

## SIMPSON'S £1,000 GIRL

I.

Chow-chow-chow! Trrrrr—chow-chow-chow-chow!

Mr. Creet knitted his brows as he listened to that canary singing. He was in a condition for anything to prey upon his nerves. Hadn't he been for the last ten days in that dingy sitting-room at No. 107, Wintred Street, watching that man in the house over the way—the man he knew had the countess's necklace; the man who was worth a thousand pounds if he could catch him; the man against whom, though he'd gladly stake his life in a fair wager that he was the thief, he could not get just that tangible proof which would permit of his handing him over to the law, and so secure to him, Mr. Creet, the countess's handsome reward?

For ten mortal days his eyes had hardly been taken off the house which held the man he had marked for his quarry. Yet how little he had learnt of Jem Byrne, the thief, who had a room there, and whose every movement he had followed as far as possible, watching, like a cat does a mouse, from behind the faded red curtain of his windows! That was the man who had the countess's ten thousand pounds' necklace!

The handle of the door was turned. Mr. Creet only ventured a half-glance towards the person who had entered. He knew who it was, and he could not take both eyes off the house over the way.

It was a tall, handsome girl who entered, smartly dressed in a walking-costume, which set off her figure with an amount of coquettish grace. "Ah, Sue, so you've got here. Any news at the office?"

"Nothing at the office, dad! Let me kiss you, you dear old thing. Oh, I shall be so glad to have you back from this business, dad. It's so awfully lonely at home, and—"

"Yes, yes; of course. But what do the fellows outside at the corners say?"

"Nothing. I've read their reports—they're here. They have found out nothing."

"The fools!" said Mr. Creet irritably. "Thirty bob a week, and they can't find anything!"

"Well, I don't know. It really seems to me you've got a soft job, dad. Seven pounds a week, and you've only got a stare at that place opposite. When I was in the Post Office and had to work the telegraph—"

"You think that because you're a fool, Sue!" exclaimed Mr. Creet somewhat irritably. And then he added repentantly: "You're a dear, good girl, Sue, and cleverer than thousands; but you don't know, my girl—you don't know everything!"

"You're a bit upset, dad, over waiting for that thousand pounds the countess offered for the necklace. I wonder if you'll get it?"

"Of course I shall!" snapped Mr. Creet. "Think I'm going to be beaten by that fellow over the road? Hallo! there's my man going out, dressed up fine!"

He peered out from behind the blinds watching with quivering eagerness the figure of Mr. Jem Byrne, as that worthy sauntered down the street.

"He's gone Mows's way," he remarked. "Sharp chap, Mows. He won't lose him, I'll bet."

Trrr! Chow-chow-chow!

"I'd give a sov. to anyone who'd wring the neck of that infernal bird!" the detective cried angrily. "What can people want keeping such a bundle of noise as that, d'you think? We won't have a bird like that when we get our pub, Sue!"

"I don't want a pub, as you call it," retorted Sue; "I hate them!"

"Oh, ah! I know what you'd like!" cried Mr. Creet sarcastically. "That fellow Simpson hasn't been hanging about, has he?"

"Mr. Simpson is too honorable to do such a thing," answered Sue hotly, "and it's mean of you to imagine such a thing. He's a gentleman, if he's only a clerk in a merchant's office, and I—"

"Well, let him coin his virtues into cash," said Creet doggedly. "I don't mind how quick he is about it: I—Hallo! here's my man come back again! Well, I'm—"

He remembered his daughter's presence in time to make a long whistle. "Well, I'm blest! If he hasn't been and bought one, too! A canary, or I'll be hanged!"

Mr. Byrne entered the house, and a moment or two later he appeared at the window of his room with the cage. He was evidently fixing it up with a chain from the window-top. He could not see the canary, but it quickly commenced to give proof of its presence. It began to sing, and the widow's canary answered back.

For some moments he and the girl listened.

"Dad," she cried, suddenly putting out her hand, "if Mr. Simpson had five hundred pounds you said you'd let us get married."

Mr. Creet nodded angrily.

"And suppose he found the countess's necklace?" she asked.

"Then he should have the thousand pounds, and I'd throw you in, and I'd eat my head as well," snorted Mr. Creet. He looked at her suspiciously.

"I'm feeling lonely enough, Sue, by myself," he said "and Mrs.

Black, the landlady, would give you a bedroom here. I wish you'd join me. It'll help pass the hours along and the office can shift for itself for a day or two."

