

Burglars

By NELLIE D. SWIFT

"What's that?" Mrs. Blunt sat up in bed at the same time clutching her husband's arm in a viselike grip.

"What's what?" grunted Mr. Blunt, trying to wake himself up.

"No. Where?"

"Downstairs. They've run against some glassware and smashed it."

"I'm going down," said Mr. Blunt, attempting to rise, but his wife held him. He broke away from her and, going to a bureau, took a revolver, then, taking an electric light in his left hand, pressed his thumb on the button and descended the staircase. He passed from the lower hall to the drawing room and from the drawing room to the dining room, where he found the fragments on the floor of a cut glass dish that had been knocked off the sideboard. He looked in a drawer in the sideboard where the silver in daily use was kept, expecting to find it gone. It was all there and he concluded that the burglar, feeling in the dark, had knocked off the dish and, fearing to have awakened the household, had taken himself away as soon as possible.

Mr. Blunt opened a door that led into the pantry, through which he passed into the kitchen. All was silent and empty. He tried the door leading out on to a back stoop and found it locked. But he found a window sash unlocked and made up his mind that the burglar had found an entrance and an exit through that window. He locked it and, having satisfied himself that the burglar had left the premises without having had time to take any booty, went back to his room, where he found his wife standing shivering in the middle of the room. She had expected every moment to hear a report and that her husband would be killed.

"Are they gone?" she cried.

"Yes."

"How did they get in?"

"He or they must have entered and gone out by the kitchen window. Please caution Susan to be more careful about locking the sashes."

Mrs. Blunt had lighted the gas, and her husband, who was facing a mirror, was somewhat startled at his appearance as reflected in it. He was in his nightgown, with a revolver in one hand and a tubular electric lamp in the other, both the lamp and the revolver looking equally terrible. The expectation of facing a burglar had been somewhat trying to him, and his usually florid face was pale. Nevertheless he assured his wife that the burglar had gone and there was no need for her to feel frightened. They returned to bed, but Mrs. Blunt would not consent to the gas being turned off. Toward morning they fell into a dose.

The episode unhinged Mrs. Blunt's nerves, and Mr. Blunt, though he pooh-poohed at her fears, never went to bed without thinking how reckless he had been in going down to face a burglar with a light in his hand that would show the villain just where he was. He would not be so foolish again. He would carry the lamp, but would not flash until occasion required. Mrs. Blunt declared that if there was again evidence of burglars in the house she would lock her husband in their bedroom. But Mr. Blunt declared that his manliness would not permit him to leave any man to roam about his house and carry away his property.

One night when he was wakeful and his wife was sound asleep Mr. Blunt's wife heard sounds downstairs. Getting cautiously out of bed he slipped on his coat for the house was cold, tiptoed to the bureau, where he found the revolver, then to the mantel, where he found the electric lamp, and taking as before one in each hand he stealthily unlocked the bedroom door and felt his way by the banister downstairs.

In the hall below he felt something jar against his leg. At the same time a street lamp throwing a faint light into the drawing room showed him the dim figure of a man on the other side of the room. It occurred to Mr. Blunt that he was standing in the dark and while he could see the man distinctly, the man couldn't see him at all. His first impulse was to run upstairs and lock himself in his bedroom; his second was to shoot the intruder before the fellow was aware of his presence; otherwise he might be murdered by a desperate man. Raising his revolver, he shut his eyes and let drive.

He heard a shriek upstairs and sounds made by something running away. The first came from Mrs. Blunt; the second was like the flight of an animal and came from the cat. Hearing nothing further, Mr. Blunt crouched behind a newel post and flashed his lamp into the drawing room. He saw no one, but a hole with radiant cracks had been made in a corner of a mirror resting on the mantel.

"Don't be frightened my dear. Come down here."

Mrs. Blunt, who was hanging on to the banister above, responded faintly: "Heavens. Are you killed?"

"Not exactly. I'm only a fool."

"What is it?"

"Shot at reflection in the mirror."

"Oh, dear! Did you break the mirror?"

"I made a hole in it. That confounded cat ran by me and upset me."

"Did you hurt yourself?"

"I mean she startled me, and I lost my head."

The next morning Mrs. Blunt gave her husband's revolver to a peddler.

