My Last "Break"

By An Author-Burglar.

I had retired—as I thought, permanently—but the old lust for gain and adventure had swept me from my moorings, and I was once more on the road making a little professional tour through Westchester County, and meeting with the usual nocturnal adventures and varying degrees of success, when, one gloomy night, I inadvertently committed the fatal mistake which brought to a sudden termination—

But I will not anticipate.

It will be better to relate the happenings of that ill-starred night in their proper sequence.

Standing well back from the highway, on a sightly eminence, in the outskirts of a thriving village, I had noticed a large mansion, with well-kept lawns, extensive grounds, and other external evidences (as viewed from a distance) of being the abode of wealth and luxury.

I naturally supposed it to be the country residence of one of New York's many millionaires, and although the owner doubtless was not expecting a call from me, I resolved to extend to myself the freedom of his luxurious abode at the earliest opportunity and carry off, if luck permitted, a few specimens of plate and other souvenirs of the occasion.

So the first dark night, armed with the necessary tools and my trusty revolver, I strolled out to the neighborhood of the imposing mansion along about midnight, and greatly to my surprise found no trouble whatever in making my way into the grounds. There was a large iron gate at the entrance, but it was not locked, nor was there any watchdog on guard.

When I reached the house I saw what I had not before noticed, that there were heavy bars to all the windows. This struck me as strange, but some wealthy householders have peculiar notions, and I chuckled to myself at the idea which the owner of this place evidently entertained that the window bars furnished an added security to his valuables. Just as though a genuine housebreaker minded such a trifle as a half-inch wrought iron bar!

Selecting a convenient window, I produced a chilled-steel saw from my kit of tools and made short work of the bars. Then, prying open the window catch with a thin knife-blade, designed for that purpose, I cautiously raised the sash and crawled inside.

I found myself in a long and comparatively narrow hallway, at the further end of which a door stood ajar, and I confess that it gave me something of a start to notice that a lamp was still burning in the room into which this door opened. Could it be that the inmates of the house had not yet retired? I listened intently, but could hear no one talking or stirring. All was silent as the tomb. The only sound that I could hear as I stood there was the beating of my own heart. Evidently no one was awake. The light doubtless was from a solitary gas jet or night lamp which had been left burning, and instead of a hindrance would be a help to me in my self-appointed mission.

I determined to explore the apartment containing the light first. Noiselessly tiptoeing my way along the hall, I reached the door, gently pushed it open, and stepped inside. The moment I had crossed the threshold I saw that I had been entirely too precipitate and unguarded in my actions.

But it was too late to retrieve my error or retreat. A thick-set, dark-complexioned man, who had been seated at a desk in the corner of the room, (which appeared to be some sort of an office,) sprang to his feet and came quickly forward, before I had a chance to draw my weapon or make my escape from the room, and, seizing both my hands in his powerful grasp, cordially remarked:

"Ah! glad to meet you! I've been expecting you for some time."

"W-why," I stammered, vainly endeavoring to wrench my hands loose, "whom do you take me for?"

"Why, you are the noted author and housebreaker who has been writing the 'Reminiscences of a Busy Life by a Retired Burglar' for the Daily Comet and other periodicals, of course. As I say, I have noticed your work and I have been on the lookout for you [illegible]"

"And [illegible] you, pray?"

"I? [illegible] Dr. Straitjacket, the head [illegible] tion into [illegible] fully made [illegible] thereby [illegible] your friend [illegible] of brain [illegible] you here [illegible]"

Sudden[illegible] the terrible [illegible] take th[illegible] too long [illegible] as w[illegible] as varie[illegible] and an[illegible] into the [illegible] bles, at last

[illegible] Surgeon.

Bad burns [illegible] should be treated only by an up-to-date physician or surgeon. Such wounds are simply washed with sterilized water, then covered with gauze dressing containing small percents of boracic or picric acid. These dressings are either wet or dry, as suits the case and situation, and not removed for forty-eight hours, and after that are changed every several days. Picric acid added to water and so used is soothing, stops pain and is a safe wall and barrier against outside germs.

