

TRAPPING A BURGLAR

A DESPERATE CHANCE THAT WAS TAKEN BY A DETECTIVE.

It Was Dead or Alive For Both of Them, but the Police Official's Nerve Was Equal to the Occasion, and He Safely Landed His Man.

"About the most unusual experience in my career," remarked the grizzled old detective, as he added another photograph to the rogues' gallery, "happened in northern Michigan 10 or 12 years ago. It borders on the Hawshaw style of story, but it is nevertheless true. The safe at the street car barns, then located on Michigan avenue, between Wabash avenue and Thirteenth street, was broken open and a considerable sum of money stolen. My partner and I were detailed on the case, and we succeeded in arresting one of the burglars. The other we learned had left town, and I was put on his trail. At that time what was known as the Minneapolis and South Shore road was in course of construction, and I received a tip that my man, whom I knew in a professional capacity, had secured a situation on the construction force. It was midwinter, and the snow lay heavy on the ground. At St. Ignace I made the acquaintance of the civil engineer in charge of the road, and he arranged with him to become an inspector.

"Appropriately disguised, I boarded a construction engine and was taken to within ten miles of Trout Lake, which was a junction point of the new road. I had to walk the remaining distance, and at Trout Lake I engaged accommodations at the makeshift boarding house, which was a pine shanty about 40 feet long and 15 feet wide. It was a miserable, uninviting place, built of cull lumber and provided with narrow bunks, and the fare was a combination calculated to develop all the ugly traits in a man's nature. Perhaps it was the 'gloomy' fat pork, stale brown sugar and vile black coffee that made the workmen ill tempered. Anyway, I never met a more sour visaged lot in all my life, and I anticipated trouble from the start.

"Though I did not believe my man, whom I soon recognized, was sure of my identity, I knew I was regarded with suspicion. My work as an inspector was, to use a slang phrase, very 'coarse,' and I soon fell into disfavor. The suspicion of the men grew to such a point that I learned that every man in the camp was his friend. They knew that he was a lawbreaker, but he had established himself as a favorite, and they determined to protect him. I tried several stratagems without avail. Of course, I had my revolver and handcuffs and the law behind me, but the law in that wild, secluded spot was about as effectual as a toy pistol against a fort fully equipped with toy cannon. I was miles from means of communication, and I concluded that I must make a bold stand for it or abandon the criminal.

"I had secured a bunk directly across from his so that I could intercept any attempt to escape by night, and during the day I lived up to my role of inspector so far as his work was concerned. During those days of suspense and suspense how I prayed that the civil engineer might come down and help me out of my dilemma. It seems, however, that he was engaged at some other section of the line, and the time of his coming was definite. For three nights I lay awake watching every movement of my friend in the opposite bunk and trying to plan some means of getting away with him peacefully. Finally, one morning just as the gray of the dawn was beginning to peep through the windows and the camp seemed to be in its profoundest sleep, Mr. Burglar drowsily dropped an arm over the side of the board. His other arm was also in view and entirely free from the blankets.

"I'll take him now or never, and it'll be dead or alive for both of us," I thought. The thought gave speed to my actions. I was already dressed, as I had slept with my clothes on throughout my stay in the camp, and to get noiselessly to his side and slip the handcuffs on his exposed wrists was but the work of a moment. Of course, he was soon awake. He sat bolt upright in the bed, staring about disturbed by a troubled dream. I clapped one hand over his mouth to stifle an outcry, and with the other I pressed the muzzle of my revolver against his forehead.

"Raise an alarm," I whispered, and I'll blow your brains out. It may be the end of us both, but I'm willing to take the chances. Now, of course, he was willing to get up quietly and come with me to Detroit to stand trial, or are you going to arouse the camp and get shot?"

"I'll come," he assented.

"The fellow, like me, was already dressed, in preparation for emergencies, and I succeeded in getting him up and out of the house without awakening the chorus of snorers. With revolver in hand, I removed one of the cuffs and attached it to my wrist.

"Now," said I, "we must make a run for it."

"Can't run," he grumbled.

"Perhaps that will help you," I suggested, pointing a revolver at him. And it did persuade him to strike a pretty good lode.

"Locked together, I with my revolver ready in my right hand, we must have presented a peculiar sight that cold, gray morning as we hurried over the snow shrouded country. Well, I gave that fellow the longest and hardest run he ever had in his life. Then, when I thought we were safe from pursuit, I walked him. It was 18 miles to the Soo, and we were a tired looking pair when we got there. I never learned how the news of the flight of the burglar and the detective affected that lone, out of the way construction camp. Was he convicted? No; but he is No. 1 in Jackson today for another crime. I have never said much about it because I was disappointed that he was not convicted on that charge, as he ought to have been. He escaped through a technicality and then had the nerve to threaten me with prosecution for abduction."

