

"ONLY CALICO."

You like my dress? I'm very glad to hear it; Our "nobles mission is to please," you know; A clear, dark blue—how many women wear it!—Brightened with "cardinal"—all calico.

ADVICE BY A BURGLAR

On How to Make Houses Secure Against Thieves.

An Ex-Burglar, Writing in the Light of Experience, Gives Some Ideas Which Architects Might Adopt with Profit—Opinions of Gail Ross.

Things have come to a pretty pass when an ex-convict in sheer disgust feels called upon to instruct American architects how to make houses burglar-proof, says the Chicago News.

"To the Editor: If you will consider a few words from one who has been a burglar and housebreaker, I will say something apropos of the Lindblom robbery in this city a few days since.

"The first thing that strikes an 'operator' from abroad upon his entrance into American cities is the utter absence of any thing like protection for your houses. Your architects seem to have lived all their lives in some retired pastoral village where every one is honest.

"Suppose Mr. Snell had provided his house with light, handsome openwork iron—or better, steel—doors and windows, fastened with strong chain locks, or Mr. Lindblom had protected his windows with ironwork, do you suppose any thief would ever have entered them?

"As a health measure one would suppose that the builders would put in these guards so that every thing could be opened to the fresh air at night. But above all they ought to remove the temptation of exposed valuables from us weak mortals.

"Please excuse bad writing from a hand crippled by a pistol shot in St. Louis ten years ago."

This indictment of American builders for not constructing houses on the burglar-proof plan is a matter demanding some attention. Therefore it has been thought a good idea to obtain an interview with a burglar and see how the "profession" would look upon the ex-convict's reform notions.

But first to catch the burglar. There stands at 234 Honore street an old, two-story, drab frame house, the front door of which opens on a level with the ground. It is one of a row of six tenements, like many other barrack-like buildings that were hastily thrown together immediately after the great fire.

It is here that a Home of Industry, a refuge for discharged convicts, is located. It was established about six years ago by the reformed burglar, "Mike" Dunn, and it is presided over by Rev. A. C. Dodds as superintendent.

In the rear of the home is a broom factory where the ex-convicts are put to work. The home has room only for those who desire not to return to their former guilty occupations.

A jerk given to the old-fashioned bell-knob brings to the door a stout woman, who scans the caller critically from her deep-set brown eyes. "Come in, climb those stairs and go back to the open door at the end of the hall."

Rev. Mr. Dodds is found in his narrow office, seated by a window overlooking the convict workshop. He has thirty ex-convicts at work, several of whom have been well known to the police as bad criminals. He turns to his book of record and finds that he has several burglars in the shop, but he does not like the idea of having them interviewed.

"Any one of them, no doubt, could relate interesting stories, but I don't fancy they are at all anxious to do so," reasoned Mr. Dodds.

However, he finally whistled down a tube and commanded the foreman to send up Gail Ross from the cut-off bench.

"What a name for a burglar!" mused the reporter, and before he could form any idea of a person to fit the literary cognomen a shadow darkened the glass door and a short man forty-two years old, the very image of Edith's burglar, entered, bowing.

Mr. Dodds explained the reporter's mission and the man signified his willingness to talk. He spoke with the hint of a Scotch accent and his language a college professor could not have disputed.

"Of course Gail Ross is an assumed name, is it not?" asked the reporter.

"Of course it is not," quickly retorted the burglar. "Why should I have an assumed name? That name was worth much to me at one time. It is worth more now, for it is about all I have left except a bad cough and an enfeebled constitution.

"No doubt it seems strange to you that a burglar should sail under such a literary name, but why should it? I was not always a burglar, and for that matter I don't consider myself irretrievably one now. When I grew up my name seemed to look so well whenever I wrote it that it inspired me with an ambition to set it in print. I thought how I could best see about getting my name before the public, and began writing verse. My rhymes were printed

in a New York publication, and some of them even broke through the quarantine and got in the magazines. I imagined I was surely on the road to fame when I got that far, but—whisky, you know.

"All this has little to do with burglar-proof houses, but even a burglar has not necessarily lost his self-respect completely, and he likes to find an excuse for being what he is. I just want to say one thing, and then I'll give you my ideas about how houses should be constructed to keep out the 'profession'."

"As I said, I got to writing poetry, and poetry proved my downfall. Through my verses I met and became engaged to the daughter of a man that afterward became Vice-President of the United States. Don't ask me her name. I still have enough honor to protect her from the disgrace of seeing her name coupled with that of a burglar. Whisky destroyed my hopes.

"I shipped as pantryman to Liverpool and I visited many European cities. Returning to America I became a burglar simply because it offered greater inducements than any thing I was able to do in my hand to.

