

A Chase Across The Square

There had been an epidemic of burglaries in and about the quiet precincts of Randolph Square, and the residents of that desirable neighborhood had been shaken out of their usual reserve by these occurrences, and were on edge with excitement.

Jack Lane, who lived happily with Mrs. Jack in a corner house on the west side of the square, was very philosophical regarding the burglar. "Don't worry, dear," he said one evening, as they were going to bed. "I have burglar insurance you know."

"Burglar insurance would not bring back all my lovely wedding presents. You men have absolutely no sentiment," declared Mrs. Jack.

"Well, dear, go to bed," laughed Jack. "I will stand guard," he exclaimed striking a dramatic attitude, as was possible for a man in pajamas, "and I will shoot down any man who dares to put a profane hand on the least of those berry spoons!"

"Stand guard!" exclaimed Mrs. Jack scornfully. "You know that you will be asleep in ten minutes, and then you would not hear a burglar if he sat down and played the piano."

"Well, it is just as well, dear," laughed Jack, "because I am not a very good shot, and perhaps the burglar is, and you would not want him to play my funeral march, now would you, even if he were musical."

"You absurd boy! Well, I hope we won't have the luck that Barringtons had," she went on resignedly. "They lost such a lot of things. And then, after a moment's deep thought she added, "I wonder if Amy Barrington is going to marry that Clyde Jepson."

"Good gracious, I thought you were going to propound some learned theory regarding the Barrington burglary."

"Well, I had rather she married someone else," declared Mrs. Jack positively. "Even that man from Boston, whom they say is devoted to her, though of course that would take her away from here."

"Jack's reply was a slight but palpable snore."

"He is asleep!" exclaimed Mrs. Jack. "I wish men took more interest in love affairs," she sighed. "It is such fun to talk them over. Jack is a dear, all the same," and she lay there and was having good thoughts about Jack, when suddenly she heard a slight but distinct sound on the floor below.

"Jack!" she whispered.

"What!" Jack was wide awake now.

"I heard a queer sound downstairs."

"Oh, I don't believe it is anything," said Jack turning over. "It is probably the cat or one of those wicker chairs creaking, or something."

"Jack, I believe you would let them take every wedding present I have without making a move."

"All right, dear," said Jack, getting into his slippers. "I'll get my pistol and take a look around."

"Oh, Jack, you don't suppose there really is any one, do you? Because, if there is, I would not have you go down stairs for the world."

"Well, dear, if there isn't, he won't hurt me, and if there is, he will get the presents while we are talking about it," answered Jack, moving towards the door.

Jack walked softly to the head of the stairs. The light was burning in the lower hall as usual, and he could see that the front door was closed. But, as he looked, the shining brass knob gave back a quick reflection that was gone in an instant, as though a moving light had struck against it. The dining room door was directly at the other end of the hall, and, if the door were open, a man working with a bull's-eye in that room would be likely to flash it down the hall and against the door knob.

Lane went quietly down the stairs keeping close to the wall, and when he reached the bottom, he peered around the big old-fashioned newell post toward the dining room. The door was open, but he could see no light and could hear nothing.

Taking a sure grip on his revolver he made a quick step across the hall and touched the button at the side of the front door, and the whole lower floor was a blaze of light.

Lane took a quiet look around, but saw no one and nothing appeared to have been disturbed.

When he reached the door of the drawing room a puff of air struck his face and he saw the curtain at one of the side windows waving. The window was wide open.

"Hello!" he ejaculated. "This looks like the real thing. Has he gone, or where is he?"

A glance down the long drawing room showed that there was no one there. The door into the library was at the end of the room. It was closed. Lane walked down to it, and, holding the pistol leveled in his right hand, threw the door open and took a swift look around, the aim of his pistol following the direction of his eyes.

"No one here," he muttered. "He has got clean away, unless—"

"Jack! Oh, Jack!" came a fright-

ened cry from the second story. "He is up here. Oh!"

Almost with the cry came a swift rush down the front stairs, and a man in evening clothes, with light overcoat flying wide open, dashed across the drawing room straight at the open window.

Lane fired at the flying figure, but he might as well have aimed at a comet. The man was gone like a flash of light.

