

# THE NEWS.

BRUCE CHAMP, Publisher.

PARIS, : : : KENTUCKY.

## THE GIRL NEXT DOOR.

O girl next door, dear girl, next door,  
Answer my questions now,  
Do you care not a snap for us,  
We long to know about you.

Are you sweet sixteen, O girl next door?  
Are you tender-hearted and true?  
Do you ever write poems on love and spring?  
Do you wear a No. 5 shoe?

Are your tresses golden or black or brown?  
Are you sylph or sprite or human?  
Do you speak in a soft, low, cooing voice?  
(An excellent thing in woman.)

Are you strong-minded? and do you hold  
"Advanced ideas" and "views"?  
On fiction and science? or do you delight  
Only in gossip and news?

Are you learned and grave? or silly and gay?  
Are your cheeks of a rose leaf hue?  
Are you versed in science and classic lore?  
In languages living and dead?

Your eyes, are they blue or black or brown?  
Do you love the genus homo?  
Are you artistic, and can you tell  
A painting from a chromo?

And what is your name, O girl next door?  
Is it Susan or Kate or Jenny?  
Or Mary Ann? and tell me, pray,  
Have you suitors few or many?

Are you intellectual, brave and sweet?  
Are you afraid of mice?  
Do you believe in woman's rights?  
Are you very, very nice?

Were you ever in love, O mystic girl,  
With a "perfectly lovely" man?  
Or do you just delight to flirt  
With any one you can?

Do you like a tall, or a short young man?  
Must his eyes be brown or blue?  
Do you like to be out on a rainy day,  
With one umbrella for two?

Are you very proper and wise and good?  
Do you indulge in slang?  
Do you ever whistle or swing your arms?  
Or wear your hair in a bang?

O girl next door, I've found out naught,  
Tho' long I now have tarried,  
But tell me truly, are you going to be married?  
And when are you engaged to be married?  
—Detroit Free Press.

## CALE CARDONNE'S COURTSHIP.

THE LITTLE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

Northbrook came under the auctioneer's hammer by foreclosure of mortgage. It was a valuable country seat and did not bring half what it was worth.

The purchaser was Cale Cardonne, an intelligent, wealthy, self-opinionated man, sometimes called by his friends "The German Baron"; not because he was of German descent, but probably because of his ruddy face, fine physique, and brusque, positive manners, the latter verging upon rudeness when his passion was aroused.

The neighbors speculated considerably about his advent at Northbrook, and prophecies were made which were not particularly complimentary. He would introduce new-fangled notions; he would engage in foolish experiments; he would be an easy victim to the fallacies of theoretic farming, and the like.

Well, he came and settled among them, and nothing of the kind occurred. He left farming operations to an experienced hand, devoted his leisure moments to books, enjoyed the fresh country air, and attended so much to his own business and not to that of other people that he was voted too exclusive.

There was a railroad station at Northbrook, and one day he ran hastily up the steps of the tower to send a message by telegraph. He had leaped from the train without thinking of the valise which he had placed on the seat beside him. Its contents were valuable, and he was anxious to receive it by the returning train.

The operator was a quiet, demure-looking girl, very compact, and plainly clad; her face creamy white, neither approaching to pallor nor indicating ill-health.

He stated his errand. Could she get a dispatch to Croylard before the train got there?

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "How can you identify the valise?"

Her voice sounded as clear as a bell, and her white shapely hand was toyed with the button of the telegraph instrument.

"My name is on it," he said.

"And your name—is?"

"Cale Cardonne."

She had heard of him, but had never met him. She surveyed him in a speculative way, yet with no suggestion of boldness. Her eyes were soft gray eyes, with fabulous depths, and just then tinged with wistful interest.

A few ticking sounds followed, and then she announced that the message had been sent and acknowledged. He flung down a coin in compensation, and then picked up a book which she evidently had been reading.

"Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle!" he exclaimed, reading the title, an intonation of surprise in his voice. "You are—are—plodding through this?" he asked, stammering in his choice of words.

"Yes," she answered.

"And—enjoy it?" was his next question, a little grimly put.

A faint pink flush came into her cheeks.

"At least I do not consider the reading of it an infliction," she rejoined, a scarcely perceptible smile about her lips.

