

## EXPERT BURGLARS' TOOLS.

How the Cracksmen Manage to Get His Implements of Trade.

### OF THE BEST MATERIAL.

Sold in Every Hardware Store and No Difficulty in Purchasing Them.

They Are Never Carried From the Store by the Man Who Buys Them—Some Places in New York That Made a Business of Manufacturing Them—A Risky Business.

One of the show places of New York to visitors from other cities interested in criminology is the large case of burglars' tools at Police Headquarters. A British detective who came over to see that nothing happened to Joseph Chamberlain while he was here a few days ago looked it over and said:

"Yes, as a collection it is the finest I have ever seen, perhaps the best in the world. But there are few implements in it that would be of much use to the up-to-date safe-breaker. Burglars' tools are like school books and dictionaries. You must get new ones every three or four years."

There is always more or less mystery surrounding the tools that burglars work with. Where are they made? Who is bold enough to sell them? What respectable citizen of ordinary information would know where to purchase a sectional jimmy or a diamond drill?

Simplest thing in the world. They are sold in every hardware store on Broadway, and the most notorious cracksmen that every picked a lock has not the slightest difficulty in purchasing them.

Getting out of the store with these is another matter. A burglar who understands his business never takes away his purchases from a hardware store. He knows well that Capt. McClusky has men on his trail and that every time he is seen on the street by a policeman he will be taken to Headquarters for a little questioning, no matter whether there is anything suspicious about his conduct or not. A fine thing it would be for him to be caught with a package of tools in his pocket!

The burglar takes no such chances. After spending an hour or so scrutinizing and selecting bits, drills, augers, blades and things of that kind with a care that is exasperating to the salesman attending him, the safe-breaker has his goods wrapped up, pays for them and hands the parcel to a lad, or perhaps a young woman, who comes in with him and loiters about patiently while he makes his purchases.

"Here take these goods up to the factory as quickly as you can."

There is nothing to arouse the suspicions of the clerk. He has made a good sale. The customer lingers for ten minutes or so after the person who took his package goes away. He inspects a new lock or gathers other information that is sure to be useful to him some day or other. Then he says good day and strolls up the street.

If one of McClusky's men happens to run across him and march him off to Headquarters for a talk, what of it? He has no incriminating parcels in his pockets. He has been laying off since he "did his last bit" and isn't going to give the police any more trouble. Away he goes.

At another time and in another store that burglar will purchase a jimmy. Whenever he does the salesman asks him for his card. He produces the card of some carpenter or locksmith—easily obtained—and gives his purchase to somebody who came into the store with him. What is there suspicious about that?

And there is nothing more to the difficulty of securing burglars' tools or the materials for making them.

It is the man who knows what to do with the fine steel instruments after he gets them that is the successful safe-cracker. A few years ago there were several machine shops in town where burglars could have their "kits" licked into shape without any trouble. There was a Frenchman in Bleeker street, not half a mile from Police Headquarters, who made such fine blades—thin as paper and keen as a sword—that cracksmen in London and Paris considered themselves lucky if they got one of them. There was another famous machine shop in Cherry street, kept by a man named Heinrich. But the police soon got on the trail of these shops. They did not interfere with them. The information picked up there was too useful in following clues. But the burglars stopped patronizing them. It was tempting fate too much.

Men who follow this business say that Philadelphia is the safest city in this country for a burglar to make a home in, and that more of them do live there than anywhere else—outside of the prisons. It is easy in Philadelphia for a burglar to hire a small house and come in at any hour of the day or night without attracting the attention of his neighbors. In New York it is almost impossible. Janitors talk; women are curious, and the man who lives a life differing in the slightest degree from his neighbor is pretty sure to have inquiries made about him.

#### No Interest.

It is estimated that fully two-thirds of the whole amount of public money held by the London banks does not bear interest.

#### Defendant Sometimes Wins.

English law court records show that the defendant wins his case in forty-seven out of every 100 cases tried.

## THE TALKING PIG.

"None of my numerous Christmas experiences have been sad ones," remarked the famous old clown, Dan Rice, who chanced to be in a reminiscent mood the other day.

"It was on a holiday," he continued, "that I accidentally determined to be a showman. While walking on the outskirts of Pittsburg, Pa., I paused to admire a pen of fine pigs by the roadside. Now, a pig is not the least intelligent of animal creation—that is, he knows enough to eat whenever he gets a chance. I was a fairly proficient amateur ventriloquist at that time, and the owner of the pen was astonished to hear me maintaining an animated conversation with a sleek, fat porker as he approached the sty.

"Pig, you know you ate that pullet, feathers and all," I accusingly exclaimed.

