

LIGHT CHAT WITH BURGLAR.

Funny Householder Tries to Follow the Approved Methods.

Just as the burglar was creeping toward the dresser in the room of the suburban home the humorist in the bed awoke and sat up.

"Why, hello, there, Bill," said the humorist in the bed, cheerily, to the burglar, who quickly flashed his glim in the face of the funny individual.

"How are you, pard," replied the burglar, easily. "Didn't know you was awake."

"How'd you get in, old man?" easily inquired the man in bed.

"Front cellar door," replied the burglar, calmly. "It was something easy."

"I'm afraid you won't find much doing here to-night, chum," said the funny householder, who had read of these easy little nocturnal dialogues with burglars, and was rather enjoying the experience.

"I'm pretty high all out on the dough question just now. Too bad you hadn't postponed your visit till to-morrow night—to-morrow's payday with me, and I'll have something like a couple of hundred in my jeans to-morrow night. I should think you'd keep a kind of dope-book on these things, eh?"

"Oh, that's all right, mate," answered the burglar. "No harm done. It is too bad I didn't wait till to-morrow night, but we've got to take a chance on losing out that way, y'see. I guess I'll make expenses, anyhow, before to-night's over—I've got several plants to work yet in another neighborhood. So long. I can find my way out all right, and I'll pull the door to."

"Good-by," mated," said the humorist in bed, hugely enjoying his own ease of manner under the circumstances. "Sorry I couldn't have come to the front with a little of the duff to help you along, but you see how I'm fixed. S'long—be good."

The burglar nodded, and passed out of the room, down the stairs, and out of the house. The humorist in bed chuckled softly, and when he got up next morning he told everybody in the suburban town who would listen to him of the easy-going little talk he had had with a burglar on the night before.

That night the burglar came back to the humorist's house with a pal, put the funny man under the gun, and eased him of \$214.75 and his gold watch and chain, without any superfluous conversation whatsoever.

These incidents do not always wind up just exactly in the manner prescribed by the scribe-ecokers in the comic supplements.—Washington Post.

SPARROWS STARTED A FIRE.

Farmer Had to Do Detective Work in Fixing the Blame.

"Seein' them fire engines reminds me of the time my house burned several years ago," said a countryman the other evening as he stood on Monroe street watching the fire apparatus clatter by.

"For a long time there was considerable mystery about the blaze, and I was about to accuse a neighbor of mine of settin' the place afire, because I had kind o' swindled him in a horse trade. But he was as innocent as a baby, I found out later."

"I woke up one night, and the smoke was pourin' through the house. It seemed to be comin' from upstairs—we had one of them big farm houses, you know—and I tumbled out o' bed, and in about two jumps landed at the top of the stairs. The flames was a-ragin' all along one side of the house just under the eaves and flarin' up under the rafters. We had no way of fightin' the fire, and all we could do was to save a few things."

"The insurance company gave me a pile o' trouble, but finally paid me. They declared the house was set afire, and I kind o' thought so, too, but I wasn't a-goin' to say so. Well, sir, that thing set so on my mind that I resolved to play Sherlock Holmes and find out what started the blaze."

"What do you suppose did it? English sparrows was the cause of me losin' my home—and nearly everything in it. There was a big shed near the house, and on the side that burned first. I was studying how the fire could have been started under the eaves when I remembered the sparrows had built a lot of nests there. I began tearin' the nests out of the shed, and among the sticks and straws I found a lot of matches. I remembered then about droppin' a box of matches in the yard, and when I found it most of the matches was gone. The birds had carried them away and used them in building the nests. Of course I don't know just how the matches got fired, but I am certain the sparrows were to blame for burning the house down. When I built a new house I fixed it so the only place a sparrow could light on it was on top of the roof."

"An Amicable Agreement. Ascum—I hear you and Slyman have reached an amicable agreement over that little squabble you had."

Bull—Yes, we had a talk to-day. Ascum—And everything's all right now?"

Bull—Yes; we are both agreed that he is a liar.—Philadelphia Press.

Good Use for a Hypnotist. Mesmerist's Wife—Carlos! Mesmerist—Well, dear? Mesmerist's Wife—I wish you would come here and tell baby he is asleep.—Puck.

Letters Are Reversed. In north Wales the Welsh word for "now" is "rwan." In south Wales it is "rwan" spelt backwards—viz., "nawr."

