

A Dumb Detective

The Wife's Story

"I'll be back shortly," said my husband, as he buttoned his coat and prepared to leave the house.

"It seems to me," I replied, "that, unless it is very important, you had better not go out in such a storm as this. Why, the night is fearful."

"I have engaged to meet Charlie Dinsmore, to talk over a matter of business. It is a shabby night; but I shan't be gone more than an hour."

While this conversation was taking place, Hero, our St. Bernard dog, rose from the rug in front of the grate-fire, and prepared to accompany his master.

"Why, Hero!" I laughed, "you are surely not obliged to see a man on business. Stay with your mistress like a good dog, and don't go out such a night as this."

He came and put his nose on my shoulder, and laid his face against mine—a singular caress for a brute—and then, with a parting lick of my hair, went decorously to the door and waited for his master.

"Not to-night, Hero," said my husband. "If you had a rubber-coat, old fellow, I might think about it. Go book, sir! I tell you no, Hero!" as the dog persisted in following. Then the door closed, and Hero and I were alone. The poor fellow was evidently much disappointed—in fact, he always was, when his master refused to allow him to accompany him. He whined a little, went to the window, tried to look out, and then returned to his rug, and, in a few moments, was fast asleep again. The storm seemed to increase, and in half an hour the wind had risen to a tempest. Blinds rattled, doors creaked on their hinges, and rain and hail were blown threateningly against the windows.

I shivered as I thought of Harry—well protected though I knew him to be—exposed to such a night; but no hint of anything save the physical discomfort of the storm and a wifely fear that he might take cold, reached me.

I replenished the fire, drew his dressing-gown and slippers a little nearer the warmth, and was about to take up my book again, when Hero arose with a start and a growl so deep and horrible that for a moment I was afraid of him. Such a deadly, murderous noise I had never heard before from man or beast. I tried to soothe him, but he did not appear to see or hear me. I called him all the pet names he was so fond of, but to no purpose.

Growl succeeded growl, each one more blood-curdling than the last. His eyes seemed fixed upon something that was going on in the room, and, finally, trembling with rage and excitement, he backed into the corner, and with another long, deep, terrible growl, sprang into the air.

I noticed even then, in my great terror, that he had jumped about as far as the throat of a tall man. It seemed a weird and uncanny performance; but, notwithstanding I had grown as cold as death, and was shivering from head to foot, I had but one fear, and this was—that the dog was going mad. If such was the case, the symptoms were different from anything I had ever heard or read of.

After this singular spring the growling ceased, and the dog commenced to whine by the door, and beg to be let out.

The touch of my hand on his head seemed to provoke the most heartrending cries. No human face ever bore a more unmistakable expression of grief than did the face of this dumb animal. If I had been in the least superstitious, or a believer in anything supernatural, I should have immediately supposed that something had happened to my husband; but with my very practical nature and disposition, it was impossible that such an idea should present itself.

I glanced at the clock, and found it was half past nine.

Hero still whined by the door, and I at last opened it, passed into the hall and opened the outside door, and allowed him to rush into the street. It was the first time in my married life of five years that my husband had failed to keep his promise, but even this most unusual circumstance did not arouse the slightest suspicion of anything wrong.

I laughed at the idea of being alarmed because Harry was thirty minutes late, and, even as I laughed, I shook like a person in an ague-fit. Of course, he had been detained by business, and then he might be waiting for the storm to subside; but how long the moments seemed!

Ten—eleven—twelve—one o'clock! Other men staid out late at night. Why shouldn't my husband, if it pleased him to do so? But, how my teeth chattered as the words dropped from lips that felt as though they were stifling into ice!

Hero must have found his master, or he certainly would have returned before this; and that thought was my only hope.

I tried to force myself to keep away from the window and concentrate my thoughts on a book, remembering in this hour of anxiety what I had once read about the way people should learn to control themselves at such times as these.

It was no use. The page was a blur. I had but one sense, and that was the sense of hearing. Now and then a quick step was heard, but never the step I was watching for.

In this way the night passed, and with the first gray dawn of day Hero returned—alone. Instead of the glad bark that usually proceeded his entrance, he gave a low, sorrowful

whine, and passed slowly through the door I opened for him, walked straight to his mat and lay down.

“Oh, Hero!” I cried, taking one of his huge paws in my hand, “tell me where you have been? Have you seen him, old fellow? Oh, Hero! Hero! where is your master?”

He suffered his paw to remain where I had placed it, but closed his eyes and turned his head quite away.