Woes of the Cultured.

Mrs. Wigs—Your daughter seems to be suffering from the heat.

Mrs. Digs—No; she's just home from college, and she's prostrated by the family grammar.

COUNTY OF A THOUSAND KEYS.

Made Up of Groups of Islands and South End of the United States.

Monroe County is the most unique county in Florida, if not in the United States. The larger portion of the county is made up of a group of islands, or, as they are called, keys both on the east and west coasts. The only part of Monroe County on the mainland is the Cape Sable country the extreme south end of the United States on the mainland.

The larger portion of this land is what is known as the Everglades and but a limited number of acres are now under cultivation. What effect the proposed drainage of the Everglades will have in Monroe County is not known, but it is doubtful if any large areas will be drained because of the flatness of the country and being so near sea level. In the vicinity of Cape Sable there are large bodies of rich alluvial land and a considerable quantity has been under cultivation for several years past.

All kinds of tropical and semi-tropical fruit trees grow luxuriantly on the keys and bear full crops of fruit each year. Every key is surrounded with water and the great portion of them have clean white sand beaches with bluffs varying in height above high water mark. All of these build ing sites are in full view of either the ocean, gulf or bays.

Man 6,000 Years Old.

At a recent meeting of scientists in Dublin Prof. G Elliott Smith the Egyptologist, said that the earliest known human remains found in the Nile valley, when compared with those of later times demonstrated the fact that at a very remote period Egypt and Nubia were inhabited by the same race, which had persisted in Egypt with little or no change in physical characteristics throughout the intervening 6,000 years until the present day. They had been and still were a small people the average height of the men being about five feet three inches at every period of their history.

Their hair was very dark brown or black, usually wavy but not woolly or in any sense negroid, their heads were long and narrow, usually ovoid or pentagonoid or "coffin-shaped," as the result of a frequent presence of a protuberant occiput. On the whole they shared those characteristics which distinguished the majority of the peoples fringing the Mediterranean.

As would be expected in a group of people that had lived from the dawn of history on the fringe of the negro territory, there was some slight evidence of an infusion of black blood, but this was very small in amount.

Wickedness of Clothes.

There is a great truth underlying the fact which the governor of Uganda has just proclaimed namely that the more clothes the Bakedi women wear the less moral they are. Among all the unclothed Nilotic tribes he says, a notable degree of morality exists, whereas those who have always been greatly addicted to wearing apparel are of notoriously lax habits. It is the same everywhere. Clothes, of course, have their uses in such weather, as we are enduring here and now, but who has not envied and admired the wisdom of Walt Whitman who in summer days was wont to assume the sartorial economy of Nebuchadnezzar when he ran at grass and march along in his neighboring wood in unity with nature?

Physical Prowess of Guides

The city man wonders at the weight his Maine or New Brunswick guide will carry. The [illegible] of the fur trade, whether of furs or [illegible] was about ninety pounds in weight. The man who could not [illegible] "pieces" on his [illegible] average portage [illegible] the campfire. [illegible] known to carry [illegible] miles, with frequent [illegible] and one smiling [illegible] man that he could carry [illegible] miles over a [illegible] him down once [illegible] would pack 200 pounds [illegible] sometimes 300, but the [illegible] powerful men and [illegible] keen rivalry [illegible] could bring [illegible] try [illegible] of pl[illegible]

The Fresh [illegible]

[illegible]

British Ter[illegible] Unit.

"British Te[illegible] measuring the [illegible] analyzing the [illegible] of sulphur, hydrogen and other elements [illegible] tained. The unit is [illegible] by many local experts.

Parson (visiting prison)—Why are you here, my misguided friend?"

Prisoner—I'm the victim of the unlucky No. 13.

Parson—Indeed! How's that?

Prisoner—Twelve jurors and one judge.

