

THIEVES IN SOCIETY.

STORIES TOLD BY NONBELIEVERS IN KLEPTOMANIA.

Light Fingers in the Dressing Rooms of Fashionable Entertainers—Unfair Exchanges Which May Be Called Hobbery, Old Things For New.

"Oh, give it any name you like—borrowing other people's belongings and falling over to return them, mistaken identity as to special possessions or kleptomaniacs, but I call it thieving, and something ought to be done about it."

"That I do," went on the blond emphatically, "and I've been stolen from repeatedly. No, dear, I won't take a word of it back, and I am not speaking hastily. In every instance it was a plain case of theft, and I've not up to date recovered a single belonging. Why, of course if it had been a grimy fingered sneak thief, or a too enterprising housemaid, I most naturally would have gone to the police and detectives for protection and assistance, but it is not quite so easy to have an individual who wears the best French gloves, whose bouquets come from an expensive importer and who sometimes asks you to share her opera box, receive at her ten or take a lift home in her brougham, arrested and searched on suspicion."

"Well, I never!" remarked the woman in blue.

"Oh, that's just because you are a dear, unsophisticated little creature, and out in your western town they don't do such things. The temptations are not so great, but I can assure you that here in our big cities, at regular intervals, polite kleptomaniacs are simply rampant, and hardly a big function breaks up that half the women don't come away quite savage over the loss of some pretty and especially prized belonging. Evidently the blond was right, for all the other women nodded assent, and the hostess was apparently breathless to tell of some personal grievance on this score, when the first speaker broke in again:

"You see," she elaborated, "we need to think it might have been the servants' fault, or an honest error, when we found our possessions exchanged for others less valuable or simply disappearing, until two or three times the offenders were caught right in the act, and then came the awfully dismal consciousness that really no one could be trusted."

"My first experience was with a very costly lace fan I carried to a dinner. I held on to it most affectionately throughout the evening, until some half dozen of us went up to the hostess' bedroom for our wraps. There I laid it, with my vinaigrette and fan, on the dressing table, and when I turned to get them again the fan was gone. I protested, the maid searched, but nothing came of it, and broken heartedly I went down, bewailing my loss to a sympathizing feminine companion. We went out to our respective carriages together, but as the latter opened the hall door a puff of wind blew her long black skirt, and there I saw, lying in its pocket, my precious fan. Well, the next day I wrote her very frankly, asking for its return, suggesting, of course, she had taken it by mistake, and hence it came. But we have never spoken since."

"That taught me to look for higher offenders than maids in dressing rooms, who are usually accused of making way with all wraps, umbrellas, overcoats and what not that may be missing."

"Ah, that is not my trouble," chimed in a debutante across the tea table. "The favorite plan is now to exchange kind for good things. I am growing almost philosophical over the deplorable shabbiness of my wardrobe on this constant swapping. Last week, on coming up late to the dressing room from a dance, I found in place of my brand new green suede carriage overcoat two overlarge, badly worn ones of rusty black velvet and my lace head scarf exchanged for a frayed one of soiled white chiffon. Naturally cross and sleepy, I fell on the tired maid, who wept and looked as if she could tell a tale."

"Only to make a test case of it I rolled my new French galoches in my mackintosh, laid my card on top and put them in a safe corner of the dressing room of a house where I went to luncheon the other day. But it was of no avail. The galoches had been metamorphosed into a pair of muddy rubbers with holes in them when I went back, and I didn't grumble, since my pretty umbrella was left. The work of the spoiler goes on in the cloakrooms when big wedding receptions, teas, musicales and private balls are in progress."

LEZE MAJESTY.

How a Subject of the King of Belgium Played It.

It is a curious reflection that men who will face death with impunity are yet absolutely aghast with fear when brought into the presence of the great ones of the earth. "Such great divinity doth hedge a king" that few men would venture to assert their independence or the right of their manhood if a sovereign's view were opposed to theirs.

