

After the Burglar

It was night. Deep, dark night, all over Reno including the home of Tom Ramsey.

Cautiously and with stealth he arose and, securing his trusty automatic from the refrigerator, and wrapping his clinging kimono about his shapely form, he sallied forth from the bedroom into the darkness.

Mr. Ramsey Jr. climbed promptly out of bed and, arming himself with a miner's candlestick of the latest and most deadly pattern, followed his war like father forth to the fray.

There was a roomer upstairs, and he, too, was served with a notice to come forth and do battle in defense of the house of Ramsey, and hastily drawing his trousers from the place between the mattresses, where he kept them to keep the creases from going away while he slept, he was soon a member of the now fully assembled army.

"Hist!" came from Ramsey. In low, vibrating tones which made the hair on the back of the roomer's neck turn its ends upward and his toes curl in eagerness to be moving away from the scene of the threatened carnage, and in his heart he considered the question whether or not it would not be best to desert, then and there, and so avoid taking the life of the man lurking somewhere in the gloom, all unknowing, waiting for an awful death.

The son of Ramsey and the roomer followed the lead of the grizzled veteran, guided by the soft, almost inaudible ruffling of his silk kimono. From room to room the slouches moved as silently as the shadows they would have cast if there had been any light, and peered around the corner of every door jamb in advance of the party was the trusty automatic and the deadly candlestick, and ever and anon came the threatening chatter of the teeth of the roomer who loinged for the fray and gory glory which was sure to follow the onset.

There was nothing doing to the anarchist or dynamite line above stairs, and then the party silently deployed on to the floor below, where it was not kept long waiting.

Suddenly and with appalling noise from a far corner of the room came the sound of the enemy. There was a splitting-thudding sound, followed by the crash of a heavy weight striking something with great force, followed in turn by a slighter sound from various parts of the room, and the dauntless three were just on the point of opening fire in an attempt to sell their lives as dearly as possible, when the roomer and the younger Ramsey were startled and somewhat relieved to hear the voice of the older Ramsey reverberating in slanting tones: "Oh, fudge, it's only a cat."

Silently, and with the gravity befitting the release from the necessity of shedding human blood, the roomer, Ramsey and Ramsey Junior returned to the slumber regions above, thinking of the goodness of providence in sparing them from the necessity of blood-shed. — Reno Evening Gazette.

The Key to the Bastille. The battle was the prison in which French kings confined political prisoners. Thousands of innocent persons were sent to this prison to atone for personal grievances of attaches of the king, who issued "lettres de cachet" to their ministers and officers. The cause of the arrest was nowhere recorded, and victims thus imprisoned might remain confined in the dungeons for a lifetime. In 1789 the people of Paris destroyed the Bastille after liberating all the prisoners. The key was presented by Lafayette to Washington, and it now hangs in the main hall of the later mansion at Mount Vernon.

Woman Accomplished Linguist. Miss Martine Kramers of Rotterdam, Holland, is one of the most accomplished of women linguists. She can read and speak thirteen different languages. She is the editor of the "Suffragist," the official organ of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance. She receives reports from the different countries affiliated with the International Alliance and translates them for her paper, which is printed in English.

Mam's Rough Path. Times are not always hard, but a man always needs money, for he is compelled to buy his salvation of a doctor, his health of a doctor, and his rights of a lawyer.

OLD TRICKS STILL WORK

Confidence Games Long Used Are Efficacious in Obtaining Money. Judging from the daily reports this is a particularly propitious season for the confidence men, says the Chicago Record Herald.

It is said that the "get rich quick" expert has violated no law, and if he hasn't there will be no pity for his victims. We may hold the sharper and all of his kind as undesirable, but there is a feeling that the victims get what they deserve. Sympathy, on the other hand, goes out to the innocents whose suffering is not due to their own cupidity.

Why 1909 Girls Are Stupid. The fashionable girl is very dull in winter. She has quite reversed the rule of hygiene that bids us, we would be healthy and bright, to keep our heads cool and our feet warm.

Illuminating with Cork. The cork oak grows plentifully in Spain and the peasants make use of the bark to light their houses at night. The bark is placed in a kettle, from which protrudes a spout, and when it is hot enough it gives off a gas which burns with considerable brilliancy.

A Disciplinarian. Miss Hobson was most popular with the two young and unmarried members of Centerville's school board. They did not propose to have any change of teachers in District Number Three.

The Retort Courteous. A lady, who was unfamiliar with the streets of New York, was much confused by the jargon used by a conductor. When she thought she must have arrived near her destination, the conductor poked his head into the car and said: "Empty boxcars!"

Ageing Timber. Timber is now seasoned electrically. It is placed in a solution of borax, resin and carbonate of soda, in a large tank connected with an electric current. The effect of the current is to make the sap rise to the top of the bath, while the solution enters the pores of the timber.