"But enough of that. The first burglary I remember of committing was when my father lifted me over the fence into a neighbor's yard to steal flowers. I suppose he didn't think how bad it really was, but the memory of that first theft has clung to me always. Subsequently when I took a notion to steal something more than flower—namely, to get a jewelry store—I fortified myself with a good bracer of whisky, 'worked' the house without a blush and blamed my father for teaching me to steal.

"Now, across the water it is not so easy to gain access to, a house as here, because of the iron screens. In New York it is hardly less difficult, in my opinion at least, for the same reason. However, out West it is not considered a difficult feat to enter a house, take it where you may."

"And you ascribe that to—"

"To the way the house is built. People have learned to protect their basement windows, as a rule, with bars, but still this is not always the case. One would think that a man with his millions, perhaps, in the bank, with his house loaded with costly art pieces, and a fortune alone, may be, in diamonds and silverware, would take every precaution to guard against burglary, but he doesn't. He imagines because he never has been robbed that he never will be. That is about as much sense as the man had who didn't want his life insured because he had never died.

"Whenever I took a notion to 'work' a house I didn't stop to go and look up the police record and see if the place had been 'worked' before. I immediately began laying my plans. A man with good nerve and a clear head who works alone ought to be successful. I always worked alone except once. Then I was caught and my 'pal' escaped. I was on the outside and he 'doing' the job. I took my sentence like a man and never 'peached' on him. Had I been 'operating' alone I don't think I would have been caught.

"About making houses burglar-proof I should first recommend that people put locks on their doors that can't be picked with—well, with a button-hook. A burglar depends largely on a skeleton key to gain access. Men of means, however, now have the latch-lock on their doors, and these can't be picked—that is, not readily. To guard against entrance by the doors they should be heavy, should fit tight to prevent work with a 'jimmy,' should be double locked with a chain-lock on the inside and bolted securely at top and bottom. That will generally baffle a sneak-thief, who does not deserve to be called a burglar. However, when he finds the door effectually bars him he can go to the rear, climb on a shed, portico, or even 'skim' up a water-pipe or lightning-rod to a second-story window. Such a window is said to be the easiest place of all to enter a house. That is why there are so many 'second-story workers,' as they are called, but I never tried it myself. To prevent these fellows all exposed windows—I mean those opening on a porch or shed—should be well barred. A 'second-story worker' doesn't carry tools as a rule. He is a sneak-thief."

The man spoke these words as if the "profession" looked on sneak-thieves as objectionable characters who should be excluded from the society of honest cracksmen.

"But for iron bars and steel doors," he continued, "an expert burglar has little dread. Give him time and he will go through any thing. It requires a genius to circumvent him, and even genius is not equal to it. And for this reason: A burglar or safe-blower has a greater incentive for surmounting the difficulties in the way of access to a treasure than has the inventor for creating them. The one receives his reward in the shape of salary; the other in working for a fortune, perhaps, that lies just beyond the barrier which he is endeavoring to overcome. The burglar gains a fortune for a few hours' labor; the inventor labors for a year, and at the end of that time gets barely the worth of his work. It is a natural law that where there is the greatest incentive there will be found the greatest results of labor. So it is you will find burglars as smart and even smarter than inventors.

"For my part I fail to see how you could make a house absolutely burglar-proof. You might make it so difficult of access that the burglar will find another to suit his purposes as well. One thing is certain, however: A rich man is a fool not to have bars on his windows. They cost little, but they may save much."

Niagara Wearing Away.

From the report of the State Engineer of New York it is learned that Niagara Falls are receding about two feet every year. The first accurate survey was made in 1843, and since that the total recession amounts to more than one hundred feet. This is not strange, considering that two hundred and seventy thousand cubic feet of water pass over the falls every second, or over sixteen million cubic feet per minute.

A SEALSKIN BONANZA.

How a Poacher Got Away with Fifteen Thousand Skins.

Japan is putting a fin into the sealing business and will have two fins in next year. Rumors of Yokohama's attaining some position as a sealskin market have reached here at odd times, says the San Francisco Examiner.

One of the passengers to arrive by the steamer China recently was George A. Smith, a veteran whaler, who has been cruising in northern waters every year from the time he was able to go to sea. He was not with the whaling fleet this year, and when he mingled with his old companions after getting ashore he told them tales of his cruise in the Okhotsk sea that were more marvelous to sealers and whalers than any yarns Aladdin ever concocted about his lamp.

Sealskins formed the basis of his narrative, and he reported his catch at 15,000 skins. It sounded like a fish story, but Smith had certain evidences with him in the shape of certified checks and authorizations to ship an experienced crew, that back up the story.

