

### THE OLD, OLD STORY.

They call it the old, old story, but to me so sweetly new.  
When I can linger, sweetheart, and hear it told by you—  
Its music soothes the troubling of the heart that quicker beats,  
When the gladness of that story your dear voice soft repeats!

They call it the old, old story, but in all this world to-day,  
There is nothing that can lighten—that can drive the gloom away  
Like the throbs of pure contentment that come when it is told—  
Like the thrills of joy that tingle when the buds of love unfold!

They call it the old, old story, filled with memory's golden glow,  
Reflecting back the brightness of a happy long ago—  
But eager the glad world listens to the telling of it yet,  
And, crowned with sweetheart's kisses, joyful hearts—to ne'er forget!

[EDWARD N. WOOD, in Atlanta Constitution.]

### THE HONEST BURGLAR.

BY H. C. DODGE.

I am in the burgling business, and I maintain that it can be conducted as honestly as any other. Perhaps I am mistaken, but I certainly raised it to a much higher level than it was when first I selected that means of livelihood.

My motto, "Honesty is the East Policy—See," is neatly engraved on all my professional tools and my title of "The Honest Burglar," will go on my tombstone in due time, and when my strictly honorable exploits can be safely mentioned with pride by my relatives and friends.

I always made a point of seeking a foe man worthy of my steel. Never do I enter a house no matter what inducements its contents may offer—which has not the very latest scientific burglar protections. Ordinary locks and bolts I positively refuse to attack and carelessly left open doors and windows I disdain to make use of. I leave those little tidbits for dishonest burglars who take not the professional pride that I find so high-toned and profitable and so encourage aging to one's self-respect.

Now that I have introduced my honest self I'll tell a story.

A wealthy chap who had made his millions in a way I despise had erected a mansion with all the finest electrical burglar alarms known to date. Every door and window was doubly protected so the slightest touch after the wires were set would jangle numberless bells and turn on the bright gas all over the house in a brilliant illumination. In addition to all that melodious display there were tall tale steps on each staircase and tempting bits of silverware connected with wires to the main battery left in plain sight by the safe in the dining-room.

All these imposing preparations, so expensive and troublesome for their owner gave to me a glorious delight, a looking forward to attacking them with a small boy's Fourth of July enthusiasm.

At last the battle night came, and with it Mr. William Mummer, my active partner in the business.

Mr. Mummer was highly respected in the profession. Like myself, he never stooped to conquer, and was equally noted for his gentlemanly ways and sturdy honesty.

Only once in his busy life was he ever taken in and done for, and I couldn't blame him a bit, either.

You see he was making a professional call on a rich bachelor, and while putting things away in the handsome room he was painfully surprised by the sudden arrival of his host with some gentleman friends. Not willing to seem intrusive, Mr. Mummer quietly slipped under the bed to await an opportunity for departing pleasantly.

From his snug retreat Mr. Mummer beheld six well-polished boots spread themselves comfortably on the Turkish rug, evidently in shape to stay awhile, despite William's anxiety to catch the train for home.

Soon the jolly gentlemen lighted cigars and commenced telling funny stories, ending each with a chorus of hearty laughter.

William, who understood the proper etiquette of not mixing in where he wasn't wanted, kept a becoming silence until a funnier story than usual was told, and then, after an agonizing struggle to choke his unfortunate mirth, he exploded with a tremendous "haw-haw-haw!" which frightened the gentlemen shamefully.

It is needless to say that Mr. Mummer had ample time afterward to enjoy the joke while taking a little vacation from business in the State Laundry.

But he soon recovered my respect for his sterling qualities by a trick he played when cornered in a fashionable boarding house one night.

While the landlady was ringing the big bell and the alarmed boarders were searching for him with guns, Mr. Mummer entered a deserted room and promptly went to bed with his boots on. There, with the blanket tucked tightly under his handsome chin, he lay yelling as loud as the loudest and grandly ordering the bold warriors with guns from his room when they rushed in to see if he was being murdered. 'Twas lucky his bed belonged to a terror-stricken maiden lady who had sought refuge elsewhere—otherwise Mr. Mummer might not have been so very smart, after all. But he got out of his scrape at daylight and took his swag, too,

and consequently his fame was undiminished by that episode.

