

THE BUDGET NIGHT.

GREAT EVENT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS YEARLY

Some Reminiscences of the Most Important Event That Takes Place in World's Political Arena.

London letter: One of the most interesting features of the house of commons, of the world, in fact is budget night. The English system of government finance, said to be the best in the world, differs in some material respects from our own, although, both being popular governments, all requests or demands for funds have to originate in the lower house, in America known as the house of representatives, in England as the house of commons.

Appropriations are made at Washington through the initiative of a ways and means committee, and original figures can be slashed right and left in both houses, but the result will never affect the status of the chief executive. In England it is different. The budget does not, although presented first through the house of commons, originate there, its features having originated at successive cabinet meetings preceding its publication.

The presentation of the budget in England is the most sensational event in things political there.

The event is talked over weeks previously and possibilities discussed. Whether it will be "a penny more on the income tax" or "a penny a pound more on tea" are two opposites in taxation which will rouse either party affected to smarting point.

If the budget proves to be positively unpopular a demonstration on the part of the people is likely to ensue and the ministry resigns, parliament dissolves, and a new government is formed. Such a radical upheaval of the presentation of a budget in the American legislature would not be possible.

It can therefore be well understood how important was the recent presentation of the budget in England by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, asking for appropriations on account of a war of such unexpected prolongation as the recent one in South Africa has been.

The budget, is, of course, more than a mere balance sheet, as it contains the estimates for the coming year, which no mere balance sheet would cover and wherein appear the various features of taxation which lead to so much public discussion and contention.

Of even more vital importance than the penny a pound on the tea seems to be the "a penny" on the income tax.

The first budget that ever contained provisions for an income tax was introduced in the house of commons by Sir Robert Peel, 60 years ago. It was only introduced as a temporary measure but has stood as a feature of British taxation pretty steadily ever since, notwithstanding the popular cry against it.

Seven pence in the pound, English money, was the first amount fixed and all incomes above and including £150 were taxed.

The necessities of conducting government on a popular basis caused Sir Robert Peel to introduce this radical measure. By taxing a man with a guaranteed income he succeeded in removing obnoxious duties on certain articles of every day use, the tax on which oppressed the poor and against which he had received protesting petitions from over 3,000,000 people. By this step the duties were removed from 750 articles and the road to free trade was directly paved. Later, by continuing, instead of dropping the income tax as had been promised, the duty was cut off 500 other articles and a deficit in the empire's treasury was converted into a surplus.

The introduction of the budget of 1846 was probably the most important, historically, of any of these events. On this particular occasion the house was crowded to suffocation and not inappreciably for the presentation of this particular budget was fraught with mighty consequences. One of these was the giving of free trade to England, another the downfall of Peel and—equally important—the commencement of the rise of Disraeli, who for ten years previously had sat practically unnoticed in the house.

It was on this night that the great Hebrew first got into public view, one of the sarcastic utterances that he then uttered becoming historical. That was the old phrase in which he alluded to Peel's life as "one great appropriation clause," and that the ministry "were political peddlers, that bought their party in the cheapest market and sold it in the dearest."

After this there speedily followed the downfall of Peel, a man who had been one of the political lights of the century.

One of the great factors which went to the making of Gladstone's fame was the masterful budgets which he produced, foreshadowing in one the conversion of the three per cent to two and a half, thus showing the forethought which was a notable feature of his career.

The most famous of the Gladstone budgets signaled the culmination of the free trade dream. In presenting that budget the great statesman said, in 1842, there were 1,652 articles subject to customs duties, in 1846 there were 1,152. In 1853 it was 466 and in 1859, 419. The budget he then presented chopped the number down to 48.

On successive Gladstone budget nights the number of these articles was further reduced, and in addition the income tax reduced from 1 shilling and 4 pence to 4 pence in the pound, still managing to keep a surplus in the treasury.

