

MICKEY WALTERS AND THE LADY.

By WILLIAM H. OSBORNE.

Two hundred dollars reward for return of gold watch stolen from elderly lady between Cliff street and Parker Avenue. No questions asked. Appy 1032 Parker Avenue, city.

"Gee!" said Mr. Mickey Walters to himself as he read and reread the above advertisement in the Record, "this here super must be a prize for fair." Reaching into the depths of his trousers pocket, he brought forth a rich and much bejeweled timepiece and regarded it with reverential awe. "It's a beaut," continued Mr. Walters, with a sigh. "If she ain't gone and put her blamed initials in a dozen places, an' cut deep, too. There ain't a fence in the place'd handle the daggasted thing." He once more perused the interesting offer. "Well," he went on, "it's the only thing left to do, I reckon, an' I'll bet dollars to doughnuts it's genuine an' safe. She's such an innocent old party, an' she never saw me do it either. Two hundred plunks ain't bad—more'n Schwarz'd ever pay too."

He rose and carefully surveyed his features in a glass. Then he caught up a brush and mug and carefully lathered his upper lip. In five minutes he had transformed himself from a twenty-eight-year-old man to an eighteen-year-old boy. His real age was always a matter of conjecture, and his youthful appearance had invariably been his strongest card, one that he had always saved until the last and then played with telling effect.

All that day an aged lady sat in a window at 1032 Parker Avenue. She had long white curls which shook with each movement of her head. Her face had become weazened with age, but there still shone a kindly light in her sparkling black eyes. The doorbell rang, and a man in livery appeared. He announced the presence of a man below. The old lady directed that he be shown up.

The old lady started slightly when a slender, fair haired youth entered—a youth with a frank and honest face. The youth himself was nervous, just a bit, as he pulled from his pocket a crumpled piece of paper.

"Is this here straight goods, lady?" he inquired in a pleasant voice. "Cause I ain't done nothin' wrong myself, an' it wouldn't be right to mix me up in anything when I'm only tryin' to do you a favor. Is it straight goods?" She nodded.

"An'," he continued, "d'you mean that you'll give \$200 for your watch, an' no questions asked? Is that right?"

Again she nodded. "That is right," she replied in a mild, quavering voice. "If my watch is returned, I will gladly pay the money." As she spoke she took from her purse a few crisp bills. Mickey Walters hesitated for a moment and then pulled out the watch.

"Is that yourn, missis?" he asked. The old lady's eyes sparkled with delight as they beheld her treasured timepiece. She stretched forth both hands, one to deliver the money, the other to receive the watch. "I am glad—so glad—to get it back!" she exclaimed gratefully. Mickey Walters stood on one foot and counted the money.

"Gee!" he said to himself as he did so. "Gee! But she's an easy old party!" Under ordinary circumstances at this juncture he would have discreetly retired, but his interested glance, roving around the room, had lighted upon several articles of vertu on the table at his side. These articles were marketable either in their present form or melted up. Two hundred dollars is a good find, but there's no use of flinging away good chances besides; at least so thought Mickey. So he executed a sort of flank movement which placed him squarely in front of the coveted objects.

"Well, ma'am," he said as his hand stole around and deposited a solid gold salver in his trousers pocket, "this here paper says no questions 'll be asked. That's right, too, but I want to say to you that I ain't got nothin' to do with this here thing. My old man took it off you, an' I took it off him an' brought it here. I wouldn't take your two hundred only I want to live straight an' honest." His voice quivered as he went on, and he pocketed a gold pen. "Pr'aps 'tain't right fr me to give the old man away. I don't want to get him into trouble, but you won't never find out who he is"—a fact which Mickey himself had never found out either.

The old lady nodded sympathetically. At that instant Mickey made away with a gold and jeweled paper knife. "Well, now, ma'am," he continued, a sudden idea striking him, "I must be goin', but I'd like to know one thing. Do you mind tellin' just how this watch was took off you?" The old lady explained how she thought it had been done. Mickey shook his head deprecatingly.

"The old man's a slick one, missis," he returned. Suddenly his glance became fixed upon some object across the way. The old lady, seeing this, also turned her head. At that instant Mickey Walters leaned forward. The next instant the treasured timepiece was

nestling snugly in his vest pocket. "Gee, but this is easy!" repeated Mickey to himself as he started off, but the old lady placed a detaining hand upon his arm.