Now that I have introduced Mr. William Mummer, Esq., I will go on with my story.

'Twas a black midnight in a dreary November. The sky was clouded and a lively wind was banging shutters and moaning through the awning branches as Bill and I quietly stole along the dimly dark and deserted country road.

With valises containing articles used in our trade, and smoking pipes with stoppers on to hide their glow, we silently made good time over the wet and soggy ground till old Fort Electricity, as we dubbed the object of our attack, loomed up before us.

We knew the place well, for both Bill and myself had managed to secure work there when the house was being remodeled. Through a side hedge and across a large lawn from tree to tree we cautiously advanced, pausing frequently to observe and listen.

Not a sound, save the uncanny shriek of a screech owl, and the blustering, chilly wind sighing among the evergreens and creaking the bare treetops, fell on our eager ears.

Thanks to the supposed superior protection of electricity, dogs were not on hand to interfere with our pleasure—though had there been we had a patent way of winning their friendship.

When we got close to the house we made a circuit around it, and finding everything safe and comfortable, we prepared for business. Instead of attempting a guarded door or window, or even cutting a hole through the clapboards into the parlor, as we might have done to avoid the wires, our plan was to enter through the unprotected roof. Taking from my bag an arrow, with a coil of fishing-line attached, I placed it in a bow (which had been my cane while traveling) and neatly shot the line above and over the house, so that it fell clear of windows or obstructions.

In a few minutes a signal tug on it told me that Bill had found the arrow on "tother side of the house. Then I tied on a heavier line, light but strong enough to hang two ordinary men, and signaled Bill to haul away. Next I fastened on a well greased, high-power pulley block, on which was the flexible rope for our ascent, and gave the signal to haul away again and make fast.

Soon Bill did so and, joining me, we got ready to go aloft.

I went first, of course, being the senior partner in the concern and chief manager of my unpatented invention.

Comfortably sitting on a wooden cross-piece I pulled away on the endless rope attachment (one pound pull lifting four), and easily raised myself to where I could reach and mount upon the broad eaves of the shingled sloping roof.

In a jiffy Partner Bill performed the same circus act and was at my side.

Like two cats we quickly clambered, with the help of the cross line, to the scuttle, and then, with no trouble at all to such artists as we were, the bolt was forced and Fort Electricity was taken, with its garison blissfully dreaming of the safety afforded by the latest burglar alarms.

Softly creeping down the scuttle ladder we gained the garret floor and there, by the cheery light of our dark lanterns, we donned our working suits consisting of long white nightgowns and caps, and which, I am proud to say, I invented for occasions like the present.

Being an honest burglar, I never considered it square to needlessly startle a sleeping person. The ladies especially suffer from nervous shock and fright and either faint dead away or scream so loudly that it is annoying to say the least.

The men are apt to wax on out of humor or scared to death, and in both cases are generally beyond reach of argument.

But in our handsome ruffled nightgowns and caps we fearlessly glide in and out of bedrooms, make half-awake men turn over on their pillows so we can get their watches or pistols with no more than a sleepy grunt at being disturbed, and even get in bed beside them if there's danger of actual discovery.

You see our boldness and appearance naturally causes them to take us for members of the family and treat us accordingly.

This surely is much pleasanter than burning sulphur matches under their noses or blinding their eyes with the rays of a dark lantern, or giving them a pointed revolver bluff or a billy crack on a defenseless bald head. Put yourself in their places and I guess you'll fully agree with me.

Well, Bill and I, like two white-robed Santa Clauses, came down stairs and went straight to our work, Bill taking the rooms on one side of the dimly-lighted hall, and I the others.

Here let me say that snoring, which is usually offensive to the listener, becomes in our business a most melodious and soothing sound. Like Sancho Panza, I bless the man who invented sleep, and twice bless the woman, perhaps, who invented the sweeter snore, though I never do it myself, not having time at night like other folks.

Breathing these blessings, I entered the main room, where the old general of the fort lay snoring for all he was worth.

