

KATHRYN'S BURGLAR

By Frank S. Chiswick

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Kathryn never would have done it had her brother Tom been home, because he would have laughed at her. Nor would her stern father of Scotch ancestry tolerate such absurd nonsense as the observance of heathen customs on All Saints' eve. Just the year before he had objected to her attending a Halloween frolic simply because he did not approve of perpetuating silly superstitions.

But Tom was safe at Harvard, undergoing the first anxieties of an ambitious freshman, and her father had been summoned abroad to look after a big contract. So, motherless, Kathryn was free to walk down stairs backward or perform any other Halloween feat. Just at present she was standing in front of the old fashioned gilt edged mirror in the drawing room. All around her was midnight stillness.

"I hope the face of my true love comes to me."

She murmured the ancient formula approved by generations of lovelorn damsels and to complete the charm slowly munched an apple, half apprehensive and wholly filled with wonder as to whether the apparition conjured up by the invocation would be clean shaven or mustached. Would it be the features of Frank Handy or Chester Raymond? Both had asked for her hand, and really she did not—

What was that? Yes, it must be a masculine face, with bonnie blue eyes, appearing just above her own curly. A little, smothered shriek, and she swung round to confront a personable chap with crisp blond hair and a face which, save for a haggard look, would have been more than ordinarily attractive. His eyes had a subtle expression that made her think of Tom, and his dress proclaimed that he had once moved in good society.

Following the first spasm of apprehension, she felt a sensation of relief that the picture reflected in the glass was that of a very pretty girl whose chestnut hair formed dainty contrast with a fluffy negligee of pale lavender.

The stranger raised his cap. "Pardon the intrusion," he began. "I had no intention of attracting your attention, but when I opened the door I could not resist the temptation to help out fate, even though the forced prediction might displease you."

Kathryn stared at him. "How did you get in without my hearing you?" she demanded. "I locked all the doors hours ago."

"That is my business," he explained. "No," he went on as she drew herself up, "I did not mean to indicate that it was none of yours. I merely mean that it is my occupation to get into houses with as little disturbance to the occupants as possible."

A wave of red swept over her face. "So you are just a common burglar?" she demanded, with icy scorn.

He flinched at the disgust she did not seem to conceal, but in a moment his easy assurance reassured itself. "No quite an uncommon one, I assure you. In fact, I am merely a tyro, and a pretty bad one at that, I imagine. You see, I was not brought up to a respectable trade, and when I was thrown upon my own resources I had to do the best I could. I sought everywhere for work, but my family friends remembered the time when I led a riotous life and would not have me, while others seemed to think that I did not mean what I said when I asked for the simple work I could perform. No man wanted to hire a porter who wore more fashionable clothes than he did, and I couldn't tell him that I had no others."

"Still, that is no excuse for becoming a burglar."

"No," he admitted, "but yesterday it came to a choice between the poor house and rich one, and when I passed your house this afternoon I heard you tell a friend you would be all alone save for the servant. I did not intend to take much, just enough to get me to Chicago, and I never supposed that you would be trailing about this time of night. Then, you see, when a man has been practically starving for two days there is—"

She flashed a sharp glance at him. "Do you mean to tell me that you have starved to death?" she demanded.

"Not quite, or I should not be here, but if I remember right the last meal I had was Tuesday morning. This is Thursday. It might have been Monday; I never was good at ancient history, but I think it was Tuesday."

Kathryn picked up a quaint silver candlestick. "Come right along," she commanded. "You should have gone to the poorhouse, but I suppose you are foolishly proud."

He followed, his eyes resting admiringly upon the little lavender form in front. Here was a girl who was not afraid of burglars and who carried herself as fearlessly as though she were entertaining a guest.

In the dining room she laid out a dainty lunch. Then she sat herself down on the other side of the table, nor did she speak till the first keen craving for food had been satisfied.

"You don't look a bit like a burglar," she said musingly as she looked at the well built man opposite. "Somehow you look as though you were cut out for a leader of men."

"If I keep this sort of thing up," he responded with grim humor, "I am apt to wind up leading a chafing gang."

She sprang up with a little cry. "You mustn't keep it up. You must get work and make your people proud of you. You must not go to prison."

"I don't know," he responded, regarding her excitement wonderingly.

"It's the only boarding house I know of where you are not put out if you fail to pay your bill, and, apparently, it's the only place where I can find work."

"You should not say those things reprovingly."

"I know I should not, but when you have done your best and the world seems to be against you, who starve till you are made desperate, there come moments of temporary insanity, when all sense of right and wrong is lost. When I came here, I fully intended to get enough money to take me out west, where there might be a better chance for me, but when saw you before the glass in that well colored dress somehow you made me think of my sister—and she's dead. So are the others, thank God."

Kathryn rose abruptly and went into the library. Would she call for help? The man did not care much. He simply sat watching the doorway through which she had disappeared. He was very tired, and it did not matter much now anyhow.

She came back with a card in her hand.