A Modern Raleigh.
He was a stalwart young citizen, she a charming young woman. They were under an awning. The rain had ceased, but the street was muddy. He did not look like Sir Walter Raleigh nor did she look like Queen Elizabeth. But probably Q. E. never looked prettier.

"Wuxtry polpers!" shouted a newsboy.

"Say, kid," he said, "are you too busy to earn a half dollar?"

"Well, Bo," replied the boy, "do I look like a cheap edition of Mr. Rockefeller-baby? Show 'me de man."

"Well, boy, take your papers, spread 'em out from curb to car track. Cover the mud with 'em. Get busy!"

He paid the astonished boy. The car came. He bowed in courtly manner to the queen. She blushed and said:

"Oh, Billy, you foolish boy!" But she walked over the papered path as proudly as Q. E. could have done.

Then, like Q. E., she sentenced him for life. He is her menial ticket now.—Chicago Record-Herald.

"More Bacon."
Many years ago Congdon's tavern in Wickford, Rhode Island, was famous for its good cheer, and in "Early Rhode Island" W. B. Weedon has an entertaining tale of John Randolph of Roanoke, who was once a visitor at the inn.

Mr. Randolph was on his way to Newport and made his journey on horseback with his cousin Edmund, secretary of state under Washington. All the way from New York "ham and eggs" had been the universal fare. At Wickford Congdon said he would give them claims for supper. The eccentric John of Roanoke rubbed his hands in pleased expectation. Then appeared the host again, saying the tide was too high for claims, but they should have some capital quahogs.

"Good heavens," exclaimed Randolph, who did not know that the quahog is a hard shelled variety of clam, "more bacon!"

The Academy Shine.
The man who has the most highly polished shoes in Paris today is Paul Bourget. To one of his friends who was marveling not long ago at their incomparable brilliancy he commented, under an oath of secrecy, this recipe:

"First you wash the shoes so-so with some water. Then you dry it and rub blacking cloth over it. Next you take a second cloth, softer than the first, and rub until the shine is perfection itself. Then with a sheep bone you rub for five minutes to fix the blacking, and that operation puts it in the proper condition to receive the polish, which you spread on with your thumb. All you have to do after that is to let it dry."

For your shoes to acquire the academy brilliancy you polish unceasingly and then polish them some more.—Paris Pele Mele.

"Sugar as a Disinfectant."
A custom has grown up in Paris of Europe of burning sugar in sickrooms and has been looked upon as an innocent superstition. Investigations, however, have proved the practice a beneficial and scientific one. Professor Trilbert of the Pasteur Institute at Paris demonstrated that burning sugar develops formic acetylene hydrogen, one of the most powerful antiseptic gases known. Five grains of sugar in several tests were burned under a glass bell with a capacity of ten quarts. After the vapor had cooled bacilli of typhus, tuberculosis, cholera, smallpox, etc., were placed in the bell in open glass tubes, and within half an hour all the microbes were dead.—Stoves and Hardware Reporter.

An Inspiring Experience.
A lady who must certainly have been related to the late Mrs. Partington recently returned from a seventy day tour of Europe.

To her friends she said with enthusiasm that of all the wonderful things that she had seen and heard she believed the thing she enjoyed most of all was hearing the French youths sing the mayonnaise.—Youth's Companion.

Consolation.
Motorist (to victim)—What is your name and address? Victim—John Smith, 14 Bean street. Motorist—All right, Smith. Can't stop now, but tomorrow I will call at your house and try and convince you that you should carry an accident policy in the company I represent.—Puck.

A Hard Job.
"I see from your letterheads, Bilkins, that you are the assistant treasurer of that company of yours," said Witherbee. "Have you got so much money it takes two of you to look after it?"

"No," said Bilkins. "We have so little it takes two of us to find it."—Harper's.

Truth Eternal.
All errors have only a time. After a hundred million of objections, subtleties, sophisms, the smallest truth remains precisely what it was before.—Ancient Maxim.

About All.
Mother—What do you think you will make out of my daughter's talent? Professor (absentmindedly)—About \$2 a lesson if the piano holds out.—Exchange.

The Proper Way.
"Hello, old man. How do you find business?"

"How? By judicious advertising, of course."—Exchange.