The etymology of yeggman is uncertain. Some persons assert that the term owes its origin to one John Yegg, a leader of a gang of thieves.

WHEN NAN REFORMED

They named her Hannah for her grandmother, but as time went on they called her Nan in apology for its grimness. However, the name must have got into her blood after some fashion, for although she grew up looking "Nan" for all she was worth with her curly hair and general prettiness, her state of mind was decidedly formal.

Always she was positive as to her likes, dislikes, wishes and preferences. When other little girls stood on one foot with finger agonizedly in mouth, Nan knew what she wanted and got it before their minds were made up. When she grew up she took the trait along with her. Indeed she elaborated on it, for, besides being sure of her own mind, she was sure of what other people's minds were or should be. So she enthusiastically prodded them into hasty decisions, to their great indignation and subsequent embarrassment when they finally discovered what their preferences really were.

"You mark my words," said Aunt Jane, who had money and hence the assurance to speak her mind freely. "You mark my words! That girl is setting out to make some good man mighty miserable. And he'll be surprised for she certainly is good to look at. You wouldn't think she was so set. She won't let him call his soul his own!"

Nan certainly had the habit of being certain about things. "If that was my child" she would say, sweetly yet firmly, to some worried mother, "I shouldn't let it rule me that way! You will spoil its whole future life by encouraging it to be overbearing!"

Or else sitting upright in pink indignation she would exclaim: "Goodness! Don't tell me Mary's husband talked that way to her! Why, if he were my husband I shouldn't stand it! I should assert myself! These girls don't seem to have a bit of independence. Why Harry Brown scatters cigar ashes all over the house and Tom Phelps actually does wood carving in the living room and their wives meekly endure it!"

Nan would say to her married sister: "If she were my maid I'd very soon stop her staying out so late evenings! It isn't good management and I'd speak to her about it!"

To her cousin she would say "If I were living in that house I wouldn't be so afraid of the landlord! I'd have things fixed the way I wanted them!"

Nan's motto, if she had been required to carry it painted on a banner, would have been, "If I were in your place I'd do the correct thing." Unwitting persons sometimes found it hard to get used to this peculiarity of Nan's. However her friends heroically loved her in spite of it. There was great excitement and speculation when she finally got married and started housekeeping. Everybody settled back perfectly ready to see her triumphs and wonder at them.

It was about year and a half after her wedding that Aunt Jane went to pay Nan a visit. When she had been there a week she could play a polite part no longer.

"My goodness, Nan!" she expostulated seizing the infant on the floor. "How can you bear to see him denting up your silver hand mirror in that way? Give him something else!"

"Oh, he likes that best," said her [illegible] "and he [illegible] if I take [illegible] There he's begun! [illegible] want [illegible] precious [illegible] shall [illegible] mirror if he wants it!"

"Well, I like that!" snapped Aunt Jane. "Aren't you ever going to make him mind you? Did you know [illegible] Herbert had [illegible] his [illegible] lighted [illegible] down on [illegible]

[illegible] Nan. "Don't [illegible]

[illegible] found you [illegible] three of [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Tan.

[illegible] half an [illegible] in strong [illegible] come, [illegible] don't [illegible] face, [illegible] others, thick [illegible] these [illegible] See the weird wrinkles [illegible] gypsies and [illegible] Somebody [illegible] wrong talk about tanning. Consider the squaw and the gypsy and get wise. Some women once tanned are tanned for life—like the best sole leather.

Binks—I hear Lendmefive is financially embarrassed.

Jinks—If he is it doesn't seem to embarrass him any other way.

YILDIZ KIOSK OPEN.

Young Turks Raise Money by Showing Abdul Hamid's Gardens.

Yildiz Kiosk, it is reported, is to be thrown open to the public and inspected at a fixed charge by the profanum vulgus, whom Abdul Hamid, like Horace, appears to have hated and shunned. Yildiz Kiosk was preferred by the late Sultan to any of his palaces on the Bosporous, possibly because of its greater seclusion.

