

The Mysterious Burglar

By Geo. E. WALSH

It is a story that for three unusually vivid Hobbs, seen labored under CHAPTER I. at their wits' end, by M. B. B. (a) without avail, partially for bills and re- So, likewise, and invariably try to make on Union practice to be in the vicinity avenue, one is in progress.

There are always so many people coming and going that a stranger on the premises seldom attracts attention. It is an excellent time for inspecting basements, windows, cellar doors and outbuildings.

In a general way servants are more careless on such nights about locking up, and the hostess and her guests always bring out their best jewels and leave them loose on bureaus and mantel-pieces after retiring.

It may not have struck the casual observer that people sleep much more soundly after a ball than ordinarily. They are a longer time in retiring, but when everything is finally quiet about the house it would take nothing less than a pistol shot to rouse them.

I suppose they are completely exhausted, and after the excitement of the evening do not dream of burglars.

Just, for I was tired and exhausted with several nights' untidy ventures, and my patience seemed sorely tried.

When the lights finally went out, I breathed easier, and felt my courage re- turning. Everything promised to run smoothly.

I had succeeded in disposing of the watch-dog earlier in the evening, and had discovered an unfastened window opening into the coal room in the cellar, which I believed the servants would not think to lock so late at night.

I waited a good hour after the last flickering light had disappeared. Then I crept softly up to the house and, concealed in its shadow, listened for sounds.

There were none, except those strange, almost inexpressible voices which seem to come from nowhere in the dead of night.

I do not know that anybody has ever noticed them; but I have always fancied that they were like the breathing of the earth—if such a thing were possible—for they come in regular, rhythmic pulsations that are usual to such sounds.

I crept along the side of the house, almost inexpressible voices which seem to come from nowhere in the dead of night.

By groping round on the shelves I succeeded in getting a pretty fair supply of food—milk and cream in abundance, good cheese, several slices pie, some cake, and cold meat.

The night was dark, yet for my work, and I did not regret the time I spent in eating of that cold but tempting repast.

I would have felt better had I discovered a bottle of good wine, but in its absence the fresh milk was a fair substitute.

The door leading from the dairy-room to the basement laundry was not locked, and I quietly entered the latter place, and now ventured to open a little the slide of my dark lantern, and by means of it I found the stairs leading to the ground floor.

The servants' quarters were above me, and I could hear any one I remained in the room, and I had to take care of my surroundings so that I might find my way back again without blundering.

It is a poor general, he always thought, who burns his bridges behind him. More than once this careful habit of mine has saved me from unpleasant complications.

When I passed from the kitchen into the dining-room I was greatly surprised not to find any solid pieces of silver, or even many of the expensive pieces of bric-a-brac that are usual to such houses.

covered eyes there was a cool, deadly resolve written.

It would have been foolhardy for either to shoot, for the life of the other would have been instantly sacrificed. I waited a full minute or two for the man to speak.

"Well, I said finally, unwilling to bear the strain of silence longer, 'you seem to be a man of no-night, and I must congratulate you upon the neatness of your work. I haven't found a thing to steal.'

"The man was not inclined to answer at first, but I continued in a reassuring voice: 'You see, I have you covered with my revolver and could kill you in an instant.'

"I never mind that," he answered, "but you've got to fall to notice mine." "A very slight pressure of the trigger would send a bullet through your heart."

"I thought he turned a trifle paler, but his voice was steady and unshaken. 'I never mind that,' he interrupted me, 'but tell me what terms you propose for your trip.'

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"I WAS LOOKING INTO THE MOUTH OF A REVOLVER."

One March night I waited until after 2 o'clock for one of these festivities to draw to a close.

It was cold and raw outside in the shrubbery, and I grew impatient at the lateness of the guests in taking their departure.

The house was a large, old-fashioned mansion just outside of the city limits; and from its general air and appearance I knew that considerable wealth in the shape of solid silverware and family heirlooms was contained in it.

Following the custom of the day, the hostess would, I thought, bring all these relics from their hiding places, and show them to her guests.