"You know where the Hewitts live, don't you?" He nodded. "Mr. Hewitt is my father." Again he nodded. "Take this to the manager. I think there's an opening in the shipping department. You will probably have to start at a ridiculous salary, but—"

He caught her hand and pressed it to his lips as a loyal subject might kiss the hand of a revered sovereign.

"Oh, I will go. Only give me the chance, and I'll show what I can do." He felt something folded under the card. He looked down, and his face flushed a deep purple. He laid the bill on the table.

"Oh, but you must take it till you get your first salary. You can't starve."

"No, not that. I can't take it; but, please God, I'll show you that I can lead a decent life and justify your faith in me." And, waving his cap, he disappeared, as he had come, through the dining room window.

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Three years have passed swiftly for Kathryn; but, oddly enough, she has tried no more Halloween charms. This evening she stands in the square hall watching the storm which is ushering in November. A sleigh dashes up to the door, and her father comes in, shaking himself like a great polar bear.

"I've invited young Douglas up to dinner this evening, Kathryn. I didn't think it necessary to phone you. Just an extra place laid. I've pushed through that Rothberger deal in splendid shape, and in consequence I've given him the promotion he deserved. By the way, Kathryn, where did you meet that chap? He was a lucky find for me."

Kathryn does not answer, but with a conscious blush looks into the drawing room, where the softly shaded lights play on the gilt edged mirror. The bell rings, but she does not wait to receive the guest in the hall. He finds her in the dim drawing room before the mirror. She is looking over her shoulder, and she wears a lavender gown.

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A Wonderful Sense of Smell.

The buzzard's wonderful sense of smell is a curious subject that has often been discussed, the discussion of the matter having resulted in a general uniformity of opinion among scientists that they locate their food by their sense of smell alone.

A noted biologist says that he has noticed that in Florida they never leave the roots where the night is spent, especially on damp, foggy mornings, until the moisture has been dried by the sun. They then move slowly across the wind until a "scent" is struck, when they move more slowly "up the wind" until the carion is located. Sometimes they will drift down the wind past their prey until they have struck the scent, which they follow up until they have found the object of their search, sometimes in the densest thickets.

The biologist says that he has upon several occasions killed wild hogs in the thickets, and, after dressing them and taking what meat he wished, would see twenty or more buzzards coming down with the wind. On one occasion they had discovered some animal remains he had covered up and on another had found a dead snake which he had buried.

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The Best Works.

A story is told of one of the old time pillars of New England church who held out firmly for a long time against the innovation of an organ, but when finally yielded did so without reserve.

From violent opposition he became the most strenuous of all the congregation as to the fitness of the instrument to be purchased.

"Seems to me you aren't very consistent," said one economical brother reproachfully. "Here a month ago you couldn't speak harsh enough about organs, and now you go to advocating extra expense in getting the best that's to be had."

"See here," said the deacon grimly. "If we're going to worship the Lord by machinery, I don't want to putter round with any second rate running gear."

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When You Travel.

Don't wait until you reach the station, a few minutes before it is time for the train to start, before you find out the time for starting, arriving at your destination and the time of connection. Other passengers wish to take the same train and must buy tickets. And don't argue the question of the price of your ticket with the ticket seller. The price is settled by machinery. I don't want to putter round with any second rate running gear!"

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Between Two Fires.

Tomix—I wonder what could have induced Hardup to marry his landlady. Hoax—it was either that or raise money to pay what he was owed for board—New York World.

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Human Nature.

Smith—There goes a man who hasn't a friend in the world.

Jones—Poor fellow! How did he lose his money?—Chicago News.

Fainting Spells

always indicate a weak heart. They are usually preceded or followed by palpitation or fluttering, and there may be pain in left side, a smothering sensation and shortness of breath. Such a heart should be treated at once, before the disease develops beyond control. Heart disease is as easily cured as other troubles it taken in time.

"I was subject to fainting spells, and many times I have fallen on the street. I was often compelled to sit down while walking to avoid falling. When physicians failed to help me, I took Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and was completely cured."

CHARLES D. RANDALL,
Ellicottville, N. Y.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

is especially adapted to remove all irregularities of the heart's action. Sold by druggists on guarantee.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

TERSE TELEGRAMS

An \$18,000,000 creamery trust is being formed by Kansas promoters. John Lutz was hanged at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., for the brutal murder of his wife.

A black, colored woman was hanged at Kansas City for the murder of a woman.

W. H. Hoffmeister, ex-Supreme Recorder of the Legion of Honor, committed suicide at St. Louis.

J. L. Craft, a convict, was hanged in the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo., for murdering a guard.

Three of the prisoners who escaped from the Federal penitentiary at Tacoma, Wash., were recaptured.

The defalcation of Cashier Matteson, of the First National Bank of Great Falls, Mont., is \$4,000, and he made an itemized statement to the shortages.

The capture of Panama by the revolutionaries is considered impossible owing to the number of government troops there.

A Yazo & Mississippi railroad mixed train struck a wagon at Dardens Crossing, Miss., and killed three negroes that were in it.

It is now believed Princess Henry will accompany her husband to America, to participate in the launch of the Kaiser's yacht.