According to some the place was such an object of mystery and dread that the Turkish boatmen when passing near it avoided looking at it, and truly, says the Queen, the unveiling of Yildiz Kiosk is something like the unveiling of Lhassa.

The Young Turks' administrative committee, very rightly desirous of turning an honest penny, has decided that admission to the park shall cost 1s., to the harem gardens 2s. and to the kiosk of the "Red Sultan 4s., and that a trip round the lake in a caique or motor launch should be 1s.

The park of Yildiz Kiosk is very extensive, and during the late Sultan's residence was full of deer and goats besides numbers of birds.

Too Much for Him.

"I say, Gaddersby," said Mr. Smith, as he came into the fishmonger's with a lot of tackle in his hand, "I want you to give me some fish to take home with me. Put them up to look as if they had been caught to-day, will you?"

"Certainly, sir," said the fishmonger. "How many?"

"Oh, you had better give me three or four barbel. Make it look decent in quantity without appearing to exaggerate, you know."

"Yes, sir. But you'd better take salmon, hadn't you?"

"Why? What makes you think that?"

"Oh, nothing, except that your wife was down early this afternoon and said if you dropped in with your fishing tackle and a general woe-begone look you should take salmon, if possible, as she liked that kind better than any other."

Mr. Smith took the salmon.—Tit-Bits.

People's Workshops in Vienna.

Under the patronage of the Emperor there will shortly be opened in Vienna an imposing block of buildings forming a kind of composite people's workshops and model dwellings. The object of the undertaking is to help the large number of artisans working at home by providing them with well-ventilated and well-equipped workshops, instead of the meager and unhealthy quarters of their own homes. The new building has cost more than $500,000, and comprises about 50 workshops, large and small, and 120 apartments. The workshops are equipped with every appliance needed for home-working trades, and special attention has been paid to sanitary requirements. The rents are fixed as low as possible.

Wood Used for Putty.

A refinement in yacht construction, introduced last year by Fife in the construction of Shamrock, consists in the substitution of a thin slip of wood, known as a "slip feather," for putty in stopping the seams after they have been caulked. The "feather" is covered with a very tenacious glue, driven hard home into the seams and left to dry. After the sides are planed off a remarkably smooth surface is obtained the skin of the vessel being to all intents and purposes in one piece. This method has the further advantage that there is no caulking to work out when the vessel is being heavily strained.—Scientific American.

Nursed by a Wolf.

Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were said to have been [illegible] a wolf. [illegible] No. 999 in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, representing a [illegible] two human infants has [illegible] significance. [illegible] and Remus, the mythical [illegible] of Rome, were placed in a [illegible] their granduncle, Amulius, [illegible] to the Anio River, whence [illegible] into the Tiber. At the [illegible] Palatine the cradle was [illegible] the infants saved from [illegible] she-wolf, who carried [illegible] den and suckled them.

One On Grandma

[illegible] on the shopping [illegible] twiddling [illegible] fishing or play ball? [illegible] other called from the [illegible] don't [illegible] mischief [illegible] Bring in a [illegible] with [illegible] to mischief.'

Wanted a Pusher.

[illegible] the new neighbors come [illegible] wanted the lawn mower." [illegible] all they spoke about, but [illegible] the way they stood [illegible] they would liked to have borrowed my husband to run it!"

Derivation of Garnet.

The precious stone garnet is supposed to derive its name from the Latin granatus (having seeds of grain) and is so called from its resemblance in form and color to the seeds of grain of the pomegranate.

Peculiarity About Hot Springs.

The distribution of hot springs in the United States coincides very closely with that of the mountain uplifts.

The New York Subway has made total abstinence also a condition of employment.

