

THE BURGLAR'S GHOST.

CHAPTER I. CONTINUED.

I made my plan of action rapidly. I took a revolver with me, and went up to Miss Singleton's house. Fortunately, I knew the housekeeper there a middle-aged, strong-minded woman, not easily frightened, which was a good thing. To her I communicated such information as I considered necessary. She consented to conceal me in the room where the safe stood. There was a cupboard close by the safe, from which I could command a full view of the burglar's operations, and pounce upon him at the right moment. If only my information was to be relied upon, there was every chance of my capturing the famous burglar.

Soon after midnight, when the house was all quiet, I went to the pantry and got into the cupboard, locking myself in. There were two openings in the panel, through either of which I was able to command a full view of the room. My position was somewhat cramped, but the time soon passed away. My mind was principally occupied in wondering if I was really about to have a chance of distinguishing myself. Somehow, there was an air of unreality about the events of the evening which puzzled me. Suddenly I heard a sound which put me on the alert at once. It was nothing more than the creaking of a board or opening of a door would make in a quiet house; but it sounded intensified to my expectant ears. I drew myself up against the door of the cupboard and placed my eye to the opening in the panel. I had oiled the key of the door, and kept my fingers upon it, in readiness to spring upon the burglar at the proper moment. After what seemed some time I saw the gleam of light through the keyhole of the door opening into the pantry. Then it opened, and a man, carrying a small lantern, came gently into the room. At first, I could see nothing of his face; but when my eyes grew accustomed to the hazy light, I saw that I had been rightly informed, and that the burglar was indeed no other than the famous Light-toed Jim.

As I stood there watching him, I could not help admiring the cool fashion in which he went to work. He went over to the window and examined it. He went over to the door of the cupboard in which I stood concealed. Then he locked the door of the pantry and turned his attention to the safe. He set his lamp on a chair before the lock and took from his pocket as neat and pretty a collection of tools as ever I saw. With these he went quickly and swiftly to work.

Light-toed Jim was a somewhat slimly-built fellow, with little muscular development about him, while I am a big man with plenty of bone and sinew. If matters had come to a fight between us I could have done what I pleased with him; but I knew that Jim would not chance a fight. Somewhere about him I felt sure there was a revolver, which he would use on the least provocation.

My plan, therefore, was to wait until his back was bent over the lock of the safe, then to open the cupboard noiselessly and fall bodily upon him, pinning him to the ground beneath me.

Before long the moment came. He was working steadily away at the lock, his whole attention concentrated on the job. The slight noise of his drill was sufficient to drown the faint click of the key in the cupboard door. I turned it quickly and tumbled right upon him, driving the tool out of his hands and tumbling him upon a heap at the foot of the safe. He uttered an exclamation of rage and astonishment as he went down, and immediately began to wriggle under me like an eel. As I kept him down with one hand, I tried to pull out the handcuffs with the other. This somewhat embarrassed me, and the burglar profited by it to pull out a sharp knife. He had worked himself round on his back; and before I realized what he was after, he was hacking furiously at me with his keen dagger-like blade. Then I realized that we were going to have a fight for it, and prepared myself. He tried to run the knife into my side. I warded it off; but the blade caught the fleshy part of my left arm, and I felt a warm stream of blood spurt out. That maddened me, and I seized one of the steel drills lying near at hand and hit my man such a blow over the temples that he collapsed at once and lay as if dead. I put the handcuffs on him instantly, and, to make matters still more certain, I secured his ankles. Then I rose and looked at my arm. The knife had made a nasty gash, and the blood was flowing freely; but it was not serious; and when the housekeeper, who just then appeared on the scene, had bandaged it, I went out and secured the help of the first policeman I met in conveying Light-toed Jim to the office.

I felt a proud man when I made my report to the inspector.

"Light-toed Jim?" said he. "What, James Bland? Nonsense, Parker." But I took him to the cells, where Jim was being attended to by the doctor.

"You're right, Parker," he said. "That's the man. Well, this will be a fine thing for you."

After a time, feeling a bit exhausted, I went home to try and get some sleep. The surgeon had attended to my arm, and told me it was but a superficial wound. I felt sore enough in spite of that.

I had no sooner reached my lodgings than I saw, sitting in my easy-chair, the strange man who had called upon me earlier in the evening. He rose to his feet when I entered. I stared at him in utter astonishment.

"Well, guv'nor," said he, "I see you've done it. You've got him square and fair, I reckon?"

"Yes," I said.

"Ah!" he said with a sigh of complete satisfaction. "Then I'm satisfied. Yes, I don't know as how there's aught more I could say. I reckon as how Light-toed Jim an' me is quits."