Etymological Note. To anticipate and avoid the fierce onslaughts of the language sharps, we hasten to say that all credit for "conspicuously" which decorated these columns yesterday, belongs to old Col. Linotype.

LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT

"I'm about sick of this place," remarked Bobby Dawes discontentedly in the snow clad mountains. "Tomorrow I shall pack up and go home."

The snow-clad mountains vouchsafed no reply and Bobby Dawes, with that feeling of satisfaction which the taking of any resolution, good or bad, engenders—rose to his feet and sauntered along the back of the lake side walk of Lugano back to his hotel.

There was no mistaking Bobby Dawes' nationality as he strolled idly along under the trees. Tall, Panama hat, an irreproachable tie, he looked the possible hero of many amateur adventures, although few adventures require reciprocity, and Bobby Dawes had rarely, if ever, reciprocated.

He speedily ascertained that Miss Hobson had not yet visited the local mountain San Salvatore. "It was impossible," he said decidedly with a shrug of his massive shoulders, "for Miss Hobson to ascend the mountain before the fog came on."

A simple act enough, but fraught with the most momentous consequences to Bobby Dawes. Suffering acutely from chattering tourists he leaned well out from his corner seat watching the other car as it approached, wondering idly when they would meet and pass. It was some twenty yards off when his eye was caught by a white and frilly hat. And, by George! as the car chattered.

They eyed her for a moment, to him it seemed an eternity, the car passed on and she was gone. And Bobby began to realize he had met the only woman he could ever love on the cog of a funicular railway, while he was going down, and she was going up. Every moment cruel fate—represented by a wire rope—was dragging them further apart.

Improvement of Country Life. The traveler exhibited a peculiar nervousness on seeing the long-legged, slim, horse-looking hogs that roamed at will over the country. At length he asked a native sitting on a fence by the roadside: "Aren't these razor-back hogs rather dangerous?" "I never heard of none of them doing any harm," remarked the native. "I think they must be safety razors."

Unnecessary Notes. The celebrated soprano was in the middle of her solo when little Johnny said to his mother, referring to the conductor of the orchestra, "Why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?" "He is not hitting at her," replied his mother. "Keep quiet."

Supervision of Spanking. A deputy supervisor of spanking was lately appointed in a New England city to see that the sentences of a police magistrate are carried out when the judge sends small boys home to be punished for stealing apples. The supervisor of spanking prefers to remain in his office, in command of his forces, while the deputy does the supervising, and arrangements common in other public offices.

PLAY BASEBALL AT NIGHT

Games in Alaska Begin at Half-Past Seven in Evening.

"Alaska is the greatest country in the world," said a prominent legal light, who made a tour there following attendance on the meeting of the American Bar Association at Seattle, says the Philadelphia Record. "Not since will residence there add ten years to your life, but from a sporting standpoint it is unequalled. Why, when I was at Sitka I attended a baseball game that did not begin until half-past seven p. m., and they played until ten o'clock. It is possible to have all kinds of outdoor games in the evening out there, and it must make some of the moguls of our national game, as well as many of the college athletic association heads, green with envy over the financial possibilities of that wonderful country. Were it possible to have such a climate here, it would put the theatres out of business, as with baseball in the summer, football in the fall and soccer as a winter attraction, people would hardly care for the milder amusements indoors."

The Climate. The oldest inhabitant is given a job by Sir John Moore, who has collected vast amount of data to prove that the climate during the past seven centuries has been practically unchangeable. While he has in mind particularly the climate of England, yet his deductions have general application. He has discovered the weather record kept by a Lincolnshire vicar in the Fourteenth Century, which shows that neither in variety nor in the coming of the seasons has there been any appreciable change. Were American records complete it is probable that little variation would be found in average conditions of the seasons, although it is held by scientists that the widespread destruction of the forests has resulted in greater variability of climate and more sudden changes. It is a question that will have to be fought out by the oldest inhabitant and the weather bureau.

The Critic. The man who has a good opinion of his own abilities, so much so that he thinks he can do a thing better than anyone else, was taught a good lesson recently. He was standing in front of a taxidermist's, in the window of which there was an owl that had attracted quite a lot of sight-seers.

Princeton and Cleveland. Those who live in Princeton have found it a slow process to adjust themselves to the fact that Mr. Cleveland is gone from our sight and now dwells with us only in memory, writes Andrew F. West in "Grover Cleveland: A Princeton Memory." His presence for over eleven years had become one of the fixed traditions of the place, an accepted possession, something that linked Princeton with the permanence of national history—something unobtrusive, yet pervading, known indeed to be transient, like all mortal concerns, and yet taken as though it would abide indefinitely.

