FRENCH DETECTIVES.

Secret Police Who are Really Secret and Who Actually Do Detect.

The Skillful Men in the Secret Brauch of the French Police—Artists in Their Profession.

Some five or six years ago, being on a vis-it to Paris, I went to see a friend, a French gentleman I had known for many years, who with his wife and only daughter lived au second in a small house in the Faubourg St. Germain. I found the family one and all in the greatest possible excitement. During the night their domicile had been broken in to and property to the amount of about 30,000 francs. (£1,200), consisting of plate, jewels, money and bonds, had been stolen. My friend was by no means a rich man, and the loss was to him a very serious one. The strange part of the affair was that no one seemed to have the slightest idea by whom or how the lost things had been taken. They were kept in a large iron-clamped chest, which was never moved out of the salle a manger, and which was found in its usual place next morning, but with the lock for-ced open. The servants of the family were only two in number, and consisted of an elderly man and his wife, who had been in the same service for more than ten years. They did not sleep on the same floor as their master and mistress, but, as is usual in Paris, occupied a room some stories higher in the mansard or attic. They had a key by which to let themselves in from the back stairs to the kitchen in the morning ; but at the time of the robbery neither one nor other had been in the dining-room, where the chest was kept until after my friend's daughter had found out what had happened. The lady of the family had lock-ed the chest—it was her usual habit—before she had retired to rest the previous night. The key was found hanging on a nail at the head of her bed, its usual place. The theft must have been committed between 11 P. M when the chest was locked, and S A. M. when her daughter discovered the loss. The concierge declared that no one save those who lived in the house had passed his lodge during those hours. The door of the apart-ment opening on to the main staircase was found locked and the key on the inside. Altogether it was a most mysterious business, of which no one could make anything, save that the property had vanished therefore, it must have been taken by some one.

LE RUE DE JERUSALEM.

My friend resolved at once to go to the Rue de Jerusalem---the Scotland Yard of l'aris-and ask the authorities to enquire into the matter. I suggested an agent de police or policeman from the nearest station night be called, but was told that that was not the way they did things in Paris. The policemen that kept order in the streets and those whose business it is to discover what has become of stolen property are two departments perfectly distinct from each other. Being anxious to see how our neighbors managed affairs of this kind, and whether they were better up to their work than our London detectives, I accompanied my friend to the prefecture de police, where he sent in his card, and we were at once ushered into the presence of a quiet-looking elderly gen-tleman, one of the sous-chefs of the depart. ment, who looked more like a bank manag er or head clerk in a large mercantile house than a man whose occupation was to indicate where the thieves and others who were "wanted" could be laid hands 0**n**.

A Frenchman is nothing if he is not polite. The individual into whose sanctum we shown welcomed us with a civility which nothing could exceed. He heard my friends story from first to last, made a few notes with a pen in a kind of diary which he had on his desk, and now and then asked a question or two respecting the house and apart-ment which had been robbed, the servants visitors, and other matters. But he did not detain us long. The interview was over in twenty minutes. The sous-chef then told my friend that he would send one of his subordinates to see the chest the next the meantime would my friend day. prepare a list and as minute a description as possible of the property that had been stolen? As a rule Frenchmen, no matter what rank of life they belong, have the greatest possible respect for all who are in any way connected with the police, and never dream of disputing what they say; but my friend was somewhat annoyed at what he deemed useless delay, and asked whether the police agent could not be sent at once. The sous-chef, however, overruled his objection, and said it was best for many reasons the agent should not go to the house till next day. "In the first place," he said, "I do not wish anyone but yourselves to know that the gentleman who will call on you to-morrow is any way connected with the police. He will send up a card and you will be kind enough to receive him as a friend—talk to him of the robbery in the presence of your servants as you would to any casual acquaintance." He then turn ed to me and said, laughingly: "We do not manage these affairs as you do in London. We don't affiche our police; we don't send con-stables (he pronounced the word 'conestabel' make a fuss and put everyone on their guard we like to do things quietly, the result is better." He then bowed us out and we took our departure, not over assured as to what the upshot of the affair would be.

to her on some indifferent subject. This was done, and I watched his face during the time the woman was present ; but he mercly looked at her once, and continued talking

to me. The only point on which he seemed really anxious was to obtain a fuller description of the articles lost than he had been already furnished with.

