

Caught in the Toils

WHEN I—John Jubber, veteran butler at the Grange—took in the 5 o'clock tea things one evening (it was the footman's place, strictly speaking, to do so, but knowing that two old ladies preferred me, I always made a point of doing so), of them, I think it was Miss Matilda, said:

"Well, Jubber, and what do you think of the new housemaid? Tell me candidly, do you think she will do?"

"I think, ma'am," I replied, "she is a remarkably good-looking young woman. You see, ma'am, she only came yesterday, so it is impossible for me to tell exactly. I can only say she seems a respectable girl enough, and certainly very clean and tidy, ma'am."

"Yes, she is very presentable, certainly," chimed in Miss Jane; "but you know, Jubber, we want something more than good looks."

"You see, Jubber, Ann Preedy had been here so many years, and my sister and I were so familiar with her ways, that we cannot get used to a new maid very quickly. Still, you understand, we have such very great faith in your opinions upon all domestic affairs, Jubber, that if you expressed yourself satisfied with Mary Blake we should feel quite easy in our minds."

"So we will ask you, Jubber, to keep your eyes on her, and to report to us on her general conduct, and so on, in—say, a week's time from now."

"Well, I did keep an eye on the young woman, as I was told, and a week of her acquaintance only confirmed my original impression—namely, that she was as good-looking a girl as one would wish to see—auburn hair, slightly inclined to red, trim, compact little figure, and such a foot and ankle! I wouldn't give a thank you for the prettiest woman in England, I assure you, if she hadn't neat feet and ankles. And those Mary Blake certainly possessed. She was wonderfully quick, and neat, too, in her housework."

The first morning after she came I superintended in person her dusting of the old china in the drawing room. I could not have done it better myself. Well, it's a remarkable circumstance, that every blessed thing after that did I find myself going toward the drawing room, where Mary Blake was busy dusting ornaments.

"Are you fond of china?" said I, one morning, as I watched the new housemaid tenderly taking up a little Dresden shepherdess.

"Oh, yes," she exclaimed. "I can assure you, Mr. Jubber, that dusting this room of a morning is a labor of love to me; it is, truly. My late mistress gave me a book all about old china, and I—I know something about it, sir. Next to listening to music I think I like to look at beautiful china. And, oh! Mr. Jubber, how lovely you do perform on that violin! When you was playing last night in your room I sat and listened, and it was a treat to a poor girl. Yes, and when you played 'Home, Sweet Home,' oh! Mr. Jubber, you don't know how I felt."

"Oh! Mr. Jubber, I could not help crying. I—I e-c-cannot help it now. Oh! Mr. J-J-Jubber, f-f-forgive me, wo-o-o-n't you? I e-c-cannot help it, you are so k-k-kind to me."

And, with that, blessed if she didn't throw herself into my arms, sobbing as if her heart would break. Well, all I can say is, when a young and lovely woman in distress twines her arms round the neck of a susceptible man, and goes on as Mary Blake did to me that morning, I imagine there is only one thing that man can do under the circumstances, and I did it, you may be sure. I—in short—kissed her!

I beat a somewhat undignified and hasty retreat.

Curiously enough, that very morning made up the week that my mistress had given me in which I was to form an estimate of the character of Mary Blake.

"I am happy to say," I reported "that I consider Mary Blake perfect in every possible way. She is modest and unassuming in her manner, and I am bound to say that as a housemaid I never yet saw her equal. I think, ma'am," I wound up, "the most fragile china in the world would be perfectly safe if she had the handling of it."

"My dear Jane," exclaimed Miss Matilda, clapping her hands together in great delight—"my dear Jane, never were, I do believe, such lucky people as we are. We have actually found another treasure."

Well, dear reader, the interest I took in Mary Blake's career still continued, and I found myself every morning superintending the dusting operations in the drawing room. The roguish blue eyes (no longer with tears in 'em) would still look into mine in the same pleading, trustful way; the brother and sisterly kiss would still pass between us.