Lane's blood was up with the firing of the shot. He rushed to the window, and firing again as the burglar disappeared around the corner, he jumped after him but tripped on the window ledge and landed in a heap. Gathering himself up he dashed to the corner and almost into the arms of a man who came running across the street.

"Hello, Lane! What are you doing out here in pajamas firing your pistol like a wild west show! What is up?"

"A burglar! that gentleman burglar who has been robbing us all," panted Lane. "Didn't you see him, Jepson?"

"I saw a fellow in a light-colored overcoat run around the corner of your house, going forty miles an hour, just as I heard your last shot. Is that your man?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Lane. "Which way did he go?"

"He ran diagonally across the square," answered Jepson. "I haven't a gun."

"You have a stout stick there though. I'll shoot him and you beat him over the head. We have got to get that man, I tell you." And Lane all afire now with the man hunting instinct, raced across the square with the unwilling Jepson in his wake.

"Hold on," gasped Jepson at length, holding on his sides. "What is the good of this. At the rate that fellow was going, he is a mile off by now."

"No, he isn't," cried Lane over his shoulder. "He will not dare to run far. It is too conspicuous. As soon as he gets a couple of blocks away, and thinks he has given me the slip, his game will be to stop running and play the role of a respectable citizen walking quietly home."

"Well, hold on then," panted Jepson. "This pace is killing me. If he is still running we have no show, and if he is walking we can catch him without breaking our necks."

"All right," said Lane, slowing down.

Suddenly he seized Jepson by the arm. "There he is!" he cried excitedly. "See! under that street lamp about two blocks ahead. I know that coat. He is walking slowly. I told you so! Come on! Come on! Can't you see him?"

In a few moments more they were about opposite their man.

"That is the fellow!" whispered Lane excitedly. "Now close in on him."

As Lane spoke the man turned and saw them advancing on him.

"Halt there! or I'll shoot you!" cried Lane, rushing at him and waving his pistol.

The man wavered a moment, then started to run, but the fickle fate that tripped Lane at the window now squared accounts by sending the flying man headlong over a hydrant that stuck up through the sidewalk, and, before he could right himself, Lane stood over him with threatening pistol at his head.

"Get up!" commanded Lane sternly. "Put up your hands!"

The man obeyed just as Jepson came lumbering up. "We have got him," he puffed. "I could tell him by his run."

"He is our man all right," agreed Lane.

"Whom do you think I am, and what do you want with me?" asked the man.

"We don't think at all," snapped Lane. "We know that you are the burglar who just left my house by way of the window, and what we want with you is to land you in jail."

"This is absurd," said the man coolly. "I can easily prove my identity. My name is Hollis Bailey, and—"

"Oh, no doubt, you have plenty of names," put in Jepson, who was strutting about with all the importance of a captor.

"Do I look like a burglar?" demanded the man.

"Yes; we are on to the gentleman dodge you are playing."

"If you are a reputable citizen you will be ready to account for your movements during the last two hours," put in Lane. "Where have you spent them?"

The man hesitated a moment and then said, "that is a matter that does not concern you."

"Oh, of course not," jeered Jepson. "You are quite right not to incriminate yourself."

"What did you try to run for?" demanded Lane.

The man looked at him and smiled. "I thought from your costume that you were an escaped lunatic running amuck, and your keeper," pointing to Jepson, "was in pursuit of you."

Jepson's puffy cheeks grew puffier with rage.

"I say Lane," snapped Jepson, "do you suppose he got anything at your house?"

"I don't know," answered Lane. Jepson's face glowed with a great idea.

"Let's search him. If we find anything of yours, that is all the evidence we want."

"This is an outrage," exclaimed

the man hotly. "You have no right to search me."

"That is what they always say," put in Jepson.

As he spoke the man reached a stealthy hand toward the inside pocket of his overcoat.

"None of that!" ordered Lane. "I believe you are right, Jepson. Look in the pocket he was reaching for."

Jepson put a hand into the pocket and pulled out what appeared to be a small jewel case.

"Open it, Jepson," said Lane. "If this fellow makes a move I'll put a bullet through him."

