

We alighted at the end of the lane leading to the mansion, and bade Flowers, one of my oldest and smartest chums, to wait till he heard our whistle before driving up to the door. This precaution was taken in case any local police chanced to be hanging about the house while we were engaged inside.

We then marched boldly up the drive and rang the bell. After an interval of five minutes there was the sound of heavy bolts being drawn, and the door swung open, disclosing a white haired old man whom I took to be the butler. He gave a cry when the light from his lantern fell on our faces and uniforms.

"Calm yourself, my good man," I said, assuming an official voice. "You have nothing to fear. From information received, we believe that burglars are in the east wing of this house, and we have come to catch them. Arouse your master immediately."

Sir Titus Blaydes, a thin, pinched up little man, appeared quickly. He was evidently quite as scared as his butler, and when we told him our mission he wrung his hands.

"Be quick, officers," he screamed, his face blanching with terror. "and I will wait here in the hall till you return. Stay, inspector. You might stop with me in case the blackguards should come this way."

During their absence Sir Titus, with chattering teeth, conversed with me, telling me how he had always dreaded such an attack, and now it had come to pass. His reflections were interrupted by a loud report, which rang out sharp and clear through the still house.

I darted from the hall and an instant later returned, with a gloomy mien.

"I regret to say, Sir Titus," I cried, "that the man has been shot dead. There was only one of them, but he made terrible resistance, and in the

struggle his own weapon went off, the bullet entering his brain. We will take him away at once."

I thought my heart would stand still when, after the supposed corpse had been brought toward the door, Sir Titus came forward and exclaimed in a quick, hurried tone: "Stop! Set it down. Strangely enough, in all my 38 years, I have never seen a dead man. Let me see the face of this one."

There was nothing to be done but to let the morbid baronet have his way and trust to luck and to the deception of wig, paint and beard.

The baronet knelt beside the statue and raised the handkerchief from the blood stained face. Then a look of disgust crossed his patrician features, and he rose, having carefully replaced the handkerchief.

"Take it away, officers," he said. "A more repulsive and ruffianly looking countenance I never saw. Crime is stamped on every feature."

And that was how the millionaire collector of the antique characterized a statue for which he had refused \$250,000.—London Tit-Bits.

The Disgusted Big Brother.

I'd hate to be a girl,
With a lot of hair to curl
Every time I ever started anywhere—
With a lot of stays to lace,
And, to keep my clothes in place,
More than forty pins to stick in, here and there.

No wonder woman's slow,
When she's fixing up to go;
You'd be poky, too, if you were in her place,
With hooks all up your back,
With a pair of brows to black,
And a lot of stuff to smear upon your face.

Oh, 'tis wonderful to me,
When a maiden fair I see—
A maiden with a beauty that is fresh and sweet
and rare—
Knowing what I do of girls,
With their crimpings, puffs and curls,
That they ever manage to succeed in getting anywhere.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.