First I tackled his trousers and got his well-stuffed wallet, then picked up a young jewelry store from the bureau, then fished for his watch under his pillow. But the old snorer lay on it hard so it wouldn't come. Shoving him gently by the shoulder I whispered "turn over."

Half opening his eyes, enough to

see my white robe, he gave the usual grunt and obeyed. In a moment his interrupted snore became louder than before, and the ticker was mine.

To the next room I went and as easily helped myself.

The third room, which was the guest chamber, I visited with equal success, and then, not intending to upset the electrical arrangement on the first floor, I sneaked out in the hall to find Bill and skip out for good the way he had come.

A dimly-burning gaslight made the darkness visible, and shortly I saw Bill's noble ghostlike figure emerge from a room and, without looking in my direction, walk toward the far end of the hall.

In one instant noiselessly reached him and, touching his arm, whispered: "Come, Bill; it's time to get it!"

The form turned around—but it wasn't Bill. The fierce mother-in-law of the establishment stood before me, burning me with her eyes. Ere I could hide my surprised face and modestly retreat—so she might do the same—she got onto my nightgown racket and like a tigress she grabbed my whiskers with both hands and shrieked "murder" and "thieves!" "robbers!" "help!" etc., till she made me tired. I never felt so queer in all my life.

At once yells and screams and howls of fear came from all over in a mad chorus; off went the burglar alarm bells and the rattles and off flashed the gas till the whole lower part of the house was brilliant. Luckily I had captured the pillowed pistols, or they'd have gone off, too.

At the instant a stalwart figure in white bounded out of another room and flew to my assistance. "Bill!" I gasped. "Quick! For your life! Pull her away!"

He gently but firmly embraced the old lady's waist and pulled while I tried to bite her worse than tiger's claws. "Tickle her, Bill!" I groaned, since the pull didn't work. That fetched her. She lost her grip—retaining, however, half my beard, and went for Bill. But he was too quick to be caught. Neatly dodging her terrible taunts, he pushed her in a room, and before the terrified household dare show themselves we had escaped through the scuttle and were on the roof.

A slide down the rope and our safety was secured, but we had not a second to lose.

Hastily we tried to find our only means of flight. Like great lizards we crawled about in the darkness, but our efforts were vain. The rope was gone.

"What's up now, Bill?" I whispered.

"We are, Tom," he answered grimly, "we've been shadowed from outside and they've cut the rope. Nice trap for two old rats like we."

In spite of myself I shivered.

"Well, what's to be done, Bill? No use praying for a balloon, is there?"

"Not much, pard," said William as cheerfully as he could, "and no use trying the front door. There ain't a lightning rod, either, to slide down on, and we can't reach the water leader. I wish I was a bird."

"Well, we'll both be birds—jailbirds—Bill, if we don't do something, think quick."

Now guns were beginning to shoot from the windows and we heard answering shouts from without. Evidently the house was being surrounded.

"Tom," whispered Bill, "I've thought. We must jump."

"Up or down?" says I, not relishing the job.

"Down, of course," grinned brave William, "into the big evergreen tree by that chimney. Now, Tom—come on."

Bill skinned to the roof's edge like a monkey, I after him. When over he leaped into the blackness and I heard the branches break, but no sickening thud on the ground, as I feared. Giving him time to get out of my way, I followed, and also held on the bending boughs. In a trice both of us reached the grass, and before we could start to run a dozen excited men with pitchforks and guns were around us, the light from the windows showing us to advantage.

But luckily we had forgot to remove our nightgowns. "Quick now!" cried Bill, with wonderful presence of mind. "Save our folks in the house. The robbers are murdering them. They chased us out the windows. Smash in the front door and save their lives. Don't you hear them scream?"

Off rushed our captors and with axes they broke the door and entered to the rescue.

Bill and I dropping our robes de nuit, took the opposite direction, gained the road, and laughed all the way home.—[Detroit Free Press.]