I was determined to know who this man was this time. "Sit down," I said. "There's a question or two I must ask you. Just let me get my coat off and I'll talk to you." I took my coat off and went over to the bed to lay it down. "Now then," I began, and looked round at him. I said no more, being literally struck dumb. The man was gone!

I began to feel uncomfortable. I ran hastily down-stairs, only to find the outer door locked and bolted, as I had left it a few minutes before. I went back, utterly maddened. For an hour I pondered the matter over, but could make neither head nor tail of it.

When I went down to the office next morning I was informed that the burglar wanted to see me. I went to his cell, where he was lying in bed with his head bandaged.

I had hit him pretty hard as it turned out, and it was probable he would have to lie on the sick-list for some days. "Well, guv'nor," said he, "you'd the best of me last night. You hit me rather hard that time."

"I was sorry to have to do it, my man," I answered. "You would have stabbed me if you could."

"Yes," he said. "I should.—But, I say, guv'nor, come a bit closer: I want to ask you a question. How did you know I was on that little job last night? For, s'elp me, there wasn't a soul knew a breath about it but myself. I hadn't no pals, never thought aloud about it, as I know on. How came you to spot it, guv'nor?"

"There was no one else in the cell with us, and I thought I might find out something about my mysterious visitor of the night before. 'It was a pal of yours who gave me the information,' I said.

"Can't be, guv'nor. No use telling me that. I ain't no pals—leastways not in this job."

"Did you ever know a man like this?" I described my visitor. As I proceeded, Light-toed Jim's face assumed an expression of real terror. Whatever colour there was in it faded away. I never saw a man look more thoroughly frightened. "Yes, yes," he said eagerly. "In course I know who it is. Why, it's Barksea Bill, as I pal'd with at one time.—And what did he say, guv'nor—that he owed me a grudge? That was quits at last? Right you are, 'cos he did owe me a grudge. I treated Billy very shabby—very shabby indeed, and he swore solemn he'd have his revenge. On'y, guv'nor what you see wasn't Barksea Bill at all, but his ghost, 'cos Barksea Bill's been dead and buried this three year."

I was naturally very much exercised in my mind over this weird development of the affair, and I used to think about it long after Light-toed Jim had once retired to the seclusion of Portland. While he was in charge at Westford I tried more than once to warm some more information out of him about the defunct Barksea Bill, but with no success. He would say no more than that 'Bill was dead and buried this three year; and with that I had to be content. Gradually I came to have a firm belief that I had indeed been visited by Barksea Bill's ghost, and I often told the story to brother-officers, and sometimes got well laughed at. That, however, mattered little to me; I felt sure that any man who had gone through the same experience would have had the same beliefs.

Of course I got my promotion, and was soon afterwards married. Things went well with me, and I was lifted from one step to another. In my secret mind I was always sure I owed my first rise to the burglar's ghost, and I should have continued to think so but for an incident which occurred just five years after my capture of Light-toed Jim.

I had occasion to travel to Sheffield from Westford, and to change trains at Leeds. The carriage I stepped into was occupied by a solitary individual, who turned his face to me as I sat down. Though dressed in more respectable fashion, I immediately recognised the man who had visited me so mysteriously at my lodgings. My first feeling was one of fear, and I darsay my face showed it, for the man laughed.

"Hallo, guv'nor," said he; "I see you know me as soon as you come in. You owes a deal to me, guv'nor; now, don't you ch?"

"Look here, my man," I said; "I've been taking you for a ghost these five years past. Now, just tell me how you got in and out of my room that night, will you?"

He laughed long and loud at that. "A ghost?" said he. "Well, if that ain't a good un! Why, easy enough, guv'nor. I was a-lodging for a day or two in the same house. It's easy enough, when you know how, to open a door very quiet and to slip out too."

"But I followed you sharp and looked for you."

"Ay, guv'nor; but you looked down, and I had gone up! You should ha' come up to the attic, and there you'd ha' found me.—So you took me for a ghost? Well, I'm blowed."

I told him what Light-toed Jim had said in the cell.

"Ay," said he. "I darsay, guv'nor. You see 'twas this way—it weren't Jim's fault as I wasn't dead. He tried to murder me, guv'nor, he did!—and left me a-lying for dead. So I set to myself when I comes round that I'd pay him out sooner or later. But after that I quit the profession, Jim's nasty conduct havin' made mesick of it. So I went in for honest work at my old trade, which was draining and pipe-repairing. I was on a job of that sort in Westford, near Miss Singleton's house, when I see Light-toed Jim. I had a hidea what he was up to, havin' heard of the plate; and I watches him one or two nights, and gets a notion 'ow he was going to work the job. Then, of course, you being an officer and close at hand, I splits on him—and that's all."

