

## MY FRIEND THE "CAP"



HAVE been persuaded to take a much needed rest this summer, to permit me to recuperate after a winter and spring of unusual activity and success. Consequently I have temporarily withdrawn from society; and thereby hangs a tale, in which my friend, Captain Rosenbaum, figures to some extent.

Pleasure is to me the chief object of existence; therefore, I have ever striven to enjoy myself, and be present where hilarity reigned—to have "a good time" at every possible opportunity.

You cannot wonder, then, that I felt it was my duty to move in good society. Yet I have been at some pains so to arrange my affairs and social relations as to be able to attend most of the better class of private entertainments given in Chicago during the past two or three winters. It not only gave me no small enjoyment, but it also assisted me materially in my business.

It was a matter of considerable difficulty to secure an invitation to the Lawrence reception, but I managed it—no matter how—and it was at this reception that I made the acquaintance of Captain Rosenbaum.

I had strolled into Doctor Lawrence's library, in a wing at the rear of the mansion, on Michigan avenue, to get out of the hot and crowded parlors, and, in the dim light, was leaning against the window-casing, idly tapping on the glass with my fingers, when I noticed at the top of the window-sash a bit of metal gleaming in the semi-darkness. I touched it, and found that it was part of a burglar alarm, moving when the window was opened upon another bit of metal, and by contact completing an electric circuit of some sort.

I am something of an electrician, and my interest and curiosity were at once aroused. A brilliant idea suddenly flashed in my brain. I unscrewed the upper bit of metal with my knife, and, after twisting off the wire which led from it into the woodwork, was examining it when I heard a light step at the door.

Glancing around, I found standing by the table a tall, dark-skinned man in an evening dress, with black mustache and imperial, and long rather curly black hair—in all suggesting at once the popular idea of his satanic majesty. By one of those impulses which overcome us at times, I slipped the bit of metal into my pocket and turned toward the stranger, whom from his dress and manner I assumed to be one of the guests at the reception.

"I hope I don't intrude," he said, politely.

"Oh, no," I hastened to reply; "I am glad some one else can enjoy the coolness here."

"I think I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance," the stranger said, smiling; "as guests of this house, I



I TURNED QUICKLY. trust we need no formal introduction—my name is Captain Rosenbaum.

"And I am William Vance; very much at your service, sir," I returned, decidedly pleased with my new friend's voice and manner. "I am indeed glad to make your acquaintance, Captain Rosenbaum."

I found the captain a very agreeable fellow; a gentleman of refinement and culture, polished and well informed, a ready conversationalist, though decidedly reserved as to himself, and a smoker of excellent cigars. We discussed books, yachting, horses, the presidential nominations, the tariff, etc., and the captain shone as a man of wide reading and depth of thought along many lines.

I could learn nothing, however, of his own occupation—he was especially reticent on that point. The captain casually let slip that he had been in New York until recently; his business had taken him there on two hours' warning; and had brought him back as suddenly; he could not tell how soon his present business would be disposed of, or where he would go next.

"I am an uncertain fellow," he said, laughing, "and never know my plans two weeks in advance. Indeed, my plans are largely made for me, and I go and come usually at the bidding of others."

While we were talking, Doctor Lawrence entered, and I did not see the captain again that evening, for, while I presently returned to the parlor, the captain remained chatting with his host.

I was decidedly ill at ease, for I had that piece of burglar alarm in my pocket, and could find no opportunity to put it back. I was fully aware that my hasty action might be misconstrued by one who did not know me, and I was anxious lest the captain had seen me take it down, though not in the most remote way had either of us referred to the subject.

It was no business of his, though, in any case, and I deemed myself in no way bound to consult him about so

trivial an affair. Besides, I was inclined to think he had not seen me take the piece of metal. It subsequently appeared, however, that he did see me take it, and his actions were strongly influenced by the ideas this trifling incident suggested to him.

As it happened, I found no opportunity to approach the window again, and I went home with the bit of metal still in my pocket.

That night an attempt was made to rob Doctor Lawrence's house, the burglars entering by the very window from which I had removed the burglar alarm. They did not succeed in securing any plunder, being frightened away before any valuables were found.

Now this attempted burglary was similar to several others which had taken place at some of the finest residences in the city, in each case following only a day or two after a reception or a ball similar to that at Doctor Lawrence's house. As it happened, in every similar instance but one, I had been a guest at the entertainment, and I had almost begun to fear lest the people who had invited me should regard me as a bird of evil omen, and cease to "request the honor of my presence" at their houses.