Her reply pleased him. He was standing almost directly over her, for she was seated. He noticed the finely poised head, the compact brow, the delicate ears, the chestnut-colored hair, with lurking shadows of bronze in it, and not a strand out of place.

Her figure was lithe and graceful and her hair modest and self-composed. His proximity did not disturb her: the consciousness of his worth did not cause her to depreciate herself.

She opened a small drawer, threw into it the coin which he had placed on the table and handed him the proper change.

"Keep it," he said, with a toss of his head.

"I can not," she replied; "I am not entitled to it."

"I am at liberty to give it to you."

"But I am not at liberty to receive it," she answered, "or rather I do not wish to."

"He picked up the change with a frown. "You know my name," he said; "if I knew yours we might consider ourselves acquainted."

"My name is Janet Thorne," she rejoined, in her quiet way.

He bowed, then descended the winding stairway.

"Janet!" he repeated to himself. "A staid name, and it suits her. Somehow I feel strangely interested in the little—thrush."

II.

REJECTED.

The two met frequently after that. Janet lived in a neat little cottage not far from the station. Her mother was dead and she supported an invalid father with her earnings.

Cale Cardonne visited her at the cottage, sent her books and flowers, and sometimes walked with her in the woods which stretched between Northbrook and the cottage.

Having seen so much of the world, being rich, handsome and a pleasing talker, it was no wonder she became fond of his society. He, in turn, was very much fascinated by her, and sometimes wondered why. He had mingled a great deal in society and had met with many beautiful and accomplished ladies, while she was but a quiet, demure, ordinary-looking country girl. However, he was not the only man who had tried to find his way out of such a quandary.

He proposed to her one evening. They were standing beside the cottage gate. The stars were shining softly overhead; the young moon was just visible above the low-lying hills; a subtle, resinous odor was wafted from the woods; the frogs croaked in the meadows; an owl called to his mate from a perch under the eaves of the mill.

Why was Janet so long in replying to Cale Cardonne's passionate appeal? He saw the color come and go in her face. He saw her lips tighten.

"I am so sorry!" she said at last, with a gasp, her frame trembling.

"Sorry!" repeated he, feeling a little dazed. "Because I have proposed to you?"

"Because I am constrained to decline your offer," she said.

It required bravery to speak those words, dictated by duty, when love and desire wanted so much to rebel.

"Oh!" ejaculated Cale Cardonne, reddening and biting his under lip.

His hand was a brawny one, and she saw how tightly it closed on the upper rail of the gate.

"If I knew the reason?" he asked.

"You will not insist," she said, appealingly, catching her breath.

"Evidently it exists in myself," he rejoined.

"No, Mr. Cardonne."

She spoke with rapidity, and with a quick fling of her hand.

"Perhaps time, Janet—"

"No," she continued. "It will always exist."

He had used the word exist, and she seemed to think it just the one to serve her.

"Janet, you are the first woman to whom I ever proposed," he huskily said. "That is true, though I have almost reached middle age."

"I believe you, sir," she answered, humbly, regretfully. "I appreciate the honor you have paid me. I am sorry."

He did not want her pity. He felt like seizing her and flinging her down the embankment; but, by a great effort, he curbed his temper.

"I am too polite to insist upon knowing your reason," he said. "You might say I have not the right to demand it, and I do not know but that would be the truth. I am grievously disappointed, and it is such a novel, and such a—wretched experience to me, that I do not know where to look for redress—or for comfort, rather. You wish me to understand that a chasm yawns between us—"

"Which can never be bridged," completed she, her tone firm, though she trembled, as he could see in the starlight.

He lifted his hand to his cravat, as if to relieve a choking sensation there.

"I can do nothing but submit," he slowly, ruefully said.

He strode angrily down the path, but stopped, turned and called out:

"Good-night, Janet."

The resigned, pitiful tone made her heart ache as it had never ached before.

"Good-night, Mr. Cardonne," she flung back, startled at the sound of her voice, it was so unlike her own.

She stood alone a few minutes in her agony, her fingers twisted into a knot, an ashen pallor in her face.

III.

"YET I LOVE YOU, SIR!"