For the first time I began to think there might be some relation between Hero's strange behavior the evening before and my husband's absence. Oh! if the brute could speak. Why had he remained away all night, and would he have done so if he had not been with his master, and if this was the case, why had he returned without him?

I buried my head in the dog's shaggy neck, and wept the first bitter tears of my life. The dear old fellow raised his head, and, without opening his eyes, licked the tears away, and at last joined me in a cry that almost broke my heart.

Something terrible must have happened to produce such an effect upon this dumb creature, and circumstances showed that it must relate to my husband. I then sent messengers in all directions, and waited with what patience and fortitude I could command till some of them should return with tidings.

Hero would not rise from the rug, nor touch the breakfast I brought him. With a look, that was almost human, he turned his eyes from the meat, which at another time he could not have eaten with sufficient speed, unto my face, and then, with a prolonged moan, closed his eyes and was still again.

At eight o'clock Charlie Dinsmore, my husband's most intimate friend, and the gentleman he went to meet the night before, arrived in hot haste. I knew his step and hurried to the door. Hero, too, was on the alert, and as I passed out of the library, he rose with a blood-curdling growl and followed me.

This was something I had never known him to do before, but in my terrible anxiety it meant little or nothing, and, with the dog behind me, I opened the door wide to my husband's friend.

As his eyes rested on Hero he turned deathly pale and stepped back.

“I don't like the looks of that brute,” he said. “Send him back, Mrs. Kinnard.”

I was then standing directly between Mr. Dinsmore and Hero, and the dog's suppressed growl warned me that the gentleman's fears were well grounded. I closed the door and endeavored to coax the dog back, but it was of no use; neither caresses nor commands availed in the slightest degree.

At that moment a servant, whom I had dispatched to my husband's place of business, passed hurriedly in; and Mr. Dinsmore, supposing I had called the dog off, stepped into the hall. With another murderous growl, Hero sprang for his throat, and, in less time than I can tell it, Dinsmore, who must have entered with his hand in his pistol-pocket, drew out a revolver and fired.

Hero fell, as I supposed, dead, and Dinsmore very coolly stepped across the animal's body and walked into the parlor.

There was no doubt but that the man was justified in this act. If he hadn't fired the moment he did, it would have been his dead body on the hall floor instead of the dog's, and for a brief moment I wished that it had been so.

There were servants to attend to poor Hero, and I followed Mr. Dinsmore into the parlor. He was standing by the mantel, looking very haggard and pale, and I noticed that his right hand was shaking violently as it hung by his side.

I was sure he had no good news for me the moment I saw his face; so I said, with the first real hatred in my heart I had ever felt:

“So you have nothing to tell me about my husband?”

“Absolutely nothing, Mrs. Kinnard; and, since I received your message, I have not known what in the world to think.”

“He said he was to meet you in the avenue last evening at eight o'clock,” I began again, and the sound of my own voice was so strange in my ears, “and he left me to keep that engagement.”

“It was such a horrible night,” he replied, and now the sound of his voice sounded even stranger than my own, “and, *of course*, I didn't suppose he'd think of such a thing as leaving the house in such a storm. I cannot think where he'd be likely to go. I have been to the office, and need not tell you he has not been seen there since yesterday afternoon.”

“He has been murdered,” I cried, and “murdered” seemed to be echoed by a hundred voices; “and Hero, who lies there dead, Mr. Dinsmore, saw it done. Whatever it was, it happened last night at half-past nine o'clock; and you have killed the only one who could have helped us find the murderer.”

I shall never know what it was that made me keep my eyes fixed on my companion, but during the whole interview I am certain my eyes never wandered from his face.

“Twenty minutes of nine?” he repeated, with lips that had grown ashy and fingers that worked convulsively round the brim of the hat he held in his hand.

“Great heavens!” he exclaimed at last, and then, recovering himself a little, walked to the window.

“I suppose, Mrs. Kinnard, we are both very cowardly to be so easily discouraged,” he managed to articulate at last with some firmness. “Something which neither his wife nor his friend may be aware of has kept him, in all probability, and he will shortly be back. Try and keep up your spirits, and I will return in a couple of hours. I am very sorry about poor Hero,” he continued, as he stepped into the hall—Hero's body had been removed—“but it was my only chance. I am afraid Harry will never forgive me; but I may depend upon you to tell him just how it was, Mrs. Kinnard. Harry knows that the dog always disliked me.”

It may be asked how could I remember the details of a conversation when so nearly distracted about my husband? Who can tell? I can only say that every word uttered by my companion on this and every succeeding visit was indelibly impressed upon my mind.