"This is, no doubt, an inheritance from the days of feudalism, when the monarch was indeed the liege lord of all the people. Among the few, however, whose names have come down to an admiring posterity because they had the stamina to rely on their own rights and assert their own desires must be mentioned the name of M. Vandendriessche, a subject of the king of Belgium."

Some time ago he saw a piece of ground at Ostend the position of which pleased him. As luck had it, it chanced to be directly in front of the king's villa. This fact, we may be sure, did not make it less desirable in the gentleman's eyes. He called in the aid of architects and builders and proceeded to erect a house on it after his own heart. Unfortunately, however, his majesty looked out of the windows of his villa one day and found that his subject's home, if it had not emulated Aladdin's and sprung up in a night, at all events interfered with his view, as did that marvellous structure with the view of the other sovereign.

The king naturally remonstrated at this want of consideration in a subject, and, no doubt, expected that the remonstrances would have good effect. So, indeed, it seemed, for M. Vandendriessche engaged a number of workmen, who proceeded to pull down the edifice, which had only recently been finished.

As for the credulity of the human mind, even when that mind belongs to a potentate of the earth! As soon as the foundations of the building had been razed to the ground, and the king, no doubt, congratulated himself on that uninterrupted view of the country which he had had before, he was startled to find that an increased army of builders arrived to augment the number of those who had been employed.

Oddly enough also, a huge quantity of bricks and mortar appeared on the scene. These bricks the masons began to use in the most unaccountable manner possible, piling them one on top of the other with mortar between. It looked as if they were building a wall. They were, slowly, as is the manner of masons in every country of the world, the wall grew by inches. Instead of a villa a 12 story fireproof building was erected, which effectually prevented his majesty from seeing the country which lies on the other side of the property of his recalcitrant subject.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Old Cannon. If the various Grand Army posts of the country were disposed to take advantage of an offer made at the last session of congress, they might materially increase the warlike spirit supposed to pervade every patriotic family, says the Washington Post. The offer was to supply warlike implements, which, if they were confined to their usefulness, will serve as ornaments for post headquarters and might inspire the rising generation with much patriotic fervor. This could be accomplished by accepting the tender of several hundred abandoned cannon and shot and shell which congress has decided to give to any Grand Army post that may apply for them and which are now lying useless and neglected at the navy yards.

These cannon are mostly old style models of engines of war, which might have been considered just the proper thing 30 years or more ago, but which, with the march of progress and the advance of invention, have been placed upon the retired list. Their places have been filled by guns and munitions of war of a more improved type, and as the abandoned articles are valuable only as old metal the government decided that it could put them to no better purpose than to give them to the veterans of the late war, who fought on the Union side with these same guns.

But it is surprising to count up just how few posts of the immense Grand Army have taken advantage of this offer. There is the message of the joint resolution last winter the records in the office of the secretary of the navy, where such applications have to be filed, show less than 100 from the entire country. There are still guns on hand for about 700 more posts, yet, strangely enough, the Grand Army has made no effort to provide itself with an armament which, although it would be of little service in time of war, is valuable from an artistic standpoint in time of peace.

FRENCH JOURNALS.

Shares of Several Bought and Sold Daily on the Stock Exchange.

Most of the French journals have a salle de depêches, where bulletins are displayed and a museum of relics of the paper is kept. French journalism is much more personal in regard to its literary composition than that of England or America. A large proportion of the articles are signed with the names of the writers, even when the work is more or less of a routine nature, such as the sporting or law departments of the paper. On the other hand, the ownership of newspapers is less frequently lodged in single hands than is the case in America. Very many of the French papers are owned by companies or associations, while the stock of several of the best known, such as The Figaro and Petit Journal, is bought and sold daily on the Stock Exchange, the quotations appearing as regularly as those of railway shares or Government bonds.

