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Whole No. 204.

JAMES BOWMAN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, ALMIRA MILLES, Markham, Nov. 1, 1865.

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BOOTS & SHOES. 38 West Market-Square, 2 doors south of King Street.

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Literature.

How We Trapped the Burglars.

We lived in a Terrace at the time in which my tale is laid, in what we may term a subdivision of London, for we were within five miles of Charing Cross, and the dark month of December was upon us.

In two out of the three cases, an entrance had been effected through a pantry window by removing a pane of glass, and cutting a small hole in the shutter.

Affairs had reached such a stage, that we used to sleep with a revolver close to our bedside, when we happened to have a friend who came to stay with us a few days.

Our friend's argument was that a burglar was a man on watch who took advantage of the residents being asleep and unsuspecting.

Now let's light up," said my friend. "Not yet, till you push the shutter up, and ret the other... or the gimble box."

The shutter was quietly pushed up, and both robbers moved away a few paces from the window by which they had entered.

Three nights had passed, and no alarms had occurred, and no robbers taken place; we began to think our alarms had been groundless; but our friend said now was the very time to be most guarded.

Thus it was agreed that my friend was to act the part of guardian, and was to commence his charge on the ensuing night.

I usually sleep very lightly, and therefore awoke readily upon hearing a tap at my bedroom door during the fourth night of watch.

Now, remember," said my friend. There are seven steps to the first landing, twelve others afterwards, and the fourth step creaks abominably.

The night was boisterous and many a window and door shook and rattled, so that the slight noise we made in descending the stairs was not sufficient to have alarmed even the most keen-eared listener.

In a very few seconds we heard a grating noise of the shutter, then an interval of quiet, and again a noise; presently the window was gently raised, and again all was quiet.

I found the latter a difficult matter to comply with, for my heart was beating with rapidly, and thumping against my ribs in the most excited way; still I stood quiet and trusted to my friend.

Nothing could be more cautious than the proceedings of the robbers; the shutter was pushed back in the most slow and steady manner.

The night, even out of doors, was very dark, and in the corner where we stood it was black as Erebus.

The first burglar was soon followed by a second, whilst we could hear the third, who was outside, was to remain there on watch.

A few days after this conversation the police informed us that several suspicious characters had been seen about, and recommended us to be on the alert.

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men had entered. Now drop that cross bar," he continued, in a voice of authority; down with it; and you'll see me put open the shutter and show for the police."

The idea that is usually entertained of a burglar is, that he is a man of great size, strength and daring, and that he would in an encounter annihilate my inferior man.

Our shout for the police was shortly answered; and the burglar's having been subdued by the sight of the revolver, the muzzle of which pointed first at one, then at the other, were captured by the police.

It will, I suppose be of use, trying to sleep again to night, for it is three o'clock," said my friend.

"I cannot sleep," was my reply; and I am dying to hear how you found out that these men were approaching the house."

The burglar as I told you has usually the advantage of surprise; he can select the time at which he makes his attack, and if his proceedings are carried on cautiously, he enters a house before he is heard.

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We entered his room and there, close beside his pillow, was a tin box, in the bottom of which was a key.

"This is nearly all the apparatus," he said; but you notice something fastened to the key; trace that thread, and you will find it passes through that small hole in the sash; from there it goes down to the back yard; and now you will comprehend my plan.

"I was always the dardest, tea-estard, bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty girl approach me, an I'd cross the street any time rather than face one."

"I was dreaming of soft shell crabs and stewed tripe, and having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door and waked me up."

it in the yard, taking care to free it before morning so as to keep the plan a secret. If then a man or anything above two feet high, walked up the yard, the string was pressed against the key, was drawn up sharply, and the key, of course, fell into the tin box, making quite noise enough to wake me.

"You see this thread," he said, grasping one that was near the door; "pull it!"

"That thread goes down stairs, and is fastened across the front window; but I broke that off as I went out of my room, so that it could not impede my journey down stairs."