Briefly told Smith's story is that when he left here last winter for Yokohama it was to take command of the old bark Nathan S. Perkins, well-known in these waters. His employers were Yokohama capitalists who had prospected the Siberian coast and evolved a scheme for loading their vessel with sealskins. They wanted a man to take command who was familiar with Russian waters and knew how to ingratiate himself with the natives, and Smith was selected. Seals were plentiful along the upper Japan coast when he started out, and in hunting the Perkins did very well. But the big killing came when Smith reached Robin island, or Robin bank, geographically speaking, just inside the Okhotsk sea, a few miles from Saghalien island and seven hundred miles from Petropaulovski. Smith baited for seals with rum, it is supposed.

The Perkins was disguised as a whaler, and ostensibly put in at the little settlement near the rookeries for water. The Russian officer in charge of the place was invited to take a drink, and another drink, until he had quite a program of drinks. The islanders were also lavishly entertained with the Perkins rum, and in a day or two the entire population (not a very extensive one), was too happy to care what became of the seals. This was kept up for several days, and in the meantime every knife on the Perkins was kept busy skinning seals. Hundreds were taken, and when the Perkins finally sailed it was with the biggest returns for a few cases of rum that were ever made.

The same game was played at another rookery, and when the old bark finally dropped anchor at Yokohama she had fifteen thousand skins in her hold, according to Smith's count, and the skins averaged between eleven and twelve dollars apiece.

A NOVEL LIFE-PRESERVER.

The Clever Device of a Travelling Lady to Save Herself from Drowning.

"While my wife and I were on our last trip to Europe," said a gentleman to a Detroit News man the other day, "we met a middle-aged lady who was going over for her health, and my wife and she became great friends. One day while sitting in the ladies' private cabin the lady said: 'Let me show you my life-preserver,' and, removing her outer skirt, my wife beheld a skirt that was a curiosity if nothing more. Running up and down the skirt at a distance of two or three inches, were soft, flexible rubber bands about two inches wide. They were sewed on at the side of each band, and ran all the way around the skirt, and at the top they were all joined to a broad rubber band six inches wide. At the top of this band was a rubber tube about two feet long, and which ran up the waist in front and was left resting on the top of the corset.

"Said the lady: 'You behold one of my own inventions for saving my life. In case of an accident all I have to do is to take the end of the rubber tube in my mouth and in two minutes I can fill all the rubber bands (which are hollow and air-tight) with air. Then, tying the tube in a hard knot, I am ready for the waves. This skirt, when I strike the water, will spread out in the shape of a pond lily leaf and I will rest on it in an upright position, as easy as though reclining on a couch, and I can float around till picked up.'"

"As our voyage was a pleasant one, we did not have an opportunity to see how it would work, but I have no doubt it would work well."

ROYAL WHITE MOURNING.

The Revival of an Old Custom Among the Nobility.

The white mourning of the youthful Queen of the Netherlands is a revival of an old custom, says London Truth. Some ancient orders of nuns, corresponding to the Passionist one for men, used to dress in white. They might be said to be Good Friday orders, they particularly devoting themselves to commemorate the event for the keeping in mind of which that fast day was instituted—dying with Christ daily. The ladies of Port Royal also decided when their monastery was reformed to wear white robes only. Mary of England was the last French Queen who wore white mourning; she was known as La Reine Blanche—perhaps by old people to distinguish her from Catherine de Medici, who was the first regal widow to dress in black. She borrowed her sable weeds from Italy, which, far back in antiquity, took black mourning from the Eleusinian mysteries. Ceres in search of Proserpine was in black to signify the winter season, when nature is most colorless. Catherine de Medici's widow's cap is now the only survival of the ancient white mourning. Mary Stewart followed her mother-in-law in wearing black after the death of her first husband. White is more suitable for the winter wear of a delicate child in the harsh Dutch climate than black, which is cold in winter, hot in summer, and only advantageous in hiding coal smut and in seemingly reducing the bulk of stout figures.

The McCook Tribune.

ALL HOME PRINT.

Mail-Bag Keys.

And just here a word about mail locks and keys. All over this whole great country, from Maine to California, and from St. Paul to New Orleans, every mail lock is the exact counterpart of every other one of the many hundreds of thousands; and every one of these, the key in any postoffice in the country, whether it be the smallest cross-roads settlement or the immense New York City office, will lock and unlock. Every key is numbered, and though the numbers run high up into the thousands—the key which I last used was number 79,600—a record of every one is kept by the government, and its whereabouts can be told at any time. Once in six or seven years, as a measure of safety, all the locks and keys are changed. New ones of an entirely different pattern are sent out, and the old ones are called in and destroyed.—Max Bennett, in February St. Nicholas.

"CROAKERS."

Why is this term applied to certain classes of men? The term originated, no doubt, with the frog. Then some men must be in some particulars like the frog, and as we begin searching for the similarities we note, first, that the frog jumps without any idea how far he will go, or where he will light. Note the first biped frog you meet, and our word for it, he jumps without an idea where, or how far he will go. The biped frog has sedentary habits, and the others have the same. They both idle away the beautiful hours of the day and croak at nightfall. Neither has been charged with a great degree. It is very difficult to determine which is the most companionable; but more difficult to determine for what purpose either were created.