“You have no call to worry about Hero,” said a man-servant, coming from the dining-room as the door closed on Mr. Dinsmore. “He ain't dead, and he ain't a-going to die, neither. The ball went right through his shoulder, and I think it must have struck some of the vitals and stunned him for a few minutes. The ball landed right close to his hide, and I took it out with my penknife. He's kinder weak, but he'll be all right by the time Mr. Kinnard gets home.”

“By the time Mr. Kinnard gets home!” Did this man really believe that my husband would ever come home again?

“And, Mrs. Kinnard,” the faithful servant continued, “if I was you— excuse the liberty, ma'am—but if I was you, I wouldn't let Mr. Dinsmore know but what the dog was dead.”

“Would you mind telling me why, John?” I asked, as I followed him to the dog-kennel, pressing my nails into my hands till they bled in the great effort to keep steady.

“Because, ‘ma'am,” John replied, as if weighing every word, “a dog like Hero don't take such freaks into his head for nothing. There's something wrong about Mr. Dinsmore, sure's my name is John. I've allers thought it, and now I know it.”

How strange it was that dogs and servants should know more of the character of a man than his associates!

Charlie Dinsmore had always been on the pleasantest terms with every member of our family, excepting Hero. He was the life of all our social gatherings, and was not only welcome, but desirable, at all times.

I had always been glad that Harry possessed so congenial and faithful a friend. If there was anything wrong about the man, why had my intuitions not warned me against him?

Or had the culture and refinement of education warped and destroyed the natural and intuitive part of my nature?

Even then I found myself wondering how this could be, and braided in with the speculation and awful anxiety was the thought that I had not always been considerate enough of my husband.

Once—oh, how distinctly it all came back to me!—I had spoken crossly to him, and once I had refused to wear the dress he liked the best—trifles then, but now magnified by my misery into actual crimes.

Hero looked very quiet and comfortable, and greeted my entrance with a low whine of satisfaction; but as I stooped beside him and stroked his head, he commenced to cry again in the same piteous, heartbreaking manner.

I looked up to see John turn his head quickly away, with an expression on his face which told me the whole story. John believed that his master had met with foul play, and that he would never return.

How I lived through this day, and the long days and nights that followed, heaven only knows. The best detectives could find no clew, and in this terrible manner two weeks slipped away.

Mr. Dinsmore called two or three times daily, and was exceedingly kind and helpful, and aided the police in [every] possible manner. I honestly endeavored to disabuse my mind of all prejudice, and fought especially against the element of the supernatural which had been so strangely brought into my life.

In closely analyzing every circumstance, I found there was absolutely nothing on which to base any suspicion of my husband's friend, excepting Hero's most inexplicable behavior.

Will you condemn a friend on evidence that has neither reason nor logic for a foundation premise? asked common sense and conscience. No, I would not; and so I forced myself to receive the constant visitor as if I had never suspected him.

This was the work of reason, but something else—who shall give it a name?—forced me to watch every word that dropped from his lips, note every inflection and gesture.

I had told the detectives that my husband went out to meet Mr. Dinsmore. This, my only clew, was followed as far as it would go, and only one out of the three detectives considered that there was anything more in this circumstance than appeared on the surface. To this gentleman, called by his companions Delver, I dwelt at length on Hero's conduct, and his attempt to kill Mr. Dinsmore. I told him that John's advice had decided me not to undeceive the gentleman in regard to the dog's death.

“That John of yours is nobody’s fool,” said the detective.

“Then you believe,” I asked, with my heart in my mouth, “that Hero’s most unusual behavior that night had reference to something that was befalling my husband?”

“I have been a detective, Mrs. Kinnard,” replied my companion, “ever since I was sixteen years old. I am now forty-five, and I tell you the truth when I say that the things that have led me to find out what I wanted to know, have always been the things that other folks overlooked, and in many cases clues that other detectives laughed at.”

Delver visited the dog every day, but two weeks elapsed before Hero was able to leave his kennel. For a few days John had despaired of his life, but at last the fever left him and he began to eat again, and appeared much as usual. The effect of my presence on the dog had been so exciting that John had requested me not to visit him.

The fifteenth day of my husband's absence. Delver, after a long consultation with John, entered the library with Hero. For a moment the dear fellow acted as if nothing had happened, and then, after a quick survey of the room, began to cry in a way that almost unnerved me.

“That is very curious,” I heard the detective say, as Hero, with his face pressed against mine, broke out into the most heartrending cries.