These equal rights old girls look at the editorials of a paper first when any one is around, but when alone they turn to the love stories first, the same as any other young thing.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"I'm really worried about Charlie," said young Mrs. Torkins. "What's the trouble?" asked her mother.

"All my care seems to have been in vain. I wouldn't let him play golf for fear he'd get the golf elbow, nor ping-pong for fear he'd get ping-pong ankle."

"Well, he has escaped so far?" "Yes. But I haven't the heart to ask him to stop playing cards, even if it does lead to his becoming deformed."

"What do you mean?" "He admitted to me that the poker hands he is getting are extremely painful."—Washington Star.

The Way Nowadays. Lawyer—The pedestrian has the law on his side. Injured Man—Yes; and the automobilist on his back.

The Safest Way. Jagson—I wouldn't stand for that if I were you. Why don't you call him a liar?

Wagson—That's just what I'll do. Where, where is your telephone?

The Best He Could Do. Hotel Clerk—Did you wake up No. 93?

Bell Boy—No, I couldn't wake him up, so I woke up No. 97 instead.

A Slippery Proposition. "What were those horrible thumps I heard in the kitchen this morning?"

"Hush, George, not so loud. The girls had a dance in the kitchen last night and Mary soaped the floor."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Strength Shown. "Gracious, Mrs. Squiggins must be a strong, healthy woman."

"Nonsense, she's an invalid." "I know; but she must be strong to be able to survive all that nasty medicine she takes."—Baltimore Herald.

Sad Alternative. "Statistics show," said the amateur scientist, "that every time you draw your breath somebody dies."

"Perhaps, but if I didn't draw my breath the somebody who dies in that case would certainly be me!"—Baltimore Herald.

His Reason. Parishoner—Doctor, why don't you preach occasionally on heaven or hell?

The Rev. Dr. Lastly—Half my congregation feels sure of the one, and half doesn't believe in the other.

Too Respectable. "You say they're from New York?"

"Yes." "Are they in the '400'?"

"Oh! my, no; they're too respectable for that!"

Adapted to Flats. "I see that you have taken up the vertical system of penmanship. Why did you do that?"

"Oh, haven't you heard? Why, we are living in a flat now."—Kansas City Journal.

Very Bracing. The old colored parson rose in grotesque dignity and said:

"Deah bruddahs, for de last two months yo' hab bin droppin' suspender buttons in de collection. Now, if yo'll only drop a pair ob suspenders I would be very thankful to yo' all."

They Are, Indeed. Rodrick—This paper says the writers of historical novels take life easy.

Van Albert—I don't doubt it. Some historical novels are enough to kill any one.

Carried to Extremes. Brown—That fellow Jones is always going to law about something or other.

Robinson—That's so. He's even going to marry a girl named Sue.—Cassell's Journal.

Trusted. Physician—I can't diagnose your wife's case at all. She seems to have a sprained neck, lumbago in the back, rheumatic knees and gout in both feet.

Waggles—I know what it is. She was reading in the cozy corner and happened to fall asleep.—Smart Set.

Couldn't Bunko Him. Grocer—I'll give you 5 cents a head for that load of cabbage, Uncle Josh.

Uncle Josh—I ain't got no plecter uv me makin' emmy sich dicker ez that. I kin git 7 cents deown tew th' seegar faktry, b'gosh!

Natural Deduction. Edyth—Yes, Jack is inclined to flirt a little, but his heart is in the right place!

Mayme—Indeed! How long has it been in your possession?

Without Credit. "Ah, me!" sighed the village editor as he grasped his trusty scissors and began to edit the funny column.

"Would that I might get my groceries as I do my jokes."—Chicago News.

Anxious Inquiry. Miss Gotrox—I wouldn't give much for a proposal that wasn't straight from the heart.

Mr. Poorman—How much would you be willing to give for one that was?

Sure Thing. Miles—Last night I dreamed that I was wealthy. What's that a sign of?

Giles—It's a sign that you awoke and found your pipe had gone out.

An Inquiry. Snifkins—I say, old man, I have a great idea—a burning thought, as it were.

Bifkins—Have you got it insured? "Did she help you to propose?"

"Well, rather! She asked how many boxes of candy would pay for an engagement ring."

New Scheme. "She made sure of getting a seat on the car."

"Indeed!" "Yes. She married the conductor."