It was anticipation of a rich haul that kept me from giving up the job in dis-

until I reached the basement window, and, finding it unlocked, as I expected, I softly opened it and looked in.

I was not positive that the window opened into the coal room, but from the general appearances of things I felt reasonably sure I was right.

Not to make any mistake or mistep in the darkness, I lowered my bag of tools, and I struck something which gave forth a metallic sound.

Examining the bag, back and forth I succeeded in identifying the object as a tin can.

As I was afraid to use my dark lantern outside, I lowered myself cautiously into the basement.

Instead of the coal bin I found myself in the dining-room of the house.

The odor from newly-made butter, fresh milk and cream cheese gave me such an overpowering appetite that I had to satisfy it before I could go any-

houses were gone. It looked as if the hostess had anticipated robbery, and had stripped the tables and mantel-pieces of every small article of special value.

Although disappointed, I made my way into the dining-room, and there were signs of the feast and entertainment all about the hall and rooms, but I was unable to find anything that appealed to my taste.

I passed from one bedroom to another with about the same result; I could hear the regular breathing of the occupant of the house, and a distant noise in the rear, but no one man was a good reason. So long as that ray of light shined, I felt that I was safe from all alarms.

After making a detour of the rooms I finally entered a small chamber, that was used for storing linen and trunks. It occurred to me that possibly the missing things were packed away in this room.

I closed the door gently behind me, and turned on the slide from my lantern. As I did so I was suddenly startled by the sight of some one light shooting out of the darkness.

Instantly I grasped my revolver, and directed my light toward the spot. The result of this movement was to produce a queer combination.

As I was looking into the mouth of a revolver, held in the hands of a man who was inspecting me by the light of a dark lantern similar to my own.

My own revolver was covering the face of the man, and I found myself in a position to fire if necessary.

The discovery may have been simultaneous for we both flashed the light of our lanterns into each other's faces and stared long and silently.

"Yes, all over. There is nothing worth talking of."

He moved toward the door and started to open it. He turned on an instant, and asked:

"How did you come in?" "Through a cellar window," I replied.

"A clumsy way when you could have entered by the front door." "Do you mean to say," I began,

"I saw that I was suddenly startled by the sight of some one light shooting out of the darkness."

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FELL STARVING IN BRIDGE RUSH.

Crowd Crushed on, but Policeman Fed Aged Veteran.

A mass of humanity was surging in the bridge rush at 6 o'clock this morning toward the street from street car and elevated trains. None took time to look upon the emaciated, yet stately form of an old man who clung weakly to an iron stider and feebly pulled to the passing throng to buy of a bundle of Evening News tightly clasped in his hand.

His eyes were tearful, and his voice full of pathos. In spite of his advanced age there was an earnestness in his figure that stamped him a military man all over.

For several minutes he stood silent and tears trickled down his weather-beaten cheeks.

Officer Wilson of the Bridge Squad had noticed his position and was making his way through the crowd when he saw the tall form, crowned with a wealth of silvery hair, stiffen and topple to the cement floor.

Then he told his story. He is William Fitzgerald, of No. 311 East Eighty-first street, and is a veteran of the Civil War. Once he was prosperous, but the savings of his best years were swept away, and lately he has become impoverished.

As a last resort he came to the bridge to sell papers. He arose at 6 o'clock and walked from Eighty-first street. There was nothing in the house for him to eat and he had no money with which to purchase a breakfast.

"You walked from Eighty-first street without having had breakfast?" asked Roundsman Manchester. "Well, well, well. We will have to see about this."

The big-hearted roundsman, with Detective Mitchell, made the rounds of the "gang" in short order, and when he came back his pocket was full of silver.

They took Fitzgerald to a restaurant and gave him a breakfast such as he has not sat down to in many weeks. They put money in his pockets and put him in the car, and sent him home.

The old fellow asked a child and asked a blessing upon the heads of his benefactors.

"It's nothing," said Roundsman Manchester. "The old fellow had to have something to eat."

He had never before, but the roundsman happened to think of it.

Indisputable Evidence.

You have read our oft-repeated statement, "In use for over 30 years." It was in the early sixties that Dr. Pitcher first made use of the prescription now universally known as Castoria.