After a while he stretched himself on the rug, but only to moan and sob like a human being in the greatest possible agony. It was decided that Hero should take a walk this evening with Delver.

“You might meet Mr. Dinsmore,” I said, “and then the secret would be out.”

Delver was then standing before Harry's picture, and turned with a curious smile—by-the-way, the first his face had ever worn since the day he came to me—and said:

“I’ll take care of that, Mrs. Kinnard; but to do this successfully and all the rest I want to do, I shall be obliged to ask still another favor of you. I want you to lend me a coat, a hat, a collar and neck-tie of Mr. Kinnard's; and then I want you to help me by showing yourself as plucky as you have all through; and a man couldn't expect more than that. I have brought a long, almost invisible chain for Hero, and about nine o'clock he and I will take our chances. You needn't see me, Mrs. Kinnard, when I got my clothes changed, unless you like; but of course, if you *are* strong enough—and I think you are—I should like you to be the judge of my disguise: The fact is, if I don't make up exactly like Mr. Kinnard, I shall give up to-night's job.”

“Very well,” I replied, “I will send the clothes to your room, and when you are ready, come to me here.”

In height and figure my husband and the detective matched very well; but in every other respect they were as positively unlike as two men could be. The idea of this plain, almost cadaverous face, with small gray eyes and prominent nose, being made to resemble the handsome countenance of my Harry almost made me smile. I wondered a little at his motive in wanting to disguise himself in such a manner and then forgot all about it.

Hero cried and whined and pawed the door so incessantly, that I was obliged to ring for John to take him away till Mr. Delver should be ready to go; then, returning to my chair before the fire, I was soon lost to my surroundings, and conscious only of my great sorrow and loneliness.

So I sat like one in a dream, how long I have no idea, but the next thing I knew the door softly opened, and my husband stood before me. I tried to rise and meet him, but my limbs refused to move. Once more my lips were ice, and no word would pass them. Why did he not come to me? At last, by an almost superhuman effort, I dragged myself from my chair and tottered forward.

“Oh, Mrs. Kinnard!” came the voice of Delver. “A thousand dollars wouldn't have tempted me to do this if I hadn't thought you'd be expecting me.”

Of what happened after that I have no recollection, but when I came to my senses, the doctor and my maid were bending over me, and I was told it was almost morning.

Delver's Story

I never felt so bad in all the days of my life as I did to leave Mrs. Kinnard in that frightful faint. I thought at first she was dead, but the doctor said she'd come to all right; and, perhaps after all, 'twas a merciful thing that she had lost her senses for a little while. It was about nine o'clock when I fastened the chain to Hero's collar and started into the street. I had my pipe all laid, and if the dog didn't balk me, intended to find out whether Dinsmore had really made away with Mr. Kinnard. I believed he had, but 'twa'n't any use to believe if you hadn't some proof, and though a dog might satisfy me, he wouldn't be likely to stand much show in court.

For a few blocks Hero's way and mine seemed to go together, then he began to pull pretty hard in another direction. I made up my mind that this dog had got to be treated like a human being, for this night anyhow, so I turned his way for a minute, and when I found a good quiet place, stopped short, and had a square talk with the beast. Says I: “Hero, old fellow, I've got a job this way, and if you don't help me I can't do it. I'm going to find Dinsmore, Hero,” and I spoke that name awful slow and solemn like; “and I'm going to see what he's done with your master.”

At this word I thought the dog would eat me up, and if these were the last words I should ever speak, it's the truth that Hero seemed to take in all I said, and I think it's pretty good proof that he did, when he turned deliberately round and started off on a run the way I wanted to go.

I had stationed my right-hand man, Conover, dressed like a porter, with a note for Dinsmore, by the steps of the clubhouse, where I knew the villain was to spend the evening. This note was a ploy to bring Dinsmore to the door. I had arranged that Hero and I should stand a yard or two from the steps, where the strong gaslight should shine full upon us.

“It's all right,” said Conover, as we came up, “he's in there; but how under heaven are we going to keep the brute still?”

I shortened the chain, and Hero stood by my side as still as a mouse. It's my opinion that he knew just as much what was going on as I did.

After leaving Mrs. Kinnard, I had carefully powdered my face, and in a way that made me look a good deal more like a corpse than a live man. I forgot to say that his master's clothes hadn't deceived Hero as to who I was a particle. He smelled of 'em a minute, looked up in my face and whined a little, but that was all.