Up to Date. Tommy—The teacher says you're the worst adder he ever saw, and you'd never get along.

Bobby—Say, you tell him he's old-fashioned. When I get big I'll use an adding machine.

May Be "Near" Also. Jaggles—Are these relatives of your near or distant?

Waggles—The ones that have money are very distant.—New York Times.

She Believed Him. Impy Cunius—Of course I am liberat with my promises. But what I promise is nothing like what I will perform.

Miss Gotrox—That's just what's making me cautious.—Baltimore American.

The Emblem. "Yes, I encouraged that young man to be an artist," said the corpulent matron.

"Did you offer to buy one of his pictures?" asked the friend.

"No, but I gave him an old piece of silk to make a big Windsor tie."

Only Chance. "I have written dozens of articles and never had one accepted," sighed the discouraged author.

"Write something on vaccination," advised the bosom friend.

"Vaccination?" "Yes; it might take."

Maggie Conference. "Say, Harker," began Van Albert "my wife insists that I attend the sewing society with her to-night. What is the best thing to wear?"

"Wear ear muffs," advised the experienced friend.

So Many Do. "What is all that excitement up at the hotel, Rudolph?"

"Why, a man just jumped—" "Out of the window?"

"No; they wouldn't mind that. He jumped his board bill."

Getting at the Facts. The Comedian—"I hear the dramatic profession is making rapid strides west."

The Tragedian—"Yes, at times; especially when it is necessary to surrender the right of way to an approaching train."

Important Part. "I trust," said the ward boss, "that we will be able to roll up a handsome majority for you."

"I don't care whether it's handsome or not," replied the candidate, "just so it's a majority."

Got It Cheaply. "Got a talking machine at home?"

"Yes." "What did you pay for it?"

"Nothing. Married it."—Tit-Bits.

Not Pin Money. Maude—So she married and did well.

Nebraska Notes

Bruning and Geneva played the first ball game of the season at Bruning yesterday, the score being Bruning 4, Geneva 2.

Fifty head of fine Hereford cattle were sold at Wayne at public auction by W. N. Rogers, of McCook and others, averaging \$100 per head.

Bishop Scannel of Omaha and several priests from western Nebraska, parishes held services in the Catholic church at Ogalala this week.

W. L. Lyon, county treasurer of Perkins county, died at his home in Grant this afternoon. He was ill but three days. Cause of death, meningitis.

Rev. J. A. Koser, of Nebraska City, opened the twenty-eighth semi-annual convention of the South Platte conference of the Lutheran church at Yulan last evening with a sermon.

W. J. O'Brien, deputy fish and game commissioner, is at Loup city with a car load of fish and spawn, with which the waters of Dead Horse creek Cobb creek and the Middle Loup river are being stocked.

The new city council were this morning at Wayne, and granted license to three saloons at \$1,000 each. Mayor Britton instructed the marshal to order all slot machines taken out and they were removed at once.

Louis Bumgardner, an ex-bartender at Albion, who is suffering from a severe attack of delirium tremens was placed in the county jail yesterday by sheriff Clark. His mind is seriously affected and he is in a critical condition generally.

Mrs. Broadwick made a balloon ascension at Geneva yesterday afternoon but failed to make a parachute jump as advertised, as the connection refused to act. She came to the ground with the balloon near the fair grounds, receiving no serious hurt.

Fire broke out at 1 o'clock in the Fuller building at Hartington and before it was brought under control a loss of \$15,000 was sustained, with insurance of about two-thirds of this sum. The building was one of the first erected in Hartington.

Philip Burke of Nebawka, was before the Board of insanity at Plattsmouth, and pronounced a fit subject for the asylum for the insane in Lincoln where he was taken by sheriff J. D. McBride. His step-father, John Loberg and John Bronson and John Lawrence were witnesses.

The senior class of the high school at Wymore and a few friends were entertained last night in the armory of Misses Gertrude Wilcox, Anna Noyes, Ruby Temple, all of whom are seniors. Dancing and games were the amusements and nice refreshments were served. The chaperons were Misses Carrie Phillips, Christie Philbrick and Carrie Noyes.

Superintendent and Mrs. W. K. Fowler, of Lincoln, came to Kearney last night stopping at the home of Superintendent and Mrs. Thomas. Superintendent Fowler spent the entire day inspecting the city schools. Yesterday afternoon he was driven to the proposed site of the western normal. Last night the senior class the teachers of the city schools and the Board of Education met Superintendent Fowler at the Midway hotel, where a banquet was held. Principal George Bureert, J. N. Dryden, Frank Hartzell, Superintendent Fowler responded to toasts.

