

THE THIEVES OF JAPAN

Ingenious Rascals, Among the Cleverest in the World.

ONE OF THEIR FOXY TRICKS.

The Method by Which They Steal the Shoes Off the Women's Feet in the Public Streets—How a Miser's Money Chest Was Bared and Looted.

An Englishman entered a first class car of one of the railroad trains that run between Tokyo and Yokohama. He was a little red in the face and apparently ruffled in temper. He had just discovered that his pocket had been picked in the station, and he exclaimed bitterly against thieves in general and Japanese thieves in particular.

An American who had been engaged in Yokohama for a number of years noticed the Englishman's quandary. Turning round to me, he said: "Our English friend seems a bit excited. If he growls at having his pocket picked, what would he say if he had the shoes stolen off his feet?"

"That is clearly an impossibility," I laughed.

"I don't know about that," he returned. "It may not happen with our western style of shoes, button and lace; but, all the same, I have heard and I know it to be a fact that the sandals of Japanese have been stolen off their feet."

"Well, how is it done?" I asked.

"Very simply," he answered. "Suppose a Japanese woman who has a particularly fine pair of lacquered clogs is one of a great crowd that is watching a passing procession or a religious celebration of priests in front of a temple. Along comes an expert pickpocket—or pickfoot, I don't know which you want to call him. His keen eyes, fastened on the ground, discover those desirable clogs. Thereupon he makes up his mind that he wants them."

"The first thing she knows the owner of the clogs feels an unpleasant sensation in her left foot. Naturally she wants to stop it, and quite mechanically and almost absently she slips her right foot out of its clog and begins to scratch that uncomfortable spot in her left foot with her toes. She feels relieved. Forgetting all about the incident, she becomes absorbed in the spectacle again. Soon the irritation crosses over to a similar spot in her right foot. Absently, once more, she slides her left foot out of its clog and begins to soothe the troublesome spot with her toes."

"The thief was responsible for the irritation and walked off with the clogs," I said.

"Certainly. The rascal caused the trouble with a bit of straw or wire," he returned.

"But one would think that the moment the foot of the victim touched the ground its clog would be missed and the thief would run the chance of being caught before the second could be stolen."

"Oh, that is one of the cleverest parts of the trick," explained my friend. "The thief comes supplied with a pair of cheap wooden clogs costing but a few sen, and the owner of the lacquered footgear goes away with them and never notices the difference, at least not until it is too late to profit from the knowledge."

"Are Japanese thieves so very clever, then?" I asked.

"Oh, very!" he returned. "Some time ago I heard of one of them who used to carry a handful of watch rings to fit into the stems of all sorts of watches that he might come by dishonestly. Once he lifted a watch in a train, and the owner, missing it, but not knowing who the thief was, set up a shout and had a policeman summoned. The police, to satisfy the victim, insisted that every one in the train show his watch. When the turn of the thief came he drew out of his pocket the stolen timepiece, and his original possessor, not recognizing it on account of the changed ring, missed an easy chance to regain his property."

"It was the same fellow, I believe," he continued, "who managed by the expenditure of a little money to have himself enrolled under different names in the various lists of different towns. When arrested he gave one of these various names to the authorities. The police, on looking up the record of the name given, were unable to find any black marks against it. Thus he always managed to escape with a light punishment for his first offense, committed I don't know how many times."

"But I don't know that any of these fellows were as clever as another thief I heard about. You know many of the Japanese sleep on a sort of bed made up on the floor, called a futon. Well, an old Japanese miser kept his money in the house, concealed in a small chest of drawers. In the daytime he never took his eyes off his treasure, and at night he had his futon pushed tightly against it, so no robber could get at his money without awakening him."

"For a long time a gang of thieves had been puzzling their brains to find a way of stealing the board without being detected. Well, on a certain night one of them entered the house and gently, little by little, pulled the bed on which the miser lay away from the chest of drawers. Then he quickly emptied the drawers of their currency, shoved the bed back to its original position and made his escape."

"Several days passed before the unfortunate miser detected his loss."—Chicago News.

A wise skepticism is the first attribute of a good critic.—Shakespeare.

HER MISTAKE.

The Way it Was Explained to Her by the Clumsy Man.

Owing to the fact that the car lurched suddenly as he was passing along the aisle Bronson was deprived of his balance, with the result that in attempting to save himself from falling he clutched one of the shoulders of a handsome woman who had succeeded in getting a seat. Moreover, he knocked her beautiful hat away and with great difficulty avoided stepping on her toes. As he succeeded in recovering his equilibrium the lady turned toward him and said:

"You contemptible pup! I wish you to understand that I am not a lamp-post or a piece of furniture to be clung to for support. You ought to ride in a cattle train. You have no right to crowd in where you can tear other people to pieces with your big, awkward hands. You pitiful clown! You ought to be thrown out into the street. You are not fit to be allowed to go where you are likely to interfere with the comfort of refined people. You unmannerly bumpkin! You deserve to be—"

"Excuse me, madam," Bronson managed to say, "you have made a mistake."