As Conover ran into the clubhouse, I said a word to Hero, but he didn't take the least notice of me. I declare it made my blood stand still in my veins, and the hair to creep on my head, to see the brute watch the door. At last Conover came out, and in a minute Dinsmore appeared in full evening dress and bareheaded.

“Say, fellow,” he shouted to Conover—I saw he had been drinking—“what the deuce is the meaning of this note?”

Before Conover could answer, Dinsmore's eyes fell upon Hero and me. Hero might have been carved in stone, so still was he, and I—well, I was a graven image, too.

“Good God!” said Dinsmore, with a face as white as mine; “there they are again!”

And then he clutched his hair with both hands, and fled up the stairs as if pursued by a thousand demons.

I had detectives in the club-house to watch the man's behavior while he remained there, and to follow him when he left; So he was looked out for, and the three of us lost no time in getting away. Hero was quivering all over like a horse that had been unmercifully beaten, but I petted him a little and he soon got over it.

I had my own reasons for wanting Conover with me, and we followed the dog to the corner, where I had persuaded him to alter his course.

“Where do you suppose the brute is heading for?” inquired Conover, who had begun after my successful experiment to see things a little as I did.

“He's bound for the spot where his master met with the foul play,” said I, and I believed every word of it as my mother believed her Bible.

Perhaps half a dozen times in our tramp Hero stopped as if perplexed, but never for more than a few seconds. He would then go on again as if perfectly satisfied that he was right.

He was heading for the water, and Hero led us by the most unfrequented streets. “How could Mr. Kinnard have been induced to travel in this direction on that stormy night?” I kept constantly asking myself.

I was sure that he had; but it certainly was the biggest conundrum I ever tackled. When the dog arrived at the particular dock he had chosen from all the rest, he stopped again, and then, with the first glad cry I had ever heard out of his mouth, bounded to the water's edge and looked out on the ocean.

No place could have been better adapted for a robbery or a murder than this, and Conover and I stood and watched the dog with our hearts in our mouths.

Conover thought Mr. Kinnard must have been killed and his body thrown into the water. I didn't agree with him. The peculiarity of Hero's behavior was this: His attention seemed directed down the coast, and I observed that he never once looked into the water. After he had jumped and barked and whined for an hour and a half, Conover began to grow disgusted.

“I fancy he's a good deal like other dogs, after all,” said he. “We might as well call him off and go home.”

I didn't blame Conover, for 'twas awful tedious business; but I had made up my mind that Mr. Kinnard was alive, and that anyhow I was going to stick it out as long as the dog did. So I dismissed Conover, and he left me with a grin which said plainer than words that he thought me the biggest fool he'd ever had any dealings with.

I didn't mind that. I'd been thought a fool a good many times, and to tell the truth, I'd much rather stay on that dock and watch this dog than sleep in the softest bed. Conover hadn't my love for a clew, and I was glad when he'd gone.

Well, I did stay there all night, sure enough, and when I tell you that Hero kept steadily on his feet, and barked and jumped till daybreak on a spot not over two yards square, I am telling you the honest truth. About five o'clock a brig hove in sight, which seemed to be making for our dock. When Hero saw this craft I thought he would have jumped into the water, and he certainly would have done so, had I not held on to the chain with all my might. It might have taken half an hour to get the brig in, and during that time, Hero, in his frantic efforts to get aboard had pretty nearly skinned my fingers and the palms of my hands. At last I gave him his head and followed him on board. The sailors looked at us in the greatest wonderment, but Hero didn't wait to explain or apologize. He made for the

cabin-door, and, before I was aware was out of sight. A pleasant faced gentleman, whom I found to be the mate, approached me and said:

“I s'pose you are the gentleman's brother?”

I replied that I was a detective trying to find him. “Well,” said he, “you are the picture and image of him, anyway, and you look almost as ill as he does.”

I wiped the powder from my face and followed him into the cabin. Hero had found his master, and was lying in the bed beside him in the first stateroom.

“Oh, Hero! Hero!” I heard a weak voice say, as I stood by the door with my legs trembling under me—“Hero, old fellow! dear Hero! Oh, if you could only tell me something of your mistress, I should be well again.”

“I can tell you all about her,” I said, going forward and taking the sick man's hand in mine. “Your wife is a brick, sir. She hasn't given you up, not a bit of it. I'll have her with you in a jiffy now; so keep up your courage. She's all right. I'm a detective, Mr. Kinnard; but your wife and dog'll beat me any day. In fact, if I'd done what your dog has, I could draw a salary of twenty thousand a year.”