"I want to get you a book," she said kindly, "that will help you to live an honest life. Wait till I return." She hastened out, shutting the door behind her.

"Blame her," said Mickey, "she'll find that watch gone now." It was dangerous, but Mickey was prepared for it. He placed the watch on the window sill, where, if she missed it, she could easily find it, and if she did not he could easily get it again.

"There," exclaimed the old lady, bustling into the room, "is the small book of which I spoke!" Mickey watched her smile. He saw that all was right, so he took possession of the watch once more. The old lady touched him on the arm. "Now, whatever you do, be honest, always honest, Mickey Walters."

Mickey started at the sound of his own name, but the old lady kept on shaking her curls, and shook them so hard that a funny thing happened—they came off—and they left behind only a round pate covered with short hair and the weazened features of—Mr. "Sneakers" Kelly, the crack detective of the Central office. He coughed. A blue coated figure appeared at the door.

"Captain," exclaimed Mr. "Sneakers" Kelly, "allow me to present the slickest pick-pocket in three states. Captain Burke, Mr. Mickey Walters. Better search him right here, cap. You'll find a gold card tray on him an' a paper cutter an' a pen an' a couple of them there small ink bottles an' a brace of candlesticks from the mantel, an' he's got that there watch, too, an' what's more, he's got two hundred plunks that belongs to me. An', Mickey," he concluded, "it's more than I can afford, an' that's what."

"Dad fetch the luck!" complained Mr. Walters severely, "an' I wanted to go fishin' tomorrow too!"

"Fishin'!" exclaimed the captain. "That's good. I'd like to go myself, but I don't know, Kelly, but that you can say we've been. By the way, Mickey," he inquired, "how much d'you weigh?"

"'Bout a hundred an' thirty," replied Mickey.

The captain stepped forward. "Say," he inquired of the culprit, "would you mind our sayin' down there now that it's a hundred an' seventy-five? My sergent's a fisherman, an' weight allus counts with him."

When they reached the street, the detective suddenly halted. "Why, Mickey," he exclaimed, "if you ain't gone an' forgot that there book I gave you after all."

The Cook of Today.

No one need find anything paradoxical in the statement that cooking, which is one of the oldest of feminine occupations, offers a new profession to women.

It is true that women have always cooked, but not in the modern sense. Surveying is the foundation of civil engineering, and Washington had the reputation of being a good surveyor; but if he were alive today, and were put at work beside a young graduate of a technical school, the chances are ten to one that the young man would easily outclass the Father of his Country. Cooking has gone through somewhat the same kind of evolution as has civil engineering. "The kind that mother used to make" is a term of reminiscence rather than of descriptive accuracy. The admission comes hard and sounds ungrateful, but truth demands it.

The other day a young woman was appointed official dietician to the city of New York. She sits at a big roll-top desk in the office of the department of charities, and by means of the telephone controls all the cooks in all the hospitals and other institutions under the rule of the municipal authorities. She owes her position to her knowledge not merely of the preparation of food, but the chemistry of it.

Two Radcliffe College girls, after a thorough course of study relating to foods, have opened a bakery. It was their idea to make and sell a better quality of bread than the ordinary baker provides. They are doing it with so much success that the business has already outgrown the plant, and an extension of their building is necessary.

These are but instances of a tendency which shows itself in many other ways; for example, in the hundreds of "health foods" which are so generally advertised and so widely sold.

The greatest producers of the material of food in the world, Americans have been backward in the art of preparing it properly for use. Especially is this true of the country, although popular opinion may be to the contrary. The schools are giving good training, and there is need of it all. "The kind that daughter makes" may yet replace the older and more common phase.

Shortly before his death, Thomas B. Reed was the center of a group at the Century Club, in New York. The talk got around to Roosevelt. "Y-a-a-s, I admire Roosevelt very much," drawled Mr. Reed; "I admire him very much, indeed. What I admire most about him is his enthusiasm over his discovery of the Ten Commandments."



REV. M. S. TRAFTON.
Reformed Baptists in St. John.

The Reformed Baptist Church in St. John recently held a thanksgiving service on the occasion of having completed the payment on their church building there. Their church which is on Carleton Street cost \$3,233. The denomination has made great progress under the pastorate of the Rev. M. S. Trafton, son of the Rev. A. H. Trafton of Woodstock.