My friend offered to give him details then and there, but he declined to wait for it, on the plea that by prolonging his visit he might arouse suspicion among the servants. We suggested meeting him near the Rue de Jerusalem, but he laughed at the idea, say-ing that if he were once seen near the police office his occupation would be gone, as he would be no longer of any real use as an ag-ent of the police. So an appointment was made to meet at the Cafe du Helder on the boulevards, where a more detailed description of the lost property should be given to him. He then took his leave, but asked me to accompany him down stairs, so as to impress the concierg with the idea that he was an acquaintance of some standing. Before arriving at the bottom, I found my friend had managed to dirty his coat in a manner which necessitated the turning into the con cierge's lodge to borrow a clothesbrush, thereby gaining an opportunity of casting an eye round the small room and on its occupi-To me, being initiated, the object was palpable, though quite unsuspected by the individual in question. When the brushing was over we walked out together.

THE ROBBERY DISCOVERED.

This was on Thursday evening, On Mon-day, about 11 A. M., the waiter of the hotel where I was staying told me that a gen-tleman wished to speak to me. He was shown up, and this time the detective was not disguised. He told me that for reasons which I would learn later, he thought it better to come to me than to Germain. He said he had good news; for that he believed the greater part of the stolen property had been recovered, and asked me to go to the prefecture de police on the following day, about 2 P. M., and to take my friend with me. We did so, and found that what the detective had told me was true. Among other valuables that had been stolen was a canvas bag containing between 200 and 300 Napoleons. These had disappeared; but the jewelry, the plate, and, what was still more surprising, the bonds, payable, as all such documents are in France, an porteur (to the bearer), had been found and were ready for my friend to identify. This was easily done, but nothing was allowed to be touched for the present, as it would have to be sworn to at the trial which would shortly take place. When my friend returned home he found that while he was at the prefecture the concierge had been arrested for conniving at the theft, and in the lodge was found, in a hidden emploard, the bag containing the money. In a word, without fuss, publicity, or loss of time, the whole of the prop-erty which had been stolen the week before was in the hands of the police. In ten days more the trial was over, the concierge and two of his relations were each condemn-ed to five years' of travaux forces (penal servitude) my friend got back the whole of his property, and, what to me as an English man seemed much more extraordinary, the total expense of the proceedings came to something like 100 francs (\pounds 4). Even the payment was nearly all voluntary, for my friend insisted upon making a small pre-sent to the detective who had done his work so well.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH METHODS.

To give any details as to how the valuables were found, or how the robbery was traced to the concierge, is not in my power. The French police are invariably very reti-cent, particularly in cases like the one I have attempted to describe. They have a theory that publicity on such occasions is a very great mistake and hinders justice. I called with my friend upon the sous-chef to thank him for the trouble he had taken He was a very intelligent person, and evidently a man of education. He had been in England on business connected with his office and spoke very freely about our police and their way of doing business. He considered such of the force as were employed in maintaining public order as among the very best in Europe. But of our detective system he had a very low opinion. As he said, very truly, no sconer is a robbery committed in England than the utmost publicity is given to the whole affair, and the thieves are as well aware of what steps are being taken to unravel the matter as the police themselves. It is true that a certain number of our police wear plain clothes instead of uniform, but it is certain that these are as well known to the criminal classes of London as their brethren who wear blue tunics and helmets. In Paris the detective who is engaged in tracing crime is, so to speak, hidden from public view. He rarely goes even to the prefecture de police; he has his order given him either by a confidential agent or by a letter written in cipher. He mixes in soeiety and meets all sorts and conditions of men, but his occupation is known to very few persons indeed. So much is this the case that the French detectives very soldom row each other: that is to seen Mr. A new know each other; that is to say, Mr. A. may be very well acquainted with Mr. B., but neither of them knows that the other is em-ployed by the police. I was told by one of the authorities in the Rue de Jernsalem that in London the undiscovered robberies are to those that are discovered in the proportion of three to one. If the French police are right in their statements, the larger the robbery that takes place in Paris the greater chance there is of its being found out, whereas in London we know the exact contrary to be the case.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Detroit Free Press