When Robert Lowe was chancellor of the exchequer in 1871 the famous matchbox budget was presented. The idea was copied from America, Lowe wanting to tax matches a halfpenny a box. The British public became enraged at this scheme, which Lowe justified by quoting the Latin proverb, "Ex luce lucet"—"out of light a little light." The expedient of adding to the income tax to make up the deficiency was resorted to instead of the unpopular measure, and Lowe sank into oblivion.

The budgets of Mr. Goschen became famous. One of the most notable of these was presented in 1890, permitting a reduction of two and three-quarter per cent to two and a half, thus making a notable advance which had been made in 1885. It was a notable advance which had been made in 1885. It was a notable advance which had been made in 1885.

plus of over \$18,000,000, almost \$13,000,000 of which were due to the licenses and duties on drink.

With the introduction of this budget a humorous element was introduced into the budget night performance.

The oratorical demands upon the chancellors on these memorable occasions are very exhausting and some consume numerous glasses of water during the effort, while others have recourse to different kinds of drink.

While Mr. Goschen was deploring in his harangue the excessive amount spent by the country for drink, he paused temporarily for the purpose of moistening his lips with the contents of a tumbler containing some port wine. The glass had been carefully hidden by some boxes and papers judiciously arranged on the table for the purpose. The scene at the moment was a most impressive one, venerable statesmen awaiting every word of the ty in view of the transferring and relieving of continual streams of men speaker with the utmost interest and eager colleagues rallying around their famous mouthpiece, whilst opponents watched intently for possible missteps.

Gazing calmly at his opponents and transfixing them with an oratorical spell, the great chancellor issued a burst of eloquence denouncing the drink curse, and whilst doing so, in his fervor swept deftly for the glass. But, alas, he was not skillful enough to carry out his scheme, and the tumbler, with its important contents, was swept to the floor. Of course, the house was in a roar instantly and the cause of the virtue suffered as well as Goschen's parched throat.

Mr. Gladstone's favorite tippie on budget night was egg and sherry. Disraeli, afterwards Lord Beaconsfield, was faithful to aristocratic old port, and Ward consumed vast quantities of soda water. Oddly enough, tea or coffee never seem to have been popular with budget makers.

When Sir William Harcourt presented his budget in 1894 there was a large treasury deficit, amounting to about £2,000,000. The great question proposed by the chancellor was "how could it be wiped out?" "Not by borrowing," Sir William cried. He was cheered by his colleagues to the echo. "Nor by ceasing to reduce the national debt," he added, sentimentally (cheers again). "But," he added, with terrific earnestness, "by imposing death duties." (Tory groans.) "No one has any right to property after his death," he added. "The state shall say how it shall pass and the successor to it shall pay the new death duty."

By this master stroke a permanent increase in the income amounting to \$50,000,000 was added to the national revenue. ARTHUR FIELD.

TROUBLE WITH IRISH COWS

A Second Precinct Policeman Coins an Emergency Phrase.

Sioux City Journal: "Is this Willie Brady, at th' department av police an' pooble buildings?"

"It is," was the reply over the People's phone.

"Well, Ol'm a police offiser, an' Ol' have two Orlish cows locked up in th' Sieldn precinct station?"

"Lock up in the station? What in thunder have you got them locked up for, and where have you got them locking up?" And say, what in the deuce is an Orlish cow?"

"Arrah, g'wan wid ye, shure an Orlish cow is a goat, a nanny goat, wid whiskers. An' Ol' hav' locked thim in wan av th' cells; faith, an' we have no pound in th' yard."

"Well, why don't you send for the pound keepers?"

"Ol' hav' tillphoned for thim, but th' divil tlls me go chase meself, th' iday av cumin' to th' Sieldn precinct station for two Orlish cows."

"What did the goats do?"

"Do, is it? Shure, an' they did ivrything; th' two av thim got in th' Nanchination square an' begorra they did ivrything from th' cowship to th' johnny-jumps. Shure, th' foinsist grass an' clover in th' worruld is on th' ground, but divil th' touch did they touch it; it was th' foine flowers they's wantin'. If Ol' was you, Mither Brady, Ol'd sin-time those cows for six months in Lafayette square wid muzzles on."