"John Jubber—John Jubber!" I said to myself, "this will not do, my boy. You who have made a vow of perpetual celibacy to go falling in love like this, for that's what it is, there's no mistake about it; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

The next morning I avoided the drawing room at dusting time. Result—there was a reproachful look

in the blue eyes. I determined, though, to be firm, and the next morning, as before, to keep clear of the drawing room. Alas! for my resolution.

Happening to pass the door—quite by accident, of course—I heard a sound as of some one choking within. Mary, I think, I thought to myself, and at once opened the door. Yes, there she was, sitting on the sofa with her head buried in the cushions, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter, Mary, my dear?" I exclaimed, drying her eyes with her own duster as I spoke.

"Oh! go away—go-a-aw-a-a-y," she sobbed.

"No, no; tell me what is the matter—what are you crying for?" said I.

"Oh! Mister Jubber, I lo-o-o-ve you so-o-o, and you're s-s-so cruel!" she replied, sobbing away louder than ever.

Well, here was a pretty go. Of course, I made a fool of myself, and swore I loved her in return, and all the rest of it, if only to keep her quiet.

"And you will be k-kind to me, and let me help you clean the p-p-plate, as you promised?" said she.

"Oh! yes, of course I will, Mary, my dear," I replied, sealing the promise with a kiss. "And now be off, and I'll finish your dusting for you."

Well, I dusted away at the china ornaments, thinking all the while what a fool I had made of myself, and was about to leave the room, when by the sofa on which I had found Mary reclining, I caught sight of a crumpled piece of paper. It was a letter, and as it commenced "Dear Poll," I guessed at once who it belonged to. So I pocketed it, meaning to hand it to Mary when I next saw her alone.

Now, I am not an inquisitive man, as a rule, but before I got to my pantry I could no more resist reading that letter than a moth could avoid going at a candle. This is what it said—

Dear Poll—Hasn't that there old Spooney let you have a sight of the plate yet? Get to see it immediate, as Bill and me want to do the crack next week, and Oliver's (the writer alluded in his slang, to the moon) he hold of the old girl's diamonds, you can do 'em up ready for us at the same time. Further pertiklers on hearing from you.

The kids is all well, and so am I, and I remain, yours affectionate,

Joseph Maggs.

P. S.—Is there a Barker on the premises?

It didn't want much acumen to understand this precious epistle. It was as plain as day that the party who wrote it meant carrying off my mistress's plate, and that the newly found treasure (?). Mary Blake, was in with the thieves.

The next thing to be done, thinks I to myself, is to see whether "Old Spooney" can't get the best of Mr. Joseph Maggs. With that in view, after making a copy of the letter, my first act was to go and replace it exactly where I found it. And it was lucky I did, as it happened, for just as I came out Miss Mary Blake bounced in. She came to look for her duster, she said, and it was quite refreshing to note the dash she made for the letter the moment she saw it. Of course, I pretended not to notice that part of the performance.

Apparently much relieved in her mind, she now turned her attention to me.

"Is my dear old Johnny—you are my Johnny now, aren't you?"—going to show me his pretty plate, as he promised to-day?" says the artful little mix, looking up into my face with those great blue, innocent-looking eyes of hers, and putting up her face for a kiss, which I hadn't the faintest objection to giving.

"Of course, I will, my dear," I replied. "Come to my pantry about 11.30, and I'll show you the lot."

"Dear old thing!" exclaimed she. "I'll come, never fear."

At the time appointed she duly made her appearance in the pantry, when out came the plate for her edification. There was a tremendous lot, and I showed her every bit of it.

Directly after luncheon, finding that several things were wanted for the house from town, I volunteered to go myself and see about them. Now Mr. Benjamin Bagshaw, who was an inspector of police at that time (you recollect he retired last year) was a particular friend of mine. So straight to Ben's house I went.

"John, my boy," said Ben, when I had told him my story, and showed him the copy of the letter to Mary Blake, "give us your flipper." Ben was always a bit slangy when excited. "I think that if we only use discretion and hold our tongues we shall make such a haul as will astonish 'em at Scotland Yard. Now, look ye here, John," says he; "in the first place all letters to and fro between Mary Blake, housemaid, and Joseph Maggs burglar, must be intercepted. That will be, of course, my business."