With a record of over fifty under five years of age out of every hundred deaths, it was the AMBITION OF EVERY PHYSICIAN to discover a remedy suitable for the ailments of infants and children that would decrease this distressing mortality. In Castoria that relief has been found.

Let us take the statistics covering the deaths in the city of New York for the past 30 years, and here we find the beneficent effects of a combination of drugs excluding opiates and narcotics so long sought for, namely: CASTORIA.

Of the total number of deaths in New York City in 1870, 50 per cent. were under 5 years of age; in 1880, 46 per cent.; in 1890, 40 per cent.; in 1900 35 per cent. only. Just stop to think of it.

Until 1897 no counterfeits or imitations of Castoria appeared on drug store shelves, but since that date Mr. Fletcher has been called upon to suppress a number of these frauds. While the record for 1900 does not come down to our expectation it is owing to the carelessness of mothers when buying Castoria. The signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is the only safeguard, and he alone is authorized to use the doctor's name.

100 DROPS
CASTORIA
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN.
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK
35 Doses, 35 Cents
EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher**.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

COAL GOES SOARING AGAIN.

First of Series of Advances of Price To-Day.

An increase of 25 cents a ton in the retail price of coal went into effect in Greater New York to-day. Retail dealers say that the step was made necessary by the recent advances in the wholesale price of the fuel, aggregating 90 cents a ton, and that further protective measures will be adopted to prevent profits from diminishing.

On Sept. 1, according to the present schedule, another 25 cents a ton will be added, and a like amount will be tacked on to the retail price on Nov. 1, making a total increase of 75 cents a ton. This action was decided upon at a meeting of six retail coal dealers of the city, held Friday night, at which Grove D. Curtis presided.

The dealers also decided to cut off commissions to salesmen, who have been making fat profits from this system. Hence, the wholesale price was increased 10 cents a month, but it was not until a similar advance was announced for July that the retailers decided on a proportionate advance.

EMPRESS AN'S PLAN FOR POWER

English Correspondent Details Scheme to Supplant Emperor.

LONDON, June 14.—The Shanghai correspondent of the Globe, telegraphing under to-day's date, says he learns in Chinese quarters that the Dowager Empress proposes, when the court reaches Kailfong, in Honan, to announce that the Emperor has been killed by brigands and that Prince Tuan's son has succeeded to the throne.

The Dowager Empress will then establish a new capital at Kailfong, which will be connected by railway with Nankin. The contract for this railway will be given to John C. Ferguson, of Boston, who, the correspondent understands, will sell the concession to the Russians.

The correspondent adds that Ferguson is acting on behalf of Li Hung Chang and Taitai Sheng, who hope to escape censure by throwing the blame for the transaction upon Ferguson.

MILK DEALERS PLEAD GUILTY.

Five Confess that They Adulterated What They Sold.

Corporation Counsel Henry Steiner, who is detailed to the Board of Health, appeared in Special Sessions to-day as complainant against a score of milk dealers charged with selling impure milk.

Mr. Steiner informed Justice Jerome, who presided, that the dealers arraigned, and their notorious offenders. Milk sold by them, Mr. Steiner declared, had been found adulterated.

Five of the twenty men arraigned pleaded guilty to the charge. They were: Henry Picken, of No. 142 East Ninety-seventh street; Caloa Benedetto, of No. 23 Monroe street; Max Friedman, of No. 25 Gouverneur street; and Meyer Yaodof, of No. 19-12 Pitt street.

Fines of \$25 and \$50 were imposed, imposing the fines Justice Jerome lectured each offender.

"It seems very queer," he said, "that you dealers persist in violating the law. The next time you are arraigned you will be sent to the penitentiary."

Three of the five fined had been convicted before.

SUN'S RING MEANS RAIN.

So Weather-Wise Ones, Versed in Such Lore, Declare.

There was a ring around the sun yesterday, and just what that means it takes an up-State farmer, instead of an educated weather prophet on a Government salary, to foretell. The latter says it's going to be warmer to-day, with showers, and that the rainbow-tinted haze around Old Sol, visible yesterday, was due to refracted light from ice crystals in the rigid air far aloft.