Mr. Brady pondered over this thing seriously for a long time. He telephoned Billy Hodgins and sought to have him claim the goats, so as to fix the fine on him, but Hodgins was wary. It was along towards sunset when, after trying to get all sorts of pound keepers to take the goats, that he finally connected with the owner and begged him to take his Irish cows home and keep them indoors.

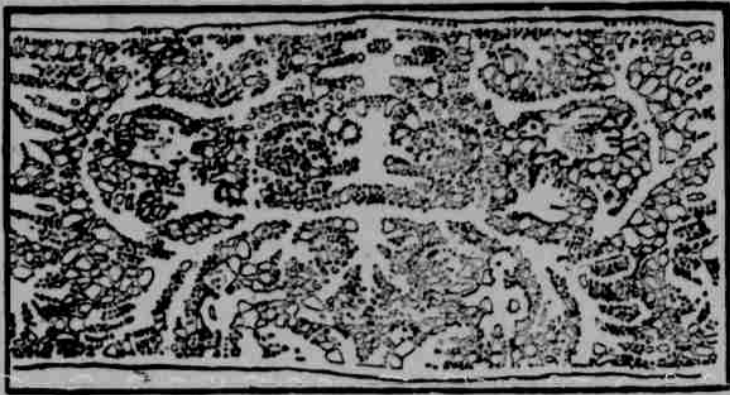
SOME OTHER UPEEVALS.

Recollections of the Java Eruption Nineteen Years Ago.

Springfield Republican: It is inevitable that the Martinique disaster should recall the tremendous Krakatoa eruption of Aug. 28, 1883, to which it bears some resemblance in the frightful loss of life and the destruction of vessels in the harbor. But the Krakatoa eruption was on a much vaster scale. The loss of life will never be known, but a Belgian engineer who was an eye-witness has estimated that over 100,000 were killed in the course of the general upheaval, which began with Krakatoa and involved about two-thirds of the 46 volcanoes in the Java group. The noise was heard 2,000 miles, the fiery clinders set fire to ships far out at sea, the dust filled the atmosphere of the whole earth and gave those wonderful red sunsets of the following months. A huge tidal wave swallowed up Anders and other cities and all the light-houses in the straits of Sunda were destroyed. Perhaps the most frightful feature of the disaster as reported by this eye-witness was the destruction of the ships. From his elevated station he could see them gliding from all quarters, with no apparent motive power, toward a common center. Then the sea opened and one after another they shot down into a hissing caldron, where the bottom of the sea had fallen out.

A German correspondent at St. Petersburg was informed in a recent interview with Maxim Gor'ki's physician that the novelist was suffering from an advanced form of tuberculosis, and would not live much longer. He added that he had seen a Russian friend who had been without any desire for life, and was dying without any desire for it.

RARE BIT OF LACE.



Most remarkable in its beauty is a piece of old lace in the collection owned by Mrs. A. L. Vosman of Minneapolis. This piece was excavated from the ruins of the ancient city of Pozzuoli, beyond Pompeii.

This city was built on the original site of the city of Pompeii, mentioned in the Bible. It was partly buried during a volcanic eruption in the 12th century, and was totally buried by another eruption 400 years later.

This remarkable piece of lace was one of several found when excavations

were made. It is a thread lace, every stitch having been made with the needle, and the pattern is plainly intended to represent the scene in the Garden of Eden. In the center of each repetition of the pattern is a tree with many branches. Under the tree are plainly shown the figure of a man and a woman, and two of the branches of the tree, one on each side, are sinuous in form and terminate in a well defined serpent's head.

The lace, which is of silk, is estimated to be more than 800 years old.

DUBUQUE COUNTY'S WOLVES.

They Exceed Those of Any Other Iowa County in Number.