Detroit Free Press.

Nervy.

Quinn—He has more nerve than any man I ever met.

De Fonte—In what way?

Quinn—Why, he went over to his neighbor's to borrow, said he wanted to shoot a cat.

De Fonte—Where does any nerve come in?

Quinn—It was his neighbor's cat he wanted to shoot.—Exchange.

From the Hospital.

Mr. E. O. Bulford, whose prolonged illness with stomach trouble necessitated his going to Brockville General Hospital for treatment, writes the Reporter under date of June 4th as follows:

"I arrived here on May 22nd. This is a very nice home, every comfort. The house is full, about 50 patients. I am feeling quite easy and contented, expect to undergo an operation in a few days for the stomach trouble with which I have been afflicted so long. Am under the care of Dr. C. M. B. Cornell. I received the Reporter all right, read it and passed it along the ward."

Batty Butter.

One day during the pioneer period a lady called at a store for the purpose of asking a favor. "You see," said she to the storekeeper, "I found a dead rat in our cream crock. I did not want to throw the cream away, and so made it into butter; but our family, knowing the circumstances, will not touch it. The butter is, though, as good as if nothing had happened. Cannot you take it and give me some other in exchange?" As the lady was a valued customer, the vendor of dry goods, boots and shoes was only too glad to accommodate her; but a due regard for his own interests prevented him from giving the accommodation to his detriment. So, taking the butter, he went into the cellar. There he cut through the fine large roll that his customer had brought in, and returned with the same butter in two pieces, that his customer had brought in one. "I cannot," said he, by way of explanation, "find a single roll the same weight as yours, but here are two rolls which together make up the exact amount." The lady, not for a moment suspecting the justifiable deception practiced, accepted the exchange with gratitude, and that evening her family ate with relish a portion of the butter made from cream in which a too venturesome ro-lint had suffered fatal immersion. Moral: What we do not know is often a greater source of comfort to us than that which we do know.

The funeral of Mr. Platt Curtis of Kingston, who for many years kept hotel in Westport, took place at Delta on Tuesday of last week. He was 81 years of age.

The Methodist Episcopal General Conference has voted to abolish the time limit on pastors, which means that a minister may remain in one charge for an indefinite time.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's piece of verse, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," is reported to have produced for the English war fund the comfortable sum of \$485,000—about \$10,000 a line.

On Wednesday evening the clergymen of the Montreal conference at Gananoque adjourned the session and joined in the jubilation over the reported abandonment of Pretoria. They marched in the town procession and speeches were made by prominent members, including Rev. Chisholm, Salem Bland, Dr. Griffith, Dr. Hunter and others. Mayor Carroll and C. E. Britton also addressed the assembly. Some stirring speeches were made and round about of cheers were given.

The Carleton Place Herald says that the only two smallpox patients, the Misses Elliott, are progressing favorably to recovery, and not a new case has developed since the 17th instant. The quarantined houses have been disinfected and the quarantines removed. The measures taken for the stamping out of the disease seem to have been effective, and all danger of its further spread appears to have passed. Confidence has been restored where there was fear, and business goes on as usual. The Herald thinks that the town will this week be entirely free from the disease.

SOLDIERS IN BATTLE.

The Peculiar Way Some Men Act When They Are Wounded.

If you take a dozen soldiers as like each other as peas so far as height, weight, strength, age, courage and general appearance go and wound them all in precisely the same way, you will find that scarcely any two of them are affected alike.

One man on receiving a bullet in his leg will go on fighting as if nothing had happened. He does not know, in fact, that he now contains a bullet. But perhaps in two or three minutes he will grow faint and fall.

Another man, without feeling the slightest pain, will tremble all over, totter and fall at once, even though the wound is really very slight.

A third will cry out in a way to frighten his comrades and will forget everything in his agony. A fourth will grow stupid and look like an idiot.

Some soldiers wounded in the slightest manner will have to be carried off the field. Others, although perhaps fatally injured, can easily walk to the ambulance. Many die quickly from the shock to the nervous system.

A very curious case is recorded in the surgical history of the American civil war, in which three officers were hit just at the same time. One had his leg from the knee down carried away, but he rode ten miles to the hospital. Another lost his little finger, and he became a raving maniac, while a third was shot through the body and, though he did not shed a drop of blood externally, he dropped dead from the shock.