At Dawson great interest centers in the Koyukuk, where rich finds have been made. Many are going from Dawson, despite the hardships and heavy cost of provisions in the Koyukuk.

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Blew It Off the Earth.

Kings Mills, O., Jan. 22.—A terrible explosion occurred at the Kings Mills Powder company. The force of the explosion was felt for miles. Every vestige of the glazing plant was destroyed. William Dustin of Mainsville, O., was blown to pieces. David Thompson of Mason, O., was so badly mangled that he died in a few minutes. Charles Harper and a man named Butler were also terribly injured and their death is expected. Both are from South Lebanon, O. The mill was located some distance from the other buildings connected with the powder works and was the only one that was destroyed.

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A Woman On Trial.

Plattburg, Mo., Jan. 22.—Mrs. Adele I. Richardson faced a jury of farmers in the circuit court here yesterday, and her trial on the charge of murdering a year ago last December her husband, Frank W. Richardson, a merchant, at their home in Savannah, Mo., began in earnest.

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The Most Thrifty People.

Norwegians are surely the most thrifty of Europeans. The average income of the inhabitants of Norway, according to the census of 1901, is \$26 kroner, or about \$85 a year. Small as this is, the people are able to save, for there is a savings bank for every 5,000 inhabitants, one depositor for every 2.8 inhabitants, with an average deposit of 110 kroner.

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A Neglected Philanthropy.

Some day some wealthy philanthropist instead of building a great university will found institutions where the neglected children of large cities may be entertained and instructed every night in the year. The impressions made in childhood are lasting, and the best possible educational work can be done with the little ones.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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Oil on Troubled Waters.

A test of a cannon that throws a shell designed to scatter oil on boisterous waves was recently made. The shell is of wood and conical in shape. It contains two gallons of oil. At one end of the projectile is a vent. This is covered with paper, which is blown off as the shell leaves the piece, allowing the oil to escape. In this way it is the purpose of the inventor to calm a rough sea for the distance of a mile, making a smooth path for a lifeboat to follow on her way to disabled vessels.

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The Lamb and the Bunko Victim.

It is a common saying that the person who buys a "gold brick" or invests in "green goods" gets just what he deserves in view of the wide publicity constantly given in the press about such transactions. But the examples of lamb shearing in finance are quite as common, and the loser of a fleece is deserving of about the same measure of sympathy that the bunko victim usually receives.—Los Angeles Herald.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Ages of Noted Dogs.

A subscriber asks of American Field: "When is a dog considered old? I all depends, says The Field. Some dogs show their age at five years, but these are generally petted home dogs which are fed on all kinds of animal and get no exercise. When dogs, however, are properly fed and cared for and get a fair amount of exercise their lives and usefulness may be prolonged for several years beyond what they would attain when overfed and subjected to much exposure. Champion Gladstone lived to the ripe age of fourteen years and four months; at the time of his death Count Noble was eleven years and five months; Rodrigo, eleven years and seven months; John S. Wise's Doomed, thirteen years and three months; Prince Lucifer, thirteen years; Champion Echo, Jr., ten years and five months; Lord Graphic, nine years and six months; Dan's Lady, nine years and seven months, and Jingo, eight years and one month.

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Negro Population Doubled.

There are twice as many negroes in the United States today as there were when Lincoln set them free, and the last census returns show a white population of 67,000,000 and a negro population of 8,850,000, with about 500,000 Indians, Chinese and Japanese. The death rate among the negroes in the cities where they live in the congested districts and "where every law of nature and sanitation is defied" is nearly double that of the whites and is far in excess of the birth rate, and this high mortality has led some to think that the negro is dying out. The census figures show that this belief is erroneous. The increase of negro population in the rural districts more than makes up for the loss in the cities, and the rural surplus flock cityward in sufficient numbers to fill up the ranks. The negro population is increasing rapidly, not as rapidly as in slavery days, but as rapidly as the whites.—San Francisco News.

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Animal Tamers Blonds.

As tainers and keepers of animals dark men never succeed. Visits to zoos and to menageries show them to be invariably fair fellows, with yellow or brown hair and blue eyes. Thus at the zoological garden in this city there is not a keeper who is dark. John McMullen of the lion house has light hair, a yellow mustache and violet eyes. Lover of the wolves and foxes is still more markedly blond, and in the antelope house, the snake house and the small mammal house light colors still prevail. One of the most pronounced blonds at the zoo was John Thompson, who is now in Honolulu making casts of fishes for a museum there. Thompson was one of the most successful keepers the zoo has ever had. Not only snakes and turtles, his specialty, but lions, foxes, wolves, deer, and many other animals took to him naturally, and he was never scratched or bitten.—Philadelphia Record.

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Guarding the French President.

President Loubet is well protected. His secret guard consists of twelve men under the orders of a police commissioner. These men watch constantly over his person. When he receives, they mingle with the guests close by him, and when he goes out they follow him and have orders never to lose him an instant from view. When he drives, they accompany him on bicycles, and