

## THE WOMEN.

A grandma sits in her great arm-chair;  
Many sweet is the soft spring air.  
Through the lattice, like shadowed pane  
She looks to the orchard beyond the lane.  
And she catches the gleam of a woman's dress,  
As it flutters about in the wind's caress.  
"That child is glad as the day is long—  
Her lover is coming, her life's a song."  
Up from the orchard's flowery bloom  
Floats fragrance faint to the darkening room  
Where grandma dreams, till a tender grace  
And a softer light steal into her face.  
For once again she is young and fair,  
And twining roses in her hair.  
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And twining roses in her hair.  
The last faint glimpse of daylight die;  
Stars tremble out of the purple sky.  
Ere Dora fits up the garden path,  
Saddly afraid of grandma's wrath.  
With rose-red cheeks and flying hair  
She dashes west on the old arm-chair.  
"Grandma, Dick says, may—I?"  
The faltering voice grows strangely shy,  
But grandma presses the little hand;  
"Yes, my deary, I understand!"  
"He may have you, darling?" Not all in vain  
Did grandma dream she was a girl again?  
She gently twit a shining curl:  
"Ah, here's the philosophy of a girl!"  
"Take the world's treasures—the noblest, best—  
And love will outwit all the rest!"  
And through the easement the moonlight cold  
Streams on two heads—one gray, one gold.

## A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

The annexed narrative was related by James Oldfield, the English detective: "I was on very intimate terms with Mr. Edwin Bonclife, residing in Manchester. He was foreman in the large cotton mills, for which Manchester is so famous. He came to me one day in such deep disguise that I would not have recognized him had he not made himself known. Then I asked what his masterpiece meant, whereupon he made this statement: 'Some six weeks ago, during a political meeting, I was relieved of my pocket-book. I felt the thief's hand, and grasped it as it was withdrawn from my pocket, but the exp't owner of it wrenched it from my grasp before I could turn around to see who he was. A tall, young man stood behind me, on the side where the robbery had been perpetrated. I asked him if he had seen the man who had just robbed me. He said he had not.'

"But I had hold of his hand. Did you see that?" asked I, and again he replied negatively.

"I became vexed, and remarked: 'You must be either very stupid or blind to notice such thing under your nose now!' He replied by a mocking laugh, and added:

"Perhaps you are the thief?"

"Perhaps I am," was the cool rejoinder.

"His insolence aroused my ire, and I had him arrested on suspicion. A policeman took him away, and next day I appeared against him. The pocket-book was found in his possession at the time of his arrest, and as I could not swear that he was the thief, he was acquitted. The Magistrate said that nothing had been proven against him, and his name had never been on the Magistrate's docket, or he might have been remanded as a suspicious character. In fact, he was a stranger in town, which was proved to the Magistrate's entire satisfaction.

"Since that occurrence," continued Bonclife, "I have had this man at several other occasions, and he always seems to have a mocking hand and a sneer. I believe he is the fellow who robbed me, and the money not being found on his person I can explain it only in one way. He had a confederate with him to whom he doubtless passed it the moment he had abstracted it."

"I have the honest doubt that he is a regular member of the 'swell mob,' and intends to ply his trade in town. I want you to see him. I will point him out to you; I know his haunts. This disguise I have adopted, so that he would not know me if we should meet. After you have seen him, I want you to watch his movements, and if you catch him at his tricks I shall consider myself your debtor for the amount you may receive. Is it a go?"

"It is," I said. "I shall willingly do this for your sake and for the benefit of society."

"We met the man, and Bonclife pointed him out to me. He was about twenty-seven years of age, intelligent, in appearance, and strikingly handsome, with hair of glossy black and curly hair, and dark melancholy eyes.

"I turned to myself and thought, 'It would be difficult to admit him as my friend Bonclife,' and I was about to do so when I saw him enter the tap-room where the maid was preparing after their evening meals. He drank his ale quietly, and while sipping it, glanced over a paper he had taken from his pocket.

"But I could see that his mind was not on the paper. He was covertly watching every one that came to the bar to drink, and his eyes would rest eagerly on the wallets of the men as they paid their score, and they always watched them after they had paid their bills or purses, as if noting their location.

"I turned to him a light-fingered gentleman, and watched his every movement therewith.

"Although he mixed freely with the men in the tap-room and in the adjoining apartment, where seats were provided for the patrons of the house, I did not perceive a single suspicious movement on his part. Suddenly some one cried out:

"I've been robbed!"

"A great shout ensued. The landlord, under my instructions, at once locked the front door and put the key in his pocket, unperceived by any one, and I secured the only door in the rear in the same manner.

"By making inquiries I learned that a man had his pocket picked, and had already pitched upon the supposed rogue, one of his own kind, as I judged, by his appearance and dress.

"But on investigation it proved that no one in the house knew the man, though he was dressed as a spicer in one of the mills, and wore the ordinary clothes of a mill-hand.

"The stranger was searched, but the money was not found on him. The victim looked surprised, but stoutly declared that the fellow had been quite near him when he was robbed, and no one else could have done it.

"This is the only excuse I can offer in defense of my theory, that the spicer, as he drew forth his pocket-handkerchief and buried his face in it.

"There was a profound silence, and I saw by the faces around me that his reticule had made a deep impression on his auditors; that he had enlisted their deepest and most heartfelt sympathies.

"I suppose I can leave, since I have

already been searched," asked the suspected man.

"You shall remain to witness the exposure of the thief," was the gruff response.

"The man looked disappointed, and walked away, grumbling to himself in an undertone.

"He came up to the man I still had my eye upon (Alfred Rapine), and that person remarked, smilingly:

"We must all submit to be searched, I see. There is no remedy for it."

"So it appears," rejoined the other, and then they stood and witnessed the unique operation in progress.

"Presently I noticed some suspicious movements on their part, and kept a keen eye on them. I saw their fingers moving in a rather nervous and hasty manner as they were conversing in the mute language—a language that I understood perfectly—and the whole transaction was at once revealed to me.

"This seeming mill-hand and Rapine were confederates. The former had robbed the man and immediately transferred the proceeds of that robbery to Rapine, who now had it in his possession.

"Their conversation was of the feasibility of the small-hand taking the 'dumb-mill' back again, since he had already been searched, and it was not likely that the process would be repeated.

"They decided on this, and in a very dexterous manner the transfer was made, and not one, but four purses, or wallets, changed hands in a moment.

"Then they drifted apart, as if they really were no acquaintances.

"At this moment the prisoner raised his head and gazed mournfully around the room, as though in an apparently aimless glances. Tears were actually streaming down his cheeks, which he brushed away with his handkerchief. A murmur of commiseration went around the room, and all eyes were turned toward the Judge, as if in one unanimous appeal for mercy for the unhappy prisoner. But the Judge was smiling, and said:

"He did so, and exchanged a knowing wink. Presently he turned to the disguised pickpocket and said:

"Come on, my friend, your turn next."

"But I have already been searched," cried the man, with a startled look on his face.

"Not by me, my dear sir," rejoined the landlord, with a benevolent smile.

"But the gentleman that has been robbed is satisfied that I haven't his purse," persisted the rogue.

"You may not have had it, then, but may have it now; so come along," was the next moment a murmur of reprobation around the room. The learned Judge was smiling, and said:

"I am at a loss to account for the tears of Rapine, while the low but distinct chuckle of the countryman was again heard.

"His Lordship now beckoned to me to approach. I went up to the bench, when the Judge introduced the man to me as Mr. Edmund Darke, Scotland Yard detective.

"I am a police officer, and I have been a constable in the force," he said.

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