Glass Wasting Away. The authorities of the Royal Museum at Dresden have discovered a glass vase in one of their showcases, dating from the eighteenth century, which shows every sign of suffering from a wasting disease, and not only is it wasting away but the authorities declare it has infected the other glass vessels in its immediate neighborhood. The vase has been carefully examined by experts, and various medicines, externally applied, but to no purpose.

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Variegated Costume. From the land of the Moros a soldier writes: "A Moro matron passed our quarters this morning, wearing a belittling jacket, purple trousers with large heart designs worked in yellow, blue and pink embroidery; a red and black sarong; yellow plush slippers and yellow sing mantilla. The lady's maid (old), in modest garb, walked behind, carrying a magenta parasol."

Size of China. Area of China proper, 1,582,480 square miles; population 407,337,305. Including dependencies, area, 4,376,400 square miles; population, 426,337,300.

CAP, THE FIRE DOG

Cap had lived with the firemen ever since he could remember. He had been brought to the station when he was only a little puppy, and every fireman loved him and declared that Cap was the wisest dog that he had ever seen.

One fireman had taught Cap to stand on his back feet and say, "Bow-wow!" whenever he was hungry. Another fireman had taught him to scratch the floor below the water faucet and bark whenever he was thirsty.

The chief of the fire department said that Cap could do more "tricks" than any dog he had ever seen, and the best one of all he had learned to do without ever having been told how to do it.

The firemen slept upstairs over the station in long rows of white beds and, whenever the fire bell rang in the night, the firemen would spring from their beds, dress before you could say Jack Robinson, run to the four large holes in the door, and come sliding down the poles one after another, then they would run to the horses, which at the sound of the bell had found their places in front of the engine, the hose cart, the hook-and-ladder wagon and the chief's cart, buckle on the harness, and each fireman would spring into place ready to drive away to the fire.

Cap longed to slide down the poles as the firemen did, but of course that was something no dog could do. So if he happened to be upstairs as he often was, when the fire bell rang in the daytime, he would run to the stairway, clear the steps at three bounds, and spring to his place on the seat beside the chief.

But at night Cap stayed downstairs, sleeping very near the telephone and fire bell, and when the alarm sounded, the firemen would hear Cap's loud "Bow-wow!" almost as soon as they heard the bell, and, no matter how quickly they dressed, they would always find Cap in his place ahead of them.

"He is the best fireman in the station," the chief would sometimes say. "He is always dressed and ready for work." And the firemen would laugh and pat Cap's head, and say that, if they slept in their clothes as Cap did they too would be ready and in their places in one minute.

But no fireman ever slept after the bell rang, and not one of them was ever known to say, "Wait a minute, or, I am too sleepy to go." Even the horses would run to their places the instant they heard the bell, so Cap thought it his place to do the same.

One night there was a great storm, and something happened to the telephone and fire bells, so that they could not ring, and, in the night time, when all was dark and still, and all the firemen and the fire horses were sound asleep, a house caught fire, and the policeman on the street corner ran to the telephone to call the firemen out.

The fire bell tried its best to ring, but, instead of a loud "Ding-a-ling," it could say nothing more than "Bz-z."

Not a fireman heard it. "Bz-z-z!" said the bell again, and suddenly Cap opened his eyes, and with a loud "Bow-wow-wow!" sprang to his place in the chief's cart.

The fireman rolled out of their beds, and each one asked: "Did you hear that? Did the fire bell ring?" And the answer came: "No, it was only Cap barking; but he is certainly saying 'fire.' We had better dress and slide down and see about it."

"Bow-wow! bow-wow-wow!" barked Cap. "Bz-z-z!" said the bell just as the first fireman came sliding down the pole.

"Fire!" shouted the fireman. "Cap was right. Come on!" And in a moment there was a clattering of many hoofs as the fire horses dashed to their places, the jingling of harness as it dropped into place on the horses' backs, shouts of "Fire, keep out of the street!" from the policeman in front of the station, and "clang, clang, clang!" from the gears of the engine, the hose cart, the hook-and-ladder wagon, and the chief's cart as they dashed away down the street.

The fire was soon found and put out, and, when the people who lived in the burning house came out to thank the firemen, the chief patted Cap on the head and said: "Do not thank us. Thank Cap. He is the best fireman of us all." And Cap who had never for one moment ceased his "Bow-wow-wow!" wagged his tail and said, dog fashion, "I did the best I could, but I am not a fireman, I am only Cap, the fire dog." — Edna Everett, in Kindergarten Review.

London Bridges. Few perhaps are aware of the extent to which the city of London is bridged over. In all it seems there are no fewer than seventy-five bridges. Of these nineteen are railway bridges three are bridges over roads such as Holborn viaduct, and fifty-three bridges which connect private premises.

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