"But you had got the time and details correct?"

"Why, o' course guv'nor. I was an old hand—served many a year at Portland, I have, and I knew just how Jim would work it, after seeing his preliminary observations. But a ghost! Ha, ha, ha—why, guv'nor, you must ha' been a werry green young officer in them days!"

Perhaps I was. At any rate, I learnt a lesson from the ci-devant Barksea Bill—namely, that in searching a house it is always advisable to look up as well as down.

(THE END.)

Quartermaster-General.

The familiar proverb, "what is good for man is good for his beast" is fully understood by all horsemen from the turf to the farm, from the stable to the saddle. Very high authorities on the subject of horse and cattle ailments, concur in the opinion of General Rufus Ingalls, late Quartermaster-General, U.S. Army, who says "St. Jacobs Oil is the best pain-cure we ever used. It conquers pain." This department has the custody and treatment of army horses and mules, and thousands are treated.

Considerate Johnny.

Mrs. Yergers—"Johnny, what became of the berries Mrs. Petyber gave you for me yesterday?"

Johnny—"You see, they were too sour for you, ma, so I put sugar on them and ate them myself."

It is said that nearly 40,000 men desert the German Army every year.

A PET TIGER.

The Fierce Animal Made Thoroughly Docile. Becomes a Dog's Companion.

(From The Art Journal.)

In 1869 two officers of the Fifth Lancers while on a shooting expedition in the Lerar encountered a fine tigress with cubs. They killed the tigress, but not before she had severely lacerated Captain Thackwell's arm, so severely, indeed, as to render amputation necessary, the operation, unhappily, resulting in the death of the unfortunate officer. The two cubs were captured and taken to Lucknow, where they used to play about the Fifth Lancers' mess. One, however, choked himself with a lump of raw meat which he had purloined. The surviving cub was presented by Captain Chally to the Madras Fusiliers, who gave him the name of "Plassey," and constituted him their regimental pet.

Plassey became very tame, and was on most friendly terms with the men. He lived at the officers' mess, and when allowed to be at large he amused himself by stalking a small donkey which was wont to wander about the mess compound. He was also introduced to an antelope and a dog, with whom he lived amicably while the regiment remained in India. Plassey accompanied the One Hundred and Second to England, being granted a free passage by the captains of Her Majesty's ships Junna and Himalaya. Two young leopards and his canine ally were his fellow passengers. Plassey landed with the regiment at Dover, where suitable quarters were provided for him in the main fosses of the citadel beneath the officers' mess.

There, Plassey lived a happy life with his friend, the dog, his "personal attendant" being the adjutant's groom, who fed and looked after him. At meal time Plassey always allowed the dog to have the first "go-in," but when he thought his canine companion had taken a fair share he would give him a gentle pat with his paw as a reminder. When Plassey was nearly full-grown, and in the zenith of his popularity with the Fusiliers, an old lady resident of Dover wrote to the General, commanding the district, and stated that she had seen Plassey disembark, and that ever since she had remained a prisoner in her house, fearing to go out lest Plassey should have escaped and be roaming about town.

So frequent were this old lady's letters and complaints that at last the General felt compelled to take notice of them, and so poor Plassey was sent off to the Zoological Gardens, accompanied in his exile by his faithful dog. Plassey developed into a magnificent animal, and never outgrew his amiability. He was several times visited by an officer of the One Hundred and Second (from whom the writer obtained the above particulars), whom he invariably remembered with affectionate remembrance. Plassey died at the "Zoo" in the Spring of 1877, and his head and skin were long preserved in the officers' mess of the One Hundred and Second.

The Earth's Temperature.

"Is the temperature of the earth growing colder?" is the question that science is asking these days, and to which she is inclined to give an affirmative answer. And not without seeming good reason. For not to press the consideration that for the past four or five years both the summers and winters have been growing colder, especially in Europe, there is the fact that the northern limit of the inhabited or inhabitable areas of the world is now much further south than it was in past ages. This has been conclusively established by the researches of modern explorers who have found traces of human occupancy hundreds of miles north of the most northern homes occupied on that region to-day. The present line of human occupancy skirts the North American coast line from Behring sea to a point some distance east of Cape Bathurst, out through the lower part of Prince Albert Land and Boothia, and then, turning northeast, skirts the northern shores of Baffin's Land to Lancaster Sound. North of this line, above which no natives are known to exist, are abundant traces of the ancient habitations of the Eskimo. Upon the islands lying directly north of the mainland, and extending over an area embracing forty-five degrees of longitude, traces of former occupancy, such as stones laid together in circles and winter huts have been discovered at an average distance of about 300 miles north of the present northern limit of human life. Certainly the most northern of these remains may have been deposited by parties out on hunting expeditions, since it is known that the Eskimo of to-day, when in search of game, travel a very considerable distance north of the present limit of habitation; but even after making due allowance for these expeditions there can hardly be room to question that formerly man had his habitations much further to the north than now.