"Dan, you know you lie and the truth ain't in you," came the angry response from within the sty.

"Phwat the devil's got inter me pigs?" their owner wonderingly inquired.

"The devil take ye, ye Irish nagur!" a squeaking voice replied from the pen. "Dan, swot 'im in th' smeller."

"I'll do nothing of the kind, you ungrateful beast!" was my indignant reply. "You've got the devil in you."

"After a few minutes' conversation the Irishman was convinced that a certain black and red pig was possessed of a devil, and he was sorely perplexed thereby. He was greatly puzzled to know how to get rid of both pig and devil at the same time. At last I kindly volunteered to take the duo, and he offered me a small consideration for so doing.

"Within two weeks I was making a neat sum of money on the road by exhibiting an educated, talking pig, which proved a great drawing card. So well did I prosper with it that the next Christmas I lavishly entertained a host of old, as well as new, friends with the best the country afforded.

"From thence on my career was singularly successful, and eventually I became proprietor of the first circus in which I had ever appeared as a clown. The word clown, according to Webster, means a churl, a man of coarse man-



I'LL DO NOTHING OF THE KIND.

ners, an ill-bred man. But I found it paid, just the same. As the original Shakespearean clown, I drew a salary of \$10,000 a season, and endeared myself to a discriminating and fun-loving public.

"Another memorable Christmas I spent as a prisoner in the Eagle jail, charged with the heinous offense of providing the general public with amusement, entertainment, and instruction, in the form of a circus. Now, one of my objections to prison life is that it is too confining, but, just the same, I was Santa Claus to the prisoners, and visitors at the jail that day. We had a fine dinner of roast pig and fowl, with cranberry sauce and mince pies. That day I, for the first time, sang before a select audience my famous song of 'The Blue Eagle Jail,' which subsequently revolutionized public sentiment against showmen.

"Another never to be forgotten Christmas I spent in Havana, when at the height of a performance before a large audience the best lion tamer that ever I knew furnished a dinner to a cage of fierce Numidian beasts. When the lions were finally beaten back from their prey with red-hot irons there was just enough left of Florinelli to hold a funeral service over. That was all. Well, such is circus life," exclaimed the old clown, mournfully.

"The happiest Christmas of my life was spent at New Orleans. At that time I had a company of 100 of the sweetest-voiced children that ever sang, and with them I was giving a series of spectacular musical productions at various cities in the South, traveling on my own steamboat. The tour had been unusually profitable, and so I announced that at the close of the last performance, on Christmas, Dan Rice's original Santa Claus would appear in his sleigh, with many unique effects, and present to each dear little member of his company a token of the season.

"I and my agents spared no efforts in perfecting the necessary plans, and at the Dromedary's Hump.

The hump on the back of the dromedary is an accumulation of a peculiar species of fat, which is a store of nourishment beneficially provided against the day of want, to which the animal is often exposed.

#### We All Know Him.

The man who has a most exasperating laugh is the man who laughs the longest and the loudest. It must be a great joke to him to think of the misery he is inflicting upon humanity.

The Sullivan County School Directors Association organized for the ensuing year, immediately after the adjournment of the institute Wednesday afternoon, December 28. Prof. M. R. Black of Forksville was re-elected president; R. A. Conklin, of Laporte, and Bennett Kline of Dushore were elected vice-presidents and Hon. B. S. Collins of Dushore, secretary. The secretary being absent, E. J. Mullen was elected secretary pro tem. of this meeting. After organization, the delegates to the State Directors' Association for 1898 presented their report. Hon. J. J. Phillips and W. C. Mason, Esq. both pointed out the good work which is being done by the united action of directors throughout the State, and urged upon the meeting the necessity of sending a full number of delegates to the next meeting at Harrisburg. Legislations favorable to the public schools can be materially advanced by the work done at these meetings. The report and recommendations were unanimously adopted. The following were chosen as delegates to the State Directors' Association of 1899: Hon. M. J. Phillips, W. C. Mason, E. J. Mullen, W. L. Jennings and Hon. J. C. Rogers. It was agreed to hold a summer meeting of the convention at Laporte, Pa., on Thursday, June 1, 1899, at 10 a. m., to which time and place the meeting was adjourned.

E. J. MULLEN, Secretary.

One evening, in a smart little cafe in the Champs Elysees, two men sat sipping their absinthe and smoking. One was an Italian, whose scrupulous care in the matter of dress was in striking contrast to that of his companion, a Frenchman, who had the appearance of being a dweller in the Latin quarter. The Frenchman, who was the younger of the two, leaned forward and touched his friend on the arm.