The body of Wm. McClellan, the bridge workman who was killed in Plattsmouth about six weeks ago, was found in the Missouri river near Minerville yesterday. The body was identified by a relative of McClellan who went down there from this city. The funeral will occur at Rulo, the former home of the deceased. McClellan's death was caused by the falling of the massive traveler used in the construction work on the new Burlington bridge. The fact that all efforts on the part of relatives to find the body had proven fruitless, led to the belief that the corpse was embedded in the sand at the bottom of the river, near where the accident occurred.

At the last meeting of the board of education Prof. E. D. Ringhart was elected principal of the Syracuse school. Prof. Ringhart has sent in his acceptance and with all the old corps of teachers except two who were not applicants will constitute the teaching force for the coming year. Professor Ringhart has been the science teacher in the Hastings high school. Superintendent W. N. Delzell who resigned last month to accept a much better paying position with the Nebraska Teachers will begin his new work June 1.

PUT UP GOOD FIGHT

Signal the Outlaw Plucky Sort of Leader—Details Sent of Undoing

Washington, May 5.—Unofficial reports received at the war department give additional details of the campaign which resulted in the death of "General" San Miguel and the rout of his band of outlaws by the Philippine scouts commanded by Lieutenants Nickerson and Reese.

The scouts located San Miguel's band about half way between Calcoan and Marquina, in a strongly fortified corral and blockhouse built by the Spaniards many years ago and so well concealed by the jungle that it had escaped discovery. Lieutenants Nickerson and Reese and their men made a gallant attack on this stronghold under a very heavy fire from the enemy through loopholes in the all surrounding blockhouse. The scouts charged over the wall and engaged the enemy in a hand to hand combat, driving them into the fort. In this assault Lieutenant Reese was shot through the thigh just below the groin. San Miguel, surrounded by a devoted bodyguard of about thirty men, undertook to slip through the line, but being discovered put up a plucky running fight. Lieutenant Nickerson with fifteen men attacked San Miguel's party but withheld their fire until within short range, when they put three bullets through San Miguel's body. San Miguel died bravely, shooting while lying on the ground wounded.

Six of his bodyguard were killed. The remainder escaped in the dense jungle. The fight lasted about an hour and a half, the Americans losing three killed and ten wounded, including Lieutenant Reese. The enemy lost forty dead that were counted and the jungle concealed other killed and wounded. No prisoners were taken. Many valuable papers were found on the bodies of the dead and were said to contain evidence against several prominent officials in the province.

LOOKR BETTER FOR PRIEST

Lorain, C., May 5.—To the funeral of Miss Agatha Reichlin, murdered here Friday morning at the parsonage of St. Joseph's Cathedral Catholic church, was largely attended today. The services were conducted by Father Reichlin, assisted by fourteen visiting priests. At the conclusion of the services the remains were placed aboard an electric funeral car and taken to the Catholic cemetery at Elyria for interment.

The detectives were hard at work on the case today endeavoring to verify reports to the effect that two men were seen on the night of the murder carrying a ladder near the rear of the parsonage. The officers are also investigating the report that two residences near the Reichlin home were visited on the night before the murder by burglars who were frightened away. Detective Kilbride of Cleveland, expresses the belief that it will be impossible to prove that Father Walsler committed the crime. It is generally believed that unless some additional evidence against Father Walsler is obtained he will be released.

"If Father Walsler was to have his preliminary hearing right here in my office now and I had to use the evidence I now have in my possession against the man, in my judgment I think I should let him go was the remark made by Mayor King today when asked what he thought of Father Walsler's guilt.

Coroner French, Chief Braman and Prosecutor Stroup held a like view.

Prosecuting attorney Stroup stated today that in his opinion the evidence at hand was not sufficient to warrant holding Father Walsler to appear before the grand jury. However, said he, the officers are working upon the case along the line which they are keeping secret, at this time and developments may result before the inquest tomorrow.

