

BURGLES' CURIOUS INSTA

How a Package of Stolen Jewelry Came into Hands of the Police... Jewelry and gold watches to the value of \$400 have been handed in at Scotland Yard under extraordinary circumstances.

Inexperienced Servants. Some families judge every penny paid out in wages. They will not give the sums justly demanded by good servants, so content themselves with raw recruits or inferior maids who cost them pounds and pounds in the year for breakages, general destructiveness and waste of food through bad cooking and ignorance of how to utilize scraps not to mention the endless wear and tear to brain and nerve through the worry and discomfort they cause.

Stevens' a Bad Speller. One of the most polished and painstaking of English authors regarded correct spelling as a locally necessary accomplishment in his introduction to R. Stevens's letters Sidney Smith writes: "I have not held myself bound to reproduce the author's minor eccentricities of spelling and the like as all his friends are aware of and are quite accurate and scrupulous in their attention to which this master of English letters was never able to learn."

To Have Revolving Stage. The New theater in New York is to be equipped with a revolving stage which will enable the director Mr. Winthrop Ames to give such a variety of scenes as Shakespeare's plays call for. Among the dramatic classics to be presented when the theater opens are "Antony and Cleopatra," "The Winter's Tale," "The Tempest" and "The School for Scandal."

Rainy Day Thoughts. "When I used to live in New York," said the New York woman, "I used to be a good excuse for the rain. Whenever it rained we said, 'How fine it will be for the crops,' and stayed indoors gladly, but here in New York there's no earthly excuse for it raining day after day and the shops so full of beautiful things we would like to buy."

My Little Daughter Had Been Told by her teacher to stand with her feet apart, and her right hand would be at the waist, her left hand would be at the waist and her back would be at the waist. Starting to go over the teacher asked, "Now tell me what is in front of you?" After some thought, my little daughter replied, "My stomach."

What Happened to Alice. "What became of Alice Green," who came from Potomac, Pa. to New York to make her mark in the world, asked some visitors at an art school. "She was going to do much wonder in New York," I think, answered the pupil, who had known Alice Green. "That she walked in front of a picture and she thought was going the other way."

Too Technical. The artist was painting at a very small bird at the little table above. He finally laid down the knife and fork and looked sternly across at his companion. "I don't see how you can eat these table cloth dinners," said he. "Don't. There is too much technique."

Detective Work. "I want a detective," roared the excited citizen, as he rushed into the police station. "There's a fight going on in front of our home, and if you don't send me a detective who is capable of finding a policeman quick, there'll be trouble."—London Globe.

Applies as Cure for Influenza. A cure for influenza which is being strenuously advocated consists of copious draughts of absolutely pure milk, widely opened windows by day and night, and a diet of ripe apples and bread only.

Salt Water Baths in London. A flourishing business by England now is sending sea water up to London for the use of those who find it difficult to travel down to the sea from the city.

Keep Your Whims in Subjection. If you don't conquer your whims, your sudden impulses, they will conquer you in time, and you will find that life has grown stale and lacking in all interests.

Use of Relations. The more relatives a man has the more comfortably he could get along without any of them.—New York Press.

Godliness First. It is vanity to wish for a long life and to take little care of leading a good life.—A Kemptia.

Where Germs Live. The Germans are the world's greatest chemists.

MOT WATER BAG FOR BABIES

Warm Their Hearts as Well as Their Parts of Their Bodies. A new hot water bottle contrived to make the infantile heart yearn for possession has been placed on sale at certain shops. When the baby waches not to mention that more probable location known in the nursery as its nursery, the new hot water bottle comes mighty handy. To all appearances it is a doll. Her pretty, indestructible head and body are covered with a patterned cloth of blue or pink flannel and her body is enveloped in a cape of the same. Lift up the cape says Town and Country and you discover that the rest of her is a goodly sized hot water bag the stopper part being above the foot would other wise come.

Pneumonia in the Lead. Lecturing at the Harvard Medical school Dr. Elliot T. Loring declared that pneumonia was the most fatal malady in Boston in the year 1900. It was 1000 victims a year, and the "white plague" is coming third. Pneumonia affects all ages and about 25 percent of the cases result fatally. It is not usually supposed, said Dr. Loring, that pneumonia had practical or hygienic conditions and that exposure to cold winds is one of the things that may catch it by breathing in the atmosphere where there is a pneumonia patient in the vicinity.

Johnny and His Boss. The boss entered the office this morning and found the office boy sitting at the typewriter. "What are you doing?" he asked. "I'm waiting for the boss," said the boy. "I did a little for the boss," said Johnny, patting her with the tip of the baseball bat.

Word's Meaning Modernized. Literally the word rajah means "King and maharajah the great king" or ruler over several kingdoms, but generally speaking the titles "rajah," "maharajah" and "nawab" have no greater significance than the words "feudal lords," as used in medieval times in Europe. Many of them have been made by the will of the reigning chief, many bestowed for military services and deeds.

Madisons. The madison is a more popularly supposed to cure exophthalmia. Such stones, usually of the size and shape of an egg, are superstitiously preserved in parts of the United States, because they are believed to absorb poison. The madison is a light porous stone of greenish color. They are quite rare, being only occasionally found in the south.

