

Sept. 27.—Detective McDonald, of the an important ar- capture on in- crance of a man of Robert C. Ed- lord. The Syracuse ord that a man worth of dental al office in that t for him. pured in a pawn- of disposing of a the way to the was caught in the low a newspaper rible the digging Madden, Mass., of crested there for 15th. Edward, ted that he was put of jail.

Joseph Er- was on trial for charge of mur- dering a woman whom he was afternoon de- jury, and sen- to be im- made a big fight off, on a plea of

ne in court. The was on trial for charge of mur- dering a woman whom he was afternoon de- jury, and sen- to be im- made a big fight off, on a plea of

His Wife With a

g.—This after- Secretary Cor- of the will of the probate. The ing as my last ereby revoking

ay Credits Pro- Mother.

the World Court. bankruptcy Court. Master's debts

ing Sentenced to 12th.

A few years ago Blue Ribbon Beryl Tea was unknown today it is a household word. Why?

The Coming of Gillian: A Pretty Irish Romance.

"What do they want? What ought I to do?" Gillian says, breathing fast. "I have no one to advise you, see. I haven't many friends. Couldn't you advise me what I ought to do?"

left alone with a pretty girl for a few minutes." CHAPTER XL. "What do you think of the weather, Mr. Damer?" Lady Jeannette condescended to ask her wedded lord.

lian adds, with a sudden flush and a scornful little smile. "Lacy watches her intently for several minutes in silence, noticing how those wistful eyes gaze back at Darragh, until the carriages draw up at the foot of the green slope where their agent is to begin. But when they are tolling up the slopes amidst the moss-grown granite bowlders, sparkling with mica, and the furse and bracken, with the grand purple, heathery crags of Slieve-na-Mor above their heads, dark defined against the dazzling blue of the sky and the snow-white floating clouds, Captain Lacy addresses Gillian again.

Frae North o' the Tweed

In a country parish in Scotland the minister and the ruling elder went over the muir to visit an old parish- oner on a "caitcheesing," and the walk being a long one, their appetites were pretty keen when they arrived.

HOW ONE MAN WAS HENPECKED

"If there is a man in this world that excites my sympathy it is a henpecked husband," said Col. Rimple to a New York Telegraph man.

Strenuous Life of the Amir.

It is always best to be prepared for anything that might happen. This seems to be the creed of the Amir of Afghanistan, for in his book, "The Life of Abdur Rehman, Amir of Afghanistan," he says:

Advertising Pays.

As a further demonstration of the effect of advertising on the Kansas City Journal notes that "Hon. B. Fugate, at Wellington, advertised in Friday's paper for a girl. That night his wife presented him with a ten-pound one."

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

that I am sometimes afraid people think I am abusing her. A Despairing Flounce. "She has a way of sighing and turning over in bed with a kind of despairing flounce, and instead of asking me, as is her custom, if I have locked all the doors, she slides out of bed with a suppressed sob, and goes on a tour of inspection. Every time she quiets down I try to convince her that she is wrong and that I do love her, but just as soon as I say a word she breaks out afresh, and turns over with another despairing flounce. Next morning she gets up before I awake. When I get up I find her at the breakfast table, with swollen eyes and an expression of such unutterable sadness that I feel like kicking myself. That is what I call the worst kind of henpecking, and don't misunderstand me when I say a man doesn't want more than two such sieges a month."

SECRETS OF A BURGLAR.

"It isn't up to me," said the retired burglar, "to tell where to hide your valuables so that you cannot have them stolen, but I can tell you where not to hide them, and save you lots of trouble in giving them up. Here is a list of hiding places to avoid: Grandfather's clock (Burglars hide in them often). In the mattresses. Under the carpets. (Easily located in sack shoes). In the rag basket or waste basket. In an unused grate or up a chimney. In sofa pillows or furniture. In the ice chest. "It certainly is not a compliment to the ability of a professional to secret goods in any of those places and get away with the loot without half an effort. The scooped out volume of Dickens or Thackeray, is easily located, and the diamonds or roll of money which take the place of literature is a familiar find. The piano often yields a fair harvest, and the shoes worn the day before, left standing at right angles in the middle of a bedroom floor, are in my sack shoes—I confiscated a pair of such shoes, and as they fit neatly kept them for my own use. One shoe always pinched me, and one day I sat down and dug a 250 bill out of the barbarous. The retired burglar looked thoughtful for a moment, then he said in a prophetic voice: "I may be wrong, but the time is coming when there will be a burglary union, which will insure a fee for both the owner of valuables and the man who lives by his wits and steals in the dark, in disguise, when his betters steal in the daytime, unmasked. If a man can do up with his doors and windows open without fear of burglarious intruders by paying a moderate assessment on his superfluous luxuries, I believe you would be for the good of the Commonwealth. Some day I will draft a constitution and by-laws from my viewpoint. You see, I have had experience."