Dubuque county pays out more money annually for bounty for the hides of foxes, wolves and other property-destroying animals than 15 western counties. It will be a matter of surprise to most people to learn that last year the county treasurer paid out \$35,500 in bounties.

Dubuque county forests are still full of wolves and nearly every week farmers appear in the court house with hides to secure prize money. Yesterday Philip Richmond, a young farmer living in Concord township, brought the hide of a large female wolf to County Auditor Welmer and secured a certificate for \$5.00. Richmond stated that he killed the wolf, which is of a foxy variety, in a cave after an exciting battle. When the animal was dead he found six cubs and removed them to a barn with the intention of taking them to Dubuque and receiving \$2.00 a piece for them. The next morning, however, he found them dead. Some other animal had entered the barn and ate the heads of the young wolves.

Dubuque county pays \$5.00 bounty for full grown wolves and \$2.00 for cubs. Dead wild cats and foxes are also prized by the county and whoever brings hides of these animals to the county auditor he will receive a warrant for \$1.00 for the former and \$5.00 on the latter.

Some persons will laugh when it is stated that wild cats are still roaming through Dubuque county. County Auditor Welmer, however, avers that not long ago he paid out \$1.00 bounty for the hide of a wild cat that was killed in the county.

It is said that there are more wolves in Dubuque county than in any

other county of the state. They are so numerous in some sections of the county that some farmers make a practice of trapping them every winter and then in the spring appearing before the county auditor with 40 or 50 hides. Wolves are more numerous in the northwestern section of the county than elsewhere.—Dubuque Telegraph-Herald.

Napoleon's Great Fortune.

Napoleon Bonaparte's will, among those of great men, affords the nearest parallel to that of Cecil Rhodes in the fortune it bequeathed. He was surely the richest exile since the world began. From his lonely home at St. Helena he bequeathed to his relatives and friends \$40,000,000. He had been rich, in gold as in power, beyond the dreams of avarice, and there must have passed through his hands a private fortune such as mortal man has rarely dreamed of. His exactions from conquered states have been set down at nearly \$375,000,000, which is, after all, but six times multiplying the gift he secured for himself from the Austrian treasury after Austerlitz.—Chicago News.

Last Sunday the blue laws were again enforced in Boston, and in addition to the prohibition of the sale of bananas, candy and ice cream soda, the authorities prevented dentists and photographers from doing business. Bostonians who were unwise enough to have toothache last Sunday were, therefore, either compelled to suffer or go to some hotel where, by ordering sandwiches, they could secure the privilege of purchasing strong drinks.

The London Chronicle reports that J. J. Hill has bought the China Mutual Steam Navigation company, which owns 13 large steamers trading between Liverpool and the Orient.



Antiquarians are taking deep interest in the excavation of the subway at New York and eagerly watch the workmen as they ply pick and shovel, in the hope that they will discover further buried treasures. Above are drawings of some of the curious finds already unearthed.

Porto Ricans Eager for Schooling.

Philadelphia Record: James Preston, the artist, returned from Porto Rico, where he was deeply impressed by the natives' desire to get an education. "There are about 50 American schoolhouses in Porto Rico now—the Washington, the Lincoln, the Penn, the McKinley, the Jefferson, the Irving, the Hamilton and so on—and about 1,300 pupils are attending them," said Mr. Preston. "One of the principals pointed out to a young girl of 17, very pretty, who walked, he explained, 20 miles to and from school daily, slept on a bare floor and begged nearly all her food, she was so poor. This was one of his best students. A boy had on a shirt so much too big for him that his whole person could have slipped easily through the opening at the neck. 'What's the trouble with your shirt, my lad?' the principal asked. The boy answered: 'This ain't mine; it's father's. Mine's in the wash. That boy would have come naked rather than have missed a lesson. In a town I visited there is a night school. The men who attend it bring their own candles and sit on the schoolroom floor in groups of three, one candle to each group. The intelligence of the Porto Ricans, their teachers say, is as remarkable as is their thirst after knowledge. No truant officers are needed down there."