"A mistake!" the lady demanded, her eyes flashing with wrath. "What do you mean?"

"I am not your husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CLERMONT.

First Passage by Steamboat From New York to Albany.

In August, 1808—the exact day is a matter of dispute—the steamboat Clermont made the first passage by steam from New York to Albany. The distance, somewhat less than 150 miles, was covered in thirty-two hours, a record hailed as a triumph in speed, for previously the passage between the two cities averaged four days.

Robert Fulton had experimented with steam several years, but the Clermont was the first boat he constructed on a large scale. As he could not get the engine he wanted in this country he ordered one from England. The Clermont was so reconstructed in the following winter that it gave more commodious accommodations to travelers, and the year 1808, which was the first year of regular travel by steamboat, Fulton made it a point to start his boat precisely on scheduled time. Curiously enough, a portion of the public complained of this. It was not until well along in the summer that travelers got accustomed to it. Previously boats had been held for two hours at the request of passengers who weren't ready. Fulton's perseverance won public approval before the season closed.—Anaconda Standard.

Cleared His Doubts.

A well known English gentleman engaged a tall and powerful highlander to act as gamekeeper on his estate. Having been a considerable time at his post and not having caught any poachers, the gentleman suspected his gamekeeper of carelessness. So one dark night he disguised himself and went out with a gun to poach on his own ground. He had fired only one or two shots when he was suddenly pounced upon from behind and his gun wrenched away. Then kicks and blows were showered upon him until he fell down half insensible. The highlander then walked away quietly, and when the gentleman recovered sufficiently he crawled home and took to his bed for two weeks. He has now no doubts as to whether the man can perform his duty or not.

Home, Sweet Home.

The old man sat on the park seat, rivers of tears flooding his clothes. A sympathetic passerby, noting the high tide, stopped and asked if he were ill. "Yes, sir," said the sorrowing old fellow. "I've just 'ad bad news from 'ome. The 'ouse that 'as sheltered me for years is to be torn down, and I 'aven't a penny to my name to stop it. Everybody will be turned out, and goodness knows what'll 'appen to 'em!" "Poor soul!" said the sympathetic passerby, bestowing a penny on the sad old man. "That isn't much, but you are welcome to it. And where is this old home of yours, my friend?" "Up at the joll, sir," replied the old man. "It seems very hard. I've lived there five and twenty years."—London Opinion.

How to Make a Cup of Cocoa.

Take a tablespoonful of cocoa and put it in a tin cup. Add one teaspoonful of granulated sugar and one tablespoonful of boiling water. Mix well, so that there will not be any lumps of cocoa. Pour a little less than one-half pint of milk into a saucepan and cook it, stirring all the time, until it is scalded—that is, until a film forms on it and it begins to bubble a little. Stir the cocoa mixture into this and cook until it boils up.—Delineator.

Businesslike.

The Beloved One—You object to Horace because he's not businesslike. Stern Parent—Certainly; he's only after you for your money. Beloved One—Well, pa, doesn't that prove he's businesslike?—Kansas City Independent.

Not a Matter of Chance.

The Vicar—Is it true, Samuel, that your father allows games of chance to be played in your house? The Boy—There ain't no chance about it, zur; they all cheats!—London Opinion.

Where there is much pretension much has been borrowed; nature never pretends.—Lavater.

FREAK PAINTINGS.

A Tiny Work of Art and Rosa's Transformed Harpsichord.

Specially prepared canvases and gilded frames are not essential to the making of great paintings. This has been demonstrated by the artists who have painted masterpieces on scraps of board, shells, grains of corn and the walls of rooms and prison cells. Some of the most valued art objects belong to the freak class.

The smallest painting in the world of distinctive merit was executed on the smooth side of a grain of corn by a Flemish artist. On this limited surface the artist painted in perfect detail a mill, a miller with a sack of grain on his back, a horse and cart and a group of several peasants standing in a road.

The largest picture ever painted is said to be a panorama of the Mississippi river, executed by John Bauvard, an artist who died in Watertown, S. D., in 1801. The gigantic canvas was twenty-two feet high and nearly two miles long. It gave a detailed representation of 2,000 miles of the Father of Waters.

The largest of the old masters' canvases is Murillo's "Appearance of the Christ Child to St. Anthony of Padua." The picture is ten feet wide and eighteen feet high.

It is related that a friend called on Salvador Rosa in Florence one day and found him playing on an old harpsichord. The caller asked the artist why he kept such a worthless instrument.

"Why, it is not worth a scudo!" the friend said.

"I will wager," replied Rosa, "that it shall be worth a thousand before you see it again."

A bet was made. Rosa immediately painted a landscape on the lid that not only sold for 1,000 scudi, but was accounted a work of great merit.

The celebrated St. John's Wood clique of artists in London executed a series of large frescoes in oil on the wall of the studio of J. E. Hodgson, one of the members. The paintings were begun in the winter of 1804-5. Shakespearean subjects were chosen, and the figures were a little under life size.