NO CORKSCREW NEEDED.

How to Open Bottles With Two Knives As Told at All.

The talk turned to the opening of bottles without the aid of a corkscrew, and the freshest man in the party called for two penknives and a bottle with a cork tight in. Everybody else pushed back from the table and gave him plenty of room. He opened the biggest blades of the two knives and then inserted one between the glass of the bottle and the cork. He pushed it down as far as he could. Then he took the other knife and shoved it down the same way on the opposite side of the bottle. Seizing the handles of the knives he pressed them together and pulled upward. Up came the cork with them.

"That's a neat trick," said the Kentucky colonel. "But what are you going to do if you don't have two knives? Here, now, I'll show you how to open a bottle without any paraphernalia. You know, we occasionally get caught out in the woods with nothing on us but our guns. Give me that bottle."

The waiter brought a fresh bottle. The colonel took his handkerchief out, wadded up, and then seized the bottle firmly by the neck. He put the handkerchief against the wall behind the bottle, and drove it bottom first against the wadded handkerchief. Everybody dodged and protested that he'd smash the bottle. The colonel did not heed the protests, but again drove the bottle bottom first against the wall. There was a little snap that sounded like the cracking of the glass, and that brought out more protests. The colonel grinned and offered to bet that he'd pull the cork without breaking the bottle. The bet was taken. The colonel drove the bottle solidly back again and then a fourth and a fifth time. At the fifth drive the cork flew clear across the room. The colonel up ended the bottle quickly.

"Didn't lose a teaspoonful," said he. "I lose," said the man who had taken the bet. "But I don't see how it was done."

"You must have seen how it was done," said the colonel. "If there is an inch of air space in the bottle between the bottom of the cork and the liquor the cork is bound to come every time. The air drives it out, and there isn't any danger of breaking the bottle either."

All that party are around this town now winning bets on the colonel's idea. You meet a fellow who wants to bet he can pull the cork from a bottle without using corkscrew, knife or teeth, don't take him on for he'll win your money.

DEPTHS OF THE GREAT LAKES.

What Would Happen If Their Surfaces Were Lowered to Sea Level.

If the chain of great lakes which bound the northern limits of a portion of the United States could be brought to the level of the sea, two of the chains would be practically wiped off the face of the earth. Lake Michigan would become two lakes much smaller than the present majestic body of water which lies off Chicago. Chicagoans could reach the sea by a short cut, and the lake as far north as a point midway between the shores of Milwaukee and Grand Haven without getting their feet wet.

No system of lakes presents as wide variations of extreme depth as the big fresh water system. Beginning with Superior and following the chain eastward, they vary from 1,350 feet to but 210. They are respectively Superior, Michigan and Huron, 573 for Erie and but 247 for Ontario. Superior is far the deepest, with Michigan second. Ontario is close on its heels, being within a few feet of Huron, while Erie is so shallow that its greatest depth is 36 feet less than the midlake depth of Michigan between Chicago and St. Joseph. Erie can claim but 210 feet extreme depth.

As good an object lesson of what the lakes have to offer is the course between Chicago and St. Joseph, Mich. The coast is measured from the lights of the two harbors. Beginning from this side, the government pier, already quite a way out, has a depth of some 36 feet. The lake shoals on this side so that the extreme depth of the spoon is a trifle beyond the middle of the 57 mile course. It drops rapidly, however, from 16 in the river to 246 out in the lake. But on the other side, within a couple of miles of the shore, the depth drops from 24 feet to 106 feet with frightful rapidity. By the time the second song is sung leaving St. Joseph the snger is over some 40 fathoms of water.

Superior, if reduced to the sea level, would be robbed of two-thirds of its dimensions. The extreme depth is well east of the middle line. Michigan has her greatest depth, 1,000 feet up, toward the straits. Huron is less than 800, while Erie is very shallow. Ontario has a depth of 783 feet, owing to the falls of Niagara. If all were brought to sea level, Erie would be 500 feet over, Michigan would be a couple of ponds, Huron almost out of it, Superior a lake not much larger than many another and Ontario the largest of the system.—Chicago Chronicle.

The One She Will Get.

"I haven't seen your wife out lately, Mr. Goodheart."

"No; she keeps at home these days."

"Is she ailing?"

"No. The fact of the matter is a week ago I took home two of the handsomest bonnets I could find in town and told her she might have her choice between them. She has been busy day and night ever since trying to make up her mind and was as undecided as ever when I came away this morning."