One on the Author.

A good story related by a well-known publisher, is being told on the author

Santos-Dumont's successful aerial flights have precipitated an intense rivalry among French builders of gasoline motors. His airplane was supplied with a 16-horsepower motor, weighing 13 pounds per horsepower. His latest ship will have a 90-horsepower motor weighing but six pounds per horsepower. The De Dion firm recently capped the climax with a 40-horsepower motor which weighs less than four pounds per horsepower.

London is considered a crowded city, yet only 9.4 per cent of its inhabitants occupy one-room tenements, whereas in New York it is 30 per cent.

"When Knighthood Was in Flower," who has been supplying a series of short stories for the magazines.

"I could not say," said Mr. Major, "that these short stories are in my best vein."

"No," said his publisher friend. "No," said Mr. Major. "In fact, I could write much better stuff if I wanted to."

"Indeed?" said the publisher, inquiringly. "How do you know?"

The friends of Bronson Howard, the playwright, are much concerned over his condition. He is now in the south of France with his wife and is nearly helpless from a nervous disease, which first came upon him last winter while he was in Egypt. Though his mind and his body, other than his nerves, are sound, the nervous affliction keeps him confined to his rooms and much of the time to his bed. Mr. Howard is the author of a long list of plays.

Prince George, of Hohenzollern, who died in Germany recently, wrote, under the pseudonym of "G. Conrad," a number of dramas, several of which ran at length in Berlin. Though a distant cousin of Emperor William, and formerly a cavalry general, the prince kept aloof from court and military circles, and associated chiefly with literary men and artists. He was fond of wandering around antiquary shops, deciphering inscriptions with a microscope, which he was never without.

Algernon Sartoris, a grandson of General Ulysses S. Grant, is to enter the army. Young Sartoris is 28 years old, a fine, strapping athletic fellow. He is ambitious to serve in the foreign branch of the army. He was educated at Oxford university. During the Spanish war he served on the staff of General Fitzhugh Lee as a captain of volunteers. After the war he studied for the bar and later became an apprentice in the works of the Westinghouse company at Pittsburgh. Neither occupation was to his liking.

A chimney 11 feet high will sway 10 inches in a high wind without danger.

PING PONG AT CAPITAL

MAY SOUND DOOM OF THE TIGHT LACED CORSET.

All Sorts and Conditions of Washington Society From Staid Senators to Budding Debutantes.

Washington letter: Never has the national capital been so completely enslaved by the fascinations of a game, indoor or outdoor, as it has fallen under the seductive influence of the wonderful new game which, having set all England crazy, has come with a powerful stride across the Atlantic to exercise its potent influence upon our social life.

As a prominent leader of Washington society remarked the other day, "Washington has fairly gone ping-pong mad." Conversation in capital society has now become impregnated with the peculiar terms of the new pastime. Where formerly one would hear "social precedence" and "rising man," now one hears "clever half-volley" and "inimitable striker out."

"Love" and "advantage" as topics of social conversation have now a ping-pong significance entirely foreign to their former meaning among the capital gossips. The ping-pong party has entirely supplanted the whist party and the bridge circle.

The peculiar ping-pong of the celluloid balls as they are beaten to and fro (from which the game derives its name) is now to be heard in every Washington home from the palatial mansions of the family of the men who shape the nation's destiny on Pennsylvania avenue, to the humble residence of the congressional bootblack in the eastern section of the city. Years are a matter of no consideration among the devotees of the sport. The mature matron whose nod or frown has settled one way or the other the social aspirations of many a new comer at the capital, is as frequently to be seen exerting herself in a manner wonderful to behold to keep the little swiftly passing celluloid ball from dropping on her side of the net, as is the beautiful budding debutante, who with flushed face, eyes sparkling with enthusiasm and excitement, and bared arms, wildly but withal skillfully circling the air, is a daily testimonial to the aesthetic features of the game.