"In the second place, you must go home and make love to blue-eyed Mary—oh! the dear, sweet little innocent," laughed Ben—"necroer than ever."

"Thirdly and lastly, you must go out ever afternoon and meet me at four in the little spinney as runs along the Wallington road, so that we can keep each other well posted."

What we were anxiously waiting for the letter from Joe Maggs to Mary Blake, saying when the plant was to come off, and at last, on the eighth day, Ben, with the very broad-

est grin you ever saw on a human countenance, announced that it had arrived.

Joe Maggs thanked his dear Polly for the plan of the house and the particulars of the swag, and he and his pal would be waiting outside the house at 2 o'clock in the morning on Thursday. She was to undo the bolts of the front door, so that they could slip in, and they would then go straight to "Old Spooney's" room, gag and blind him if necessary, and walk off with the plate. Finally, she was to give some of "she knew what to do."

"Ah! that bit about the dog reminds me," said Ben; "you'd better get the noble animal away somewhere, John, for the night."

We settled all our plans. When everybody had gone to bed I was to let the inspector and two of his men into the house, and secrete them on the drawing room landing. My next move was to undo the bolt, so that any one could walk in. Finally, I was to go to bed and await results.

When I kissed "Blue Eyes" behind the pantry door that evening, I felt more like Judas than ever. The only consolation I had was that she was as false as I was. On Thursday night, having seen the last of the servants off, I went softly to the hall door and let Inspector Bagshaw and his two men in the house.

Now, though I was not jealous of my friend, the inspector, yet I did not see why I should not contribute my mite toward the capture. Therefore, before I went to bed (which I did with my clothes on, underneath my nightshirt) I was careless enough to leave a decanter three parts full of port wine doctored, do you think, expressly for the burglarious party? Well, I shouldn't wonder if it was.

At 1.30 o'clock I went to bed. Shortly after 2 I heard a noise, and I set up the most awful snoring you ever heard. I kept my ears open, though, all the time. I heard them at the plate chest; I had foolishly left it open. I heard 'em shift its contents into a bag or bags, and then and then (and I give you my word I almost burst out laughing) I heard 'em pegging away at the wine.

"Blimey! the cove might ha' been gentle enough to ha' left us out a wineglass—what do you think, Bill?" I heard some one say, as he filled one of the tumblers which I had purposely left on the table so as to be handy.

I had not long to wait for what I had expected.

"Joe," I heard the other man say, "I feel precious queer—quite drowsy like."

"Oh, you'll be all right directly you gets into the fresh air," growled Joe, in reply. "Come, fill up once more, and then we'll mizzle."

A loud snore was the response.

Again I listened and then cautiously took a peep at the burglars. They were both fast asleep.

Out of the bed I jumped like a harlequin, fished out some strong cord I had purchased expressly for the occasion, and bound the legs and arms of the insensible Joe Maggs and his friend until they looked for all the world just like a pair of trussed fowls. Next I lit my lamp and every candle I could lay my hands upon, and finally I blew my whistle for help.

In rushed Inspector Bagshaw and his two men, and stopped paralyzed with wonder at the sight before him—the plate all packed, the two burglars neatly secured. Ben, for once, was fairly puzzled.

"Why, how the—what the—whats' the meaning of it all?" he stammered, looking from me to the two men and then at me again.

I struck an attitude, and, pointing to Joe Maggs and his friend, observed quietly, after the manner of a conjurer at the conclusion of a difficult feat of sleight-of-hand—"That's how it's done!"

Wild Ducks Stocked Fish Pond.

Many people, not without education and a general knowledge of natural history, are mystified by the presence of fish in enclosed waters. For many years there was open mouthed wonder over the perch, bream and crayfish found in the newly cut dams near the Maguarle River in New South Wales. In some cases the water had scarcely settled after the rain had filled the dam when the fish were observed, and the Australian farmers started a theory of spontaneous production.

This obtained and gained wide credence until a Sydney professor chanced to pick up a wild duck and found its breast feathers well dotted with fertile and almost hatched fish ova, on which the "spontaneous production" theory was promptly withdrawn.

Clogs Worn by English Workers.

An acknowledged authority has estimated there are at least 4,000,000 pairs of clogs sold in the northern counties of England every year.