She Failed to Take the Compliment.

Lord Lytton was seated one day at dinner next to a lady whose name was Birch and who, tradition says, was beautiful if not over intelligent. She said to his excellency, "Are you acquainted with any of the Birches?" Replied his excellency, "Oh, yes; I knew some of them most intimately while at Eton—indeed more intimately than I cared to." "Sir," replied the lady, "you forget that the Birches are relatives of mine." "And yet they cut me," said the viceroyn. "But," and he smiled his wonted smile, "I have never felt more inclined to kiss the rod than I do now." Mrs. Birch, sad to say, did not see the point and, so the gossips have it, told her husband that his excellency had insulted her.

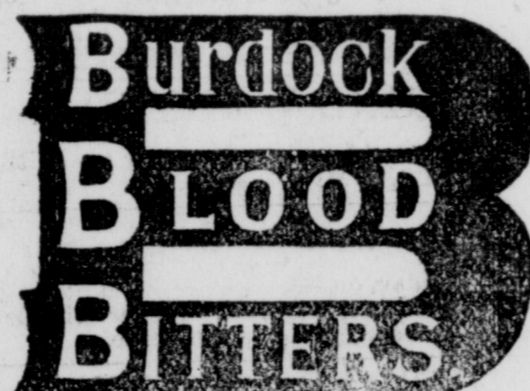
Not a Good Example.

The pastor was young and earnest. He was determined to drive vice from the thriving little town in which he labored. "There are in this town," he said to his flock, "eighty-five saloons, 11 gambling houses—"

Right here the deacon snapped his finger and thumb.

"Why did you snap your fingers when I mentioned gambling houses?" asked the pastor after the meeting was over.

"Just remembered where I left my umbrella," said the deacon.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

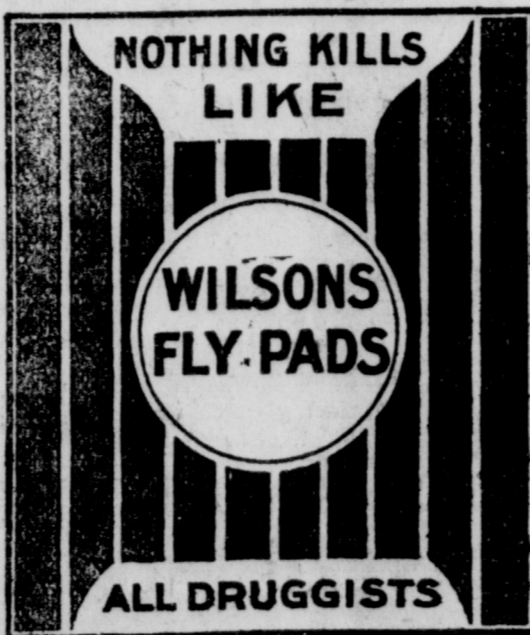


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The oven is made of heavy steel, and oven bottom is well braced with angle irons, positively buckle-proof. Oven door is

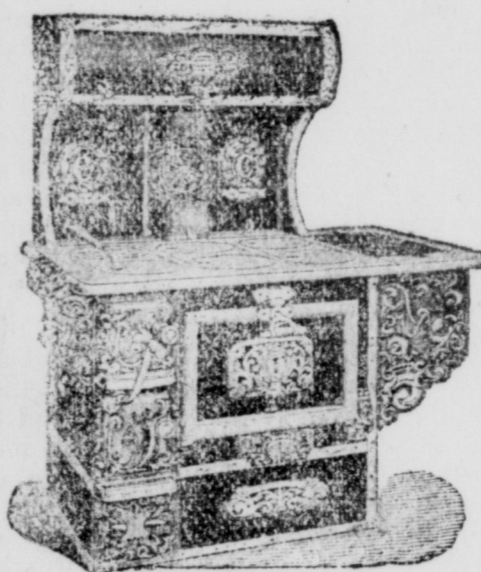


balanced and is nickel plated, and when open forms a shelf.

Top is made in four sections fitted with interchangeable key plates.

Ashpan is very large and will easily hold two days' ashes. It is removable through door under fire door at side, and is so made that when pan is removed no ashes can fall on the floor.

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