Nor are the enthusiasts of the new game to be found only among the fairer sex. Washington masculinity has given itself up to ping-pong with an abandon which would furnish a profitable study to the seeker of psychological phenomena. Staid congressmen, dignified senators, learned members of the bench and bar when they meet together nowadays discuss not the political significance of the times but the latest make of ping-pong racquet.

This may be regarded as gross exaggeration. It is a potent fact, however, that ping-pong has attained surpassing vogue among Washington's public men. All the leading hotels and cafes are hastening to open up ping-pong parlors on their premises so that their distinguished patrons may indulge to their heart's content in the game.

Senator Hanna, when asked, the other day, whether he favored the erection of a ping-pong parlor in the national capitol pucker his brow and gave the matter a few minutes' serious consideration before discussing the idea with a smile. Congressman Sulzer, when asked to explain the tremendous hold that ping-pong has taken upon members of the house, said that it is a wonderful game for exercise and gives one a good hand to sustain the handshaking proclivities of the vast array of well-meaning citizens who swoop down upon the unwilling hands of the representatives of the people with all the relentless energy of the notorious New Jersey mosquito upon its helpless victim.

As may be supposed, the stores have not been slow to take advantage of the commercial possibilities of the craze. In addition to the fact that some of the larger dry goods emporiums are opening up ping-pong saloons for the accommodation of their patrons, the new game has an important bearing upon the latest styles. The ping-pong racket is prominently displayed in the shop windows and is a phenomenal seller, while the new forms of neckwear for women and men bear handsomely embroidered figures of ping-pong racquets and balls upon their silken folds.

One important reform the game promises to effect, which may render rational the devotion which has been lavished upon it by England and America and immortalize the game as one of the most valuable and beneficent reform factors of the century.

Ping-pong may abolish the tight laced corset. Ping-pong is essentially an informal game, to be played at the spur of the moment, as the whim seizes. It is a game to be introduced by the smiling hostess after the last vestige of the dinner has been cleared away, and the white table cloth is removed to make way for the ping-pong net. Consequently the rapid movement and freedom of body necessary to the ping-pong player, renders the corset impossible, the charming dinner out has either to leave off her corsets when she dresses to attend a modern dinner party or run the risk of having to stand against the wall in all the prim symmetry of a corset waist and watch the merry movements of her more fortunate sisters, who, with gracefully swinging forms, keep the merry celluloid ball ping-ponging across the table at a lively pace to the intense admiration of the man with the racquet on the other side of the table and every other man in the room.

This good may ping pong do; but otherwise what peculiar qualities has the game to give it phenomenal popularity? Strictly speaking, it is nothing more or less than a table adaptation of lawn tennis, and tennis, while possessing to an equal and even greater degree the same physical benefits and sporting fascinations of its replica, has never attained the vogue which has been vouchsafed to ping-pong.

Ping-pong is played on an ordinary dining table, and its only accessories are posts to hold the net, the net itself, vellum string or wool racquets and celluloid balls. The game is for two people, one standing on one end of the table, the other opposite. The player who first delivers the ball is called the server. The other the striker out. The service is strictly underhand and is delivered from beyond the end of the table.

The ball served must drop on the ta-

ble beyond the net and is then in play. If it drops into the net or off the table it counts to the striker out.

The server wins a stroke if the striker out fails to return the service or ball in play of the table.

The striker out wins a stroke if the server fails to return the ball in play or makes a foul in service.

On either player winning his first stroke the score is 1. The second stroke brings the score to 2; the third stroke is called 30, and the fourth stroke wins a game.

The player who wins the first six games wins a set.

This is all there really is to the game of ping-pong. Certainly it is a skill-demanding and skill-acquiring game. It has simplicity and cheapness to recommend it. It is far better from a hygienic standpoint than a majority of parlor games, and is an extremely sociable and interesting pastime. It is, for these reasons and its similarity to tennis, a game calculated to prove attractive to the younger members of both sexes.