The circulation of all but a very few of the Paris papers varies enormously, according to the contents. If a paper contains a striking article, well advertised previously, or if its feuilleton, continued story or memoirs, which most of the French journals consider an essential part of their daily issue, is by some well known author, the circulation will run up 50,000 or 100,000 in a week and drop again as soon as the special feature is discontinued. When Le Jour began publishing M. Henri Rochefort's memoirs, its circulation went up fivefold, although the price of the paper had been doubled in order to make hay while the sun shone.

The French press is much more concentrated in the capital than that of other European countries. In Germany, for instance, it is not the press of Berlin that has the largest circulation or the greatest influence. In this, as in many other matters, however, the French press only bears out the saying that "Paris is France."—Chautauquan.

NEW PUNCTUATION MARK.

A Badly Needed Invention Suggested by the Castile Copy Reader.

"I shall be famous. I have an idea that will read my name thundering down through the ages," remarked the copy reader.

"Humph!" replied the humorist. "It will be the first idea you have ever had. You spend most of your time destroying the good ideas of others."

"Well, that may be, although you never have any idea to destroy, seeing that you get these which you have from Joe Miller's jokebook and the old almanacs."

"Oh, well, let's have your idea!" "To tell the truth, it was suggested to me by you."

"Ah! I thought as much, and yet you say—"

"Don't be in too big a hurry. You haven't heard my idea."

"What is it?" "I have invented a punctuation mark for humor. It is intended to show the reader where to laugh. In olden times, you know, the point of the joke used to be printed in italics. Nowadays there is no way to show the point, and, as many of the jokes, such as yours, have no point, it is impossible to print the point in italics. Now, I suggest that a punctuation mark be placed at the beginning and at the end of everything supposed to be funny, so that the reader may be prepared to laugh when he begins to read and know when he has reached the point and it is time to laugh. I would suggest that the mark be two little squares placed above the line, and I shall call it by my name. What do you think of that for an idea? It was suggested by your stuff, as I told you."

But the humorist had given the copy reader a look of scorn and had vanished.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Rabbits That Climb.

A correspondent writes to the London Field that while he was hunting rabbits with ferrets in January he found rabbits on three occasions in willow trees which overhung the water of a mill stream. The miller said that it was not an unusual circumstance. Some months ago The Field told of other rabbits which had been shot, like raccoons or opossums, out of trees in England. In recent years cases of rabbits in trees have been reported with increasing frequency. From Australia has come the most remarkable story of rabbits on trees. The only way in which rabbits could be kept out of certain tracts of land in Australia was by the building of wire fences about them, the fences having meshes so small that the beasts could not crawl through and being so high that they could not jump over. The rabbits have clawed at the wires until their nails gradually have become hooked. Some of the rabbits learned to scale the fences, and then great additional expense was necessary, for the top of the fence had to be bent over like a J upside down, with the hook on the outside. The rodents could not get over the top. Australian rabbits are said to be learning to climb trees for the leaves.

He Had Fallen Off.

Patrick was a new man in the Light horse regiment, but his cheerfulness and witty replies had already established him as a favorite. He had one drawback, however, and that was his awkwardness when on a horse's back. Naturally his position required the opposite of this, and Patrick worked hard and faithfully to acquire the ease and naturalness of his comrades when riding. He congratulated himself that this was at last accomplished. But one day when on parade his horse shied and threw him with considerable force. When he regained consciousness, he found that his arm had been broken with the fall. With his usual characteristic good humor the poor fellow smiled in his pain as he said: "Well, well, it's too bad. I thought I had improved in my riding a great deal, but instead I have fallen off."—Harper's Round Table.

The Only Cure.

"It makes me boil with indignation," exclaimed Mr. Meekton's wife as she laid down the paper. He waited in silence for her to continue and then responded in a tone of cautious inquiry: "Does it, dear?" "Are you attempting to carry on a conversation with me?" "Yes, dear."

"Then, perhaps, it would be a good idea to find out what we are talking about before you venture any remarks."

"That's what I was trying to do, Henrietta. You wouldn't mind telling me, would you?" "It's about burglars."

