

The Southbury Robbery

It was the week of the Southbury Hunt Steeplechase meeting, and the Old Red Lion Southbury, was packed with hunting men and their parties.

There were the Earl and Countess of Woodmansterne, Viscount and Viscountess Morden, Sir Jocelyn and Lady Tamworth, Gen. Wynn-Parkinson, the Dowager Lady Titcombe, and Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Beddington, a wealthy couple, who had taken a hunting-box in the Southbury country for the season, and, by their lavish hospitality had made themselves very popular in the local society.

Now Mrs. Beddington had some exceptionally fine diamonds, of which she was piously proud. But they were also a source of considerable anxiety to her, inasmuch as she lived in constant fear of having them stolen.

On the present occasion, coming down to Southbury from London, where she had been staying a few days, she had a fright of this description, which upset her a good deal, and of which she gave her guests graphic particulars at dinner that evening.

She had noticed a tall, well-dressed man of rather sinister expression, following her about on the platform at Euston, while she was waiting for her train, and she felt intuitively that he had designs upon her jewels. This impression was strengthened when, finding herself momentarily in a crowd, she was jostled by somebody, and turning quickly round, recognized the same suspicious individual.

And it was absolutely confirmed in the course of her journey when she noticed him standing in the corridor just outside her compartment, with his eyes fixed upon her.

"I can't tell you what a feeling it gave me when I saw him there," she said with a little shudder. "It seemed to send the cold creeps all down my back, and though there were several other people in the carriage I was so frightened that I was half-minded to call the guard; only I recollected that I couldn't prove anything against the man."

"I should think not, my dear," interposed her matter-of-fact husband, laughing the incident aside with good-humored contempt. "If you had done anything so foolish you might have found yourself in serious hot water. For I have little doubt that you were merely the victim of your own nervous fancy, and that the man in question was a perfectly harmless and respectable member of society."

"Indeed, but I am absolutely certain he was nothing of the kind," replied Mrs. Beddington, with conviction. "And if you had been there, Cyrus, and had taken note of his appearance and his behavior, you must have formed the same conclusion as I did. . . . I tell you, I know the man was shadowing me, and that he was after my diamonds. I don't think he'd even have stuck at—violence, to effect his purpose," she added with a shudder, "and—well, I haven't got over the horrible fright he gave me yet."

The lady more or less recovered her composure. But it was evident that she was still by no means herself, and that she was only retaining her place at the head of the dinner table by an effort.

By and by she collapsed altogether, and instead of sitting up to witness the full dress rehearsal of some theatricals, she had to "fing" for her maid and retire to bed.

Cyrus, however, made light of it. He was too much accustomed to these hysterical attacks on the part of his wife to take them seriously. "It's a pity she will give to these nervous fancies," he said. "She is always imagining that people are after her diamonds. I sometimes almost wish that the diamonds might be stolen and done with—though they are worth £10,000."

Some hours later Cyrus was sitting in the smoking room, when one of the chamber maids entered hurriedly. "Oh! If you please, sir," she exclaimed, "Mrs. Beddington wants you to go up to her at once."

"Hillo! What's the matter now?" inquired Cyrus.

"She's had a fright, sir. She woke up a few minutes ago, and saw a man's face at her window, peering into the room; and she says she's sure he meant robbery. And she's that upset by it, sir."

"I am afraid I must wish you good night," he said. "My wife has had a tremendous fright. She asserts, not only that she saw a man's face at her bedroom window, but that it was the face of the man whom she described to us at dinner this evening as having shadowed her on her journey from London."

"I may say that in order to allay my wife's apprehensions, I have taken her diamonds and other jewelry downstairs and lodged them with the manager for safe custody. Anything you know, to pacify a frightened and hysterical woman. Well, good night, gentlemen."

And Cyrus Beddington retired to join his better half, smiling at the absurdities of the feminine fancy.

But a few hours later this gentleman found himself in the unusual position of having to sing small.

There was abundant and substantial evidence that the supposed vision had been, after all, a reality. For visions don't leave ladders and open windows behind them, nor do they pick the locks of jewel cases and ransack them of all their most valuable contents—which is what had happened in the present instance.

The Countess of Woodmansterne was the first to discover her loss. She at once raised the alarm, and it transpired that a number of other ladies had suffered in the same way.