But why it has set the people of two countries almost crazy. Why old as well as young have taken up ping-pong when they would not as much as look at another form of sport; why the game has acquired such a vogue on the other side that one serious British magazine writer has accused English society of being more interested in the records of the ping-pong champion than in the fortunes of the British troops in South Africa and has prophetically croaked of Nero fiddling while Rome is burning—these are phenomena that it would puzzle the average human being to account for, and the answer is certainly not forthcoming from the devotees of the game. BERTRAM LEBHAR.

THE FLOWER CRUSADE.

Ornamentation of the Home and Beautification of City.

Several years ago a flower-loving citizen of Cleveland, O., organized a club for the ornamentation of the home, says the Indianapolis Journal. Out of this small beginning has grown the Cleveland Home Gardening association, otherwise known as the flower crusade. Children are enlisted in the movement, which is under the management of the association. This organization distributes seeds among school children, examines the gardens exhibited in competition and distributes the prizes, a number of which are offered. The seeds went to 20,000 homes last year. Not only are homes beautified by the flowers but the school yards.

Last year the children planted in all 170,000 packages of seeds. The results are so evident that the casual observer notes the change in the smoky city, and it is known throughout the state as the "city of flowers." St. Louis has now taken the matter up. A botanical club has prepared a system of seed distribution in co-operation with one of the seed companies. The reward offered in this case to the children who are most successful is a diploma signed by the mayor, indicating that the holder is mayor of merit for aiding in the beautifying of St. Louis. This sort of enterprise will show results long after the flowers of any given year have faded. The experience of the children will not be forgotten by them, but will be renewed when they are in possession of the homes of their own. And this form of ornamentation will open their eyes to the needs and possibilities in other directions.

Until recently American towns and cities have been given over to negligence, partly because the necessity of looking after the more practical and immediate interests made attention to aesthetics impossible, and partly because people did not understand just what their towns lacked or how to remedy the deficiency. Both these conditions are passing; education is tending in the direction of the artistic and the rising generations will have much better ideas on the subject than prevail at present. The flower movement is a useful feature in this education.

UP-TO-DATE BURGLARY.

Location and Capture of an Inestimable Treasure.

Cleveland Plain Dealer: "Hush! Pass me the dog."

The man on the outside lifted the dog through the window, and then noiselessly clambered after it.

"Have you the plan of the house?"

"I have it fixed in my mind," replied the second man. "We pass to the right and ascend the stairs to the kitchen. Hush! Keep the dog quiet. Put on your mask and get your gun ready."

The two men, the one in the rear bearing the dog, lightly covered the distance to the stairs, and noiselessly ascended. Then they halted.

"We'll start the dog on the scent here," whispered the second man.

"Don't let him whine."

"The first man knelt on the floor and put the dog down.

"Quiet, Rover, quiet!"

The dog sniffed at the flooring, heaved a second, and then slowly moved forward, the men closely following him. He led them through the pantry and the dining room, his nose close to the floor, his tail quivering. Then he led them through the dining room, and the breakfast room, and the library. A large safe filled an alcove amid the rooms of books, but the burglars did not pause.

Straight into the dining room the dog led them, his pace suddenly quickening, and then he stopped with his paws softly clicking against the glass doors of a mahogany cabinet.

"I felt sure they'd try to hide it," softly chuckled the second man. "That's why I brought the dog to scent it out."

The first man opened the door, and, reaching inside, drew out something wrapped in brown paper from behind a row of Oriental vases. Hugging it close, the first man led the little party of marauders back to the open window and out into the street.

When they reached a dark angle of the wall they paused.

"Say, let's have a look at it," murmured the second man with an ecstatic grin.

There was a sound of crumpling paper, a little click, and the steady glare of a dark lantern fell on the precious loot.

It was a magnificent, 18-karat, four-pound bedstead!