A week later Janet Thorne met Cale Cardonne at the gate at Northbrook. She had stopped to deliver a dispatch. He took it, but eyed her askance, his face rigid. He noticed that she looked worried and that her hand shook.

"Thank you," he crisply said, turning to go.

"Mr. Cardonne!"

Her tone was quick, incisive, tinged with desperation.

He wheeled around. She stood stone still for a moment, white and speechless. She was having a fierce fight with herself.

"You dispise me," she said huskily.

"Why, no, child!"

He spoke the epithet in tenderness, not because she looked so childlike nor because he was a dozen years her senior.

"I am very miserable over it, but can not blame you," he said, "unless it may be because you have no business to be so charming," and a queer smile came to his lips.

"There is something I must tell you," she said slowly, looking past him into vacancy. "In justice to myself, sir, and I hope you will not think me bold, I reject you, and yet I love you, sir. How deeply, God alone knows!"

The sweet gray eyes were looking directly at him then, a warm glow in them. His heart gave a bound.

"Janet, have you reconsidered?" She shook her head.

"Then you have simply increased the pain—the consciousness of the great boon I have lost. Do you delight in that?"

His tone rose in volume, and a fiery sparkle came into his handsome black eyes.

She recoiled, one hand pressed against her heart.

"I wanted you to know, sir, that I, too, am suffering," she said, in a hushed, measured tone. "It has given me more pain to make the confession than it did you to hear it."

She walked rapidly away, and he stared after her, slightly stupefied.

"It is her candor that is her peculiar charm," was his mental comment.

IV.

AN OUTBURST OF TEMPER.

Cale Cardonne had but one congenial friend, a certain Dr. Weatherby, a man a little crochety, but a jovial, good-hearted fellow withal, a most excellent physician, and well read, not only in the classics, but in the polite literature of the day. Every idle evening either found Cale Cardonne in the cozy office of the doctor or the latter in the library at Northbrook.

"Cardonne, you ought to get married," the doctor said, one evening.

They were seated in the library, little more than the top of the doctor's bald head visible in the smoke with which he had enveloped himself.

"Why so, Weatherby?"

They had a familiar way of calling each other by their last names.

"You might look elsewhere and fare worse," remarked the doctor.

"You have some one to recommend?" Cale Cardonne said, interrogatively.

"Aye, I have," replied the doctor, "one who is worthy in every respect of any honest man's love. I mean Janet Thorne."

Just then something happened which rather disturbed the doctor's complacency. A pair of brawny arms seized him, lifted him from his chair, then replaced him in it with considerable violence.

The doctor was a small man, but tough as a tennis-ball, with very little temper, or else but a sluggish one. He shook himself, adjusted his shirt collar, picked up his pipe, and recrossed his legs.

"Cardonne, I didn't know that you indulged in profanity," he said, his pipe once more in his mouth.

"Did I swear? You are to blame. You provoked me."

"Oh, I did, eh?" asked the doctor.

"Very innocently so, I assure you. Duingling is under ban in this Commonwealth and generation. Still, I would be excused for asking an explanation of such a sudden outburst."

"She jilted me," growled Cale Cardonne, his passion spent.

"Who jilted you?"

"Janet Thorne."

"No, she didn't," the doctor said, with emphasis.

"I tell you she did," declared the other, with equal emphasis. "Ought not I to know? I—I—understand it! That's just why I'm so sensitive."

"She did not jilt you," persisted the doctor.

Cale Cardonne was on his feet again.

"What do you mean?" he fiercely demanded. "Oh, you want me to be precise! Well, she rejected me."

"That's the better word," rejoined the doctor. "It isn't so derogatory. What possible reason could she have had?"

"You might ask her," growled the owner of Northbrook. "I didn't."

"Perhaps she doesn't love you?"

"That isn't complimentary to me, Weatherby. She confessed that she did love me."

"Oh!" ejaculated the doctor, lapsing into a gasp for a time.

"Cardonne, if she loves you she'll marry you," he slowly said. "There's some mystery about the matter. She is very frank, and abominates concealment. I have known her from babyhood, and her mother before her. Ha!"

The exclamation was sudden and explosive, and his face intensified.

"I think I know," he said, possibly not aware that he was rubbing his hands. "Cardonne, if you'll apologize to me for that shaking I'll find you a wife."