To his intense surprise she was delighted.

Even with Sue for a companion the days passed slowly for Mr. Creet and each night brought with its darkness the sad reflection that the day had discovered nothing.

The fourth day brought Mr. Creet's growing wrath to a head. Sue had been out for a short walk. He had insisted on her going out each day for an hour's constitutional. When she returned her face was very red, her dark eyes hardly seemed able to meet her father's keen twinkling grey ones.

II.

She had met Mr. Simpson, and he had given her a note for her father. Mr. Creet snatched at it, and tore the envelope open with a face expressive of the liveliest indignation. He started and laughed hoarsely.

"Dear Mr. Creet"—the letter ran—"I know you're engaged in trying to discover the Countess of Deerdale's necklace. It is to be handed to Mossy Dick by a messenger to-night between seven and eight o'clock in the bar-parlor of the Skipping Ram, Rotherhithe. I cannot say whether the bearer of the jewels will be a man or a woman; but, believe me, what I say is true. You know I would not risk losing your esteem by misleading you in the matter. Don't imagine, therefore, that the above is not correct. —Yours faithfully,

"John Simpson."

Mr. Creet tore the note into pieces flung them on the floor, and stamped on them, while Sue watched him with a white face.

"You'll go, father; you'll go?" she pleaded.

"Go?" snorted Mr. Creet. "Go? To be made a fool of? To be played with, and made look a simpleton by an impudent upstart who meddles—"

"If what he says isn't true, I'd never speak to him again!" cried Sue, with flashing eyes.

"If you'll swear you'll never speak to the fellow again when I come back, I'll go," he declared.

"If you come back and don't find that Jack's said what is true, I'll never speak to him again!" she repeated determinedly.

At seven o'clock that night the bar-parlor of the Skipping Ram was empty, save for a tall, thin, grey-haired, and long grey-bearded man, clothed in shabby black, whose small, twinkling eyes, placed considerably too close together in his wrinkled, dust-grimed face with its long, beak nose, were turned expectantly to the door.

He had half finished his glass of whisky-and-water when the door opened, and a woman, in widow's dress, and wearing a heavy veil, entered.

"So you've come?" said the man, making no attempt to rise, but motioning her to seat herself beside him on a wooden ledge on which he rested.

"You've brought it?" he whispered to her.

She nodded, and drawing a small parcel from her pocket, was handing it to him, when with a cry she turned and the man leaped to his feet. The door was hurled open, and two men appeared.

"I am a detective," said the first man, "and I arrest you, Mossy Dick and you, my lady, for being in possession of the Countess of Deerdale's necklace."

As if paralysed the woman looked at him dazedly. Mossy Dick made no motion to take the parcel. The detective took the parcel from her and handed it to Mr. Creet.

"The sparklers, sure enough," he said. Mr. Creet opened the parcel. It held the Countess's necklace.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Creet, on such a clever bit of work, and on having netted a thou'," remarked his comrade.

Mr. Creet received his companion's congratulations meekly. He was wondering inwardly how things had come about. How did Simpson know about the necklace? How was it that the old widow lady, the

woman he had had such a contempt for as the owner of that miserable canary, was concerned in the affair?

He returned to Wintred Street, still so puzzled over these things that he hardly noticed two cabs drive past him, as he entered the street. In one was a weeping girl in nurse's dress, while beside her sat a policeman. In the other was Mr. Jem Byrne between a couple of officers. Mr. Creet gave a sigh of satisfaction.

It seemed quite natural that the next person he should meet should be Mr. Simpson.

"Everything all right, Mr. Creet?" he asked.

"Everything. You'll come in, Mr. Simpson, won't you? Sue's inside. I'd like to hear from you how you got to know all this?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Simpson, "certainly."

He was a tall, well-made young fellow, with an honest face, and large grey eyes, which now sparkled somewhat mischievously and triumphantly. Mr. Creet had never before been so pleased with his appearance. He had a good character, too.

How pretty they looked together, he mentally remarked, as he introduced Simpson into the dining-room and Sue met him! Her face flushed, her eyes sparkling.

"And now tell me. How did you find out about the necklace?" asked Mr. Creet.

"From information received, sir," laughed Simpson.

"From whom?"

"From the very clever young lady detective who sits beside you," replied Simpson.

And then Sue told her story. As she had listened to the singing of the widow's supposed canary and to the notes of Mr. Jem Byrne's, it had suddenly recalled to her the memory of the noise of her old telegraph machine—click, click, click. Whirr! click, click, click.