Different woods are preferred in different districts. The workers in factories and other indoor occupations in such districts as Bolton, Oldham and Preston prefer a sole made from either alder or birch, while in the colliery districts, such as Wigan, beech, birch and ash are most generally used, the first named in such instance being in greatest demand. Some idea of the immense quantity of soles used may be gathered from an estimate that each pair of clogs will be resoled twice before being replaced by a new pair, thus averaging three pair of soles to the life of one pair of clogs.

Motor cars are now carried to sea by some of the officers of the British navy, for use in foreign ports.

MIDNIGHT—TIME FOR CRIME

Between 10 and 12 O'clock Majority of Deeds Occur.

If one is murdered in England, the event, it appears, is most likely to happen between the hours of 10 p. m. and midnight. This is no attempt at prophecy, but the logical deduction from an official report just issued of the criminal statistics of England and Wales. The chances are greatest, too, that one who is to meet a violent death at the hands of a fellow creature will receive his or her quietus on a Saturday night. It does not need any great amount of psychological research to account for this. The last day in the week is pay day and generally a half holiday among the poorer classes. It is then most liquor is consumed and evil passions, inflamed by drink, lead to brawls and bloodshed.

But the fact as shown by the statistics, that Thursday's average of bloody deeds is second only to Saturday's may quite possibly indicate that this day is the more popular among the fashionable assassins. Great murders—those involving prominent people, seldom are committed on a Saturday night, but in a majority of cases, it appears, on a Thursday.

There are only 14 hours during the whole week one may rest practically immune from the assassin's knife, and that time is between 1 and 6 o'clock every morning. The statistics show very few murders are perpetrated during that period.

The greatest majority of persons murdered are women. An examination of criminal records for 20 years back shows men have slain women in the greatest number of instances through jealousy and drink. Women are driven to commit murder chiefly through extreme poverty and their victims are mostly children.

That the nervous age in which we live is resulting in a large and steady increase in suicides is generally known, but the fact as shown in the report that three men commit suicide to one woman, is rather surprising. It is interesting to note that suicide is almost the only offence in which there appears to be a steady increase. The general movement of crime is to decrease.

Fifty-nine per cent. of murderers are between 21 and 40 years old, and most of them, as already stated, are men. The largest number of persons sentenced to death in any one year since 1885, was 41, in 1893. In 1901 there were 4,183 habitual criminals at large; in 1905 the number was 4,035.

Prevalence of Flat Foot.

Flat foot is a very common affliction. It is also one which is frequently overlooked by physicians, says the Medical Brief.

The patient complains of pain in the heel, the ankle, the inner border of the foot, great toe, the muscles of the calf, the knee or even the hip. The busy practitioner notes these symptoms in a hurried, casual way, attributes them to rheumatism, prescribes salicylates and what not, and another flat footed individual plods his weary way.

Increased deformity is added to what may have been merely foot strain in the first place. A curable case has become wellnigh incurable, and the medical profession is again justly liable to well deserved censure.

Any factor which tends to diminish the muscular power of the foot may cause flat foot. A great increase in the weight born by the foot may cause it.

This increase in weight may be actual, such as occurs in people who put on a great deal of fat, or it may be relative, such as occurs in athletes, jumpers especially. But by far the most common cause is a cramping of the foot, brought about by improper shoes.

For treatment of this condition mechanical support to the deformed foot is practically all that is necessary. This mechanical support is best afforded by means of the footplate made from highly tempered steel and moulded upon a plaster cast of the foot.

The footplate should be worn as long as it is required, but no longer. Additional wearing of the plate beyond the time necessary, as indicated by the symptoms, is simply an additional cause of harm. With the footplate a shoe should be worn fitting the normal contour of the foot.

Assorted Literary Food.

For clearness read Macaulay. For logic read Burke and Bacon. For action read Homer and Scott. For conscientiousness read Bacon and Pope.

For sublimity of conception read Milton. For vivacity read Stevenson and Kipling. For imagination read Shakespeare and Job. For common sense read Benjamin Franklin.