Jepson opened the case and gave a startled exclamation. "By Jove, Lane, here is Amy Barrington's watch. The very one that she told me was taken when their house was entered." As he spoke something fell out of the case and rang on the stone pavement. Jepson picked it up and looked at it. "We have the right man sure enough!" he cried triumphantly, holding up the object. "This is a ring that I have often seen Mrs. Barrington wear."

"How did you come by these things?" demanded Lane.

"I—I—stammered the man. "Well, Miss Barrington gave them to me."

"That is a likely story," put in Jepson. "Miss Barrington told me herself that the watch had been stolen."

"I can explain about that if—"

"We don't want any explanations," cut in Jepson. "Come along now and if you try to escape I'll brain you with my stick and Lane will put a hole through you."

And the trio walked through the quiet streets to the Barringtons.

Jepson rang the bell and said to the servant who came to the door: "If Miss Barrington has not retired please ask her if Mr. Jepson may see her for a moment on an important matter. Do not say that there is any one with me."

"Lane," he went on with an air of importance, when they had gone into the drawing room, "Miss Barrington is very nervous and the sight of you with a pistol in your hand guarding the burglar, might upset her. I would suggest that you take the fellow into the library and I will prepare her and then call you in."

"All right," agreed Lane, taking the prisoner into the library.

In a moment Jepson heard Miss Barrington's step, and he rose to meet her with proudly beating heart.

"Good evening, Mr. Jepson," she said. "I hope you bring no bad news. The maid told me you came on a matter of importance, and it is so late and all that I was afraid."

"No, Miss Barrington," answered Jepson impressively. "I do not bring bad news. In fact I am sure that you will be delighted to know that although I have been through a very exciting and I—may say dangerous experience this evening, it has resulted in the capture of the burglar who has been robbing all our houses, and giving me the great pleasure of restoring to you your watch and your ring. Here they are," and, swelling with pride, he took them from his pocket and handed them to her.

"Why, Mr. Jepson, where did you get these," she exclaimed. "I don't see how—"

Jepson waved his hand dramatically. "I took them from the thief himself. I caught him red handed, and—"

"But, Mr. Jepson, where is—"

"The thief?" put in Jepson. "He is here. The rascal dared to say that you gave him your watch and your ring—think of it—and I brought him here so that you might confront him before he goes to jail."

"But it cannot be possible that you—"

"Oh, yes I did," put in Jepson eagerly. "I have got him all right." And turning, he called, "Lane bring in the prisoner!"

When the pair appeared in the door, the prisoner in front and Lane behind him, enveloped in a coat many sizes too large, and carrying his threatening pistol, Miss Barrington looked at them and gasped out: "Mr. Lane what does this mean?"

"Here is the rascal who says you gave him your watch and your ring!" exclaimed Jepson.

Miss Barrington turned a flushed perplexed face on the prisoner and stammered, "I—I do not understand. What does it mean?"

Jepson looked from one to the other in troubled uncertainty. "Of course you could not have given him your watch when you told me yourself that it had been stolen," he said.

"Yes, my watch was stolen," answered Miss Barrington, "but one of the maids found it yesterday afternoon in the grass in the back yard, where the thief had evidently dropped it, and I gave it to Mr. Bailey—this is Mr. Hollis Bailey this evening to leave at the jeweler's for repairs."

Lane sheepishly concealed the pistol in the pocket of his big coat and looked down uneasily to see if the legs of his pajamas stuck out.

"He had your ring, too," blundered on Jepson desperately.

At this Miss Barrington hesitated and glanced in confusion at Hollis Bailey, and then turned with flushed face, and said, "yes, gave him the ring for—a measure. Our engagement has not been announced—in fact it is not very old, but I am glad to have two such old friends as you and Mr. Lane know it before everybody else does."

KOREAN'S WONDERFUL BELL.

A Child Was Sacrificed in Melton Metal Before Casting.

