

## *A Considerate Detective*

It was on one of the Long Island Sound steamers. A dignified old gentleman sat smoking his cigar, when he was accosted by a tall, sharp looking, keen-eyed stranger.

“Good evening, sir, going far?”

“Yes, I’m on my way to Europe. Going down to New York to take the steamer.”

“I thought so. You’re the president of the 140<sup>th</sup> National bank of Hightown, who killed his wife and children and robbed the bank of \$100,000, aren’t you?”

“The same. What may I call you?”

“I’m Detective Hawkshaw, No. 2, of Rhode Island. I was looking after you.”

“Yes, I rather expected you. Well, I am ready to go back. My capture will be quite a feather in your cap, won’t it?”

“Please don’t insult me; I shan’t arrest you.”

“Why not?”

“You forget I am from Rhode Island.”

*Alton Review* [Iowa], August 29, 1884.