

ANOTHER MAN IN THE HOUSE

Donaghue knelt at the door and put a practiced ear to 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 fall 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 night dress, and the white sheet that wrapped her into one semi-golden hue. The undulation caused by her breathing made her look like a drooping lily swayed by the gentlest of breezes.

"Great heaven!" 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 upon 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-unraveling—"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 into the back parlor, or library, whichever it was. Perhaps the man had been

out on business and would stop there for a minute or two, at his desk. Perhaps there was, after all, a chance for escape. He was cool and careful. He dropped the jewels on the bed. It would not do to be caught with them about him. And he went out.

II.

The door squeaked this time and the young wife started in her sleep, awoke, and half rose in her bed.

Donaghue at the same time heard the shuffle of feet in the room below. He paused and listened at the top of the stairs.

Even though the man had heard the door squeak, he had not left the back room.

Donaghue tripped down the stairs as softly as a cat. He had been in a tight fix before, and he was never cleverer than when he knew that he was in danger.

But luck was against him. There was a fur rug at the foot of the stairs. The floor beneath was polished. He slipped and fell, and in spite of himself, he uttered an exclamation that was profane enough to be unmistakably masculine.

He heard the man come from the library, and how it all happened he hardly knew, but some way or other he managed to dash into the dark parlor, to throw open the window and jump out.

He expected to fall at least eight or ten feet. He did not fall two. He had jumped out on a porch, evidently, for he could see the railing in the moonlight. There was one thing to do—to hide directly beneath the window in the shadow and wait. He knew his pursuer would be there in a minute. He knew there would be a hue and cry. Still, there was a chance.

True enough, the man came to the window—but, to the infinite surprise of Donaghue, he made no outcry. He heard the man utter a half-articulate "Heaven! has it come to this?" He heard him walk a few steps and strike a match. He saw the light of the gas jets from the window—and then he knew that he was safe, and he cursed himself for a fool for leaving the jewels behind.

He heard a woman's step in the room. The man at the window turned.

"How dare you look me in the face?" he cried. "How dare you come to me after this?"

Calmly the woman raised herself to her feet, and, looking at the man, said in a forced whisper:

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? You know what I mean," answered the man. "He has been here at last—perhaps not for the first time. But I have found it out. I have found you out."

Donaghue heard a little stifled moan and the crash of a body as it fell on the floor. He began to gather a crude idea of what it was all about. He had had 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 moaning 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 clenched 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 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," said Donaghue, regaining some of his customary bravado.

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."

Wise Plain Girls.

A lady who had seen much of the world was asked on one occasion why plain girls often get married sooner than handsome girls; to which she replied that it was mainly owing to the tact of the plain girls and the vanity and want of tact on the part of the men. "How do you make that out?" asked a gentleman. "The plain girls flatter the men, and so please their vanity, while the handsome ones wait to be flattered by the men, who haven't the tact to do it."

It is always safe to risk a little flattery.

Happy is the wooing
That is not long a doing.

says the old couplet, but a modern counsellor thinks it necessary to qualify the adage by the advice, "Never marry a girl unless you have known her three days and at a pic-nic."

In this as in other matters it is always desirable to hit the happy medium. Marrying in haste is certainly worse than too protracted courtship, though the latter has its dangers, too, for something may occur at any time to break off the affair altogether and prevent what might have been a happy union.

A friend of Robert Hall, the famous English preacher, once asked him regarding a lady of their acquaintance, "Will she make a good wife for me?"

"Well," replied Mr. Hall, "I can hardly say. I never lived with her." Here Mr. Hall touched the real test of happiness in married life. It is one thing to see ladies on "dress" occasions, when every effort is being made to please them; it is quite another thing to see them amid the varied and often conflicting circumstances of household life.

Plump and Comely.

As a rule, the Cuban woman is round in figure. Her face is seldom vivacious—one looks in vain for the beauty of expression. Her hair is often a "glory" to her and is sometimes of that blue black shade only possessed by the daughters of southern Europe and their descendants, though occasionally the Cuban girl varies the programme by being a blond and, too be plain, rather fat. This lady is often a woman at 12 and the mother of a large family at 19 or 20. So pretty in her youth, in age she becomes either lean and dried or fat and unwieldy. She fades early, and for want of strength of character, is apt to lose control of her husband, who nevertheless still continues to need such control as badly as any man of his times. But, whatever she may grow or seem, her eyes never fade. To the last, through all vicissitudes, they are big and black.

Test of Sincerity.

"No, I don't think she ever will marry. You see, she insists upon testing the affection of every one who proposes to her, and the test is too severe."

"What is it?"

"She asks him to teach her mother to ride the bicycle."

Glad They Were Fluzzled.

He (telling a hairbreath adventure)—And in the bright moonlight we could see the dark muzzles of the wolves.

She (breathlessly)—Oh, how glad you must have been that they had the muzzles on!—Baltimore Jewish Comment.

Specific.

"How about the hip pockets?" asked the tailor.

"As to the hip pockets, sah," answered the gentleman from Clay county, "I want the left; one made quart size and the right one seven shooter size, sah."

Seattle's Favorite Sun.

What do we care for meteors,
That blind the watching eye,
And in their flashing flying
Irradiate the sky;
That sweep athwart the heavens
In iridescent foam
Amidst a sea of comets—
Since our Jim Ham is home?

The sun has doffed its dazzle,
And its diminished head
Is hidden by the luster
Of those wondrous whiskers shed;
The stars have stopped their sparkle,
And sought a spot to rest
In some sequestered silence
Since Jim Ham struck the West.

The lofty lone Olympics
Have hung their silver shrouds
Upon the rusty hooks in
The closets of the clouds;
For what is their apparel
But somber shades of night
And black Egyptian darkness
When Jim Ham is in sight?

Mount Rainier, Queen of Beauty,
And Empress of the Snow,
In all her regal radiance
And royal purple glow,
And opalescent colors
That rainbow-tint the Sound,
Ain't in it for a minute
When Jim Ham is around.

The flowers, that make the city
A million tinted bloom
Of tropic light, are wearing
A garniture of gloom;
Upon the wilted willows
They've hung their harps to stay
In faded efflorescence,
Since Jim Ham came their way.

Hail, Jim Ham; hail and welcome
Home once again, and we
Have watched your trail of brilliance
Beyond the briny sea;
We know that in your neckties
The amethystine West
Would find a place, and others
Would settle in your vest.

While your rufescent whiskers
And sunset shining head
Would light your way to glory
And paint all Europe red;
Hail, therefore; hail and welcome,
With brand-new honours crowned,
Seattle greets her Jim Ham,
The Sunburst of the Sound
William J. Lampton in Seattle P-I.

His Little Joke.

"John," said the politician's wife, waking him up about 2 a. m., "what's that noise?"

"That noise?" echoed John dreamily.

"Oh, I guess it's some rats holding a ratification meeting in the attic!"—Chicago News.

Conclusive Evidence.

Miss Oldgirl—Oh, Mr. Policeman! Save me! A horrid man tried to kiss me.

Officer—That must have been the man that escaped from the lunatic asylum this mornin.—New York Journal.

An Intentional Compliment.

"Would you rather be deaf or be blind?" she said; "I think that, than either, I'd rather be dead."

"It is hard to decide," he replied, "but, in case I were really condemned to a choice, I'd be deaf when I looked at your radiant face. And be blind when I heard your sweet voice."

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