For elegance read Virgil, Milton and Arnold. For smoothness read Addison and Hawthorne. For interest in common things read Jane Austen. For simplicity read Burns, Whittier and Buyan.

For humor read Chaucer, Cervantes and Mark Twain. For the study of human nature read Shakespeare and George Eliot. For choice of individual words read Keats, Tennyson and Emerson. For loving and patient observation read Thoreau Welton.

There is a movement in California to make robbery accompanied by maiming punishable with death. This is to put a stop to the operations of what are called the "gas pipe men."

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FIRST WEEK.

Z. A. Butt, Benton Boro, David Faust, Montour, George Whitenight, Madison, Harry M. Evans, Berwick, C. LaRue Eves, Millville, Elias Stephens, Jackson, Wm. Custer, Scott, Elliott Adams, Berwick, Charles U. Faus, Pine, Wm. Dennison, Malm, Richard Hess, Malm, Henry F. Rittenhouse, Briarcreek, Albert Cole, Sugarloaf, Rush Harrison, Fishingcreek, Elwood Kanouse, Scott, Alf. Burlingame, Scott, Joshua Womer, Locust, Boyd Hartzell, Malm, R. C. Kindt, Mt. Pleasant, Jacob Kindig, Berwick, J. B. M. Bardo, Madison, Jacob Sones, Jackson, Heister White, Mount Pleasant, W. B. Hess, Fishingcreek, Albert Mummy, Beaver, John Kelly, Bloomsburg, Duval Dixon, Berwick, John M. Hummel, Fishingcreek, Ransloe George, Cleveland, Chester Speary, Benton twp., Simon R. Karl, Locust, Samuel W. Baker, Bloomsburg, Linn Pursel, Millville, George S. Lee, Madison, Henry Louz, Berwick, S. E. Ruekle, Orange twp., John W. Lewis, Bloomsburg, A. R. Henrie, Mifflin, Howard Oman, M. Pleasant, J. D. Henry, Orange Boro, J. H. Townsend, Scott, Lloyd Appleman, Benton Boro, Charles O. Moist, Madison, John W. Masteller, Bloomsburg, Taylor Ruckle, Montour, Valentine Stout, Sugarloaf, Alfred B. Cole, Millville.

SECOND WEEK.

Howard Pursel, Bloomsburg, L. E. Schwartz, Bloomsburg, Edward Levan, Conyngham, J. E. Sander, Mt. Pleasant, John G. Laubach, Sugarloaf, Boyd Fry, Bloomsburg, Evan Buckalew, Benton Boro, Bruce Calandar, Briarcreek, Aaron Trexler, Conyngham, Charles Berger, Catawissa Boro, Lorenza D. Rohrbach, Franklin, Joseph Hamecock, Greenwood, Charles Smith, Madison, Isaac Martz, Briarcreek, Adam Brocius, Catawissa Boro, Wesley Smith, Mt. Pleasant, Pierce Keifer, Centre, G. W. Vanilleu, Fishingcreek, Mordical Youem, Jackson, Irain D. Pittall, Pine, Daniel Derr, Mifflin, Jessie O. Edwards, Berwick, Joe Hippensteel, Scott, C. W. McKelvey, Bloomsburg, Fred Hunsinger, Berwick, Thos. Mensch, Catawissa twp., Elias Geiger, Montour, Clarence F. Redline, Mifflin.

The Watchword of Women.

Modesty is woman's watchword. Whatever threatens her delicate sense of modesty, frightens her. For this reason many a woman permits diseases of the delicate womanly organs to become aggravated because she cannot bring herself to submit to the ordeal of unpleasant questionings, offensive examinations, and obnoxious local treatments, which some physicians find necessary. Doubtless thousands of the women who have taken advantage of Dr. Pierce's offer of free consultation by letter, have been led to do so by the escape thus offered from a treatment repugnant to modesty. Any sick woman may write to Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., in perfect confidence; all letters being treated as strictly private and sacredly confidential, and all answers being sent in plain envelopes with no advertising or other printing upon them. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been long hailed as a "God-send to women." It makes weak women strong and sick women well. "Favorite Prescription" contains no alcohol. All its ingredients printed on every bottle-wrapper.

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