This may be, but the up-State farmer, whose weather wisdom comes from long experience, knows that a ring around the sun or the moon means rain in summer and snow in winter. When he sees the ring, he has a hazy forecast, and he takes no stock in any official forecast that may run contrary to his long-tried opinion.

However, Weather Sage Emery seems to have made a bid for popularity up the State by predicting showers for to-day and to-morrow. Fresh east to southeast winds will also furnish variety to to-morrow's weather. Until the showers come to-day it is likely to be hot and may be hotter.

"MARY JANE" IN AN ASYLUM.

Driven Mad by Baiting of Paterson Strikers.

A martyr to her principles, Mary Jane McMahon, the anti-union silk weaver of Paterson, who was driven mad by strikers whom she refused to join, was sent to the Morris Plains Insane Asylum to-day. The unceasing persecutions of her fellow employees when she remained at work, despite her efforts to get her to join a strike, are said to be responsible for her condition.

During the strike the girl went body to and from her work, going through crowds of strikers and striking her courage was greater than her nervous system could sustain, however, and her mind gave way under the strain of constant fighting and abuse.

The girl was arrested Saturday night on the steps of St. John's Church, where she was addressing a mob of thousands of strikers and striking her. Her shouts and the jeers of the crowd broke up a circus performance on an adjacent lot.

When she was locked in a cell she sang hymns all night, and was in a fever of mind, and was under the strain of constant fighting and abuse.

This was made later in the day by Dr. William K. Newton, who found her mind unbalanced and committed her to the asylum.

Dr. Newton said that the girl will quiet and proper treatment she will soon recover.

PHANTOM FOE FOR SEVENTH.

Boys of the Regiment "Fight" Their Way to Camp Roe.

PEEKSKILL, N. Y., June 14.—The boys of the Seventh Regiment were in excellent condition to-day for the march to Camp Roe, at Lake Mohogans. The Guard mount was gone through in capital style at 6 o'clock, and after breakfast the regiment left camp, the boys of the Second Battery giving them a lively send-off.

On the way to the lake the regiment had a sham battle all to itself, the men meeting an imaginary foe and fighting their way through the lines before reaching Camp Roe.

The Second Battery, under Major David Wilson, was looking over the camp during the absence of the Seventh. This forenoon the men were exercised in drill, and the afternoon was spent in practice over the artillery range. On Wednesday the battery will shoot for the Phalanx trophy.

SICK BABIES TOUCH HEARTS.

The Evening World's Charity Saves the Lives of Many Little Ones.

In their first week's campaign against the diseases that harass and slay the infants of the tenements during the warm weather the free physicians of the Sick Babies' Fund found 45 ailing little ones that needed their attention and care. Last week, the second of the campaign, was hotter than its predecessor, and the number of sick youngsters found and cared for was larger. The report of the chief of staff giving the exact figures will be printed to-morrow.

The work of the Sick Babies' Fund appears in a direct way to the hearts of all humanity, and especially to that portion of it which loves children. The fund's object is to save as many lives of little ones as it can. It recognizes that babies during the summer months are at the mercy of the ignorance, neglect and indifference of mothers, who do not know the dangerous plight of their darlings, and of the numerous summer complaints that sap the budding strength of infancy. There is destitution also to reckon with. The house-to-house canvass of the poor districts made daily by the fund's free physicians assures the discovery of every ailing child in time to have the best done for it that medical skill can provide.

This beautiful summer charity depends for its support upon the generosity of Evening World readers. They have sustained it liberally in the past and will do so daily to its support this summer as usual. Only small contributions are asked. All money should be sent to Sick Babies' Fund, Chamber of World, Pulitzer Building, New York City.

Aunt Hannah's LIQUID DEATH DROPS

Kills All Bugs, Roaches, Etc.

AT GROCERS & DRUGGISTS.

Cures Piles NO KNIFE.

Mrs. Hinkley, Indianapolis, writes: "The doctor said it must be an operation costing \$800 and little chance to survive. I chose Pyramid Pile Cure and one 50 cent box made me sound and well." All druggists sell it. Book on Piles, cause and cure, free by mail. Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich.