The manager was summoned. The servants were called up. The police were sent for. But the thief had already made his escape. He had climbed in by a ladder through the window of a disused boxroom. The ladder was still there and the window still open. In the turf just under Mrs. Beddington's bedroom window, and again on the plaster of the wall just beneath the sill marks were found which showed that a ladder had been set up there. He had not done badly, either, having lifted jewelry to the aggregate value of seven or eight thousand pounds.

Of course the unfortunate victims were much upset by the theft, which they felt to be more aggravating because if Mrs. Beddington's belief that she had been shadowed by a thief had only been seriously, instead of being lightly dismissed as the creation of her own nervous fancy, the whole thing could have been so easily prevented. They were even disposed to be angry with Cyrus for not having taken steps to investigate that story of the face at the window. But this, as he ventured to point out to them, was hardly fair. His wife had cried "Wolf" so often, and nothing

had come of it, that you couldn't blame him for dist believing in the existence of the wolf when at length that predatory animal really came. One satisfactory feature there was, Mrs. Beddington was able to supply the police with a detailed and accurate description of the thief's appearance. This description was at once telegraphed all over the country.

In the course of the day an officer came down from Scotland Yard to investigate the robbery. His presence afforded the guests a comfortable sense of security.

But several of those ladies whose treasures had escaped took their jewelry, when they were not wearing it, to the manager, who locked it away for them in his safe. One who adopted this prudent course was the Dowager Lady Titcombe. On the evening of the second day after the robbery, wanting her diamonds to wear at that night's ball she went down to the office for her jewel case. It was handed to her, and she took it upstairs. In a few minutes, however, she came back, looking rather flushed and perturbed.

"You have made a mistake," she exclaimed. "This is not my jewel case. It is exactly of the same make and appearance as mine, and my key happens to open it, but it is somebody else's."

"By jove," the detective exclaimed, slapping his thigh. "Then that explains it. I had my suspicions of that precious pair from the first, and have already searched their luggage on the quiet, but could find no trace of any stolen property. Now, of course, I see how they managed it. The lady's story of the man who shadowed her was all moonshine, to divert suspicion. The ladder and the open window—managed, no doubt, by some confederate outside—were part of the same trick."

"Of course she took the jewelry herself when she shadowed him and went off early to bed. And then, when she had safely packed the swag into her jewel case she sends for her husband, and he has the cool cheek to bring it down and lodge it, for safe custody, in the manager's safe—just where no one would ever think of looking for it. No doubt he foresaw the possibility of his luggage being searched, and so hit upon that audacious method of at once concealing and securing his booty."

"It was certainly a master stroke on the part of our friend Cyrus," concluded the officer, with sneaking admiration, "and, but for his unforeseen mistake in the matter of the jewel-cases, would probably have enabled the worthy couple to get safe away with their spoils. But as it is—however, I'll be able to tell you more about that after the next assizes."

—London Truth.

Cheap Surgery in Japan.
At a cost of 24 cents Japanese doctors can dress the wounds of 500 men. They use a finely powdered charcoal obtained by the slow combustion of straw in closed furnaces. Satches filled with it are applied to the wounds, and its antiseptic and absorbent qualities generally effect a rapid cure.

Why the Plainsmen Want High and Sharp Pointed Heels.
In Olathe, Kan., there is a factory which makes 200 pairs of "cowboy boots" each week. Each pair of these boots is made to order. The Company has a catalogue, which it sends to the cattle ranches throughout the Southwest. It tells the cowboys how to take measurements of their own feet. These are sent to the factory and the boots made and sent out.

A "cowboy boot" is in a distinct class by itself, says the Kansas City Star. The leg must be decorated with fancy lites and curves sewed into the leather, and above everything else the heel must be at least two inches high, must curve inward from the back and the bottom of the heel must be very small.

A cowboy takes especial pride in two things, his hat and his boots. He often pays \$50 for his hat, and the best of the cowboy boots cost from \$8 to \$16. The ordinary shoemaker cannot make boots to suit a true cowboy he cannot get the heels right. And so the cowboy sends away for them, and pays a big price and express charges besides.

The factory in Olathe employs fifty men. All of the work is done by hand, and some of the shoemakers were brought from Germany and England especially to work in that factory.

Cowboys say they have high and sharp pointed heels to their boots not because of vanity and pride but as a matter of convenience. The high heels prevent the heels from passing through the stirrups, and they are also a brace when on the ground roping an animal. As the steer pulls to get away the cowboy sinks his sharp heels into the sod and this prevents him from slipping.