A queerly shaped gong, which occupies a position of honor in the centre of the City of Seoul, Korea, is said to be one of the largest in the world, and is called "the bell with the wall of a child in its voice." When first cast the bell sounded with a harsh



and cracked note, and the superstitious Emperor, fearing an ill omen, consulted with his magicians. These gentlemen held a long confab, and finally stated that the bell would never sound right until a live child was given to it. The mass was then melted again, and a live baby was thrown into the molten metal. The wall of agony uttered by the little tot as the bronze engulfed it seemed to be repeated every time the bell was tolled, and to-day the Koreans still claim that the wall of a child can be heard in the voice of the metal.

Iron Turned Into Copper.

A curious find was recently made in one of the copper mines at El Cobre, Cuba. These mines, once among the richest in the world, have been abandoned for over thirty years because during the Cuban insurrection of 1868 the coal supply was cut off by the insurgents, and consequently pumping became impossible, so that the mines filled with water. After the Spanish war an American company bought the mines and proceeded to pump out the water. In one of the shafts thus made accessible was found what once represented an iron pickaxe as well as some crowbars. The metal in these implements had, however, turned to copper.

Repaired the Family.

The following is a literal copy of a bill recently sent by a cobbler to a Yorkshire England, squire:

Squire Knowle to S. Watson, Cobbler.

Clogged up Miss	10
Tapt Master	8
Heel tapt and bound up Madam ..	11
Mended up Miss	2
Heel tapt Master	8
Lined bound and put piece on Madam	1 00
Stitched up Miss Kitty	3
Souling the Maid	8
Putting piece on Master	2
Total	5 12

Teeth of the Savages.

Among the savages anything save perfect sets of teeth is an extreme rarity, and the Eskimos, who live under the most unhygienic conditions of all people, have the most perfect teeth in the world. The reason for this is found in the fact that they eat tough foods, which require long mastication before they can be swallowed, and this long mastication cleans the teeth, polishes them, so that they offer few inducements to bacteria, and sweeps whatever germs may have found lodgment in the mouth into the stomach with the food, where they are speedily killed.

The Divining Rod.

A divining rod is a rod with forked branches, usually made of witch hazel, but sometimes of iron or even of brass and copper, and used by those that pretend to tell where water, minerals and metals are underground. According to the superstition, the rod is said to dip when held over the desired spot.

Heat of the Earth.

Lord Kelvin has calculated that, assuming the earth to have been a molten mass when it first started on its career, it would have taken 100,000,000 years for it to have cooled down to its present temperature, but Lord Kelvin showed prophetic insight when he added, "provided a new source of heat was not discovered."

Strange Oversight.

"Say," remarked the boarder with the unbarbered hair, "I am writing an ode to our landlady. I wish you would suggest a rhyme for spoons."

"Is it possible," queried the bald-headed bachelor, "that you have overlooked prunes?"

Ordered 10,000 Evergreen Trees.

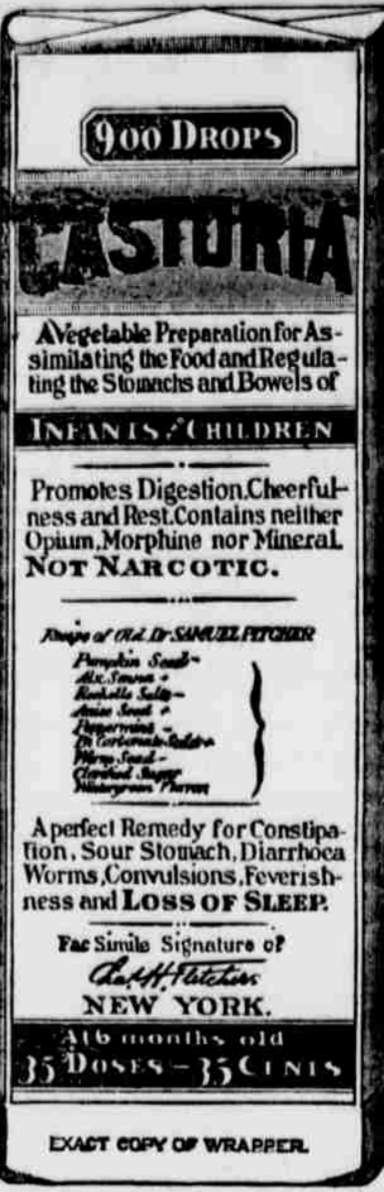
John D. Rockefeller has placed an order with a Tarrytown, N. Y., dealer for 10,000 evergreen trees, which will be planted on his estate at Pocantico hills. This is said to be the largest order of its kind ever placed by one man.