"Those you insisted were trying to get into the house last night, till we discovered there weren't any?" "I suppose you want to be congratulated for bravery because you took the poker and went down cellar, while I stood on the top step and held the light?" "No, Henrietta. That was a privilege. I appreciated the manner in which you took my gallantry for granted and stood aside and yielded me the right of way. It was one of the proudest moments of my life."

"Well, that has nothing to do with the case. I was reading of how a woman, with all the weakness of so many of her sex, clung to a housebreaker even after he was sent to the penitentiary. It happens every day."

"I have noticed ever so many cases of that kind," was the reply, "and the more I think about them the more mysterious they become. The remedy is a heroic one, but the cure seems to be complete in every case."

"What are you talking about?" "Don't mistake me, Henrietta. I don't advise it at all. But it does seem that the only way a woman can get over being scared almost to death over burglars is to marry one."—Washington Star.

Bryant's Translations.

After Mrs. Bryant died, in 1866, says Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr., in The Atlantic, Bryant betook himself for consolation to the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey," which he completely translated before December, 1871, at the age of 77. There are few things more touching than this comfort tenderly given by man to man across the gap of 2,500 years. Nothing furnishes a more eloquent argument of the worth of poetry and of its profound humanity than this. The translation of Homer is a very personal matter and seems to stir some of those fires in the human breast that burn only in front of its own posterity. Pope's translation was a success, Derby's was a success, so were Lord Campbell's and Mr. Bryant's. Mr. Lang and his associates, also Professor Palmer, have made excellent translations.

All these renderings are very different, one from another, and doubtless offer their respective successes to the variety among readers. There is one class of people which has never read the Greek, another that has read and forgotten, a third and small class which compares the translation and the original, and there are other persons still who condemn all translations of Homer without reading them. Bryant's work is said to be faithful to the original, but the stories of Ilium and of Odysseus feel somewhat ill at ease in English blank verse. The Greek spirit is so different from our spirit, the Greek language is so unlike our language, that almost all translators, and Bryant among them, must rest content with moderate praise.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that he will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATHARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1895. A. W. GLASSON. Notary Public. Hall's Catharrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials.

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NORTH PLATTE, NEB. U. P. TIME TABLE. GOING EAST—CENTRAL TIME. No. 2—Fast Mail...8:45 a. m. No. 4—Atlantic Express...11:40 p. m. No. 28—Freight...7:00 a. m. GOING WEST—MOUNTAIN TIME. No. 1—Limited...3:55 p. m. No. 3—Fast Mail...11:50 p. m. No. 23—Freight...7:35 a. m. No. 19—Freight...1:40 p. m. N. B. OLDS, Agent.

Legal Notices. NOTICE TO CREDITORS. Creditors of the Estate of Eleanor A. Clark, deceased, will file their claims in County Court of Lincoln county, Neb., within six months from this April 25, 1897. Such claims will be heard before me on May 25, 1897, and Oct. 23, 1897, at 1 p. m. each date. The Executors will settle said Estate within one year. JAMES M. RAY, County Judge.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., April 24th, 1897. Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of her intention to make final proof in support of her claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at North Platte, Neb., on May 28th, 1897. CLARA M. STUMP, who made Homestead Entry No. 16568, for the southeast quarter section 12, township 11 north, range 38 west. She claims the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Joseph W. Stump, of Watts, Neb.; Orrin A. Thoms, of Elizabeth, Neb.; Acton D. O'Brien and Le Witt VanBrook, of North Platte, Neb.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Land Office at North Platte, Neb., April 24th, 1897. Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of intention to make final proof before the Register and Receiver at his office in North Platte, Neb., on Friday, the 15th day of May, 1897, on timber culture application No. 15229 for the southwest quarter of section No. 26, in Township No. 9 North, range No. 27 West. She names as witnesses: Irving Bostwick, of North Platte, Neb.; Wiley Matthews, of Dickson, Neb.; Frank G. Haller and Leitch Boush, of Wallace, Nebraska. JOHN F. HINMAN, Register.

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