"Janet?" asked the "German Baron," with an illuminated face. "Do it, and I'll get on my knees to you. I'll consider myself your debtor forever."

"Oh, don't be so profuse," interrupted the doctor, "but push the tobacco pouch over this way."

V.

"YOUR MOTHER ISN'T YOUR MOTHER."

"Janet," Doctor Weatherby said, "it was shabby in you to refuse Mr. Cardonne."

He had stopped in front of the cottage, and she was leaning over the wheel of his gig.

The blood filled her face, then left it marble white.

"Did he think so lightly of it as to mention it?" she asked, her eyes snapping.

"Lightly?" cried the Doctor, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I am glad we weren't on top of Notre Dame when he mentioned it! Janet, your mother isn't your mother!"

It was an astounding announcement, and made in the abrupt way usual with the Doctor. It was an inconsistent, improbable, impossible statement, and yet Janet understood him. For a moment she seemed bereft of speech and motion.

"Dr. Weatherby, is that true?" she gasped.

"Yes, Janet."

"And father kept it from me."

"There never was any need to tell you."

"Why is there need now?"

"Answer that yourself, Janet. That is why you rejected Cale Cardonne."

"Yes," gasped Janet. "It would not have been right. You have guessed the reason—as a physician solely, perhaps. And my mother—my real mother, my true mother—was she insane?"

"No, little one."

"Father in Heaven, I thank Thee."

Her hands were clasped, her eyes were reverently uplifted, her face shining like the face of a saint. At least the Doctor thought so.

"Janet, your happiness lies at your feet," he significantly said. "You will be sensible enough to take it up."

Janet stole off into the dim woods to be alone under the trees and the wonderful revelation. Her stepmother, whom she supposed was her real mother, had died in the insane asylum raving mad. Poor Janet believed that she had inherited the taint; the dreadful visitation would come some time; she could not bring sorrow to the life of a husband, or shame and suffering to her offspring.

VI.

THE CHASM BRIDGED.

There was a great crowd at the church fair. Cale Cardonne, looking not unlike a German Baron, passed from table to table chatting with the ladies and buying their wares.

Once a pair of soft, sweet gray eyes met his from amid the festoons of ivy.

Ah, he knew to whom they belonged. His heart ached for a moment, and the light went out of his face.

"A letter for Mr. Cardonne!" cried the postmistress from the little window of the pretended post-office.

He walked thither, paid the postage and received his letter. It contained but one line:

"The chasm has been bridged!"

A tremulous hand and no name! What did it mean? It came to him so suddenly that he felt that he was trembling.

The evening wore away; the crowd dispersed; the ladies covered the tables for the morrow; the janitor began to put out the lights.

Cale Cardonne lingered. Janet came toward the door, drawing her shawl closely around her, her face unusually red, considering it was usually so white.

"Can I see you home, Janet?"

She answered him with a nod and a smile.

The path led from the church across the meadows odoriferous with clover and flaunting with dandelion blossoms; the sky an unbroken expanse of blue studded with softly-twinkling stars.

Janet was clinging to Cale Cardonne's arm.

"I received your letter," he said.

"Yes."

"It had but one meaning."

"There was but one intended."

"Oh, Janet! you have made me inexpressibly happy!"

"She did not answer him. There wasn't any need to. Perhaps she couldn't answer, he had clasped her so tightly."

"How was it bridged?" he inquired.

"You are never to ask," was her flurried answer. "Dr. Weatherby knows."

"Oh!" ejaculated Cale, "I recall a promise he made. It was merely a foolish fancy, wasn't it?"

"At the time it seemed horribly real," Janet replied with a shudder. "Thank God, it wasn't real!"—Evening Call.