What if the notes represented dots and dashes expressed in sound? In a few moments she had satisfied herself that they were. The widow lady and Jem Byrne were communicating with one another. Sue's ears were quickly drinking it all in.

"But how could they train a canary to sing just the notes they wanted?" asked Mr. Creet.

"It was not a canary singing at all," replied Sue. "The birds you saw were frauds—hen-birds that never sang a note, merely put up for show. The sounds were made by Byrne and his confederate by means of those blow-tubes we used, when children, to train canaries to sing. You can use them so that no one can tell the noise from the real thing, and, of course, you can put in just as many chow-chow and trills as you want."

"Well, I'm hanged!" exclaimed Mr. Creet.

Mr. Creet declared he would not touch the reward—it was Simpson's fair enough, and he sighed over the shattered vision of the public-house to which he had hoped to retire.

All difficulties, however, were overcome when Lord Deerdale heard the story of the necklace's recovery, for he insisted on paying Creet the thousand pounds and Sue another.

"And the bracelet's cheap at that!" he declared—"dirt cheap!"—London Answers.

### HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

"It cannot be," sighed the maid. "I respect you highly, Mr. Bowen, but we are incompatible."

"Well, I suppose it cannot be helped," the young man replied, pocketing his chagrin and looking about for his hat. "But it defeats all my cherished hopes. I had planned a house in which I fondly imagined we might be happy. It was to have a drawing-room twice as large as the ordinary size, with a capacious wardrobe in every room in the house."

"Stay, Harry," she said, falteringly. "Perhaps I have been too hasty. Give me a day or two to think it over. It is not impossible that—that—"

And Harry stayed.

### PERSONAL POINTERS.

Notes of Interest About Some Leading People.

One of his possessions which Sir Edward Lawson, who has just been made a peer, shows with pride is a huge volume containing a complete record, including all the newspaper articles, criticisms, etc., which it called forth, of the famous gathering of children in Hyde Park which Sir Edward organized in the Jubilee week of 1887. A great soldier once said that the most skilful general could not get 20,000 men out of Hyde Park, but Sir Edward on that occasion took 30,000 children into the Park and out of it again, and he is properly proud of the achievement.

A story is told that a lady traveling in the same railway compartment with Lord Rosebery on leaving it dropped her umbrella on the foot-board. He at once rescued it and restored it to the fair owner, who received it without a word of thanks and was going away, when Lord Rosebery exclaimed, "You have forgotten something, madam." "Indeed! What is it?" she replied. "To say thank you," said his lordship, much to the delight of the other occupants of the carriage.

When the war in South Africa began Lord Brooke, the son of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, was a lad of seventeen, at Eton, and his parents naturally turned a deaf ear to his entreaties to be allowed to go to the front. When the Government began to appeal for volunteers, however, he ran away from school, sold his fur coat and his jewellery, and bought a second-class ticket for the Cape. Touched by this display of spirit, the Earl of Warwick did not insist on his return, but obtained a place for him as extra A. D. C. to Lord Milner.

Dr. Lapponi, the Pope's physician, has had many experiences during his long attendance on the Pope of the Pontiff's quiet humor. Once when he had given the Pope a powder to take to ease a sore throat from which he was suffering, the latter sat with the packet in his hand and made no move towards complying with his doctor's directions. Dr. Lapponi, determined that the powder should be taken, waited a while, and then cleared his throat a couple of times in a pointed manner. "Take it," said the Pope, handing him back the medicine; "you seem to need it more than I do!"

There are several young Premiers in various parts of the Empire, but the latest is the youngest of all. He is Mr. R. M'Brice, the new Premier of British Columbia, who was born in New Westminster, the original capital of that western Canadian province, thirty-three years ago. He went to the other end of the Dominion for his education, as he is a graduate of Dalhousie University, Halifax. In 1892 he was called to the Bar of British Columbia, and six years later he entered the Parliament of the province of which he is now Prime Minister, so that his term of political preparation for the Premiership was less than five years.

The King and the Prince of Wales have been pigeon fanciers for many years, and have at Sandringham two of the finest and best equipped lofts to be found in England, under the management of Mr. J. Walter Jones, the local schoolmaster, who is constantly engaged in training the birds on a thoroughly scientific principle. The greatest achievement of the King's birds was four years ago, when he won the "Pigeon Derby," flying his homer the distance of 510 miles at a rate of 1,307 yds. per minute, and thus was first of the 132 birds which competed. In the same event two of the birds belonging to the Prince of Wales were third and fourth.