People are usually very silly," continued our friend; when they hear, or think they hear, suspicious noises of a night, the first thing they usually do is to light a candle, which proclaims to the robber that he has been heard, and must escape; then they get about the house with this candle, and make a great noise, so that a man may have plenty of time to get away, or hide to himself.

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It may be funny, but I've got a rib-and-a-baby. Shadows departed—my sister Libs, my brother's boots, bootjacks, absconding shirt buttons, whisk and dominoes.

I just tell you how I got caught. I was always the dardest, tea-estard, bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty girl approach me, an I'd cross the street any time rather than face one."

Well, my sister Libs gave me a one night and I stayed away from home because I was too bashful to face the music.

Well, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practiced every night for four weeks, how we would walk into the room to be married, till we got so as we could walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovite ducks.

I was dreaming of soft shell crabs and stewed tripe, and having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door and waked me up.

"Rapped" again, I laid low. "Rap, rap, rap!"

"Then Lib heard a whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside."

"Then Lib sings out: 'Jack, are you in there?' 'Yes,' says I.

"Then came a roar of laughter. 'Let us in,' says she. 'I won't,' says I, 'can't you let a fellow alone?'"

"Are you in bed?" says she. 'I am,' says I.

"Get up," says she. 'I won't,' says I.

"Then came another laugh. By thunder! I began to get riled. 'Get out, you petticoated scare-crows!' I cried. 'can't you get a bean without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—I won't, so clear out!'"

"Then throwing a boot at the door I felt better. But presently, oh, moral buttons! I heard a still but small voice, very much like sister Lib's, and it said:

"Oh, my leghorn," cries one; 'my dear darling velvet,' cries another; and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that, and boxed my ears, and one bright-eyed little piece—Sal—her name was—put her arms around my neck, and kiss me right on my lips.

"Oh, my leghorn," cries one; 'my dear darling velvet,' cries another; and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that, and boxed my ears, and one bright-eyed little piece—Sal—her name was—put her arms around my neck, and kiss me right on my lips.

"After that we took a turtle diving after each other, and both of us sizzling like a barrel of new cedar when we were away from each other."

"I was at the close of a glorious summer day—the sun was setting behind a distant hogen—the chickens were going to roost—the bullfrogs were commencing their evening songs—the polywags in their native mudholes were preparing their for the shades of night—and Sal and myself sat on an antiquated back lot, listening to the music of nature, such as tree toads, roosters, grunting pigs, and now and then the mellow music of a distant jacksass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mulden stocks, and came heavily laden with delicious odors of hen-roosts and pigsties. The last lingering rays of the setting sun glancing from the bright buttons of a solitary horseman, shone from a knot hole in the hogan full in Sal's face, dyeing her hair with an orange peel hue, and showing off my threadbare coat to a bad advantage. One of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand resting on the small of her back—she was toying with my autumn lock of jet black hair; she was almost gone, and I was ditto. She looked like a grasshopper dying with the hippocups, and I felt like a mud turtle choked with a codfish ball."

"Sal," says I, in a voice as musical as the notes of a dying swan, 'will you have me?'"

"She turned her eyes heavenward clasped me by the hand, had an attack of heaves and blind-cargers, and with a sigh that drew her nose strings to her palate, said:

"Yes."

She gave clear out then, and squatted in my lap. She cork-screwed, and I cork-screwed and rolled into it. I hugged her till I broke my suspenders, and her breath smelt of onions which she had eaten the week before.

Well, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practiced every night for four weeks, how we would walk into the room to be married, till we got so as we could walk as graceful as a couple of Muscovite ducks.

The night, the company and minister came, the signal was given, and arm in arm we marched through the crowded hall. We were just entering the parlor door when down I went kersey on the oil cloth, pulling Sal after me. Some cursed

me.

bad me.

Concluded on fourth page.