"Dar' am sartin folkses I want to keep away from," began the old man as the voices of the Glee Club died away on the last strams of "Sarah Jane's Baby." "I mean dat class of people who groan ober de wickedness of de world, an' who have heartaches an' sorrows to peddle aroun' de ken-try at de reg'lar market rates. Dar am do ole man Turner. He comes ober to see me now and den, but be can't sot still kase somebody stole his dog, or hit him wid a brick-bat, or beat him out of seventy-five cents. Hc fully believes the world am gwine to smash at de rate of fifteen miles an hour, an'it would earnemost kill him to lose his ole wallet an' find a man honest 'nuff to return

"De widder Plumsell comes ober to borry some butter fur supper, an' she drops down on a cha'r an' heaves a sigh as big as a barn doah an' goes on to say dat dis am a cold an' unfeelin' world. 'Cording to her tell all men am dishonest, all women extravagant, an' all chill'en just ready to come down wid the measels. Tears run down her cheeks as she tells how she has to work an' plan while eberybody else has money to frow inter Lake Eric, an' she wipes her nose on her apron as she asserts dat dis wicked world can't stan' mo' dan fo' weeks longer.

Deacon Striper draps in to eat pop-corn wid me of a Friday ebenin' an' he hardly gits out from under his hat befo' he begins to tell what his first wife died of ; how his second run away ; how his third broke her leg by fallin' off a fence an' cost him \$28.14 for doctor's bill, an' befo' he gets frew you couldn't make him believe but dat de dull world was dead agin him. He predicts a late spring, a hot summer, poor crops, high prices, a bloody war, an' goes home feelin' dat he am stoppin' on airth only to accommodate somebody.

"I have no sorrow of my own. I've been robbed, but dat was kase I left a window up. I've been swindled, but dat was kase I thought fo' queens would beat fo' aces. I've bought lottery tickets which didn't draw ; I've bin sick unto death an' I've bin shot in the back wid a hull brickyard, but I do not sorrew and I do not ax fur sympathy. De world am plenty full 'nuff fur de class of people livin' in it. Honest men am not lonesome fur company, an' honest wonian am sartin to be appreciated. De jani-tor will now open fo' winders an' we will purceed to bizness."

PETITIONS.

The applications for membership numbered upwards of forty, and included seven elders, three deacons, two professors and a doctor of laws. The latter, who hails from North Carolina, claimed to have been in jail with Elder Toots, but this the latter indig nantly denied, and brought on such a fit of coughing that he had to be taken out into the back yard and patted on the back with an empty herring-box.

ELECTION.

Sir Isaac Walpole was a little slow in starting out with the bean-box, owing to the presence of a second crop of chilblains, but when he got his boots on he was only thirteen minutes in making favorable returns on the following candidates: Elder John Bacon, Terrific Smith, Prof. Gallipolee, Judge McAfoodle, Col. Slayback, Caracus Jones and Peruvian Thompson.

A DANGEROUS FAILURE.

At this juncture the keeper of the password announced that Prof. Boliver Jackson. of Halifax, Nova Scotia, was present with his Back-Action, Three-Ply, Full-Jewelled Heel-Compressor and would like to give an exhibition before the club. Brother Gardner explained that the Secretary had had some correspondence with the inventor, and that the gentleman had come on at his own expense. There were colored people just foolish enough to feel ashamed of the long heels given them by nature to make their mark in the world, and this Heel-Compressor had been invented to reshape the foot. He was perfectly satisfied with his own feet, but he would have the machine brought in and let any member of the club try it. Prof. Jackson was accordingly admitted, and he placed his invention in the center of the room and delivered a short lecture on his long struggle to secure what the colored race had long sighed for. He warranted it to work smoothly, envenly and satisfactorily in all respects, and Pickles Smith volunteered his feet to be experimented on. Pulling off one of his cow-hides he placed his right foot in the box, and the professor began singing : "We Shall Never Meet Again." At the seventh turn of the crank the springs en-countered a corn fourteen years eld on Brother Smith's heel, and an explosion took place which knocked the professor down, pitched Samuel Shin into the wood-box, and shot Smith headlong down the hall on his stomach. Five of the lamps were extinguished, one of the bear traps thrown down, and 117 new crack appeared in the ceilling It was a great wonder that no one was kill ed as the pieces flew here and there, and one cog-wheel weighing four pounds was hurled through a window and knocked a shower of shingles off an ice-house. There was great confusion for two or three minutes, during which time the professor leaped from a back window into the alley and escaped. "Gem'len, what does dis prove ?" asked the President, after order had been once more restored. "It proves that the pusson who ain't satisfied wid the way Natur' did her work comes next deah to bein' a fool. Let dis betooken as a solenn warnin' to let our heels alone an' to banish all feelin' agin de white man kase he has straight