Of course it is not absolutely necessary to conclude that this southward movement has been wholly due to the increasing refrigeration of the north polar regions. There is the alternative inference that formerly mankind was able to endure greater degrees of cold than at present. It is a strong presumption in favor of the former view, however, that the terrestrial conditions, involving also those of the atmosphere, have frequently changed during the ages of geologic time. At one time tropical vegetation, as witnessed by fossil remains, extended very much farther north than at present; while during another period the latitudes now embraced within the north temperate zone were very generally overlaid with immense fields of ice and snow. 'Tis circumstance, that the conditions of the earth have shown a tendency to change, lends probability to the conclusion to which scientists generally incline, that a cooling process is gradually taking place. That the question is one of universal interest may be taken for granted. As to its practical importance, however, this is comparatively slight. There is no need for the present generation to take alarm, or to fear that by this means they will be prematurely cut off from the earth. Even admitting that the process of freezing is actually going on, it is not likely to become a serious practical question for generations yet to come. And although the present occupants of the earth ought not to lose sight of those who are to follow after, still when the question is one that can only concern those who come centuries hence it is difficult to feel profoundly concerned therein.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett makes nearly \$20,000 per annum by her pen.

DEATH AT THE ALTAR.

A Bridegroom Makes His Will, Orders His Coffin, and Dies Before the Marriage Ceremony is Completed.

A despatch from Cleveland, Ohio, says:—On Monday morning Owen Clark, a merchant sixty-five years of age, summoned Attorney W. W. Beacon to his office and indicated a will. Later in the day he visited Graw Bros., undertakers, and had prepared a bill of expenses for a respectable funeral, which he indorsed as correct. The next morning Clark engaged a carriage about seven o'clock and drove immediately to St. Clair street, where he was joined by Mrs. Murphy, a widow lady. The two then drove to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, on Lyman street, where the marriage ceremony was begun by Rev. Father Sidley. Before the last words which would pronounce them man and wife could be spoken, Clark fell forward in an apoplectic spasm, from which he never recovered. The remains were taken back to the residence on Hill street, where an elaborate wedding breakfast had been prepared. It has been learned to-day that Clark was remarkably superstitious, and that his concern over the arrangements for the funeral and the disposition of his property was due to a solemn promise made his first wife on her death bed in presence of many witnesses that he never would marry again under any circumstances. In his will, which was probated to-day, Clark left his entire estate, valued at \$40,000, to Mrs. Murphy, who, however, insists that the ceremony had proceeded far enough to make her name Mrs. Clark.

The Land of Wheat.

The Pacific express on the Canadian Pacific Railroad went west one day last week in four sections with 1,500 harvest hands on board, all bound for the great grain fields of Manitoba. A slight tinge of yellow is stealing over the sea of waving green, and in a fortnight thousands of reapers will make music the livelong day as they are urged through the almost illimitable fields.

We have great blessings on this side of our favored continent, and can cheerfully yield the palm in grain culture to the great belt midway between our coasts which for ages was fitted by the slow processes of nature to give bread to the world. From the bosom of these plains, some level as a floor, as in Manitoba, some undulating, as in Minnesota, we are drawing the nourishment the ages have accumulated.

Over the plains of Manitoba once rolled the waters of an inland sea. The southern edge of the great ice sheet in the glacial epoch prevented the escape of north-flowing streams, and they formed a mighty lake. Boulders from the Rocky Mountains, or from the eastern Laurentian hills, are now seen here and there, where they were dropped by floating ice cakes many hundreds of miles from their place of origin. Then came the recession of the ice, the disappearance of the lake rich in cretaceous and nitrogenous elements, and, in course of time, rose a mighty forest, as great and as dense, it is believed, as those which now cover the Pacific slopes of the coast mountains.

It is almost inconceivable to those who travel for days over the treeless plains between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains that here the giants of the forest once reared their lofty heads, shielding with their dense foliage the earth that is now exposed to the full blaze of the summer sun. To-day the air of northern Washington and southern British Columbia is thick with the smoke of burning forests, and, in all probability, fire was a most important element in destroying the timber that once covered the plains north of our Western States.