"You ought to help her over her dilemma."

"How can I?"

"Why, take one of them and carry it back to the shop. That will be the one she'll want."

The Primitive Method.

"I don't believe," said the young man, "that any man ever courted a woman without telling her lies."

"There was such courtship once," said the middle aged man.

"Huh! I'm young yet. I meant back in the early days of the race. In those days, you know, when a man loved a woman he sneaked up and knocked her out with a club and took her to his lonely home, and they lived happy ever after."

—Indianapolis Journal.

Her Objection.

"I am told," said Miss Keedick to Miss Fosdick, "that you have dismissed Mr. Trivet."

"Yes, I told him to ring off."

"Because he manifested no intention of putting the ring on."—Detroit Free Press.

WANTED A BROKEN NOSE.

An Odd Incident in the Practice of a Surgeon.

"What was the strangest case I ever had?" said the surgeon. "Well, let me see. I believe the oddest incident of my career occurred in— But hold, on second thought I don't care to give any names or dates. The facts, if you like, were these: I was called by messenger to a cheap boarding house one evening to attend a man who was said to have been hurt in a fight. I found a young fellow of 25 or thereabout half dazed, with a bloody contusion on one of his cheeks and a badly broken nose. The bridge was smashed almost flat with the face, and I saw at once that the case would need very careful handling to prevent great disfigurement. Not to bother you far as possible, I confined myself that night to a superficial dressing and deferred further proceedings until next day.

"When I called the following morning, the young man had quite recovered his senses, and, although his clothes were shabby and all his surroundings poor and mean, it was evident from his hands, talk and bearing that he had never done any hard work and was a person of education and refinement. I took him for the black sheep of some good family, but made no comments and explained briefly that I would try to restore his nose as far as possible by performing a slight operation and inserting an artificial support.

"To my astonishment he objected flatly and insisted on letting it heal exactly as it was. 'But you will be frightfully disfigured,' I protested. 'I don't let my best friends would recognize you.' Strange to say, that assurance seemed to render him only the firmer, and I was compelled to let him have his way. It was nearly three weeks before he was well, and as I anticipated, he looked exactly like some battered bruiser of the prize ring.

"I never saw the man again, but six months later I saw the photograph of a handsome young chap who was badly wanted for a big embezzlement. I put my finger over the nose and recognized my late patient. He had wed aboard ship right under the eyes of detectives and sailed for the Argentine Republic. They had his photograph, but never dreamed of connecting it with the caved in countenance of that particular passenger."

"Did he get somebody to break his nose on purpose?" asked the reporter.

"I never ascertained," said the surgeon.

DOFFING THE HAT.

American Men Do Not Salute Each Other as Do Foreigners.

"Walking up Fifteenth street recently," said a Washingtonian who has traveled extensively, "I observed an official remove his hat to two gentlemen, who returned the salutation in the same manner. They were members of the diplomatic corps."

As we all know, the American style of salutation when two or more gentlemen meet is an inclination of the head or a wave of the hand. The hat is doffed to the gentler sex only. On the continent it would be ridiculous for a gentleman to pass an acquaintance without removing the hat. If they are friends the salutation is even more formal and includes a shake of the hand and the exchange of a few complimentary remarks.

The French are accounted the most punctilious and ceremonious of people. They take the Belgians are even more so. Their customs are French, however. They have a language of their own, but the names of the streets in Brussels are in both French and 'Belge' on the same signboard.

"I spent a week in the Belgian capital, where a member of the American legation piloted me about. I made the acquaintance of many Belgian gentlemen, and the salutation between my diplomatic friend and those he met was something like this:

"Ah, count, I am delighted to greet you."

"A cordial smile, a ceremonious lifting of the hat, a hearty shake of the hand and an inclination of the body in a polite bow."

"My dear Colonel—, the pleasure is wholly mine. I am rejoiced to see you. I trust you are very well. Same formula."

"My friend, Mr.— of Washington." Same formula on my part and that of the count.

"After an interchange of mutually complimentary remarks the ceremonies attending the introduction were repeated. We respectively said 'au revoir' and replaced our silk hats for the last time upon our heads. It was a novelty at first, but when I repeated it 18 times an hour I experienced a crick in the small of my back."

"My friend explained to me that continental gentlemen of high social position were not pressed by political and financial affairs as are Americans in similar walks of life, and the hurry and haste we display are unknown to them."

—Washington Star.

A Work of Supererogation.