"I have a proposition—a problem—to set to you, Matteo."

"No confessions, I beg of you, Pierre; my absinthe is scarcely touched, and your confessions, my dear friend, are most distressing to one of my temperament."

"It is nothing," said Pierre, "I just want your advice. Supposing you were in love with a woman?"

"Impossible, my dear Pierre; the supposition you are starting with is impossible."

"Well, supposing this woman you loved went the way of other women, and confessed to you that, although she loved you, she intended becoming the wife of a wrinkled, decrepit old wretch whose banking account and title alone raise him to the dignity of a man—a being from whom she shrinks every time he lifts her in his arms and kisses her. What would you do, Matteo?"

"It depends, Pierre, how much you love. Women are so wicked. Perhaps they do not think it is wrong to marry a man old enough to be their father or grandfather. But you do, Pierre, and at the bottom of my heart I do. Can you wait a year—perhaps two years? Then she may be free again to marry you."

"No," said Pierre, "I can't."

"The devil!" exclaimed Matteo.

"Then it's awkward."

"Your right, Matteo. That's the point I've reasoned it out to. It is awkward."

"I might be better able to suggest if you told me the woman's name."

"Yes, perhaps you might," Pierre answered thoughtfully. "I'll be frank with you. The woman is your sister, Matteo, and I love her."

During the pause which followed, an ugly gleam came into the Italian's eyes.

"You love my sister!" he said, slowly, emphasizing each word. "You, a Frenchman! an unknown painter! that is droll. It makes me laugh. But my sister is not for you, you fool! I snap my fingers in your face!"

The Frenchman rose, and stepping across to where his assailant was seated, with the back of his hand struck him a heavy blow in the mouth.

In a moment the Italian was on his feet, and as the two men closed a bright weapon flashed in the Southerner's hand. But Pierre was too quick, and grasped his treacherous opponent's wrist tightly.

Then, exerting all his strength, he flung him into the corner of the room, where, with a little groan, he fell heavily on his side. Immediately a crimson stain spread over the floor, and Pierre stepped back aghast.

"Pierre!" Matteo gasped. "I have something to say to you."

"Nearer still," he murmured. "It's hard—to talk."

Pierre knelt down.

"What is it?" he asked.

"This," said Matteo, as with a last effort he drew Pierre down to him, and withdrawing the stiletto from his side plunged it twice rapidly into his opponent's back.

"She is not for you."

A cruel smile of triumphant mockery crossed the Italian's face.

Then both men fell back dead.

And a month later one of the liveliest women in Paris—a woman with cheeks like sun-kissed peaches, was led to the altar by a tottering old man, with features distorted by vice and dissipation, and with one foot in the grave. It was Pierre's sweetheart.

## Advice to Consumptives

There are three great remedies that every person with weak lungs, or with consumption itself, should understand. These remedies will cure about every case in its first stages; and many of those more advanced. It is only the most advanced that are hopeless. Even these are wonderfully relieved and life itself greatly prolonged.

What are these remedies? Fresh air, proper food and

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SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

the close of the last performance on Christmas the lights were lowered and a winter's night scene presented, with full moon shining upon snow-covered housetops and chimneys, over which soon came Santa Claus, dashing along in a frost-glittering sleigh, drawn by reindeer, the jingling of whose bells could be plainly heard. Upon a housetop the sleigh halted, and Santa Claus disappeared down a chimney.

"Then the scene changed, the lights were turned out, and the hundred silvery voices of the company united in singing 'The Star of Bethlehem.' Then, still singing, the pretty little ones, all beautifully costumed, marched across the stage, each bearing in his or her arms the dainty presents from Dan Rice's Santa Claus. O, that was a great night in New Orleans, and my Santa Claus saw that no hungry one in the whole city went supperless to bed."

"And what became of those dear little boys and girls of my company? Well, some are dead, and some are married, while I am still Dan Rice. I want to see twenty-six more years in order to ascertain the ultimate level of the 'new woman.'"

## Cure Constipation

and you cure its consequences. These are some of the consequences of constipation: Biliousness, loss of appetite, pimples, sour stomach, depression, coated tongue, nightmare, palpitation, cold feet, debility, dizziness, weakness, backache, vomiting, jaundice, piles, pallor, stitch, irritability, nervousness, headache, torpid liver, heartburn, foul breath, sleeplessness, drowsiness, hot skin, cramps, throbbing head.

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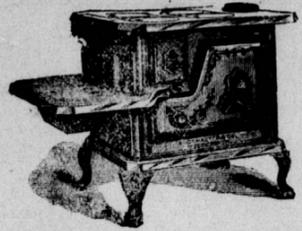
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