

The Democratic Sentinel.

"A FIRM AND ENCE TO CORRECT PRINCIPLES."

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NOT WHAT HE'S PICTURED.

The Detective Not Such a Wonderful Being After All.

The ever-watchful, ever-present, wily and wary detective, whose doings are depicted on the pages of dailies, have long fired the ambition as they have captured the heart of the small boy, exists only in the imagination of the writers of those novels. The detective is so "way" much inferior to the authors whose pictures are so vividly drawn for the delight of the youth of the land. Not that men are not born nowadays with natures well fitted to serve in ferreting out a great mystery, but rather because men with such natures and much more lucrative fields of employment than the disagreeable one of hounding cow-calls and thieves.

The age of well-lighted streets, of telegraphy and telephones, of rogue galleries and co-operative state systems makes it almost impossible for a local dark mystery to be carried from many criminal institutions now turned aside from the downward path made by a bright young youth, who, if but let alone, would soon succeed in puzzling the brightest police officials, and so create a demand for clever detective work.

Mysterious there are that do fly out, but they are as deep as the depths of the human soul, and nothing but self-concealment can ever solve them.

The old sleuth of dime-novel fame was credited with possessing a wonderful wardrobe of the vilest combinations and physical aspects. He called the villain "that still pursues her" o'er hill and dale, into mining camp and out again, among thieves banded together and meeting in dark, grawsome caves and lonely, village-looking houses, and always, in his story, "decoyed his man with clock-work precision and hanging him most thoroughly and triumphantly, but such men never lived.

In the great cities of the Union detective work is fast commingling with the ordinary work of the routine officer. They are mere emergency men, liable to be dressed in uniform and placed on temporary duty in the absence of the regular officer. Their work is strictly local. No traveling over the country is necessary, except in cases where identification is necessary or a criminal is to be brought back.

Children at Table.

In good society very young children are not permitted to come to table unless the family are alone. But in the latter case, we think the earlier children are taught to sit at the table with parents, brothers and sisters, and behave properly, the more surely will they see good, refined table manners. It is not difficult to teach a young child to make its wants quietly known to the proper person and at the proper time. But what can be more uncomfortable and annoying than to sit at table where the children are the most obnoxious to the parents? The parents, however, never wait patiently for their turn to be helped, but calling loudly for what they desire; impatience if it is not brought to them on the instant? If attention is not given as soon as the words are out of his mouth, how unpleasant to see a child standing on the rounds of the chair, or reaching over other plates to help himself to whatever he desires! Parents can, with very little trouble to themselves, save their guests from witnessing such rudeness if they begin when every habit is uniform. Children should be taught to be gentle and respectful in manner when requiring service from the servant or waiter.

And yet how many give no heed to the duty? How many bear their young ones on their laps impatiently, saying, "Give me the butter, Jane," or "Give me the bread this way." "Can't you hear, Jane? I've told you two or three times to give me some water." Or some may soften their imperious and harsh demands just a little by saying, "I'll take the bread, please," but the "please" is too far off to be very pleasant. It is an afterthought. Whispering, low talking, abrupt calls for any article on the table, beginning to eat or talk in the helped the moment seated before the oddest are served, is in the highest degree rude and vulgar, yet far too common. Some natural feeling of restraint or diffidence may keep the young ones quiet when at a friend's table, for the sake of the meal at least; but they can lay no claim to refinement or good manners if they use these politeness only when it is kept. Life is too short to be given to the little herbs we have.

He said, "What herbs?" "There," said he, and put some into his mouth.

The man is, he returned, after a quiet examination, "I don't know any flavor of that. May I taste it in now? I could be of service to you."

"You are just as ignorant as I am," he said.

"I am a botanist, and he is better than the world. But do you know the name of the little herbs we have?"

"I am," he said. "What herbs?" "There," said he, and put some into his mouth.

The next day a friend, who was a great traveler, came to see me, and said to him,

"I am a botanist, and he is better than the world. But do you know the name of the little herbs we have?"

"I am," he said. "What herbs?" "There," said he, and put some into his mouth.

The next day I went to the attorney general's office, and in one of the public buildings, I met him again.

"Give me the butter, Jane," he said.

"I don't know any flavor of that. May I taste it in now? I could be of service to you."

"You are just as ignorant as I am," he said.

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