Two passages from a recent examination paper placed before the pupils at a London school of cookery are amusing.

One question was, "Describe a thermometer and its notation."

It brought forth this answer: "A thermometer has two good points—the boiling point and the freezing point. The former is useful for potatoes and the latter for ice cream."

The other reply was elicited by the lecturer in giving a practical lesson on fish cookery, who said: "You take the fish and wash it well, and then—"

Adult Pupil (interrupting)—How absurd! Just fancy having to wash a fish—and after it has spent all its life in water too!—London Answers.

Both Wished the Same.

"I wish now," shrieked the angry young wife—"I wish now you had married Edith Macnaman instead of me! That's what I wish!"

"I would have married her, only she wouldn't have me, and you would!"—Stray Stories.

Nightmare in the Jungle.

"Gracious, how you roared in your sleep last night!" said Mrs. Lion.

"Had a bad night," replied the king of beasts. "I dreamed I was on the road again with a circus going to order."—Philadelphia North American.

Travelers in the east have never failed to comment on the great amount of eye disease which is prevalent in Egypt.

One hundred thousand tons of apples are raised on British soil yearly.

THE FREIGHT BUSINESS.

Let the "Go as You Please," Express and Thing Many Suppose.

Most people have an idea that freight is the last thing that railroads look after. Many people believe that a piece of freight once started on its journey is allowed to loaf along at its own sweet will and pleasure, stopping where it wishes and staying as long as it likes, and only bringing up at its destination when there is nowhere else to go.

When you have waited day after day for that piano which was shipped a month ago, you are ready to adopt that opinion. But don't be in a hurry. When that piano box shows up in Portland, Maine at the time it should be in Portland, the Poughkeepsie agent does not uncase the instrument and give a series of box car receipts for the next two months. You may think he does, but he doesn't. Not a bit of it. There is no welcome anywhere for the wandering Willies of freightdom. No agent wishes to be caught with missing freight piled up in his yard or house. The truth of the matter is the railroads are continually punching laggard freight in the ribs and admonishing it to move on.

It is an interesting study to see how the railroads handle the elaborate plan of business. To the outsiders a freight office seems like confusion worse confounded, but to the men who have been trained to the work it is all as simple as a piece of cake. No matter how far from home a car is it is always in touch with the home office. If the car has had bad luck and one of its trucks is sprained, the home office knows about it and sends an order to have it placed in the nearest car hospital and doctored up to working condition. The office knows just what the car is earning, and if it thinks its traveling expenses are getting too big it shifts its route or calls it home. It is only once in awhile that a car gets away from the home office altogether, and when one does there is no sleep for any one till the runaway is found and started in the right direction.

After you have listened to a freight agent's description of the elaborate plan taken to look after freight you will marvel that a single package ever goes astray.

But the man who is waiting for that piano knows that it does.—Lewiston Journal.

A WILD STEEPLECHASE.

That Is the Term One Critic Applies to American Dinners.

To realize how our "upper ten" scramble through existence, says Elliot Gregory in The Atlantic, one must contrast their fidgety way of feeding with the bovine calm in which a German absorbs his nourishment and the hours an Italian can pass over his postprandial meal. An American dinner party affords us this opportunity.

From oysters to fruit dinners now are a breathless steeplechase, during which we take our viand dishes and champagne ditches at a dead run, with conversation pushed at much the same speed. To be silent would be to imply that one was not having a good time, so we rattle and gobble on toward the finger bowl winning point, only to find that rest is not there.

As the hostess pilots the ladies away to the drawing room she whispers to her spouse, "You won't smoke too long, will you?" So we are mute in the enjoyment of even that last resource of weary humanity, the cigar, and are hustled away from our smoke and coffee, to find our appearance is a signal for a general move.

One of the older ladies rises. The next moment the whole circle, like a flock of frightened birds, is up and off, crowding each other in the hallway, calling for their carriages and rattling the unfortunate servants who are attempting to cloak and overhush them.

Bearing in mind that the guests have come as late as they dared without being absolutely uncivil, that the dinner has been served rapidly as was materially possible and that the circle broke up as soon as the meal had ended, one asks oneself in wonder why, if dinner is such a bore that it has to be scrambled for, quite queoute, people continue to dine out?

A Story of Osman Pasha.

While Osman Pasha was one night making the rounds of the Plevna fortifications he happened upon three members of a guard of duty, who, each possessing the then rare luxury of a cigarette, had determined, with eastern logic, to play a game of cards for the lot. But while the game was in progress a Russian shell intruded, burst close by and killed one of the players.