A THIEF'S RUSE

By GWENDOLIN L. RICE

Pete Morgan was a criminal whose normal state seemed in jail rather than at liberty. He had served a term for burglary, was rearrested on another charge, brought into court, tried and acquitted for want of evidence. While waiting for the papers in his case to be made out he heard the prosecuting attorney say to a messenger:

"Go to my house and ask my daughter to look in a tin box marked Schneider & Co. in the vault, get out a deed she will find there, give it to you and bring it back to me."

"Are you in a hurry, sir?" asked the messenger.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I'm to go on another errand that's very important."

"Very well. You may do that one first. I won't need the deed before this afternoon."

Pete knew the name of the prosecuting attorney very well. Indeed, he had been made familiar with it by the fact that Mr. Wilkinson had arranged for his lodging in prison on divers occasions. Moreover, Pete had great perceptive faculties.

As soon as Pete left the courtroom he sought a drug store and in a few minutes was turning over the leaves of a directory hunting for Mr. Wilkinson's home address. Upon finding it he proceeded to that gentleman's house, rang the doorbell and called for "Miss Wilkinson." A young lady came into the hall and asked Pete what she could do for him.

"Your father sent me for a deed in a tin box marked Schneider & Co. in the vault, miss."

"Oh," said the young lady. "I suppose he means the silver and jewel vault. I believe he keeps some law papers there. I'll go and find them."

Miss Wilkinson tripped upstairs to a recess in the upper hall and began to turn a knob on a vault door with a view to getting inside. Pete's original idea was "while the young lady was off looking for the deed to help himself to any article of value in small bulk he might see and get away with it. The mention of the silver and jewel vault opened up new possibilities.

Pete was hesitating whether to follow Miss Wilkinson and force his way into the vault when his heart was gladdened by hearing her call from the landing above:

"I find two deeds in the box. Did, father say which one he wanted?"

"I think," said Pete, "I'd know it if I was to see it."

"Come up, please."

Pete sprang up the stairs with all his life. Here was the chance of his life, the jewel and silver vault standing open with no protection except a girl. He might, nay, he would, see—open work-at-ask. His wife were sharp—and it was quite possible he could make a pretext to go into the vault and slip a few gems into his pocket without being detected. He found Miss Wilkinson standing by a table on which was an open tin box full of papers. She showed him two deeds and asked him which he thought her father wanted. He examined both very knowingly, when the girl, noticing the name on the box, exclaimed:

"This isn't it at all. This is marked 'Parker & Freudstadt Co.' I'll get the other one."

"Couldn't I do it for you, miss?"

"I wish you would. It's dark in there, and I have trouble with my eyes. There are several boxes on the shelf. Look for the one marked Schneider & Co. and bring it out into the light."

"Yes, miss. My eyes are first rate."

Quite beside himself with joy at this unexpected advantage, Pete went to the vault, entered and, instead of looking for the valuables, there was nothing so far as he could see, but a lot of tin boxes and musty papers. But before he could quite take in the situation he heard the door of the vault shut, the knob quickly turned, and he was a prisoner.

Mr. Wilkinson, sitting at his desk in his office, heard his telephone bell ring and took up the receiver.

"Papa, did you send a man for a deed in the vault?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Whom did you send?"

"Edward Beam."

"Edward Beam didn't come. But another man came, and from the moment I laid eyes on him I knew he was a hardened criminal."

"Great heavens!"

"How did such a man know what you wanted?"

"I don't know. Tell me what has happened. Anything stolen? Are you safe?"

"Oh, it's all right."

"What's become of the man?"

"He's here."

"Here? What do you mean?"

"I've locked him in the vault."

"In the vault?"

"Yes."

"How in the world did you get him there?"

"I enticed him."

"Tell me all about it, quick."

"Well, I told him the deed you wanted was in the jewel and silver vault. Then I purposely took out the wrong box and sent him in for the right one."

"Thank heaven! I wonder you weren't murdered."

Pete was returned to his accustomed domicile.

Hospital Wireless.
"A very efficient system of wireless telegraphy exists in every hospital," said the nurse. "Apparently all patients have the knack of transmitting messages; otherwise the news of serious cases would not travel so quickly and accurately from ward to ward. It is contrary to the rules for hospital attendants to retail gossip, and most of them observe strict secrecy, yet notwithstanding that precaution there is never an interesting case in the building whose history is not known and discussed in the remotest corner."