The Cobbler

The cobbler's children are pale of face and the cobbler is stooped in the shoulders. So is he pale, for the matter of that. All of his days are spent in his basement shop—which you go down four steps to reach. There are windows in front, but they have not been washed for so long that not much light comes through them. The cobbler works by gas light, and he would need it anyway to heat his wab. Day in and day out he sits stooped upon his stool and hammers and sews and pats and taps at his mending of shoes and boots.

Sometimes he sings. Not often, as you are apt to lose time, when you sing. Once I had a talk with him while he straightened a heel on my footwear. You see, I was pretty poor myself and had not an extra pair of heavy shoes.

"Yah," said the cobbler, "I work. Dat is nuddings. Work is fine. I come here at seven when business is goot."

"How late at night?" I asked idly.

The cobbler stuck a three cornered piece of leather on the heel of my shoe. He thrust in a long little nail and hit its head with a smart tap or two with his hammer. There were streaks and cloudy spots of dirt on his labor pale face. I could see that his arms were thin where his sleeves were rolled up. When he looked up he paused in his toil.

"How late? Oh, nine when business is goot. Lately it is bad—very bad."

"You go home earlier?"

"Yah six seven." A light glowed in his eyes. You could see it creeping in like nothing I can tell for there is no other light that is comparable. One never sees a pair of steadier brown eyes. And he chuckled softly.

"De kids dey like I come home when it is six o'clock."

From a great piece of sole leather he cut another slice with his sharp and shining knife. His eyes were upon his work once more.

"De kids too young to know when business is goot," he said briefly. "Yesterday, I make one dollar and twenty-five cent. Dat's no goot when you have five to find eatin's."

He hammered away again with marvelous dexterity. Did you ever watch a cobbler at work? Only years and years of labor bring such skill. It is clip and carve, pat and hammer, a bit of blacking, and lo! your heel is straight. The cobbler has made you comfortable, and you have paid him 15 cents, maybe. You go your way and he toils in his shop.

"Sleepin's, too," he said. "Our rent it is nine dollars. There is meat and potatoes and clothes and—"

"Shoes!"

"Yah. Shoes. I buy cheaper dom dan I make. Sixty dollar a month it cost all."

Why should his face grow sad from the weight of his thoughts? He smiled, but it was a wan smile that made his dirt more apparent and his pallor more plain. Not at me, he looked but away somewhere, to that place where every one looks when the [illegible] page that is open before one is not quite plain.

"Gad," he said. "Dat's little, one dollar and twenty-five cent. Yah. It's [illegible]"

[illegible] hammer hammer tap, tap clip [illegible] Surely his knife is sharp. The [illegible] is not so good, either. Ten [illegible] fourteen hours. Of course his [illegible] are narrow and his back [illegible] Hammer clip clip. No [illegible] does he succeed in getting the [illegible] dirt from his hands. Yo[illegible] his trade when he is at church [illegible] Sunday. Clip clip. Oh he [illegible] creature, the cobbler [illegible] it not the patience of [illegible]

[illegible] he said approvingly [illegible]

[illegible] he mean? I am poor [illegible] dollars [illegible] I not afford two pairs [illegible] Seven dollars divided [illegible] a quarter [illegible] Oh [illegible] wonderful [illegible]

[illegible] good pay in America [illegible] other trades [illegible]

Taken at His Word.

[illegible] a gentleman [illegible] wanted [illegible] to mix a [illegible] he wished to prepare, and we [illegible] chemist's to make the purchase [illegible] one that suited his purpose [illegible] asked the shopman how much it would be.

"Well," was the reply, "if you just want the empty bottle it will be one penny, but if you want anything in it you can have the bottle free of charge."

"Sure, that's fair," said the witty Celt. "Put in a cork."

A PENSIONED PONY.

Life of Ease For 28-Year-Old Trick Circus Horse.

New York can boast of many pampered pets, but down at Garden City there is one living in luxurious ease, the guest for life of a big hotel, with a Japanese valet to care for him, even though he has not registered since his arrival.