Squaw as a Housekeeper.
Put the squaw in a tepee and she is the neatest of housekeepers. Everything in one of these big, roomy tents is in apple pie order. The blankets are neatly rolled and stowed away under the edge of the tepee, leaving the centre clear. Bright colored blankets and fine fur robes are spread about, and a wonderfully beaded dance drum hangs from one of the poles.

But, on the other hand, put a squaw in a house and she is anything but a success. Go into one of these frame houses and you will find the mattresses laid along the floor, with the whole family sprawling thereon. The cracked cook stove will be in the middle of the floor, with anything but agreeable odors coming therefrom while the meal is in progress. Outside the beds and springs will be used as chicken roosts.

But the squaw doesn't let her housekeeping shortcomings worry her. When she puts on an elk tooth robe, valued at anywhere from \$1,500 to \$3,000, and rides to the fair or the agency on a Sunday astride a beaded saddle, she is a picture that any of her white sisters might envy.

Costs to Run a Big City.
It costs New York \$31 a head to be governed. In Philadelphia and in Chicago it costs only \$13 a head and citizens are provided with police, fire, sanitary and other protections common to large cities. In Buffalo, according to Broadway, the figure is \$12; in Washington, Bridgeport, Schenectady and cities of that sort, \$11 per capita pays the tax; in Houston, Tex., the charge is under \$10; in lively Los Angeles, \$7.50; San Antonio and Seattle each collect \$6.50, and Nashville, Tenn., is at the bottom of the list of progressive cities with a taxation of about \$6 per capita, less than one-fifth of New York's rate.

The average city tax throughout the country is probably between \$10 and \$11 per capita, or almost exactly the amount by which New York has raised its per capita figure in only nine years.

Using the Snake Bite Linct.
An instrument called the "snake bite linct" has been introduced in India, with excellent results. It is being widely distributed by the authorities to police outposts in Bengal and Assam, the central provinces and united provinces, and also to all village officials by some of the native States in upper and central India. A report by one person is to the effect that he had saved the lives of 20 persons bitten by cobras and karatis within the last year by the use of one linct. The use of this instrument may be the means of saving thousands of lives annually in India.

Ripening Bananas to Order.
An English electrical expert has discovered a means of ripening bananas to order. The bunches are hung in an air-tight glass case, in which are a number of electric lights. The artificial light and heat hasten the ripening process in proportion to the number of lights turned on. Records have been made which enable the operators to make delivery of any quantities at any agreed date.—New York Tribune.

Peanut Growing in Spain.
The only province in Spain where peanuts are produced is Valencia. There are two different sorts, one containing two nuts—probably known in America as Spanish peanuts—and the other containing three or four nuts, known in England as "giant." The first class is by far the most common and cheapest.

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How England Rewards Her Soldiers.
Britain has generally been generous in rewarding her soldiers. Perhaps the Duke of Wellington came off best in this respect. In his earlier Peninsular Campaign he was granted a pension of £42,000 a year for two generations, and on the conclusion of the Peninsular War in 1812, he was voted £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. After Waterloo the Government bought him the estate of Strathfieldsay at a cost of £288,000.

Lord Wolseley received a grant of £25,000 on completing his Ashanti campaign; Sir Hugh Gough for the Sikh war, an annuity of £2,000; Sir Colin Campbell, £2,000 for wiping out the Indian Mutiny, and Sir Henry Havelock, for the relief of Lucknow, £1,000.

Coming to more recent times, Lord Roberts received £100,000 for his services in the South African campaign, and Lord Kitchener received £30,000 after Omdurman.

Strength in Vegetation Growth.
"Strength is not a thing usually attributed to maidenhair fern," remarked a local florist, "and yet, if its roots have not sufficient room, they will break the strongest flowerpots. Blades of grass will force the curbstones between which they spring out of place. Indeed, the strength in vegetation is wonderful."

"The most striking example is the Island of Aldabra, to the Northwest of Madagascar. The island is becoming smaller and smaller through the action of the mangroves growing at the foot of the cliffs. The roots break off immense pieces of stone which fall into the sea. Into the gaps thus formed the waves cut their way. In a few years it is likely that by the combined action of the waters and mangroves, the island will disappear."