Probably you are thinking of Captain Rosenbaum in connection with these robberies.

I must confess that I did not, although I had occasion afterward to associate him more or less directly with all of them. I had met him but once, and for a short time only, and his name did not occur to me until two weeks later, when Russell Dennison's daughter was married. At the reception, in the evening, I met my friend, the captain, again, and I found him the same polite, chatty gentleman, but, as before, suggesting Mephistopheles.

I encountered him a dozen times that evening—on the back veranda, in the conservatory, in the garden—till I began to regard him as my evil genius. Particularly did he hover in the neighborhood of the room full of silverware and jewelry which comprised the wedding gifts.

When I left the house the last person I saw was Captain Rosenbaum, who went out with me and left me at the nearest corner, turning down a side street with a wave of the hand and a cheery "Good-night, Vance."

I was destined to see my friend, the captain, once more that night, and it happened in this wise: The moon had gone down, and it was nearly three o'clock in the morning, when, with two friends, I stood in the rear of Russell Dennison's mansion, under the shadow of a large bush. I was still in evening dress, concealed by a dark overcoat, and had a soft hat pulled down over my eyes. In my hand I held a revolver, as did each of my two companions.

In pursuance of my project, it was only a minute's work to quietly open the door at the rear of the house and the door at the head of the stairs within. Two minutes later we were in the room with the wedding gifts.

A dim light burned in the chandelier, and at the other side of the room the figure of a man lay on a sofa.

I slipped over to his side, and with my revolver close to his temple, signaled to my friends to begin their work.

At the first soft clink of the silver in the bag in which they were guardedly slipping the wedding gifts the room was suddenly flooded with light, and I heard an oath from one of my companions.

I turned quickly, and saw Captain Rosenbaum and three policemen standing in the doorway. I had time only to see the captain smile triumphantly and nod in my direction, before my arms were seized from behind, and with sharp clicks of locking handcuffs, I was a prisoner. My friend, the captain, then spoke:

"Hardly expected to meet me again to-night, eh, Vance? You tried that burglar alarm dodge once too often. Twice you played it in Madison avenue, New York, undetected. An account of similar burglaries in Chicago, as reported in the Chicago Record, aroused the suspicions of Chief Conlin, of New York, and he sent me here to try to run you down. I am known in the metropolis as Jack Randolph, of Police Headquarters. You and your pals are my prisoners."

That consoling speech from "my friend, the captain," made my blood run cold, and I felt humiliated when I thought of how I had been entrapped by the New York detective.

As I before remarked, I am now taking a rest from my social duties. I shall stay at this closely guarded institution somewhat less than eight years, and there are six indictments, I am told, waiting to be attended to when I leave.

**Hitching the Bicycle.**  
A new bicycle kink has developed. A rider stopped in front of a store and, after he had dismounted, he took a heavy weight that was hooked just behind the seat, and attached it to a chain which he took from his pocket. He fastened the chain and weight to the bicycle, and, apparently satisfied that it was now quite safe, he went into the store.—New York World.

**The Moral.**  
Just as a Mount Sterling family had sat down to dinner and while the head of the family was saying grace a hungry tramp stole the pan of biscuit out of the stove.  
Moral—You should watch as well as pray.—Winchester (Ky.) Democrat.

Campbell is the author of the quotation, "Like angel visits, few and far between." It is found in "Pleasures of Life."

## ON THE BIG MUDDY.

VAGARIES, ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE RIVERS.

Its Mighty Current Eats Away Big Farms and Throws Them Up in Sand Bars—Continual Fight at St. Joseph, Mo.



THE Missouri river has been on its accustomed annual rampage, and, as the receding waters run out the damage done by the rise is becoming apparent, says a St. Joseph, Mo., special of recent date. Along the shores the scenery has changed. Farms have loosened and dropped into the remorseless stream here and there; other farms have cropped up under the guise of giant sand bars, altering the swift current, itself always an unaccountable vagary.

"The river is rising very rapidly," is a simple statement—one frequently found in the columns of the daily papers, always at this season, under prosaic headlines, perhaps, and tucked away in some remote corner of the page. But for the old residents along this great stream it has a never failing charm. In the mighty river that glides swiftly by the city's gate, washing, cutting, grinding, eating away the earth walled foundation, there is something more majestic than the tranquil sea; there is a distant power of movement that carries with it a hint of unconquerable force, a river unfettered and undammed, and beyond weak mortal's will.