This is Tom, the first trick pony of the now extinct Barnum & Bailey Circus, which at the age of twenty-eight years is living as the guest of the Garden City Hotel, pensioned for life by Robert Stickney.

The aged pony, according to Brooklyn Life, has not only a sumptuous box stall but a Japanese valet as well, who daily leads the animal out for its exercise, during which it is the recipient of gifts and attention from a large circle of boy and girl friends. While advanced years have brought stiffness, the pony still attempts a few of its old time tricks.

Cipher Dispatches.

The result of the Presidential election of 1876 was long in doubt, and depended upon the electoral votes of four States—South Carolina, Florida, Louisiana and Oregon. This entire number was needed by Mr. Hayes, the Republican candidate, while only one vote was necessary to secure the election of Mr. Tilden, the Democratic candidate. While awaiting the result, many dispatches in cipher passed between Tilden and his friends relative to the States in dispute. They were translated and printed by a New York newspaper in 1877, and suggested attempted bribery. The charges were investigated by a committee of Congress, which declared that Mr. Tilden was not implicated in the affair. On October 16, 1878, Mr Tilden published a card in which he publicly disclaimed knowledge of the dispatches.

Blanks in the Matrimonial Lottery.

"Cooking," said May Irwin, "is a cure for nervous prostration. This cure is cheaper than a European trip. It commends itself better to husbands, too.

"For my part I like the kind of woman who prefers the cooking to the travel cure. Deliver me from the kind of woman who is too big for her job.

"Up near Irwin Island I know one of these objectionable women. Her husband was going fishing the other day. He said bitterly:

"'My fishing trousers haven't a single button on them!'

"'How fortunate,' said his wife. 'Now if you're drowned it will be so easy to identify your body, won't it, dear?'

"'No,' the husband roared. 'For all the other chaps in the crowd are married, too!'"

Oysters in Neck of Bottle.

Thomas A Barrett, of Pine street, has a curiosity in the form of an oyster shell which grew inside the neck of a broken bottle, the latter remaining around the centre of the shell, which accommodated itself to the unusual shape, while the ends continued to grow, fan shaped. He came upon it about six inches under the surface of the sand while clamming, the oyster being alive at the time. The thin side of the shell has since been broken off leaving the thick side in its original shape. The glass which forms the band around it was apparently the neck of a pint flask, inside of which the oyster grew perfectly round the shell pressing so closely to the glass that it is immovable.—Providence Journal.

The "Black Rice."

It is difficult to estimate how many of the Chinese have acquired the use of opium. Various estimates, according to E. W. Thwing, secretary of the International Reform Bureau, claim that a moderate figure would be between 10 and 20 per cent. of the male population for 2 1-2 to 5 per cent. of the total population. It is said that in some places 50 per cent. of the adult [illegible] use opium, and at least one-tenth of the women. Before the [illegible] anti-opium campaign began there were over a thousand registered [illegible] in the city of Foo Chow [illegible] The Chinese often call opium the "black rice."

What She Did with the Scum

[illegible] on the Santa Fe [illegible] Topeka, Kan., recently [illegible] from San Francisco. [illegible]

[illegible] of your m[illegible]?" said [illegible] vehemence.

"I don't [illegible]," he replied. "What do [illegible] to it?"

[illegible] she, "every morning it [illegible] with a nasty slimy, yellow [illegible]"

"[illegible] what do you do with the scum?"

"Why, I [illegible] it off, of course, and throw it in the garbage."

Securing a Copyright.

Copyrights are granted for twenty-eight years with a renewal of fourteen years additional—making in all forty-two years. To secure a copyright it is necessary to send to the Librarian of Congress a printed copy of the title before publication, the fee being one dollar. Two copies of the article must be deposited in the Congressional Library at Washington.

Light on Tuberculosis.

Trudeau's classic experiment points us in the right direction. After inoculating a number of rabbits with tuberculosis he confined a number of them indoors and turned the others outdoor. The latter all recovered, while the former all died.—Medical Record.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.