

hhe man turned and dropped to hit
knees by the mide ot the protrate

$\qquad$

 Then you," sald the man, "for, atter all, you
have proved that my wife is true to
me."






value and at the same tme portable. In-
deed, Donaghue was not the tall, hand-

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THE BURGLAR.

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"H
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Heavens has utter a hall-artlculate.
Ceard hirm walk a fem to this!" Ho match. He saw the light of the gasknew that the window-and then he sate, and he cursed
nem It was tentalizing. He ralsed blmit cautlousiy and looked ln the room.
he man was altung in a great arm-
hair la the eestor though his heart would breaki, Don-
ghus almost laughed aloud. at ashue almost lavghed aloud at the
sight. Thare was something in it all
uant he could not undersiand. its


## 










To Donaghue's surprise the man
been here at last-perhaps not for the
rat time. But I have found it out.
Donaghue heard a stifed moan and
he crash of $a$ body as it fell he floor. He beran to gather a crude
Iea of what tit was all about. He had
some experience with Magute. He hat been jealous himeelf once. He ralsed
himself a lltths higher and peered over The woman was not moaning now. but in a dead faint, and, with her face
as white as the sheet that covered her in the room above, she lay motionlesa
it the feet of the man who accused
The man stood over her with burn-man! He's a coward. I knew It when
we met hlm In Bnden. He's a wullinin.
t new ft when he followed us to Lon don. He can take you now. I I don't
wint you. And some day héll away from you, poor, beautiful, miser-
able fool, just as he hae run away from There was constderable human na-
ture in Donaghue, even though he did ture in Donaghue, even peculiar way.
make his ilivg In a per
This was a little more than he could stand. He jumped up
through the window.
$\qquad$ strong hands were clasped about his
throat, and the heary weight of the
arger man had borne tim to the the "You, such
" momen
ner "No!" єcreamed Donaghue, making a
desperate effort to free hlmselt. zuminism in in tum

 exclaimed.
"I knew that," coming and going in littie exelted.
angry gaspa. And in a moment, as it My heart was beating fase etill, but
beating in a frightened, flattering way, Iy this time. Kilty.", he continued gen-
"ty. "I knew In a moment that some-
thing tid worried yol athout i.
Tell him all about it! 1 had sud-
denly realized that nothing could in-
duce mee to tell him a word at duce me to tell him a word about
I could only wonder at myself for
own temerty for having sald so mul I looked away hastlyy out of the win-
dow at the organ-man and his monkey and the growing treop of ragged chll-
aren. Mh,
hurriedty. "Something voxed
was nothing-not Wais noching-not inportant."
It aurprised me that he did not urge
me any further. He sat regarding me kravely and thoughtfully. There was
aomething of anxlety in his eyes when I turnedg of anxiety in his eyed when
Inead again and surprised his glance.
"Oh,
Mr

way. Meg stood there, her hand do dently tryinked tn and healtated, evisome excuse for hastlly retreating. As her, she came in reluctantly, lookling a hlm with a half-deprecating, halt-
laughlng glance, her blue eyes

 ortan hesilat room tor tor
 tany to see my sister if I were you."
"Why not?"
"Oh, she don't deserve it 1 don't
like your sister, Mr, Mortimer-you "Oh, she don't deserve it I 1 don't
Hike your sister, Mr. Mortimer- you
don't mind my eay Ing soo, do your" Mr. Morthmer smilled gulekly, yet
Malf reluctanty.
"How did you come to know my sls"How dld you come to know my sls-
ter"" he asked.
"I don't know her; I don't want to "I don't know her; I don't want to
know her- I don't like her! I read an
article of bers once in one of the dull artie ot bers once in one of the dul
magazines-the magazines that tathe
tikes in. It was on 'GIrls of the Nine takes in. It was on 'Girls of the Nine-
tenth Century' I dare aay th was very
elever- 1 know it was very horrid, sarcastle, superior, hateful! she was
'giti of the nlnoteatt century hersel
once, I suppose, once-or ta she nearly
 "Poor thing!"
We both laughed
out plty of Mer's "At thirty-ais I can imagine that on ly, "Still one may feel a bundred with
out feelling so superior atout it. Father gave me the article to read; he though
it would do me good, and it ddan't!"
 aris in the tast century were much
lons frivolous, as well nas less independ-
ent: they thought less yoko when they their things lasi-
ae. Mamma, you mus, know,
his morning-or, rather, this
-in a most astonstinhingly do-
ood. She desconded upon us