The lake deposits, the forest growths, were among the elements that helped produce the almost inexhaustible wheat-bearing soil of Manitoba; and to-day her farmers are happy in the prospect of the greatest harvest they ever reaped. It is believed that the wheat of Manitoba will average forty bushels to the acre. Many farmers say it will average forty-five bushels. Men who have seen many seasons of Minnesota wheat raising said in Manitoba last week that they had never looked upon such wheat fields before. Those great fields stretching for scores of miles around Brandon, Portage la Prairie, and Deloraine are worth crossing the continent to see. The waving expanse of dark green verdure is most pleasing to the eye. The stalks stand as thick as they can grow, are unusually high, and the ears are proportionally long and well filled with the plumpest of grain. Our own wheat growers will be glad that their Manitoba brethren are fully to share the blessings of this bounteous year.

We can show these Western farmers many things worth seeing; but if they had time to visit us now, they would smile at our patches of stunted grain just as tourists fresh from the plains of Manitoba do as they gaze upon the oats and wheat of Ontario and Vermont. But many Eastern farm hands will share the blessings the West is bringing. One labor agency in Winnipeg has had demands for 4,800 harvest hands at wages of from \$30 to \$40 a month and board. Haying, harvesting, and thrashing will afford about three months' employment, and hundreds of Ontario laborers are taking advantage of low harvest excursion rates and are going West to see the great country and toil in its fields for a season.—New York Sun.

The Prince of Wales' Debts.

It will be grateful news to those who cherish any affection—and it is to be hoped that there are few Canadians who do not—for the old system under which England has attained her proud position in the world, and who are jealous for the reputation of the royal family, to learn that the numerous reports concerning the Prince of Wales' financial difficulties are utterly without foundation, and that His Royal Highness could within twenty-four hours pay off every obligation that he is under. This at least is the statement made by Mr. Stead in his Review of Reviews, and on the authority of a thoroughly reliable informant. Commenting on the fact Mr. Stead says: "Such an assurance given to me on the very highest authority, will be read throughout the empire with pleasant surprise. It is hardly too much to say that almost everyone believed exactly the opposite, nor would I have printed the above statement if I had not received it from one who was undoubtedly in a position to know, and who, as a gentleman and a man of honor, is incapable of misleading the public." And those who know Mr. Stead know that he would not consciously aid in circulating a falsehood not even to shield the heir-apparent from disgrace.

Out of Sorts

Describes a feeling peculiar to persons of dyspeptic tendency, or caused by change of climate, season or life. The stomach is out of order, the head aches or does not feel right.

The Nerves

seem strained to their utmost, the mind is confused and irritable. This condition find an excellent corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon

Restores Harmony

to the system, and gives that strength of mind, nerves, and body, which makes one feel well.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. 21; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Old Man and the Lover.

A young job printer who has developed from an amateur into a sort of semi-professional and who is possessed of the energy and push that will stand him in good stead if he has no hard luck, became enamored of a young lady whom he eagerly desired to marry. So he called on the girl's father, who is a prosperous merchant, and laid his proposition before him.

"My prospects are very bright," said the young man, "and I love your daughter very dearly. I am prospering in business. I've just got a contract to supply the United Effort Society with tracts and it's a good job. I expect to make 2,000,000 tracts this year."

"All right," said the old man, as a frown settled on his beetling brow, "you can't make tracks any too fast to suit me."

And the young man went forth from the presence of the hard-hearted parent with the dejected look of a man who had just been struck with a brick.

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he Hereditary often coughs enough to make him sick at Consumption his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market."

Without money you're without everything. However, as a philosopher once observed, for the comfort of him who has none, "If I, who have only one shilling, am so unhappy, what a miserable dog he must be who has thousands!"

The Washington correspondent of the *Globe*, after warning the public against supposing that all the experiments now being made by the Navy Department are with plates made of nickel steel, and pointing out that the purpose of the department is to experiment with all plates that seem available and appear to be at all adapted to the purpose, says: "Thus far the plates from Canadian nickel have given most satisfaction." This will be welcome news to Canadians, who have just now more nickel than they know what to do with. Should future experiments confirm the trials already made, it is certain that a great impetus will be given to the Canadian nickel industry.

St. Jacobs

SURE CURE OIL PROMPT CURE

CURES PERMANENTLY

Rheumatism

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Ball Aches

NEURALGIA

IT HAS NO EQUAL. IT IS THE BEST.