#### Fast Freight Run.

What is claimed to have been the fastest long-distance freight-run ever made in this country was made from Memphis to Kansas City by a special train loaded with bananas on June 13, the speed averaging 40.4 miles an hour for the 484 miles, and reaching a maximum of 64 miles an hour, which was kept up for six miles.—[Chicago Herald.]

#### Air-Tight Corks.

Corks may be made air and water tight by keeping them for five minutes under melted paraffine; they must be kept down with a wire screen. These corks have a perfectly smooth surface and may be introduced and drawn out easily, and seal perfectly.—[New York Advertiser.]

London has 271 public parks, containing 17,876 acres of ground.

### TEACHING A GIRL TO SWIM.

#### The Easiest and Quickest Way of Acquiring That Accomplishment.

If at the seaside many a girl who was never in the salt water before can quickly acquire this most graceful and serviceable accomplishment by a very simple method.

A comfortable flannel bathing suit and a strong-armed brother or other companion who swims well are the chief equipments for this practical beginning.

Wade into the water until it is waist deep, and then ask your brother to put one arm under your body about the waist line and place his other hand under your chin. Then lift your feet off the bottom and lie in the water without moving.

Have never a bit of fear; you are well supported; your face is out of the water, and you will feel your body lifted up by it as though pushed from beneath.



THE STROKE.

Now with arms and legs stretched to their full length, make the first stroke. Draw your hands up to your chest, the finger tips nearly touching, the palms turned out. Then sweep your arms out in the half-circles through the water until they stretch out straight on either side from your body. Your legs meanwhile must also be drawn up until your toes almost touch, then stretched out quickly, the feet far apart.

When your hands are drawn up against your chest your knees must be simultaneously crooked to bring your feet together, and arms and legs propelled through the water at the same moment.

Go through these movements for at least ten minutes every day in the water, having some one to hold you up, and resting for a bit every two or three minutes.

By perhaps the fifth morning you will be able to be in the water with only your chin in your brother's hand. You are feeling by this time how buoyant the salt water is, and you are beginning to trust it.

After that you will feel yourself moving along an inch or two, and any one's forefinger lightly pressing will keep your head up at the level shown in the picture.

About the tenth morning you will be able to dispense with even a helping finger and will swim a few feet at a time.

After that the old rule of practice making perfect must be followed in order that you may learn to swim twenty yards at a stretch, which is a fine feat for one's first summer in the water.

To hasten your progress as a beginner try to remember and follow closely these simple rules, the violation of which greatly retards one's progress.

When in the water never open your mouth.

Breathe through your nose.

Never, when learning to swim, go in water over your waist in depth.

Never go with any but a person who knows how to swim, is kind and cautious, and who would not play pranks or practical jokes.

Never fail to go in every morning regularly.—[Boston Globe.]

### TREES AS HISTORIANS.

#### They Tell of the Dry and Wet Seasons of a Century Ago.

It has been found that the rings of growth visible in the trunks of trees have a far more interesting story to tell than has usually been supposed. Everybody knows that they indicate the number of years that the tree has lived; but J. Keuchler, of Texas, has recently made experiments and observations which seem to show that trees carry in their trunks a record of the weather conditions that have prevailed during the successive years of their growth.

Several trees, each more than 130 years old, were felled and the order and relative width of the rings of growth in their trunks were found to agree exactly.

This fact showed that all the trees had experienced the same stimulation in certain years and the same retardation in other years. Assuming that the most rapid growth had occurred in wet years, and the least rapid in dry years, it was concluded that of the 134 years covered by the life of the trees 60 had been very wet, 6 extremely wet, 17 average as to the supply of moisture, 19 dry, 8 very dry and 6 extremely dry.

But when the records of rainfall, running back as far as 1840, were consulted, it was found that they did not all agree with the record of the trees. Still it could not be denied that the rings in the trunks told a true story of the weather influences which had affected the trees in successive years.

The conclusion was therefore reached that the record of the rings contained more than a mere index of the annual rainfall; that it showed what the character of the seasons had been as to sunshine, temperature, evaporation, regularity or irregularity of the supply of moisture, and the like; in short, that the trees contained, indelibly imprinted in their trunks, more than 100 years of nature's history, a history which we might competently decipher if we could but look upon the face of nature from a tree's point of view.—[New York Advertiser.]

### THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

#### JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

With Glittering Success—A Chance to Miss It—That Destroyed the Charm, Etc., Etc.

#### WITH GLITTERING SUCCESS.

Popper (testily)—For Heaven's sake! What's that baby howling for so?

Mrs. Popper—I just spanked him to make him stop crying.—[Puck.]

#### A CHANCE TO MISS IT.

Amy—It isn't always safe to judge by appearances.

Maud—No, dear; the fellow with a yachting cap may really own a boat.—[Town Topics.]

#### THAT DESTROYED THE CHARM.

Haverly—Poor Mrs. Nagleigh has suffered a terrible blow. She has lost her hearing.

Austen—That doesn't make any difference to her. She hasn't lost her tongue.

Haverly—It makes all the difference in the world. She can't hear herself talk.

#### PRECAUTION.

She (whispering nervously)—Now, Dick, I—I hope you haven't lost the ring—you are so absent-minded, dear!

He (confidently)—Eh? Oh, no; not upon this occasion. I locked it in the time lock safe at the bank, and aw—er—it's there yet!—[Judge.]

#### RETROSPECTIVE.

He sat for a long time wrapped in thought.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife; "is there trouble on your mind?"

"Not exactly," he answered, mopping the perspiration from his brow, "not unless ye might look at it as a kind o' remorse."

"What was occupying your mind?"

"I was wondering whether I'm the same man that kicked about having to shovel snow last winter."—[Washington Star.]

#### A SIMPLE PLAN.

She—How can B manage to live on such a small salary?

He—Very simply. He lives simply, dresses simply, and simply—doesn't pay.

#### MUTUALLY DECEIVED.

"Two souls with but a single thought, Two hearts which beat as one."

I wed for money—so did she— And each of us had none.

—[Truth.]

#### THE PROPER CHARGE.

Stillingfleet—What would you do with a tailor who never has your trousers done at the time he has contracted to deliver them?

Winebiddle—Sue him for breeches of promise.

#### A LITTLE SKEPTIC.

Little Boy—Did you ever see a comet?

Little Girl—No.

"Neither did I. I don't believe there is comets."

"You ought to be ashamed to talk that way. You'll be saying you don't believe in ghosts next."—[Good News.]

#### SEASONABLE.

He heard them kissing on the sly, And peeped in through the door, And then he cried in accents high, "Say, sister, what's the score?"

—[Detroit Free Press.]

#### FIRST STEP IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

"George," she said, as he entered the parlor.

"Yes."

"I am studying photography."

"How nice! And have you taken any pictures yet?" he asked as he sat down on a sofa.

"Oh, no! I have only gotten as far as high lights and—"

She got up and turned down the gas.

"Low light!"—[Syracuse Post.]

#### PROVOKING.

Miss Prettyface—Have you noticed that horrid man across the way? So well dressed, too.

"No; has he been staring at us?"

"Mercy, no; he hasn't glanced this way once."—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

#### YE SYMPATHETIC FRIEND.

George—Jack, old boy, I'm so glad I ran across you. Never needed your friendship more. I'm in love with the belle of the season, and I promised her a sail to-day, but I had a run of bad luck last night, and haven't a cent left.

Jack—Too bad.

"Yes, I don't care for myself, you know; but it's such a pity that a charming creature like that should be disappointed. You have a little money to spare, haven't you?"

"Oh, plenty. Make yourself easy, my dear boy. She shan't be disappointed. I'll take her myself."—[New York Weekly.]

#### HIS DELICATE REPROOF.

"I don't care!" exclaimed the prehistoric woman. "If it is on crooked."

A shadow of pain flitted across the face of the prehistoric man.

"Dearest," he pleaded; "say not so. Thou knowest not—"

He gazed anxiously into her eyes.

"—but it may be the imprint of thy form that the archaeologist will find upon the insensate rock."

With a new realization of the responsibilities of existence she turned again to her mirror.—[Puck.]

#### FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

He—Well, I'll say good night. She—Good morning.