warded you one of my patent silver-plated, seven-jointed fishing rods. I desire you to hand it to the member who-Has told the biggest fish lies in the

l. past. Who is bracing himself to out-lie all other fish liars during the coming seas-

on.

Very scaly yours,

THOS. H. CHUBB.

Amidst the most dreadful silence Brother Gardner explained that he had taken the rod home to await the coming season's environment.

NO SPEECH.

Brother Gardner was at this moment called out in a hurry, and when he returned he explained that the Hon. Hindsight Williams, of Akron, O., had just arrived on a freight train and was anxious to appear before the club, and deliver his speech on, "What is a Country Without Cabbages ?"

Col. Pianer Treadwell at once arose to object. He knew the Ohio man passing well, having lived in the same town with him for a year. The Hon. Williams had once been arrested for accumulating thirteen axes, and

he could prove it. Judge Boliver Jones also objected. He had also known the great orator from the Buckeye State, and was the poorer for it. No matter what a country would be without cabbages, it would certainly be blessed with-out the Hon. Williams.

Trustee Pullback said that he met the great lecturer in Toledo last sum-mer and lent \$5, and the money was still lent

The President then appointed Samuel Shin and Gen. Bones a committee to steal softly out and walk the lecturer down stairs two steps at a time, and when the sounds of the struggle had died away the meeting quietly adjourned.

Early Navigation Detroit Free Press.

"Ever seen navigation open as early as this before?" he repeated as he glanced out of the window at the river and settled back in his chair—"bless you, yes! Why, this is no spring at all compared to the one we had along in the forties. I don't exactly remem-ber the year, but we'll say 1844."

"Very early, was it?" "Yes, indeed. We only had seven flakes of snow that whole winter, and they fell in December. Only seven, sir, and the other two men who kept count with me are now up in the sail loft. Shall I call them down

'Oh, no matter. Was the river froz-

"Not the first sight of ice all winter."

"Did vessels continue to run ?" "Right along without a break. On the 10th of January I sailed into Buffalo with a cargo of wheat, and the weather was so warm that the men walked the decks bare-

footed. On the return trip 1 was sunstruck off Point Au Pelee."

'Is that possible ?"

"That's a dead fact. That was a sad trip tor me, both financially and physically

"Why, you didn't lose any money, did you ?

"Not on the cargo, but going off just at the time I did and being gone eleven days threw my garden patch all behind and it never caught up." "But you got over the sunstroke?"

"Not entirely, and probably never shall. I can't talk five minutes without feeling dry, and if I should go to ask you to have a glass of beer with me I'd stutter over it so long that you'd have a chance to ask me twice to drink with you No, young man," ke continued, as he care-fully put the glass down, "don't try to rush the season. Early navigation has no money in it, and the result is an infirmity which will follow me to the grave. I always smoke after driaking—thanks—don't care if I do—I prefer dark color—and yet --that is, don't rush things. There's nothing gained by it.

Coming to the Point.

Comment is often made on the curiosity

CURRENCY.

The boy who said soda water tastes like your foot's asleep, now says weiss beer is thawed sand paper.

Devil fish with arms twenty feet long are so numerous on the banks of Newfoundland that prudent men go back ten miles into the country to get drunk.