I then [dispatched] a messenger with a note to Mrs. Kinnard, which ran in this way:

“Your husband is found, and will be home shortly. He has been very ill, but is now out of danger. Say nothing to D.
DELVER”

Then I sent for a cab, and, while the captain's wife was making preparations for Mr. Kinnard's departure, the captain told me the whole story. About half-past nine on the night that Mr. Kinnard left his home, the captain's wife, who was standing at the cabin door, heard cries of distress from the dock. She got one of the sailors to go on shore with her, and here, a few yards from where the brig lay, they found Mr. Kinnard, who was bleeding from a terrible wound in his head.

The wind had changed, but was blowing as hard as ever, and the kindhearted woman had him at once conveyed to the brig. While she was attending to his wounds her husband came on deck, and, without knowing what was going on in the cabin, had set sail for Santa Barbara, where they were bound for a load of fruit. They had been waiting two days for a fair wind, and, of course, got ready as soon as it changed.

The good lady was dismayed when she found that they were off, but she could do nothing but submit. Mr. Kinnard had been unconscious from the moment he was brought on board till two days before. The poor man had nothing about him that gave the slightest clew to his name, residence, or occupation. His pocket-book and valuable papers had all been stolen, and his clothes were not marked.

It took two of us to get Mr. Kinnard into the carriage, but he seemed to grow stronger as we rode.

I found before we reached home, that Mr. Kinnard had met Dinsmore on that evening at the place appointed. Dinsmore had insisted on his friend's having something to drink. Mr. Kinnard, who seldom drank, said he would take a glass of wine. This must have been drugged, for Mr. Kinnard had no recollection of anything until he reached the dock. Here Dinsmore struck him on the head several times with some sharp instrument, which Mr. Kinnard thought was a stone.

This brought him to his senses, instead of stunning or killing him, as the villain expected, but it deprived him of all power to move.

“At that moment,” said Mr. Kinnard, “I saw Hero leap at Dinsmore's throat, and then followed a quick tussle. I heard Dinsmore say, ‘You confounded dog! So you are hero, are you?’ and then knew no more till three days ago, when I came to myself in that little stateroom. Of course, Dinsmore left me for dead, for I had no power to make a sign.”

Why Hero had left him in such a condition and gone home to his wife, seemed to perplex Mr. Kinnard very much; and when I told him that Hero had not left the house that night till long after that had happened, he was more in the dark than ever.

I found that once a month Mr. Kinnard had been in the habit of bringing home several thousand dollars to put into packages for four or five hundred employees. This was his night for doing so, but he had decided that it was not a very safe business, and would hereafter do this work in the office. So it happened that this night Mr. Kinnard had only twenty or thirty pounds in his pocket-book.

The doors were wide open, and John and most of the other servants were on the door-steps when we arrived at the house, but Mrs. Kinnard was nowhere to be seen. I began to feel anxious about her, but I needn't have worried, for the stupidest woman always has more sense than a man at such a time as this.

A bed had been put up in the library to keep from carrying him up stairs, and as we laid him on it Mrs. Kinnard came out of another room all dressed up as nice as you please, and in less than a minute her husband's head was on her bosom, and Hero was licking the pair of 'em.

Two hours afterward, as I was coming down the street towards Mr. Kinnard's house, I saw Dinsmore ahead of me, walking at a pretty quick pace. I had his order of arrest in my pocket, and concluded not to hurry about it, and just watch what he was up to.

I saw him go up the steps of Mr. Kinnard's house, and I walked leisurely along after him. Presently Dinsmore ran back into the street with Hero after him, and in a minute Hero had him by the throat and Dinsmore was down.

I tried to call him off, for I hated to have the dog cheat the law of this murderous rascal, but I might as well have talked to the wind. A policeman was just about to strike Hero on the head with a club when he let go his hold and walked into the house, and you can bet high that he didn't leave the wretch while there was an atom of life in him.

I thought at first that Hero would have to be killed, but I worked with a will, and so did Conover and the rest of us detectives, and Hero came off with flying colors.

It took Mr. Kinnard a month to get entirely well; but as I told him he didn't seem in any hurry to get out of his wife's hands, he laughed and said that I was perfectly right, and he only wished that I could be half as happy as he was.

His five thousand dollars made me feel pretty good, but I couldn't come up to him if I had a bank at my back. I was there last week to dinner, and the dumb detective and the "reg'lar" were made as much of as if they'd been princes of the blood.

We Learn to Climb by keeping our eyes not on the hills that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

Bath Independent, January 3, 1880