## Railway Construction in Russia.

For certain facilities of railway construction Russia holds a position much superior to that of her West European neighbors. Land is cheap, and there is a practically unlimited supply of wood. In a country flat as Russia is hardly any leveling is necessary—the needed engineering works consists almost solely of bridges. Taking every legitimate source of outlay into calculation, the average cost of constructing a railway in Russia ought not to exceed 30,000 rubles per mile. Yet owing to the extravagance and dishonesty of the whole system, the cost per mile often rises to 70,000 or 80,000 rubles. The rapid development of railways in this country—there are now over fifteen thousand miles of them in existence—is, of course, due in a great measure to the impetus given it by the State. About half the capital invested really belongs to the Government. When a railway is completed and has commenced operations the company is in a position to issue bonds with a view to their being put into the foreign market and sold by foreign bankers. Before this is done, however, Government, save where the circumstances are very exceptional, formally guarantees the bonds, thus undertaking to make good the interest on them in case it can not be paid by the company. To properly complete a line to the satisfaction of the authorities is sometime anything but an easy task, not so much because the formalities are many and the circumlocution great. The first step, after the granting of a concession, is the appointment of a Government Inspector. This official, by virtue of his position, is also a member of the Board of Railway Directors, and receives pay not only from the State but also from the country. How he contrives to represent the interests of both is a mystery, but that he accomplishes the feat to his own satisfaction is certain. Then comes the making of the line. A district "Land and Water Board" furnishes plans from which no deviation is permitted, for the making of engines, carriages, rails, etc. The construction of the road is usually let out to contractors in lengths of about ten versts each. The laborers, sometimes to the number of several thousands, are hired by agents of the contractor specially sent into the country for the purpose, the bargain as to wages being made with the heads of the artels—communes of workmen associated together for most every purpose save that of protecting the interests of labor. Railway "navvies" in Russia are simply peasants who have learned the art of using the pick and the spade. In the summer months they can subsist almost upon watermelons eaten with black bread and salt—even a more generous diet, when the workers club together for the purchase of food, does not involve an expenditure greater than about six shillings per month, and for this the laborer can have nourishing soup two or three times a day. Pay under these circumstances is not high—from threepence to sixpence per day is received by the Russian line-maker with an equanimity which would surprise the socialistic ouvrier of Berlin, Paris or London. On a far different scale is the remuneration of officials. The salaries of the President of the company and several of the directors range from 15,000 to 30,000 rubles. Secretaries receive from 1,500 to 1,600 rubles, bookkeepers from 300 to 1,000, superintendents from 6,000 to 10,000, inspectors from 600 to 1,000, and conductors from 300 to 1,000. When, however, these figures have been reduced somewhat by reckoning two shillings for every ruble, the room left for envy is not great, and there is nothing at all to make one wonder why the personnel of a Russian train should always display so conspicuous a lack of tidiness and respectability.—Glasgow Herald.

This will supply a long-felt want. A New York man has imported a pair of Indian mongooses, the first that ever came to America. They are a little larger than a good-sized rat. Their bodies are covered with brown hair, variegated with white stripes. The importer will breed these animals and sell them as vermin exterminators. It is claimed that they have no equal in that business. One mongoose will rid the largest house of rats. They destroy snakes with wonderful rapidity, and are the inveterate enemy of every species of vermin. They are gentle and harmless to human beings.—Indianapolis Journal.

## In Japanese Hotels.

The front of the house is entirely open to the street in the daytime. What serves for the office is in the front room. The kitchen is also in front. One will nearly always see a list of prices for lodging hung in the neighborhood of the kitchen.

As you ride by a hotel on a hot day it looks very inviting. If the house be a large one, you will see room after room stretching backward. In the center of the house is an open court, in which is a Japanese garden, such as no one else can make. Rockeries of old and curiously shaped rocks, plants and flowers artistically arranged, and sometimes a little pond with goldfish. The parlor is the back room of the house. There is really very little difference in rooms, as none of them have one solitary piece of furniture. The wood-work of a parlor is sometimes very pretty, and there are pictures, with sometimes a poem written in large characters on silk, hanging on the walls. These rooms are generally scrupulously clean. The floors of all Japanese houses are covered with thick straw mats. On entering a hotel (or any house), your shoes must come off. A Japanese never wears anything heavier than a stocking while in the house. Wherever there is any wood-work in the floor, it is kept highly polished, as are also the verandas, which are an indispensable accompaniment to a hotel, as it is by them that the various rooms are reached. The wood is so smooth that it will show a scratch, or the mark made by a nail in a shoe, as easily as a polished table would do so.

On arriving at a hotel you are shown to a room, and a girl waiter immediately brings tea and cake. The Japanese custom is to give a little present of money at this time; a greater or less sum, according to the amount of attention you may demand.