Stars never twinkle-never have and never will. It's the eyes of the observer which do the blinking. Stars have business to see to and can't be dodging about.

A philosopher observes that there are two periods of life when a man looks to see if his hair is coming out—at 20, when he in-spects his upper lip; at 40, when he inspects the top of his head.

The novelist who wrote, "She took his hand; it was cold and clammy like that of a serpent," subsequently said: "He is the right arm of the minister, and that important personago has no eyes of his own, but looks only through his right arm.'

A man has been sentenced to seven days at hard labor, by an English judge, for kissing a lady at a railway station. He pleaded that he mistook her for an acquaintance and apologized immediately afterward. This probably was the trouble. No woman likes to be kissed for another.

The late Thomas Hood, driving in the country one day, observed a notice beside a fonce, "Beware the Dog." There not being any signs of a dog, Hood wrote on the board, "Ware be the dog?" We have often seen him squatting in city lawns—made cf cast-iron—and he might be habeled, "Be hardware the dog." hardware the dog."

A Montana mule standing near a magazine of giant powder when it exploded was hurled end over end seventy-five fect to the bottom of the dump pile on which he stood. When the smoke cleared away he stoed quietly preking the bunch grass, not in the least disturbed. He had lifted people like that himself and knew how it was done.

The boy who objected to learning the alphabet because it was going through so much to get a little, will appreciate the scheme of the Iowa editor who, to the gen-tleman sending the best written proposal of marriage in letter form, will give a year's subscription to his paper; and the same to the lady who sends the best written acceptance of the proposal which takes the gentle-man's prize. 'This is what the editor calls "combined instruction and fun;" but amusements must be scarce in Iowa

According to one scientific man nobedy really knows as yet the dangers of electric light. If a man should place his hands on a wire and the machine should stop, he might receive an inductive spark that would kill him; at any rate it might paralyze his heart, or cause strangulation, or de-range his nervous system. As we cannot know until somebody tries it, evidently the best thing to do is to keep the hands off the wires.

The following story is told of a distinguished Edinburgh professor: Desiring to go to church one wet Sunday he hired a cab. On reaching the church door, he tendered a somewhat surprised to hear the cabby, and was somewhat surprised to hear the cabman say, "Twa shillin', sir." The professor, fixing his eye upon the extortioner, demanded why he charged two shillings, upon which the cabman dryly answered. "We wish to discourage travellin' on the Sawbath as much as possible, sir.'

Mammon's Palace in the Country.

It is exceedingly entertaining to observe the airs given to themselves by what are known as "little people," when Mammon builds a palace in their midst. They have lived in their small country houses for generations-two or three perhaps-while Mam mon is a new man; so they swagger accordingly. They will go through the farce of pretending that they are not quite sure whether they will call upon him at all; they will derice the improvements that he has made on his estate, and they will dilate upon his vulgarities. His carriages, they say, are much too smart for the country, and look very gaudy beside those of the Duke. He drives to covert when the dis-

A PARIS DETECTIVE.

"Un monsieur qui desire voos vour," said my friend's man servant next day, putting a card into his master's hand, just as we were finishing our midday meal, and a gentleman-like, middle-aged man was shown in He was close shaved as to the chin and upper lip, but wore small whiskers, more like an English man of business of ten years ago than a native of la belle France. He was well, but not fashionably dressed, and carried a small cane, with which he kept gent ly tapping his boot when not speaking. While the servant was in the room he con-fined his conversation to generalities, and need his conversation to generalities, and gave his opinions freely on the political sub-jects of the day. When my friend spoke of the robbery, and pointed to the chest out of which the property had been tak-en, he merely glanced at it, looked at the lock for a moment, and turned the conversation,

He asked madam to call her maid and talk

Oral Instruction a Failure.

A teacher in one of the public schools was giving an oral lesson to her class one day this week, and having minutely detailed the characteristics and appearance of a bear, she asked the children if they knew the name of the animal that she had been deseribing. Many hands were raised, and a lit-tle girl with animated tone called out "a duck." That teacher thinks oral instruction a failure.