"How old does a single woman have to be before she is considered an old maid?" asked the youth from Ludlow. "If homely and poor," replied the Cumminsville sage, "she breaks into that class at twenty-five; but if handsome and rich, ninety-nine years is the limit."

### IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

During last year 1,295 vessels of the aggregate tonnage of 800,374 were built in the United Kingdom. London is said to possess at present no less than 313 parks and open spaces, while in 1884 their number was only 102.

Many of the Boer family Bibles taken from farms and found on the veldt during the war, are, in response to Lord Robert's request, being returned to their original owners.

The dwelling in which Dickens found Mr. Krook and Miss Flite, in "Bleak House," is to be pulled down. It stands in Chichester rents, Chancery lane, at the corner near the little entrance to Lincoln's Inn.

Sir Frederick Treves, who is about to retire, has established a record in performing a thousand consecutive operations for appendicitis without a death. Last year there were 15,000 operations for this malady, in Great Britain, with ninety per cent. of recoveries, including the King.

A number of workmen, under the personal supervision of the Rev. S. Baring Gould, are making some important investigations in the neighborhood of Lithfarn, Carnarvonshire, as to some Roman remains. Interesting results are expected as Roman works are plentiful in most parts of the county.

Accomplishments of a scholastic as well as an agricultural kind are, it would appear, sometimes required of farm hands. Here is an advertisement from a West of England paper: "Healthy young man wanted for small farm; must be early riser and able to kill pigs. Preference given to an educated person. Will be expected to teach little boy when not required on farm."

A new Wesleyan Soldiers' and Sailors' Home is to be erected at Portsmouth, on the site of the old Welcome Mission. The architecture will be imposing, and there will be a hall in amphitheatre form to seat 670 persons. A hundred cubicles will be provided. The home is to be built in connection with the Twentieth Century scheme, by means of which, it is hoped, the number of such homes will be increased from 34 to 61.

Lord Roberts, as Commander-in-Chief, addressing the cadets at the half-yearly prize distribution at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, said that, while the report was on the whole satisfactory, he was concerned to find them deficient in regard to spelling, knowledge of the English language, and map reading. He strongly advised them to set about improving themselves in this respect. He had more than once refused staff appointments to men who, otherwise fully qualified, could not spell, or whose writing was illegible.

It is easy to shift goods from one part of a room to another by putting them in a cage, hanging the cage on a single rail, and letting gravitation do the rest. That in principle is what a new company intends to do for railway passengers between Liverpool and Manchester. One carriage, loaded with passengers, will be slung astride a single rail, built about five feet from the ground, with guiding rails on either side, to avoid side or up and down movement; it will travel by electricity at the speed of a hundred miles an hour—and over.

The old royal yacht "Victoria and Albert" is to be broken up in Portsmouth dockyard, and such parts as the King desires will be preserved as mementoes of Queen Victoria. The yacht, designed by Oliver Lang, was the oldest and the handsomest royal yacht afloat. She was built in 1856 with a speed of seventeen knots, the whole of the internal arrangements being carried out from the designs of the Prince Consort. She was a heavy roller in a bad seaway, but very comfortable when anchored. The Queen and Prince Consort used sometimes to live on board off Cowes, the royal children having their music and school-rooms and nursery.

From some unexplained cause the British metropolis is this season more than usually crowded with Americans. The fashionable west end is very full, and there all the hotels are crammed. During the day American and country visitors throng the streets; for the tourist in London finds as great a delight in Piccadilly or the Strand, looking in the shop windows or studying the crowds, as in "doing" the show places. The streets of London at this season, as seen from the pavement or the top of a "bus," are the most fascinating sights the holiday visitor can find anywhere. Americans affect to despise the rumbling, old-fashioned "bus," but they seem to have caught the charm of the outside seats, and of being driven through the roar of London, and seeing not one town, but many, in the course of an hour or two's drive. There is perhaps greater variety in the metropolis than in any other city Europe can boast.

Ethel—"Are you sure that all his thoughts are of you?" Edith—"Oh, yes! Why, he has just lost his position on account of inattention to business!"



Mr. Perkins—That's a pretty likely lookin' boy you have there, Sam. Mr. Dobbs—He's good enough if he wasn't so all-fired slow; why, if that boy had a had the job buildin' the ark we wouldn't a had the flood yit.