Now, a custom of the Turkish army decrees that a deceased man's comrade who is on sentry is entitled to a reversion of the dead man's interest, even in a gamble, so that Osman, who was unrecognizably muffled up, was at once invited to take the slain soldier's hand and finish the game. He accepted and won. Then, turning to the disconsolate players, he said: "Take the three cigarettes to the sentry I represented," he said. "They are really his by right"—then, producing a well filled case, he proceeded, "and accept these from me."

Fattening the Ortolan.

The height of luxurious living is a well cooked ortolan, the little bird celebrated for the exquisite delicacy of its flesh. The birds are kept in a room the floor of which is strewn plentifully with millet seed and corn and from which daylight gradually is excluded, and under these conditions they pass the last five or six weeks of their existence. Gradually the feathers of the body drop out, and the bird becomes a mere ball of fat with wings and a feathered head. Gently handling it, the operator picks up the bird and dips its beak into champagne, with the result that the bird dies suddenly and painlessly.

Not to Blame.

"Do you mean to say that it is through no fault of yours that you appear before me for the second time?" demanded the judge of the hard faced culprit.

"Yes, I do," replied the latter. "I did my best to defeat you the last time you ran."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

A Queer English Epitaph.

Stephen Rumbold
Born Feb. 1853. Died March 4, 1897.
He lived to one hundred and five.
Sanguine and strong.
An hundred to five you don't live so long.
—Notes and Queries.

Campaign Alacrity.

"What did that politician say at first bluish when the office was proffered him?"

"At first bluish? Not a word. He knew about politics! There wasn't any bluish about it; he nabbed it."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Winter Finds Out What Summer Lays By."

Be it spring, summer, autumn or winter, someone in the family is "under the weather" from trouble originating in impure blood or low condition of the system.

All these, of whatever name, can be cured by the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It never disappoints.

Belle—"I was troubled with boils for months. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using a few bottles have not since been bothered." E. H. CLARKE, Truro, N. S.

Could Not Sleep.

"I did not have any appetite and could not sleep at night. Was so tired I could hardly walk. Read about Hood's Sarsaparilla, took four bottles and it restored me to perfect health." Miss Jessie Turner, Cranbrook, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

DO NOT BAND TOGETHER.

There Are No Such Things as "Gangs" of Criminals.

"The 'gang' idea as applied to criminals is a ridiculous blunder," said an experienced detective. "There are no such things except in story books. There seems to be something about the inner nature of confirmed crooks that forbids them to band together. Honest folks instinctively drift toward each other and form societies and combinations for self protection and mutual interest, but criminals are exactly the reverse.

"Safe burglars generally work in parties of three, but that is because three men are necessary to the average 'job'—two to manipulate the drill and other tools and one to 'pipe' or watch the outside. Whenever it is possible for a burglar to 'turn a trick,' as they call it, single handed he is certain to go alone. It is the same with all other thieves.

"You read of a 'gang of pickpockets' descending on some country fair. They do their work in pairs, so in that case it would simply mean that six or eight of the crooked couples happened to strike the place at the same time. The detective novel theory is that criminals are organized into great societies with regular heads and cast iron laws and bylaws, to violate which means sudden and mysterious death.

"That is all rubbish. If such an organization was formed, the police would know it ten minutes after the first meeting adjourned. One of the things that keep thieves apart is their horrible treachery. I have been a detective for over a quarter of a century, and I never knew a single crook who would not betray any other crook merely to curry favor with the officers. They are well aware of that little peculiarity themselves and dread one another a good deal more than they dread the authorities."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

What It Takes.

"A camera, I grant you, takes pictures," said the amateur. "Ah, but it's funny! When you have to buy plates and such fixtures, you find that it also takes money."—Philadelphia Press.

HAIR

So many persons have hair that is stubborn and dull. It won't grow.

HELP

What's the reason? Hair needs help just as anything else does at times. The roots require feeding. When hair stops growing it loses its luster. It looks dead.

AYER'S Hair Vigor

acts almost instantly on such hair. It awakens new life in the hair bulbs. The effect is astonishing. Your hair grows, becomes thicker, and all dandruff is removed.

And the original color of early life is restored to faded or gray hair. This is always the case.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and am really astonished at the good it has done in keeping my hair from coming out. It is the best tonic I have tried, and I shall continue to recommend it to my friends."

MATTIE HOLY, Burlington, N. C.

Sept. 24, 1898.

If you do not obtain all the benefits expected from the use of the Hair Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.