The plain announcement that the river is rising causes a feeling of awe to creep over the poverty-stricken boat dweller as he gathers his family about him and stands on the shore, gazing askance at the swirling, muddy current. It creeps steadily, stealthily, resistlessly up, inch by inch, foot by foot, until the bottom of the leaky boat is submerged. Its encroachments are like the ways of the dreaded panther.

When the river is rising rapidly the coter along the shore takes a new reef in the hawthers that hold his small home to the bank beneath the willows, and the gleam of the midnight lantern is seen over the gloomy waste of waters, for it is unsafe to sleep at such a time—when the river is rising rapidly.

Along the shore on either side of the majestic stream the comfortable farmer puts down the bars and permits his stock to roam into the uplands that range away from the towering bluffs, standing like grim, wakeful sentinels above the river's crest—when the river is rising rapidly.

Then he stands sadly by the bank in the green and fertile meadow and watches the rich black soil, in massive sods and patches, crumble and roll into the rapacious jaws of the merciless octopus—when the river is rising rapidly.

Standing on the shore at the foot of Felix street, for the watcher gazing westward there is a peculiar and inspiring charm in the scene when the river is rising rapidly. Tons upon tons of loam from the farm lands have discolored the water until its depths are as impenetrable to the sight as solid iron or granite. The rivulets from the crystal springs that leap down the foothills of the far-away mountains, dashing through gulch and vale with merry laughter, are changed to black and indigo, but the shifting sands of the Missouri and the soil of the farm land simply discolor, not destroy. A more healthful draught than the cup taken from the rushing current of the stream was never brewed nor mixed by art.

When the river is rising rapidly it bears on its current many strange things. Now a boat, half broken, half sunk, goes swiftly by, bobbing up and down in the sunlight. Again the body of a drowned bullock or a floating cabin. Then a tree—an evergreen, a pine or a cedar—borne on the face of an avalanche, perhaps, from its perch upon some bald mountain side and caught in the sliding snow drifts. Birds hover in its swerving branches and flit and fly as it tosses and rolls in the angry stream. Into the high bank the current rolls, and the swirling eddies growl and roar as the whirlpool settles down at the base of the willows, rip-rapped into the bank. And so it goes—rushing, gurgling, roaring, never smiling, never safe, a thing of awe, of grandeur, of wonder and mysterious charm, but always to be avoided—when the river is rising rapidly.

Into the western side of this city the river sweeps straight from the west. Here it turns directly south for a mile, then turns westward again. Away over yonder, where the ends of the curves are closest, only a mile strip of loamy Kansas soil stands between a meeting of the waters. And this is daily becoming narrower. The river is eating into it every hour, until it now bears resemblance to a vast peninsula.

A mile out from St. Joseph the strip of land between the river's curves is fully five miles wide. It is predicted by those who have watched the erratic Missouri's course and changes, for a quarter of a century that it is only a question of a short time until that narrow neck of land in Kansas is eaten away and the Missouri's channel is under the eastern slope of the big, round bluffs that range along the western horizon. When that happens, St. Joseph, with its magnificent sewerage system, will be an inland town, high and dry, and its great steel railroad bridge will be spanning the nucleus of a fertile farm, or, at best, a shallow lagoon. Efforts to prevent such catastrophe by rip-rapping are constantly in progress.

The sack or box coat will be much in evidence this fall!

## MOZART IN LONDON.

His First Appearance Attracted Very Little Attention.

A notice in the Public Advertiser informs us that "At the Great Ranelagh Spring garden, near St. James' park, Tuesday, June 5, 1764, will be performed a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music for the benefit of Miss Mozart of 11 and Master Mozart of 7 years of age, prodigies of nature." This venture was attended with success and in the same month Wolfgang played pieces of his own composition for the benefit of a "public useful charity" at a concert given at Ranelagh, says the Gentleman's Magazine. The times, however, were not propitious for artistic enterprises. In January of the new year the king was seized with an alarming illness, which lasted to the beginning of April, in addition to which the Spitalfields weavers were discontented, with the result that for three days during May London was in the hands of a riotous mob. Owing to these unpropitious circumstances a concert given by the Mozarts at Hickford's Great Room in Brewer street met with little encouragement. From this time the father invited the public to test the youthful prodigies in private every day from 1 to 3 o'clock at his lodgings in Thrift (that is the present Frith) street, Soho. The result of this appeal, however, not being satisfactory, they turned to the city and tried the Swan and Hoop tavern in Cornhill, the price of admission being reduced to half a crown for each person.