In the street car. Blonde—"They say Carrie is engaged." Brunette—"Engaged ! Why she was married a month ago and has just sued for a divorce." Blonde "How romantic ! isn't it splendid?"

PRIZE POETRI

The Chairman on the Committee of Poery announced that he had received from Eli Stoking, of Haurisburg, an idyl entitled, "My Dog;" from Vicksburg Smith, of Mil-waukee, a poem entitled, "My Goat," and from Recover Jones, of Alabama, a yard and a half of rhyme on "My Old Dad" —all entered for the Waydown Beebe wire prize.

WHO GOT IT?

ing :

The Secretary then announced the follow-

Post Mills, VT., March 3, '82. BROTHER. CARLINER. --- I have this day for

is only right and proper that an honest farmer who is addressed by a perfect strang-er should weight the subject well before other day a Detroiter who was engineering a horse and buggy over a muddy highway in the western part of this county meta farmer

"Do you folks fly when you go to town?" The farmer put down the rail he was lift-ing up, took a chew of "shorts" and advancing nearer, he calmly inquired: "Want to sell that hoss?"

ʻ'No

'Want to buy a mate to him?"

"Want to trade that buggy for a waggon?' "No."

"Buying butter to ship?" "No.

"Speculating in 'taters any?" "No."

"Anything new in Detroit?"

"Haven't heard of anything."

"Travelled very far to-day? 'About twelve miles.'

"Going to the city to-night?"

"Yes, if I can get there. Now, then, do you folks out here along the line of this infernal river of mud fly when you go to town?"

The man looked around, heaved a sigh, and broke off a twig to pick his teeth before answering:

"Stranger, what kind of a flying machine are you peddling, and what's your very low-est figure for cash?"

The Khedive's Wife.

Princess Kafida Wanem, the wife of the Khedive, likes politics and keeps well in-formed of the affairs of her country. The Princess is a beautiful woman according to Turkish taste. She is exceedingly stout, with splendid black hair and eyes, and a lovely complexion. She is 24 years old, and was married at 15 to the Prince, who has no other wife. They have eight children. The two are deeply attached to each other. Tewfik passes his evenings at home when the two are deeply attached to each other. ever he can, and when business or pleasure calls him out his wife is generally not far off, behind a curtain or trellis.

Ψ.

ance is only three miles, and he has three hunters out when the Marquess himself only has two. His model cottages are better than many rectories and tend to pauperization; the wages he gives are so high that no good servants or laborers are to be had in the country; he has sent up the price of hay fl a ton, and his tenants have drawing rooms and studies instead of simply a kitchen and a muck-heap. In his ridiculously large hall there are stained glass windows, arge han there are standed glass windows, emblazoned with coats of arms, all of which, it is contended must necessarily be brand new from the herald's office. Was there ever such vulgarity? If is charitable critics, would pay their cooks but five and-twenty pounds a year, and rarcly put even their worst champagne on their tables, accept his invitation of the barnet with the invitations, stay in his house, feast upon the viands provided by his chef, drink his priceless wines, shoot his game, ride his horses, and enjoy all the entertainments he may provide them, and then they go about making fun of their host and his hospitaliti-es, as if their visit had been an act of ex-cessive condescension on their part. The whole thing, they say, was dreaufully vul-gar, but "most amusing." It was so terri-bly overdone! There were too many men in livery, too many flowers, too many wax and est there was too hard a value of the property way and, there was too large a number of people staying in the house. The pheasants were as tame as barn-door fowls, the stables had three times as many horses in them es could possibly be used, and the bedrooms were furnished like bondoirs. Meals suc-ceeded each other too frequently, the tinest cigars were constantly forced upon the guests, and caps of tea or chocolate were for the onling upon the slightest provocation in the bedrooms. Ridiculously fine music was provided in the evenings, and after the party staying in the house had danced for a couple of hours they found a supper provid-ed for them that would have put the best efforts of Gunter in the shade, which, the gnests, (after the manner of Euclid) was absurd. In fact, every one had caten, drank, and smoked things that were too good, and had cujoyed himself too much everything was too beautiful, and there was too much to be had for, or even without, the asking, all which was, of course, excessively vulgar.