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"TRY, TRY AGAIN."

Yes, 'tis an old, old saw indeed; Yes, 'tis an old, old saw indeed; The proverb is new light to read. I promise not to task you.

The simple words yield not alone Earth's secret of success. Who grasps their deeper thought doth own The key to all that blossoms.

To conquest o'er battling sin. The adduced soul depicting; To prayer that doth full answer win; To character perfecting;

To heaven itself, reached by no bound. But theirs who, struggling duly, Do mount life's ladder, round by round. As sings the poet truly.

Aye, more than poet wise is he Who heeds this saying olden. His shall the "Well done!" plaudit be. The crown and scepter golden.

—Good Housekeeping.

ANOTHER MAN IN THE HOUSE.

He Was Mistaken For a Lover, but Confessed That He Was a Burglar.

Donaghue knelt at the door and put a practiced ear at the keyhole. There was a faint sound of breathing. So faint that Donaghue pressed his rough ear still closer to the brass aperture in the door and listened even more intently. His small eyes glistened in the dark hallway like the eyes of a cat (he had been nicknamed "The Cat" for this very peculiarity), but there was no one in the house to see those glistening eyes save the servants, fast asleep two stories above, and the occupants of this one room. He had watched that house three preceding days and nights. He knew that it was occupied by a young man and his wife—evidently newly married and beyond doubt rich. He knew that the servants were a cook, two maids and a butler, and he had almost worked out in his mind just where the pretty wife placed her jewelry when she went to bed in the second floor room and just what means the husband took to secure his probably well filled purse.

When one is in the habit of making social calls of the description that Donaghue was making, it is much better to find husbands away from home, the servants and occupants of the house all asleep and the policeman on the beat quite out of hearing.

The fact was Donaghue shrank from notoriety. He preferred a quiet entrance by the window wholly unobserved if possible and, departing, left not his card nor anything else that was of value and at the same time portable. Indeed Donaghue was not the tall, handsome fellow that most heroes are. On the contrary, he was of medium height, spare, slouchy and had a general appearance that was anything but prepossessing. He was not a member of polite society.

"Dead easy," said Donaghue to himself. "A young married couple, as I thought, and husband's away on the loose. She's calling his name in her sleep. But I needn't expect him until morning, and when he does come home he'll probably be drunk. That's what I call dead easy."

He turned the knob of the door and opened it the fraction of an inch. His small eyes glistened in the dark as he found that the door was not locked, and that in all probability it would not squeak.

Slowly and with infinite care he opened the door and entered the room. Four feet from him, as he stood almost breathless, with his hand still clasping the knob of the door, lay the sleeping form of a woman. A flood of moonlight from the window fell upon her and melted the pink of her cheek, the cream of her throat, the lace of the nightdress and the white sheet that wrapped her into one semigloss hue. The undulation caused by her breathing made her look like a drooping lily awayed by the gentlest of breezes.

"Great heavens!" thought Donaghue, "what a beauty!" He could hear her faintly mutter the name "Paul—Paul" at intervals, and he had a vague consciousness of a certain disrespect for Paul, whoever he might be. A man must be a brute to leave such a woman alone at night. He lingered but a moment, though. Beauty was a thing of little value to Donaghue. His own Maggie was hardly cursed with the fatal gift of beauty, and she was quite as jealous as other wives. He stepped softly and quickly to the dressing case at the other end of the room. He picked up a perfumed lace handkerchief and threw it away impatiently, although in his more youthful days a lace handkerchief he would have considered a prize of no mean value. Below it he found what he wanted and expected—a locket and chain, a jeweled watch, a heavy bracelet, a pin and what seemed to him a handful of rings. He held them all up in the moonlight and noticed how they sparkled in his trembling hand, and he smiled with delight.

He turned and looked at her. He felt like adding a stolen kiss to the other jewels he had taken. He almost laughed aloud at the thought of such a man as he kissing such a peerless beauty as the woman who lay on the bed before him. And he was just about to depart as peacefully as a social caller when suddenly he heard the slamming of the front door in the hall below.

"Her old man," said Donaghue, forgetting that he was probably a young man, "and I'm caught. Caught—burglary—ten years at the least. I'll kill him. But I'll be caught whether I kill him or not, and—self upbraidingly—"I could have got away easily enough if I hadn't stopped to look at her."