Wild Geese Annoyance.

Farmers of the Falkland Islands are offering rewards for the destruction of wild geese, which increase and multiply to such an extent as to threaten the subsistence of the sheep.

A Five-Legged Calf.

Joseph Lafe of Benson, Vt., has a five-legged calf born June 2, which is thrifty. Mr. Lafe has been offered \$150 for the calf and his mother.



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HOW ROYALTY DINED.

Forks First Introduced in Queen Elizabeth's Time.

None of the sovereigns of England had forks till the reign of Henry VII. All, high and low, used their fingers. Hence, in the royal households there was a dignitary called the ewer, who, with a set of subordinates, attended at the meals with basins, water and towels. The survival of ewery was evident after forks had come into fashion. We learn when James I. entertained the Spanish ambassador at a dinner "their majesties washed their hands with water from the same ewer, the towels being presented to the king by the lord treasurer and to the queen by the lord high admiral." The Prince of Wales had an ewer to himself, which was afterwards used by the ambassador.

The first royal personage in England who was known to have a fork was Queen Elizabeth, but it is doubtful whether she ever used it. Forks came so slowly into use that they were employed only by the higher classes in the middle of the seventeenth century. About the period of the Revolution, 1688, few English noblemen had more than a dozen forks of silver, along with a few of iron and steel. At length the steel fork came in for general use and was manufactured at Sheffield. At first they had two prongs, but afterward another prong was added.—London Modern Society.

Why Animals Survive.

How is the balance of life on the globe maintained? Why have not species exterminated species? Why have not the birds exterminated the insects and the hawks and owls exterminated the birds? Because the insects are so much more prolific than the birds and the birds so much more prolific than the hawks and owls. The hawks and owls are also more restricted as to food. The more adaptive an animal is the greater are the chances of surviving. If wolves and foxes could browse like deer and sheep and rabbits, they would be as numerous as these latter species.

The potato bug has unduly increased in the east because its food is abundant, and its enemies have not appeared. The forest worms threatened to destroy the maple woods of some sections, till its enemy, the ichneumon fly, appeared. Rabbits have increased unduly in Australia because their natural enemies have not kept pace.—Onting.

The One Room House.

A very modern architect predicts the house of one large room, a small electric kitchen attached and an enormous enclosed porch with facilities for out-door sleeping. Whether housekeepers in general will care for his scheme or not is a question, but it is undoubtedly true that the comparatively small kitchen, the big porch and the generous living room have come to stay.—House Beautiful.

A "Sovereign" That Costs Only One Dollar.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., is a "Sovereign" medicine for nervousness, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver complaints, and all the ills peculiar to women. It drives the poison from the blood, and restores the patient to the bloom of health. You will never regret the exchange of one dollar for a bottle.

The fellow who entertains doubts of himself cannot be a successful entertainer.

ELY'S CREAM BALM has been tried and not found wanting in thousands of homes all over the country. It has won a place in the family medicine chest among the reliable household remedies, where it is kept at hand for use in treating cold in the head just as soon as some member of the household begins the preliminary sneezing or snuffling. It gives immediate relief and a day or two's treatment will put a stop to a cold which might, if not checked, become chronic and run into a bad case of catarrh.

Some men are such hopeless fools that we feel like sending them to the home for incurables.

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As made up by improved and exact processes Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. It cures the backache, periodical headaches, the dragging-down distress in the pelvic region, the pain and tenderness over lower abdominal region, dries up the pelvic catarrhal drain, so disagreeable and weakening, and overcomes every form of weakness incident to the organs distinctly feminine.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, the makers of which print their formula on the bottle-wrapper, thus taking their patrons into their full confidence. It is the only medicine for women, every ingredient of which has the strongest possible endorsement of the most eminent medical practitioners and writers of our day, recommending it for the diseases for which "Favorite Prescription" is advised.

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