"Last week a boy suffering with a peculiar kind of throat trouble was brought into a first floor ward. The doctors were very much interested in the case, yet they took special pains never to mention it in the hearing of another patient. But for all the good their caution did they might as well have lectured on the case in every ward, for when the boy died men and women all about the hospital said to the nurses: 'So that poor boy died, did he? I suppose there wasn't much hope for him from the start.'"

"How did the news travel?"—New York Press.

The Horn of the Unicorn.
The horn of the unicorn was reputed instantly to reveal poison in a dish by sweating blood, and great was the rivalry as to the possession of the finest specimen while this belief still flourished. Charles the Bold proudly paraded six, two of them eight feet long, two six feet, two five feet. According to Benvenuto Cellini, "the finest ever seen, which had cost seven thousand ducats of the Camera," was the one for which at the pope's command he made a design, "the finest thing imaginable, modeled half on a horse and half on a stag, with a very fine mane and other adornments." Coryat speaks of the one at St. Denis as about three yards long, and Windsor had two of four ell. The real "unicorn" in many cases seems to have been the narwhal.—London Chronicle.

Few Flies in Schermia.
Bohemia is singularly free from flies. In most of the dining rooms in Prague during the course of a meal perhaps three or four flies appear during the season. In restaurants there are very few flies. There screen doors to keep out flies and other insects are unknown. The buildings are all constructed of brick, stone or concrete. The docks along the river front are of granite. The pavements and sidewalks are made of granite blocks. There are no wooden sidewalks, stairways or buildings in the city. Decayed vegetable or animal matter is not openly exposed to flies, and the streets are frequently cleaned during each day. There are no open drains in the city to attract and breed flies. The absence of flies can only be ascribed to the lack of breeding places.

Windmills as Newspapers.
In Holland births, marriages and deaths, instead of being recorded in newspapers, are indicated by windmills. When a miller gets married he stops his mill with the arms of the wheel in a standing position and with the sails unfurled. His friends and guests frequently do likewise with their mills, in token of the ceremony. To indicate a birth the wheel is stopped with the arms in a slanting position, but at a more acute angle than for a marriage and with the two upper sails unfurled. Should a miller die the sails of his mill are all furled and the wheel is turned round until the arms form an upright cross, in which position they are left until after the funeral has taken place.

Always Raining.
There is a group of islands to the south of New Zealand called the Sisters, or Seven Sisters, which are reputed to be subjected to a practically constant rainfall. The same may be said of the islands and mainland of Tierra del Fuego, saving for the difference that the rain often takes form of sleet and snow. On a line running round the world from four to eight or nine degrees there are patches over which rain seldom ceases to fall. This is called the "zone of constant precipitation," but at the same time there are several localities along it with very little rainfall.

The Smallest Watch.
A rich resident of Moscow owns the smallest watch in the world. It was made in Geneva by the famous watchmaker, W. Gogelin, and cost more than \$25,000. It has a diameter of one-fifth of an inch and is set in an artistically worked finger ring, which is studded with diamonds. Gogelin is said to have worked three years on it and permanently weakened his eyesight in the task.

Pretty Poor Cigars.
"You can't tell me there is no honesty in the world."

"How now?"

"I left a box of cigars somewhere the other day. Somebody found it, smoked one and returned the rest."—Washington Herald.

An Assurance.
"Sir, I am talking about what you owe me. Will you please pay me some attention?"

"Certainly, if you do not want me to pay you anything else."—Exchange.

A Ruler.
Singleton—"That's a queer sign: 'Want ed—A girl to feed ruling machine.' Wederly—Nothing queer about that. Somebody wants a nurse-girl to look after the baby."

Trojans are hated even by those they favor.—Tacitus.

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A Famous Bell. On the watchtower of the Yela, at the Alhambra, Spain, there is a silver toned bell which the Moors ring as a signal to let on the water in the gardens and the fountain in the city below. Its sound can be heard at Lina, thirty miles away. The maiden who strikes it is sure of a husband before the year is out and of a good one if she rings loud enough. On certain festal days it is lively for the bell.

The Secret Out. "Why are taxes so high this year?" demanded the indignant citizen. "Will you consider it confidential?" I tell you why?" whispered the clerk in the county treasurer's office. "Yes, sir." "We need the money."—Chicago Tribune.

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