THE Coward Good Sense Shoe

For Children. The strongest possible argument in favor of right-shap'd shoes for children is the little tender feet themselves. So soft, so delicate, so easily abused, the little feet should go straight to the Mother's heart.

Then let the Mother come straight to us.

Infants' - - - 65c. to \$1.00
Children's - - - \$1.00 to \$1.75
Misses' - - - \$1.00 to \$2.75
Shoes also for Adults.

JAMES S. COWARD,
268-272 Greenwich St., New York, N.Y.
Send for New Catalogue.

Manhattan Beach TO-DAY.

3:30 SHANNON'S BAND 3:30

FREE BAND CONCERTS DAILY.
MUSIC BY THE SHANNON BAND.
JUNE 27
THE CIRCUS GIRL
BY THE AUGUSTIN DAILY MUSICAL CO.

BRIGHTON BEACH

SEALED CHILDREN AT MATS 10c
Every Afternoon at 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12
Crawford and Stanley J. Merrill, June 17, 1901
The Big Show, Hawaiian Queens, Auto Drive, Well, G. W. Stewart, and Florida's Brooklyn
GARDEN THEATRE, 320 1/2 10th Broadway
EVERY 2ND WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY
CAPT. JINKS OF THE HORSE
WITH ETHEL BARRYMORE.

Manhattan Beach TO-DAY.

3:30 SHANNON'S BAND 3:30

FREE BAND CONCERTS DAILY.
MUSIC BY THE SHANNON BAND.
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THE CIRCUS GIRL
BY THE AUGUSTIN DAILY MUSICAL CO.

Excursions.

MANHATTAN BEACH.

Trains will leave NEW YORK, FOOT & MTH STREETS, at 7:40, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40, 11:40, 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10 and 10:10. On Sunday—6:50, 8:40, 10:10, 11:10 A. M., 12:10 P. M., 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10 and 6:10. P. M. Last train leaves the Beach on Wednesday at 10:30 P. M. On Sunday, 11:30 P. M. Last train leaves the Beach on Sunday at 11:30 P. M. Last train leaves the Beach on Sunday at 11:30 P. M. Last train leaves the Beach on Sunday at 11:30 P. M.

GLEN ISLAND WILL OPEN Wednesday, JUNE 19.

Unique, Peerless, Incomparable!!!

WEST POINT, NEWBURGH and POUGHKEEPSIE
Daily Excursion (except Sunday) by Palace
Train from New York, leaving New York at 8:00 A. M.
and West 22d St. at 9 A. M.

Amusements.

Proctor's Diversified 15, 25, 50c
COMEDIES, VAUDEVILLES AND NOVELTIES.
STREET LAMPS, 24 Hours a Day.
Continental College, Varieties, Proctor's
ALL A Eve. Home, Varieties, Big
SIXTH ST. (Hotel, Strayed of Varieties, Co.
ALL A Eve. Home, Varieties, Co.
123TH ST. (Cafe & An Engagement, Artistic.
HARRIS & WALTERS, BELLE STUART,
HARRY & SAMIE FIELDS, IRVING & ZADA.

PASTOR'S CONTINUOUS 10c

THE NEW YORK New Vaudeville Features and
KING'S CARNYVALE—Hollywood, THE
TOUGH CHERRY BLOSSOM GROVE.
GREAT OVERLAP PERFORMANCES—THE
AMERICAN & EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

HERALD SQUARE MATS WED. & SAT.

ALL A EVENING THEATRE
ALL STAR
OWENY LANE THE BRITTON BURGLARY
THEATRE, SMALL MATS, GIBBY LOFTY.

KNICKERBOCKER

EVERY MON. WED. & SAT. 10c
FRANCIS & MORTON
WILSON STROLLERS.

CASINO FLORODORA

EVERY WEDNESDAY & WEDNESDAY
14th St. & Broadway
Koster & Bial's Daily Matinee, 2c. Extra, 10c.
WORLD IN WAX, New Orlean
U.S.E. I. and Special Attractions