SAND-BAGGED IN IDAHO

Wood River, Neb., May 5.—Dennis Moore, formerly of Wood River, and a son of Anthony Moore, of this city, was sand-bagged and robbed at Pocatello, Idaho, Thursday. His skull was crushed by blows he received and it is thought that he has but a small chance to recover. He has been moved to St. Joseph hospital at Salt Lake. Two suspicious characters have been arrested by the Pocatello police and have been charged with the crime, although the evidence is not considered strong against them. Dennis Moore left Wood River about six years ago and has since been rail-roading in Idaho.

FARMER COMITS SUICIDE

Mead, Neb., May 5.—Holcomb Anderson, a Swedish farmer, fifty-five years old, living three miles northwest of Mead, hung himself at an early hour this morning, in the barn on his farm. Life was extinct when the body was discovered but the body was yet warm. Death was caused by strangulation, as the lower part of the body was lying on the floor. At this writing no cause for the act has been learned. The coroner was notified.

DOWN LIKE LEAD

STEAMSHIP SAGINAW SINKS ON VIRGINIA COAST

COLLISION DURING A FOG

ALMOST CUT IN TWO BY THE BIG LINER HAMILTON

TWENTY ARE DROWNED

Lifeboats Lowered, But One Occupied By Fifteen Immediately Lost—Hamilton Suffers But Minor Damage

Norfolk, Va., May 6.—A collision at sea that cost the lives of twenty or more people and the sinking of the Clyde steamship Saginaw by the Old Dominion Steamship company's liner Hamilton, occurred between Winter Quarter lightship and Fenwick Island lightship on the Virginia coast, at 4:40 o'clock this morning.

The Hamilton left New York yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock for Norfolk and the Saginaw passed out the Virginia capes at 9 o'clock last night bound from Richmond and Norfolk for Philadelphia. A dense fog settled along the coast shortly after nightfall, and while going through this fog at reduced speed the Hamilton crashed into the Saginaw's side about twenty feet off the shore and between 180 and 200 miles south of New York and between 125 and 140 miles north of Norfolk.

The fog whistle of both vessels were heard by each other for several minutes before the collision occurred. According to Captain Boaz of the Hamilton his ship was making about nine miles an hour, and the Saginaw about ten.

The fog was so thick that objects a ship's length were invisible, and when the two crafts were in sight of each other, bow on, there was but a moment's interim before they met. The Saginaw vessel veered, as did the Hamilton, but they had not time to clear each other and the knife-like steel prow of the southbound vessel struck the Clyde ship on the port quarter about twenty feet from her stern, cutting the entire rear of the ship away. The in-rushing water caused the Saginaw to settle rapidly to the stern and the impetus of the Hamilton took her out of sight of the crippled vessel. Engines already reversed were put at full steam to the rear and the Hamilton circled to the scene of the wreck, at the same time lowering two life boats. There was consternation among the passengers of the Old Dominion ship and the first thought was for their safety, but as soon as it was discovered that the ship was uninjured, save that some bow plates were stove in, all efforts were directed to the rescue of those on the Saginaw.

When the Saginaw was again sighted her stern was under water and her bow was high in the air. Panic-stricken people rushed over her decks and scrambled toward the bow. Life boats were lowered, and into the first fifteen colored women were placed, according to Second Officer W. L. Morris, who was in command. The boat was swamped as it struck the water and its occupants were thrown into the sea. All were drowned save the second officer and the colored stewardess. The latter died before the small boat reached the Hamilton, more from injuries received by the impact of the collision than by drowning. She had been held up by First Mate Goslee, who sank himself as the small boat from the Hamilton reached them.

In the meantime the rush of waters into the bow of the Saginaw had caused the decks to burst from their fastenings with a roar like the report of big guns and tons of freight of all descriptions soon littered the sea. To doating wreckage the struggling people in the water clung with desperation and many of them were rescued by the boats from the Hamilton.

Before the life boats of the Hamilton had reached the Saginaw the latter had disappeared beneath the waves and nothing but her topmasts were visible. To these several men were clinging, one of whom was the aged captain, J. S. Tunnel. When he was taken off it was found that he had suffered severe internal injuries.

Leper Running at Large

St. Louis, May 6.—Dong Gong, the Chinese leper, who has been in close confinement at quarantine, about two miles below Jefferson Barracks, for the past year and a half, has escaped. Dr. Woodruff, superintendent of the quarantine hospital, at once ordered a search for the dangerous patient, who is still at large.

Dong Gong's condition has not materially changed since his ostracism from society, and he is too dangerous a patient to be at large.