

We expected of course that there must be a third man to come with the wagon or buggy, the plan usually being to lay out work at two or three places, steal a horse and buggy from a livery stable, and after collecting the goods drive many miles from the town before morning. We did not anticipate being able to secure this third person unless he came into the premises, when we meant to try for him; and a wire attached to a bolt that secured the trap door under the window formed the means we expected to employ. About ten we had everything ready and put out the light, when I walked off down the main street ostentatiously locking the front door after me and saying good night in a loud voice to one or two people I met, going round one block I came up the side street and quietly entered by the window, which I left unfastened after me.

Both Joe and I had our pistols, but did not want to have to use them although prepared to do so if necessary, as we did not consider burglars of much value to the community. We waited till we heard the market clock strike two, and shortly after a muffled sound as of a horse with woollen shoes on, which stopped some distance away, and all was still again. It seemed half an hour after this when we heard the noise again,—and again it stopped in the side street close by. So far so good thought I. That means that they have gone to the jewellers and made a successful haul,—and now comes the tug-of-war. Joe was hidden under the counter. I was on top of the long closet where the goods were. I was covered up and not likely to be noticed. Presently we heard the window raised, and shortly after the two men were in the store. The tall man produced a small lantern and uncovered the light, while the short one spread a shawl on the floor in the middle of the shop: this done, they both went to the closet, and the big fellow went in and commenced handing down rolls of cloth and silk to the short one,—carefully inspecting each, throwing out all but the best. "Hurry old fellow, we can't carry away the whole store," said the shorter of the two. "Here, I'll get some of those velvets while you finish that job," and putting down the lantern where they could both see it he nimbly jumped over the counter and began piling up a heap of the best plushes and velvets in the store. The big fellow came out with a pile in his arms which he deposited on the shawl and said, "just one more load and we'll go, I see some good stuff on the top shelf." So saying he passed in again. I pulled the string quickly. Bang came the door and down came the crowbar into its place, and one head of game was secure. "What the deuce have you done now Jim?" shouted the little fellow preparing to jump over the counter, when Joe seized him by the leg and he fell heavily on the floor where Joe immediately held him in a tight embrace. I slid down, and taking the straps that the thieves had laid ready for fastening their bundle, soon secured the little chap, putting a gag in his mouth, as we did not want to alarm the confederate we supposed to be in the wagon outside. I took his pistol out of his pocket and leaving Joe guard over him I went outside, where to my surprise I found a nice horse and a buggy without anyone in it, which I immediately recognized as the property of Jim Holdern, the livery stable keeper.

Tying the horse to a post I returned to the store, where the big fellow was cursing away in the dark cupboard and throwing himself against the door, but in vain. Afraid however that he would loosen the staple, I put some more supports to the door and sent Joe round to the railway station for help. The two men on duty there came along, and on their way called at the place that does duty for a police station, and found the two constables who should have been patrolling the town

intent on a game of dominoes. They jumped up and came along with Joe, and in a few minutes we had both of the burglars secure and marched them off to the lockup. On searching the buggy we found twenty-six watches and a lot of silverware, both the black satchels being full of it. On the persons of the villains themselves we found a lot of splendid rings,—some containing diamonds, four hundred and fifty odd dollars in money and two fine gold watches and chains. Altogether it was the best night's trapping I ever did, as the watches, which were most likely stolen in the States, were unclaimed, and over two hundred dollars in cash, and these unclaimed goods Joe and I shared between us. The two men got five years each, and after serving it out were handed over to the New York police, who sent them down for seven years more on some old accounts. I have never had another chance, but I am still watching the papers.

MRS. MAYBURN'S TWINS.

THE STORY OF ONE DAY.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

By special arrangement with Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.)

Mamma dropped—threw—that dress upon the floor, resisting a vulgar impulse to stamp and dance upon it, and the face that she wore as she started to take The Jefful boded nothing less than impalement and subsequent quartering to that offender. But as mamma passed through the door and The Jefful saw her—and she saw The Jefful—everything that could have been reasonably expected changed to the deadest of Dead Sea apples, for The Jefful crowed as joyously as a whole perch of little roosters would have done at the coming of the dawn, and mamma, the terrible, the enraged, the avenger, the despoiled, mamma took her baby into her arms and didn't care one particle whether the dress would be too short, or whether she could match the silk so as to cover the rent with a flounce;—she simply didn't care for anything but her wee, pink-cheeked, bright-eyed laughing little Jefful.

NOON.

But the striking of the clock, whose hands had reached twelve, warned mamma of other joys to come; so, after devoting a moment or two to her personal appearance, she took The Jefful on her shoulder, and went below to see that dinner should be on the table at 12:15 sharp, her husband being due at that time, and the children five or six minutes earlier, though they were seldom punctual. On this particular day they were, for on the way home they saw in a shop window the latest nice thing in candies, and they hurried to their mamma to demand a penny each. She promised to give them the money, after dinner, if they were washed, brushed, and in the dining-room when the bell rang. Away they sped, and their haste occasioned some disagreement on the stairs. As the minutes flew, mamma