Again he stepped quickly to the door and listened. He heard footsteps in the hall beneath. The man had stepped

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some experiences with Maggie. He had been jealous himself once. He raised himself a little higher and peered over the sill of the window.

The woman was not moving now, but in a dead faint, and, with her face as white as the sheet that had covered her in the room above, she lay motionless at the feet of the man who accused her.

The man stood over her with burning cheeks and clinched hands.

"And the cur ran away from you? He didn't even stay to fight me like a man? He's a coward. I knew it when we met him in Baden. He's a villain. I knew it when he followed us to London. He can take you now. I don't want you. And some day he'll run away from you, poor, beautiful, miserable fool, just as he has run away from me."

There was considerable human nature in Donaghue, even though he did make his living in a peculiar way. This was a little more than he could stand. He jumped up and leaped back through the window.

"Look here!" he shouted, and then was suddenly silent, for a pair of strong hands were clasped about his throat, and the heavy weight of the larger man had borne him to the floor in a moment.

"You, such a being as you, my wife's lover?" roared the man.

"No!" screamed Donaghue, making a desperate effort to free himself.

"Well, who are you?" said the man. "Let me sit up and I'll tell you," answered Donaghue.

The man released him, still keeping him within arms' reach in the corner of the room. Donaghue felt his throat tenderly.

"Well!" said the man peremptorily. "I'm the man that was in the house," said Donaghue sullenly.

"What do you mean? Why were you here?" asked the man.

"Well," answered Donaghue, regarding some of his customary bravado, "I wanted to add some of your jewelry to my collection. See? If you don't believe me, you'll find it where I threw it away, up in your wife's room."

The man turned and dropped to his knees by the side of the prostrate woman. He put his ear to her heart, and when he raised his head again Donaghue saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"Thank God, she has only fainted," said the man. "Bring me some water from the library."

Donaghue brought the water in a solid silver pitcher that made him sigh with a vain wish that he had got away with it and the jewels above.

"She will be all right in a moment," said the man, "and you may go."

"Thanks," said Donaghue nonchalantly, going toward the window.

"Perhaps it is I who ought to thank you," said the man. "For, after all, you have proved that my wife is true to me."

"Don't mention it," answered Donaghue, as he disappeared—"at least not to the police,"—Chicago Herald.

ORIGIN OF DIAMONDS.

A New Solution to a Long Debated and Well Worn Problem.

A Recent Discovery at Kimberley Affords Scope for This Reasoning.

The origin of diamonds, which for so long has been a debated question, appears to be explained by a recent discovery near Kimberley.

In both the Indian and the Brazilian diamond fields the gem occurs like a pebble, in certain gravelly strata, but has not been traced back to any rock that gives any indication of its genesis. After the discovery of diamonds in the river sand of some South American rivers a peculiar material of a brownish buff color, which turned to a dark bluish tint, was found.

It became darker as the miners dug down. The diamonds lay in this material, together with several other materials, such as garnets, iron ores, augite, olivine, etc. Excavations, begun systematically, were eventually carried on such a large scale that near Kimberley they reached a depth of more than 1,400 feet. Here the rock is about as hard as ordinary limestone. The blue ground is found only in limited areas. The rocks around are of dark shades, banded with hard sandstone, in which sheets or dikes of basalt or some material which was once in a molten condition are occasionally found. The blue ground is a sort of shaft of colossal size in these other rocks and is itself cut up by similar dikes. The opinions of geologists differ as to whether the gems are produced where they now lie or have been formed of some volcanic explosions, which have since been buried in the blue ground. The boulders are often watermarked and may have rested for ages in an ancient gravel at the very bottom of sedimentary rocks of the district. In course of time volcanic explosions shattered the rocky canic explosions, which were imbedded, of which the boulders were only samples, and dispersed it, together with the overlying materials. It is believed that this is the true explanation of the formation of the diamond bearing blue ground.

"Oh, what profound emotions I experienced when the new century was ushered in!"

"You did? Well, you can prepare to experience them all over again in 1901."

What is that which lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upward?

An icicle.

The soldier serves his country, the man of science serves humanity as well.



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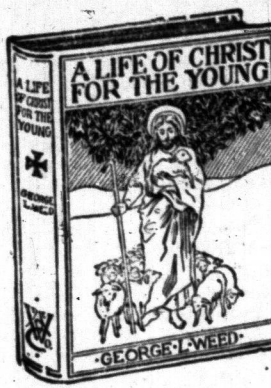
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