism; for two years I lay in bed; could not so much as feed myself. A friend recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. After three doses I could sit up. To-day I am as strong as ever I was."—Mrs. John Cook, 287 Clinton street, Toronto.—2

"Was it the magnificence of the French architecture that moved you at the exposition?"

"No, it was the mechanism of the moving sidewalk."

Faulty Kidneys.—Have you backache? Do you feel drowsy? Do your limbs feel heavy? Have you frequent headaches? Have you failing vision? Have you dizzy feeling? Are you depressed? Is your skin dry? Have you a tired feeling? Any of these signs prove kidney disease. Experience has proved that South American Kidney Cure never fails.—6

Askington.—Who was your friend whom I saw you walking with this afternoon?

Teller.—Hoh! He wasn't a friend; that's my brother-in-law.

"Thought it meant death sure."—Mrs. James McKim, of Danville, Ont., says of her almost miraculous cure from heart disease by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart: "Until I began taking this remedy I despaired of my life. I had heart failure and extreme prostration. One dose gave me quick relief and one bottle cured me. The sufferings of years were dispelled like magic."—3

It is a curious coincidence that a man usually makes a fool of himself before the average woman sees the making of a good husband in him

A modern weapon in the battle for health.—If disease has taken your citadel of health, the stomach, and is torturing you with indigestion, dyspepsia and nervous prostration, South American Nerveine is the weapon to drive the enemy from his stronghold "at the point of the bayonet," trench by trench, but swift and sure, it always wins.—4

Client (angrily).—I say, this bill of yours is a downright robbery!

Great criminal lawyer (who has won his client's case).—So was your crime.

Pill Sense.—It stands to reason that Dr. Agnew's Little Liver Pills will crowd out of the market many of the nauseous old-timers. A better medicine at less than half the price is all the argument needed to keep the demand what it has been—phenomenal—40 doses to cents. They cure Sick Headache, Bilioousness, and all stomach irritations.—5