Debarring Hindoos.
Immigration Commissioner north of San Francisco has decided that a Hindoo cannot become a citizen of the United States, the United States statutes denying citizenship to all persons who are not white or of African descent.

CHINESE USE TIME STICKS.

Each One Will Burn Through a Period of 12 Hours.

The Chinese have several contrivances for keeping the time of day. The water clock has often been described, but the use of burning sticks is less familiar. These are described by Colonel Bridges in his book "Round the World in Six Months."

We bought a small bundle of time sticks. The sticks, each of which is 32 inches long, are used, as their name more or less implies, for the purpose of measuring time. For use by day some are especially made, while others for service by night are particularly constructed. Each burns during a period of 12 hours. Of these "King Alfred's candles," as some of our party termed them, we bought two, and from a printed circular or advertisement, which was at the same time handed to us by the man who sold them, we learned the following particulars:

The materials of which these time-measuring sticks are made are prepared according to the directions of the official or imperial astronomer or astrologer. The duration of each time stick is adjusted according to the clepsydra, or water clock, so that the time which it indicates when burning may be regarded as correct.

Time sticks which are manufactured to mark the hours of the day, must be lighted at day dawn, when the lines on the palm of the hand are just visible, while those which are constructed to mark the hours of the night must be lighted at dusk, when the lines on the palm of the hand are not discernible. Each stick when burning must be placed in a perpendicular position. It is also necessary that it should be placed in a room free from currents of air—Youth's Companion.

Foiled Doctor and Jeweller.
A story of an amazingly audacious swindle comes from Madrid, Spain. The heroine is a handsome, elegantly dressed woman, who the other day visited a specialist in mental diseases on behalf of her husband, who she said was a sufferer from religious mania. Having explained the case, it was arranged that she should return in about an hour with the afflicted husband.

The next scene of action was a jeweller's shop in another part of the city, where she selected diamonds to the value of £1,000 on the understanding that she would buy them if her husband approved. Would someone accompany her home in a cab, and the money would be paid immediately? A trusted clerk was sent, and with him the lady drove back to the doctor's house. In an ante-room she took the stones "just to show them to her husband" then, entering with sublime assurance the doctor's study, she informed the specialist that her husband was now in the ante-room and ready to be examined.

Leaving a visiting card, the lady took her departure, and the doctor, bidding the supposed patient enter, proceeded at his leisure to ask professional questions. The jeweller's man was puzzled at first but soon he realized that he had been made the victim of a clever fraud. The doctor, however, interpreted his agitation as caused by his complaint, and when after two hours matters were finally explained the lady impostor had vanished with her spoils without leaving any trace.

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Overcrowded Vienna.
Visitors to Vienna, admiring the symmetrical compactness of the city, little think how clearly this compactness is paid for, says the Mail Magazine. Shocking revelations regarding the overcrowding which exists among the poorer classes were made at a congress convened to discuss the housing question here. No less than 122,114 persons or 42 per cent of the whole population of the city live in apartments containing only one room besides the kitchen. Of these dwellings 12,137 are reported to be overcrowded; that is to say, occupied by six or more persons.

Conditions in the country towns are very little better. It was found that in fifty provincial places there was a quarter of a million people or 10 per cent of the total population, were living in one room, and 85 per cent of these apartments had six or more inmates. Under such conditions it is difficult to fight against the spread of consumption and other infectious diseases, and, heinous as one speaker remarked, "the sufferings of the poor constitute the danger of the rich."

Where South Is Still Used.
"So you thought that snuff had died out, did you?" said a millionaire snuff manufacturer of Philadelphia. "Well, it has died out among fashionable people, but millions of pounds of it are still consumed."

"I send a great deal of snuff to France, Georgia, Alabama, and the Carolinas, where the poor do snuff in huge quantities. To do this is to rub it on the gums and in the crevices of the teeth."

"I also send a lot of snuff to America and Africa. The Kaffirs stuff their noses with snuff mixed with pepper, while the Patagonians ram it up their nostrils with small wooden spoons."

"Have no fear about the snuff trade. There is still a good living in it."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Making Children Happy.
Miss Lillian Tyson, proprietor and manager of the Hot Ton Theater in Philadelphia, has inaugurated the custom of giving free tickets for matinee performances to the orphans in the city institutions, the manager boys and the street children.