### THE PLACE TO FIND IT.

"America has no standing 26 ay, I believe," said the foreigner. "It is clear you haven't spent much time in the street cars of this great country," replied the native.—[Truth.]

#### FALLS OFF.

"Miss Streeter is learning to ride a bicycle."

"How is she succeeding?"

"Oh, she doesn't get on very well."—[Life.]

#### TRUE LOVE.

Fond Mama—So you really love him, my child?

Up-to-Date Daughter—Love him! Ah, mamma, love is an empty word to describe my feelings toward him. Have I not seen his bank book?

#### A PAIR OF THEM.

He parted his hair in the middle. I wept for the things it implied—

Till I gazed at his wife and grew cheerful.

For she parted her hair on the side.

#### A REASONABLE REQUEST.

"You are the star of the evening, Miss Schmidt."

"Indeed! You are the first who has told me so."

"In that case, as the discoverer of a new star, I am entitled to give it my name. Will you accept it?"—[Flegende Blaetter.]

#### UGHT TO BE ACCOMMODATED.

"Thompson says he would like to be buried with a brass band."

"So? I know the band, too, that I would like to see buried with him."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

#### UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.

Mrs. Hick—I ordered ten yards of dress goods here yesterday, to be sent; has it been cut?"

Floorwalker—No, indeed; the clerk said you hadn't been in yet to change your mind.—[New York World.]

Hicks—It spoils a ball game for me to have to take my wife.

Dix—How so?

Hicks—When one of our men scores a home run she looks at me and says sweetly, "Now, isn't that too bad?"—[New York World.]

#### OVERSTEPS HIMSELF.

Palette—This picture places the milkmaid on the wrong side, and besides it isn't a cow at all, but a bull.

Jess—What of it; all I wanted of you was to guess whether it was a sunrise or a sunset.

#### HIS SORRY LOAD.

He placed his hand upon his heart. "You cannot imagine," he protested, "what a terrible load I carry, and yet give no sign to the world."

She turned away her head.

"Believe me," she faltered, "the world knows."

A subtle something in the way she raised her handkerchief to her face impelled him to surreptitiously take another clove or two.—[Detroit Tribune.]

#### SIMPLY AN EXCUSE.

Father—What reason have you for wishing to marry the girl.

Son—I love her.

Father—That's no reason; it's an excuse.—[Truth.]

#### CALLED DOWN.

"I love you—I—a college boy!"

With rosy flush and dimple, The sweet lips answered, "so it seems—"

A fresh-man pure and simple!—[Puck.]

#### HOT.

The eye of a little Washington Miss was attracted by the sparkle of the dew at early morning.

"Mamma," she said "It's hotter'n I thought it was."

"What do you mean?"

"Look here. The grass is all perspiration."—[Washington Star.]

#### Care of Children's Teeth.

Mr. R. D. Pedley, F. R. C. S., L. D. S., dental surgeon to the Evelina Hospital for Sick Children, South-

ark, has presented to the London County Council a report on the results of his examination of 661 boys at the Industrial School, Feltham, Middlesex. He states that more than three-fourths of them had decayed teeth. In the case of children, who during the growth of the body, had not merely to maintain nutrition, it is surely, he says, a matter of urgency that all the organs of digestion should be kept in a state of functional integrity, and if, as seems to be the case, diseases of the digestive tract are increasing, it is evident that any departure from the normal dentition places the child and the future adult at a disadvantage. Instead of waiting until a child suffers pain, and thus directs attention to a decayed tooth, it is far better for both patient and operator that the earliest appearance of caries should be noted and the progress prevented by a regulated system of inspection and prompt treatment. Under such circumstances dental disease and the necessity for painful operations become reduced to a minimum, and at the same time the function of mastication is retained in accordance with what is now recognized as the most beneficial practice. Five hundred and thirty-eight boys have among them 1,744 unsound teeth, 741 of which are permanent teeth requiring filling. This points the way so clearly that he has no hesitation in recording his opinion that a qualified dental surgeon should be appointed to the school. He also suggests that a tooth brush and simple tooth powder should be provided for each boy, and that a tooth brush drill