Literary Notes.

The second instalment of the "Talleyrand Memorials," to be published in the February Century, will be devoted entirely to Talleyrand's narrative of his personal relations with Napoleon Bonaparte. Talleyrand apologizes for taking office under the Directory, describes his first meeting with Bonaparte, tells how the first consul snubbed an old acquaintance, and relates other anecdotes of Napoleon tending to emphasize the weaknesses and vanities of the emperor. Talleyrand criticizes Napoleon's Spanish policy, and gives a detailed account—from notes which he had taken of the conversation—of an interview that Napoleon had at Erfurt with Goethe and Wieland.

The Nebraska Legislature.

Now that the legislature of this state is in session, all those desirous of complete and unprejudiced reports of proceedings of that body should at once subscribe for that great newspaper, "The Nebraska State Journal." Being located at the state capital none of its would-be rivals are able to compete with it in handling legislative proceedings, or in gathering other important capital happenings. A comparison of legislative reports of different Nebraska dailies will establish this claim. Daily will be sent to any address for \$10 a year. Weekly for \$1 a year.

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Advertisement for THE HOME MAGAZINE, conducted by Mrs. John A. Logan. Features include LONG STORIES and SHORT STORIES, and a list of topics such as ABOUT THE DINING-ROOM, ABOUT WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW TO MAKE IT, ABOUT SOCIETY, ABOUT BOOKS, ABOUT PLANTS AND FLOWERS, ABOUT HOME CABINET, ABOUT GOOD FORM, ABOUT HOUSE BEAUTIFUL. Published by THE BRODIX PUBLISHING CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

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LAND OFFICE AT MCCOOK, NEB.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register at McCook, Neb., on Thursday, February 19th, 1891, viz: GEORGE E. ZIMMERMAN, who made H. E. No. 100, for the S. W. 1/4 of section 35, in township 2, north of range 29, west of 6th P. M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: James M. Kanouse, George Fowler, John Stalker and James Troy, all of McCook, Neb. S. P. HART, Register.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained against Hon. J. E. Cochran, judge of the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 24th day of December, 1889, in favor of Nebraska & Kansas Farm Loan Company as plaintiff, and against James A. Porter as defendant, for the sum of fifty-six dollars and forty-four cents, and costs taxed at \$23.85 and accruing costs, I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendant, to-wit: N. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 and N. W. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 of section 33, and S. E. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4, and S. W. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 of section 28, town 1, range 29, west of 6th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska. And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the 21st day of February, A. D. 1891, in front of the south door of the court house, in Indianola, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of court was held, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned. Dated January 7, 1891. W. A. McCool, Sheriff of said county.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment rendered in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 10th day of December, 1889, in favor of Nebraska Mortgage Company as plaintiff, and against Daniel E. Eikenberry et al as defendants, for the sum of nine hundred and seventeen dollars and thirty cents, and costs taxed at \$16.45 and accruing costs, I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendant, to-wit: S. E. 1/4 of section 6th (8) town 2, north of range twenty-nine (29) west of 6th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska. And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the 21st day of February, A. D. 1891, in front of the south door of the court house, in Indianola, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of court was held, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned. Dated January 6th, 1891. W. A. McCool, Sheriff of said county.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained against J. E. Cochran, judge of the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 10th day of December, 1889, in favor of Nebraska & Kansas Farm Loan Company as plaintiff, and against Henry Baldrick as defendant, for the sum of six hundred and forty-six dollars and thirty-one cents, and costs taxed at \$31.48 and accruing costs, I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendant, to-wit: S. E. 1/4 of section 11, township 1, north of range 30, west of 6th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska. And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the 21st day of February, A. D. 1891, in front of the south door of the court house, in Indianola, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of court was held, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned. Dated January 5th, 1891. W. A. McCool, Sheriff of said county.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale directed to me from the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on a judgment obtained against Hon. J. E. Cochran, judge of the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, on the 24th day of December, 1889, in favor of Nebraska & Kansas Farm Loan Company as plaintiff, and against James A. Porter as defendant, for the sum of fifty-six dollars and forty-four cents, and costs taxed at \$23.85 and accruing costs, I have levied upon the following real estate taken as the property of said defendant, to-wit: N. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 and N. W. 1/4 of N. E. 1/4 of section 33, and S. E. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4, and S. W. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 of section 28, town 1, range 29, west of 6th P. M., in Red Willow county, Nebraska. And will offer the same for sale to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, on the 21st day of February, A. D. 1891, in front of the south door of the court house, in Indianola, Nebraska, that being the building wherein the last term of court was held, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, when and where due attendance will be given by the undersigned. Dated January 7, 1891. W. A. McCool, Sheriff of said county.