Not What He Meant. The Liverpool Post tells of a Birmingham church secretary who announced in church on Sunday that a Shakespearean recital in character would be given. When he was informed that the recital would not be "in character" he corrected himself by saying, "None of those taking part in the recital will be dressed."

Providing for Emergencies. "Look here," exclaimed the angry man, as he rushed into the real estate agent's office that plot I bought from you yesterday is 80 feet under water." "Pardon my oversight," apologized the gentlemanly agent. "We give a diving suit with each plot. We'll send yours to you to-day."—Stray Stories.

Men Can Care For Themselves. A coal company in the Hocking valley, O., employs but men and mules. One mule costs \$200 and in point of work equals six men. The company has this order standing on its books: "When the roof gets weak, take out the mules."—Vancouver Mining Exchange.

Remedy for Hoarseness. A simple remedy for hoarseness and a irritating "tickling" in the throat consists of making a gargle of an egg beaten in a froth and adding half a glass of warm, sweetened water. Drink this every little while, rather than all at once, as most men drink all liquids.

Her Gifted Relative. "I've got a cousin on my mother's side," remarked Mrs. Lapelling, "who can do anything with her left hand, and she can do with her right. I tell you, it's a great thing for a person to be amphibious."

Diversion of Energy. Mrs. Partington was trying to sweep back the Atlantic with a broom. "Don't discourage her," begged her husband. "It distracts her attention from the house. Thus we learn even the impossible has its uses."

Something New. An odd alarm clock is in the shape of an exaggerated watch. The stem is fitted with a ring, as in the case of the pocket timepiece, and can be hung up by means of this on a hook or peg.

Marks Eras in Mexico. Mexico's first modern normal school has just been opened at Saltillo. The event is believed to mark the beginning of an epoch in the history of Mexican education.

The Dignity of Labor. The man who has worked hard all day with his hands and goes home to a poor, cold supper finds it difficult to think cheerfully of the dignity of labor.

Michael Pierce's Warning

Michael Pierce was a particularly clever specimen of the handy man, and his services were much in request among the people of the Glen. Carpentering, mason work, paper hanging, painting were all one to him; and his was quite a natural aptitude, for he had never had any special training. At the time of the year when the birds were building, and human folks' thoughts turn to the renovation of their houses, Michael was in immense request. He was indeed never slack all the year round, and his importance in the town was such that he was called to his giving himself airs.

He hung out above his house, just opposite the wicker cage with the broken clawed thrush in it, a painted board bearing the inscription, "Mr. Pierce, Builder and Contractor," which was certainly a large description of himself. No one, however, saw anything amiss in it, though Mr. Thornhill the rector, who was a great patron of Michael's always coming on every puff of wind, chuckled when his eyes fell on the board. They like big descriptions there, why in the tiny town of the Glen, where the Glen church like the crockery on the wall and the brogue maker, Pat McAfferty brought out unexpected gleams of the semi-darkness. The place was the his bit of a shop, "Patrick Mc of gold from Michael's bent lit by three or four slits in the stone widening inward. Through these the leaves of autumn had to see him die an intolerable

glance at the man, her tongue drew out the bottle of whiskey, clamped with iron: it was strong, and he had his tools now he might have hewed or sawn a way through but he had taken home his bag this week ago. There was no hope of his getting out unaided. His only chance was that someone over his wrist, into one of the window slits. Then he fell into a delicious sleep.

But to get him that was the his abominable length from the Aroon, are you there, darlin'. If outside stones were loose. He thought. He would be intercepted stool, and faced her with a pallid, your thrust his hand through and she'll never say the found he could shake them. Well, at least he could widen his view and see if help were coming. He had been since the courting, and it trembled with tears, but Michael only turned over on his bed of leaves and hardened his heart. In a minute or two he sat up and heard Judy's voice, a little more work and he widened the opening. He could now see the fields below him, and far away the thatch of the village roofs. His eyes rested hungrily on the life and deliverance over there.

While he was laughing he fell asleep again. He awoke in the cold light of early morning, chilled to the bone, and with a consuming thirst. For a few minutes he could not remember where he was. Then the events of yesterday came back to him, and how he had fallen asleep while Judy was calling. He lifted himself up with difficulty; he was all aches and pains and the air was full of frost. He groaned as he straightened himself. His thoughts went to his own warm feather bed, with its white blankets. But the cold was nothing compared with the thirst. Oh, for a cup of Judy's hot tea, and a long sleep after the dearest treasure on earth. He was arger had somewhat evaporated, and he wanted the comfort of Judy's presence and her voice was hard on his feet; and as he had heard it when she called his name below the tower, frosty church yard he ran, leaping over tombstones and dashing through the lychgate as if the Wild Huntsman were after him.

He would go to her at once. He thrust his hand into the niche where he had flung the keys yesterday, and groped for them. Then his face burst out into cold sweat; there were no keys there. Could he have made a mistake? He shook his clothes and felt in his pockets; he explored the other window recesses; he went down on his knees and felt through the leaves. Then he stood up with a sinking heart, and faced what he had known, from the first minute, that the keys must have fallen through when he flung them.

It was Tuesday now and there would be no service till Sunday. Why, Mr. Thornhill was gone made vows during the night of terror. Anyhow, the reformation was a funeral, no one would of come here till Saturday at the earliest, and by Saturday—henceforth as Michael of his startled and flew in and out of the nests of twigs they had made with such care.

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ROCHESTER, N.Y.