The prices of lodging are generally fixed at stated sums for first, second and third class lodgers. This price includes supper, breakfast and lodging. Guests do not remain in a hotel during the day, excepting at the summer or health resorts. By eight o'clock in the morning the hotel is empty. Meals are invariably served in the different rooms. This requires a large number of waiting-girls.

Food is served on small low tables, just raised from the floor. The price of first-class lodging (with meals) is about thirty-five cents. That is to Japanese. Foreigners are charged for room rent and for all the food served. Last July I put up at a hotel over night. My Japanese teacher was with me. He had one parlor and I had another. Our food, rooms, bedding were precisely alike. He was charged forty-five sen for lodging and room; I was charged fifty sen for room only, and in addition for every separate item of food. I refused to pay my bill, but finally was obliged to pay it, or I should have made myself a great deal of trouble. Most hotels prefer not to take foreigners at any price. Of course, where we are served with chairs, table and a bed, we are willing to pay extra for them. But you seldom find these articles except on the main roads of travel. One must be tired in order to sleep on the floor, lying on one thick blanket, with another similar one for a cover.

There is no possible way to fasten the room at night. There are no doors like our doors. The division between rooms, as well as between the room and the outer veranda, is nothing but paper; paper-sliding doors, which can be lifted out of their grooves with the greatest ease, converting the house into one large room. I have slept (?) for a number of nights in a room, all four sides of which could be taken away in five minutes' time, and which, of course, could be opened by any one. Strange as it may seem, there is very seldom anything like robbery. Things must be left about the room, as one cannot put all his possessions under the pillow.—Boston Transcript.

The Man in the Bottle.

The gilded neck of a contrivance fashioned in the similitude of a champagne bottle towered above the heads of the throng in Sixth avenue. A pair of legs protruded from the bottom. Half way up, on the side which faced in the direction of its progress, was a small opening, with a grating across it. Stepping alongside, the reporter rapped near the grating.

"Who's there?" came a challenge in hollow tones from within.

The response, "A friend," suggested itself, and was spoken.

"What do you want?" said the voice.

"Want to ask how you like this thing."

The bottle became communicative, and as it toddled along up the avenue the voice said: "It all depends on the weather. A man as understands the business will accommodate himself to the seasons. He will tote a banner, or maybe carry a lettered umbrella or wear a painted linen duster during the heated term, take to boards when the season of raw northeast winds comes on, and go into a bottle for the winter. Boards is better than banners in cold weather. The wind always blows up or down the street, so a feller is pretty well protected most of the time. When he comes to a crossing, if he finds the wind whistling across pretty sharp, he can walk edgeways, and protect himself. But in right-down cold weather a bottle is as much better than boards as a double-breasted beaver overcoat is better than a liverpad.

"Then, again, in hot weather, no man as knows himself will go into a bottle, without he happens to be a chap as has seen a good deal better days, and don't want to be recognized by his friends. Take a ward politician in reduced circumstances, for instance—he don't want to be seen carrying a banner or between boards; so he is glad enough to go into the bottle for the heated term. Then there is once in a while a chap as has reasons for sort o' keeping out of view, you know, and he is ready for the bottle any time in the year. I ain't telling no names, but I knew a party what kept away from the police for a month or more, till they got off his track, by doing the bottle act. He used to toddle along the avenue, right by the side of the detectives who was looking for him. He wasn't any of your poverty-stricken sort, but lived like a fighting cock—carried a bottle of the best old stuff in

his coat pocket, lunched on boned sardines when he was loafing along, and smoked real Havana's. The smoke? Oh, that was all right. He blew it out of the lookout, and, if anybody saw it, they thought it just curled up from the cigar of somebody else who was passing.

"We ain't all so tony as this chap was," the voice went on; "but we manage to have a good many comforts. My cupboard ain't very replete with luxuries, but I can offer you a hunk of gingerbread, half a sandwich and a clay pipe of tobacco. Generally speaking, it ain't safe to light a pipe till dusk, and then you have to be careful when you light up, and to hold your hand over the bowl when you smoke. But the neck of the bottle holds the smoke in, and you can snuff it up half a dozen times before it gets out.