Before leaving the capital the Mozarts visited the British museum, to which Wolfgang presented his six published sonatas and a manuscript madrigal entitled "God Is Our Refuge." For these six sonatas, written for the harpsichord, with accompaniments for the violin or German flute, and dedicated to Queen Charlotte, the young composer had received the sum of 50 guineas. In July, 1765, the family left London en route for The Hague, their visit having produced little effect save that of interesting musical amateurs such as Daines Barrington. The young Wolfgang had been a nine days' wonder and many years were to lapse before his music appeared almost as a revelation to musicians in this country.

### The Town's Crooked Dividing Line.

"There is a reason for most everything," said a Cumberland man, when he was asked how in the world they came to have such a crooked line between two towns in his county. "There's a reason for this crooked line. You see, some of our towns established in pioneer times, when land was abundant and people were few, had a big territory, which was afterward sliced off to make new towns. It was so in the case you mention and when the cut-off was made people along the line of division were of different minds as to which town they wanted to be in. So the legislature drew a straight line between the two parts and then provided that persons dwelling on lands adjoining either side of this line might be in one town or the other as they should decide within ninety days after passing the act. Some went one way and some the other and the line was all skewed up to accommodate them."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

**He Knew Her.**  
Mrs. McBanger—My husband did not like that tea you sent us last. Grocer (politely)—Did you like it, marm? Mrs. McBanger—Yes, I liked it. Grocer (to clerk)—James, send Mrs. McBanger another pound of the same tea she had last. Anything else, marm?—Chips.

**Cheap.**  
Elliott Squeer—I notice that the new restaurant managers are going to put in Boston girls as "lady waiters." Ellimore—Yes; they believe it will save them the cost of ice and electric-fan power.

**Unpleasant.**  
A coroner's jury in Maine reported that "Deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury."—Buffalo News.

### BITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Coal is dearer in South Africa than in any other part of the world. It is cheapest in China.

About 600,000 trees are annually planted by Swedish school children, under the guidance of their teachers.

In the public schools of Germauy the bright pupils are separated from the stupid ones. Medical men do the sorting.

An umbrella covered with a transparent material has been invented in England, enabling the holder to see where he is going when he holds it before his face.

In the manufacture of knives the division of labor has been carried to such an extent that one knife is handled by seventy different artisans from the moment the blade is forged until the instrument is finished and ready for the market.

In about twenty-two seconds a drop of blood goes the round of the body. In about every two minutes the entire blood in the body makes the round through the right side of the heart, through the lungs, to the left side of the heart, through the arteries, the veins again to the heart.

Mother-of-pearl is the hard, silvery, brilliant substance which forms the internal layers of several kinds of shells. The interior of our common oyster shells is of this nature; the mother-of-pearl used in the arts is much more variegated, with a play of colors. The large shells of the Indian sea alone have this pearly substance of sufficient thickness to be of use.

**Vindicated.**  
"No," said the tall, blonde one, "I do not like her, because she is so dramatic in her ways."

"She is no such thing!" said the petite brunette one, rallying to the defense of the absent. "She has been married to the same man for more than ten years. Dramatic in her ways, indeed!"

The assembled persons had to admit that the point was well made.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**  
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

**The One Exception.**  
"Ah, my young man," said the fond father, "in giving you my daughter I have entrusted you with the dearest treasure of my life."

The young man was impressed, then he looked at his watch. "Really," he said, "I had no idea it was so late. The cars have stopped. Could I borrow your wheel to ride home?"

"Not much! I would not trust anybody on earth with that wheel."—Up-to-date.

**Coe's Cough Balm**  
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

People cheerfully pay 25 cents for a 5-cent cake of soap, if it is well advertised.

**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.**  
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

There are now over 500 horseless carriages in use in Paris.

**The Ladies.**  
The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Company, printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all responsible druggists.

Do you know that people believe, if you are a gossip, that you are not very nice yourself.

**Blood Pure?**

Is it? Then take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and keep it so. Isn't it? Then take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and make it so. One fact is positively established and that is that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will purify the blood more perfectly, more economically and more speedily than any other remedy in the market. There are fifty years of cures behind this statement; a record no other remedy can show. You waste time and money when you take anything to purify the blood except

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**

**"It Bridges You Over."**

**Battle Ax**  
**PLUG**

"Battle Ax" bridges a man over many a tight place when his pocket-book is lean. A 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" will last about as long as a 10-cent piece of other good tobaccos. This thing of getting double value for your money is a great help. Try it and save money.

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For Imitations of Walter Baker & Co.'s Premium No. 1 Chocolate. Always ask for, and see that you get, the article made by

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