When Hodgson moved from his studio an unappreciative tenant covered the walls of the room with brown wall paper, completely hiding the paintings. The frescoes were rediscovered by accident forty years afterward and restored.—Kansas City Star.

A CHARITY PATIENT.

The Price He Had to Pay For Expert Surgical Treatment.

The famous surgeon Velpeau was visited one day at his house during the consultation hour by a marquis renowned for his closeness. Velpeau informed the marquis that an operation was urgent and that the fee would amount to 4,000 francs. At this the marquis made a wry face and left. A fortnight later Dr. Velpeau, while making his rounds in the Hospital de la Charite, had his attention attracted by a face that seemed familiar to him. In answer to his inquiry it was stated that the patient was a footman of a nobleman in the Faubourg St. Germain. The surgeon found that his case resembled in every particular the somewhat unusual one for which the marquis had consulted him a fortnight previously. He refrained, however, from making any comments. Three weeks after the operation, when the patient was about to be discharged, Dr. Velpeau called him aside and exclaimed: "Monsieur, I am extremely flattered and pleased to have been able to cure you. There is, however, a small formality with which you will have to comply before I can sign your exit—that is, you will have to sign a check for 10,000 francs in behalf of the public charity bureau of your metropolitan district." The patient's face became livid. "You can do what you like about it," continued the doctor, "but if you refuse all Paris will know tomorrow that the Marquis de D. adopted the disguise of a footman in order to secure free treatment at this hospital and to usurp the place which belongs by right to a pauper." Of course the marquis paid.—Argonaut.

The Storm Nose at Sea.

The picturesque name of storm nose (Gewitternase) is given in Germany to the wave of high barometric pressure which often precedes a storm or a heavy squall. The barometer rises suddenly and then falls more gradually. It is believed that this phenomenon is responsible for sudden changes in the level of the sea. Observations on the seas surrounding Denmark have led to the conclusion that the change of level thus produced sometimes amounts to no less than three feet.—Youth's Companion.

The Devil's Knell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Southill," which was presented to the church in expiation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "devil's knell." It is the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.—London Standard.

Shut Him Up.

Baldheaded Gentleman (having his boots polished in a hotel)—Confound it, you take an abominably long time about it. Shoeblick—Yes, sir. It ain't done so quick as when you 'as your 'air cut!—London Tit-Bits.

Do you wish to find out the really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer.—Napoleon.

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The Three Churches of the Bible. [TO THE EDITOR TILLAMOOK HEADLIGHT.] The old testament is devoted mostly to describing the old Jewish church and its customs. There has never been a better organized body of people on the earth, their laws and mode of living made them prosperous both financially and in number. We have no way of computing the number of people that claimed heirship to Abraham. The new testament treats of the Gospel Church of Jesus Christ, and was very poorly organized. Unlike the Jewish Church it depended on conversions from other religions instead of birthright, although every Jew was circumcised the 8th day. John introduced baptism by water, which has always remained the sign or token of the Church of Christ and no one has a right of recognition in his church who has not been baptised. The sacrament is for the full pledged Christian. God promised that a remnant of Israel should be spared and the Jewish synagogue is a monument of this promise to this day, and Christ said his church would stand forever, so long as time lasts. The third Church was revealed on the day of Pentecost and the Bible gives us very little light on how this church should be managed, for if it did, there would be no need of the Spirit. We read "they were all with one accord in one place." Just as God promised Abraham that his seed would be as the stars of heaven and the sands of the sea shore without number, and as he promised a Saviour that would redeem the world, the Holy Ghost was promised. Christ had told them that when he went away, he would send it. They were looking for something they could not describe, relying simply on the promise "and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." Nothing of this kind had ever been heard of before. This was separate and distinct from anything in the time of Moses or Christ. The promise of God became a reality. Every religion has its drawbacks. The

children of Israel were in bondage and Christ and his followers persecuted, the world did not understand them, so with these people. These men are full of new wine."

What to me is the most sacred of all God's creation appeared to those who had not received the gift of the Holy Ghost nothing but a new wine drunk.

People who are devoid of conscience are never effected by the office of the Spirit any more than a person who could not read would be effected by the law of Moses or the gospel of Christ.

There is a wide difference between a Church of the Holy Ghost and a lunatic asylum, but if I were filled with the Holy Ghost I would terribly hate to trust my case with the decision of the popular preacher.

I respect the church of Christ and the Jewish synagogue, but unless there is a church that is dedicated to the gift and office of the Holy Ghost I can have no place of worship. I would as soon meet to worship with a band of monkeys as with men who are dumb to the communion of the Holy Ghost. J. C. GOVE.

Stiff Neck.

Stiff neck is caused by rheumatism of the muscles of the neck. It is usually confined to one side, or to the back of the neck and one side. While it is often quite painful, quick relief may be had by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. Not one case of rheumatism in ten requires internal treatment. When there is no fever and no swelling in muscular and chronic rheumatism, Chamberlain's Liniment will accomplish more than any internal treatment. For sale by Lamar's Drug Store.

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