"Heavy?" the voice said, in response to an inquiry. "Not very. You see, this thing is made of a sort of oil-cloth over a skeleton like a hoop skirt. The whole business don't weigh much more than an ulster. For a rainy day there ain't nothing like it. No matter how hard it pours you're dry as a husk. Another advantage of being in a bottle when the weather is suitable is that you can go against the wind about as good as with it—presents a smooth and rounding surface, and you don't get blown all over the sidewalk, as you do with big flat boards.

"Oh, a bottle is good enough for me till next May," said the voice at parting. "Come around and call again during the winter. If I don't recognize your knock, just sing out, and I shall know your voice."—N. Y. Sun.

## How the Enterprising Burglar Burgles.

Now I'll tell you how these fellows do the work. They do not carry their tools with them; that would be a dangerous proceeding in these days of acute detectives and well organized police forces. They steal their implements in the immediate neighborhood of the safe upon which they have designs. In the nearest woodshed they find an ax—an any old ax will answer their purpose, it serving as a sledge-hammer—also in the blacksmith shop they secure a cold chisel, and from the railroad section tool box get a crowbar and pick. At any time after nightfall these tools can be secured within half an hour. They comprise a complete kit.

When the night has sufficiently advanced the door of the store or office, as the case may be, is pried open with the crow bar without any undue noise. Entrance is effected quickly and quietly. Once inside, the crackmen arrange the shades so that their movements cannot be detected from the outside, and then they begin work without delay. With the crowbar the safe is lifted up and toppled over until one of the sides rests at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Then two lines about ten inches apart and sixteen inches long are drawn, the space within the lines forming a very nice panel. One of the men with the ax then cuts through the outside of the safe with a few well-directed blows. The noise made by this proceeding is not so great as one would expect. The outside shell of these safes is composed of one-eighth inch boiler iron, and is very soft. The cold chisel is next brought into use; the iron is cut out from the beginning of the first line to the beginning of the second, which completes the work on three sides of the panel. The crow bar is again brought into service, and the panel is pried, bent over, and easily broken off at the lower end. Taking out the panel constitutes the bulk of the work; that completed, and ahead there is only a smooth sailing. Underneath the outer shell there is found a composition of plaster of Paris and alum from six to eight inches thick. This is easily taken out with the pick. A layer of thin sheet iron or zinc is next encountered. This is quickly cut through and the money box is at the mercy of the thieves.—Denver Tribune.

## A Georgia Fish Story.

The following story of the adventure of an old sturgeon fisher is vouched for and told a Dublin reporter by two very reliable gentlemen of this county: The scene was at Skull Shoals, near Dublin. The name of the old gentleman, who, by the way, nearly lost his life by hunger and starvation, was Pierce Bell. Bell had been fishing, and with good success. One night he caught as many as thirteen of these monster fish, of which the Oconee River abounds, and the thirteen aggregated in pounds one thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven. Near these shoals the fish come out in the shallow water to "wallow." Bell spied one of these resting in one of these shallow basins by the rocks, and it bethought him to approach as gently as possible, and, when near enough to leap upon the sleeping monster, push his hands through his gills and then secure his game. But when the leap was made and his grip secure, the sturgeon took it as a signal for ready and darted out into the river. Down, down, down they went, until Bell had about given up. The fish came to the surface and gave his enemy a chance to catch his breath, but time was scarcely given before under he went a second time, up stream, until the sturgeon ran its head between two rocks, and clasped the gills by their sides, so that Poor Bell's hands were securely fastened, and then ten thousand thoughts of escape began to present themselves, but none of them proved fruitful. The fish would have withdrawn from the vise-like halter, but he went into it with such force that escape was impossible. Bell was not rescued until by mere chance, some days after, and in an almost famished condition. He had eaten a hole into the sturgeon's back as big as a man's hat, and had water to drink and had thus eked out a subsistence. The sturgeon, as a matter of course, had died in the meantime.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

Joking with loaded revolvers seems to be a pastime that never loses interest. Fortunately the new fashion seems to be to use the shooter as his own target. If it keeps up that way some fools of the present generation will cease to trouble the world.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Who knows but that two or three generations hence they will tap the deep earth and receive heat for all the purposes for which we now use wood and coal.—N. Y. Mail