THE SOUTHERN THEATRE.
In 1718 Foote had produced a burlesque, the author of which has never been discovered, entitled "The Talloren; or, Travels in Warm Weather." Dowton announced the revival of this piece for his benefit. As the title implies, it was a satire upon the marjorals craft, and upon the bills being issued an indignation meeting was convened by the knights of the needle, who vowed to oppose the performance by night and main.

Memorial letters were sent to Dowton, telling him that 17,000 tallorens would attend to his piece, and one, who signed himself "Death," added that 10,000 men could be found if necessary. These threats were laughed at by the actors; but when night came it was discovered that the craft were in earnest, and that, with few exceptions, they had contrived to secure every seat in the house, while a mob without still queued for admission. The moment Dowton appeared upon the stage there was a hideous uproar, and some one threw a pair of shears at him.

Not a word would the rioters listen to, nor would they accept any compromise in the way of changing the piece. Within howled and hissed without intermission hundreds of exasperated tallorens; outside howled and belabored thousands of rising tallorens, who attempted to storm the house. So formidable did the plot war that a Magistrate had to be sent for and special constables called out; but these were helpless against overwhelming odds, so a troop of Life Guards was ultimately summoned who after making sixteen prisoners put the rest to flight.

The Worst Climate.
"Speaking of rank climates," said a globe-trotter, as he laid out a fresh log, "I have experienced the three worst."

"Of these three unspeakable climates I give the palm to the Straits of Magellan. There it rains, on an average, 350 days in the year. The wind blows a hurricane from January to December. The thermometer never rises much above the freezing point. A year round of raw, bitter days of rain and snow."

"Next comes Sierra Leone, on the African west coast. That low-lying marshy region has an average temperature of 11 degrees, and the annual rainfall is 118 inches—enormous. There are, too, the 'mosquitos.' These are small, swarming like oyster mud, that rise occasionally from the marshes, giving malaria fever to nine out of ten of the white men that breathe them. A year round of hot and sticky days, with the smelly clouds of mait and whirling clouds of mosquitoes."

"Last comes the high table-lands of Central Asia, where the lack of moisture in the air makes the days Saharan and the nights Arctic. Days like a red-hot furnace, nights like a January blizzard—where this range of temperature no human constitution can stand up."

WOMEN IN THE FUTURE.

Refused for Formal A Performance. The Southern Theatre.

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Making Children Happy.
Miss Lillian Tyson, proprietor and manager of the Hot Ton Theater in Philadelphia, has inaugurated the custom of giving free tickets for matinee performances to the orphans in the city institutions, the manager boys and the street children.

THE SOUTHERN THEATRE.
In 1718 Foote had produced a burlesque, the author of which has never been discovered, entitled "The Talloren; or, Travels in Warm Weather." Dowton announced the revival of this piece for his benefit. As the title implies, it was a satire upon the marjorals craft, and upon the bills being issued an indignation meeting was convened by the knights of the needle, who vowed to oppose the performance by night and main.

Memorial letters were sent to Dowton, telling him that 17,000 tallorens would attend to his piece, and one, who signed himself "Death," added that 10,000 men could be found if necessary. These threats were laughed at by the actors; but when night came it was discovered that the craft were in earnest, and that, with few exceptions, they had contrived to secure every seat in the house, while a mob without still queued for admission. The moment Dowton appeared upon the stage there was a hideous uproar, and some one threw a pair of shears at him.

Not a word would the rioters listen to, nor would they accept any compromise in the way of changing the piece. Within howled and hissed without intermission hundreds of exasperated tallorens; outside howled and belabored thousands of rising tallorens, who attempted to storm the house. So formidable did the plot war that a Magistrate had to be sent for and special constables called out; but these were helpless against overwhelming odds, so a troop of Life Guards was ultimately summoned who after making sixteen prisoners put the rest to flight.

The Worst Climate.
"Speaking of rank climates," said a globe-trotter, as he laid out a fresh log, "I have experienced the three worst."

"Of these three unspeakable climates I give the palm to the Straits of Magellan. There it rains, on an average, 350 days in the year. The wind blows a hurricane from January to December. The thermometer never rises much above the freezing point. A year round of raw, bitter days of rain and snow."

"Next comes Sierra Leone, on the African west coast. That low-lying marshy region has an average temperature of 11 degrees, and the annual rainfall is 118 inches—enormous. There are, too, the 'mosquitos.' These are small, swarming like oyster mud, that