

# JACKIE M'BRIDE, BURGLAR

By Will Livingston Comfort

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THEM of imprisonment is to a certain degree like the brand of Cain, because it leaves upon the person a peculiar manner of expression which is indelible, especially in the case of a man of high strung temperament. From the freedom of the outer world to the dim stone and iron walls, with its steel bolted lock, is a light shock even to the stoutest of nerves. An imaginative and nervous man, who has been a prisoner, will find it difficult to get back to the place where he had been caught once.

Until late June night in Nell's room the boy and the girl sat together, whispering and the elder McBride sat in the dark behind them, growing occasionally lamely and expressing great quantities of tobacco.

"Why don't you pick out another place?" the latter asked at length. "That isn't the only house in town."

"You sized that place up for two months, did you?" Jackie replied. "I figured how she'd laid out, what in her and who's in her, and I'm going to bring back some weddin' jools for Nell. We're back to be married."

"More likely you'll murther the father and, seeing that Jackie was preparing to leave to beat a retreat hastily, not desiring to be in the finish.

"I don't care for any jools, Jackie—now!" Nell whispered. They were standing by the door. Across the dark, ill smelling hallway was the room of the McBrides. From the street below ascended faintly the voices and the songs of Italy, and between the two misadventured children standing together at the doorway there was no falsity, no scornful looks, only that an angelic and beautiful woman had survived all degradation to sweeten and sadden the lives of men and maids.

At 1 o'clock the following night Jackie concealed himself in the same shrubbery where Pete Dresser had fallen the preceding summer. His plan, being absolutely his own, was of necessity daring and original. In rear of the Bleeker street saloon, over which the McBrides and Nell lived, there was a small barn where a hawk driver named Ed Drower kept his horses and vehicles. The barn was accustomed to drive into the barn between 3 and 4 each morning, after his night's work. He had a rare faculty of keeping out of trouble and was considered square by both cop and crowd, which denotes remarkable consistency on the hawk driver's part. Upon this man Drower depended in great measure the success or failure of Jackie's attempt upon the Sixty—street mansion. The plan was as follows:

Jackie was to conceal himself in the shrubbery at 1 o'clock. For a half hour he would wait, listening. If at 1:30 he had heard no sound in the house, he would begin operations on the window. He allowed himself ten minutes to make an entrance and twenty minutes in the house. He would leave by the back door and bury up the alley two blocks, where the hawk was to be in readiness. Once in the hawk, Drower might drive back to the barn, as usual.

As on that other night when the three waited in the shrubbery, there was not a sound to be heard inside the great house. On the minute Jackie climbed to the ledge of the window, and, after reaching the interior Jackie stood motionless for several minutes to assure himself that no one had been disturbed by his entrance. The house was as silent as a deserted castle.

First of all, the housebreaker sought the way through a peculiar satisfaction in the thought that so much had been accomplished without a sound. The preliminaries were passed; the crucial moment had come. No one but a burglar knows the fierce strain of such an instant, when a single step will bring away the whole lotting world upon the instant, when one's mind is a veritable hotbed of terrible imaginings, when an almost overwhelming temptation comes to scream and end the suspense.

Jackie was alone. It was his first single handed "operation." The risk ran in blood would bring him achievement or defeat, and what a hideous meaning that last word embodied to a burglar—years of life at best, life itself perhaps! I often wonder if there was any other thought than those of achievement in that cool young head at the foot of the stairway.

Up, up, through the dark, and still his savors, silence and darkness, stood by him. He reached the upper hallway and revealed that rare caution which is a part of courage in thoroughly knowing the rear stairway before going farther. Jackie wore rubber soled shoes, which were light, flexible and noiseless. He paused at the doorway of a side room, his ears straining like a hound's, and his eyes, long accustomed to the dark ground the objects in the apartment. It was unoccupied, at least for the night. The boy would not have dared to light a match in the room of a sleeper, for matches are dangerous, both on account of the odor and the possible sound. He took the chance in this unoccupied room, however. There were several small articles of value on the dresser, and in one of the upper drawers the young burglar had laid upon two tiny plish cases in a part of course in thoroughly pocketing without opening.

The room across the hall contained a sleeping man unmistakably. There was that faint, sweetish odor of liquor

combined with a tobacco scent in the air. A low hanging street lamp shot a pallid, slanting ray into the room, and Jackie did well indeed, procuring a watch, a wallet and a "roll" from the man's clothing and other articles from the dresser. And he made no sound, nor did the sleeper stir.

The great front room, the third and last, because the door creaked slightly as he shoved it gently open; second, because there was a dull red light shining above a magnificent set of mirrors, an unmany lamp of wrought iron, shaded by a deep red globe not unlike the lamps which a traveler finds hanging in the ancient palaces of the Moors; third, because the performer had the feelings of the beautiful apartment were not those of a man. From the dim alcove came soft, steady breathing. In such a place Jackie felt like taking off his cap. If there was anything in thought transference, that moment would have aroused the household. On a mahogany table in the midst of the mirrors and under the red lamp there were jewels, many jewels—

The steady, soft breathing from the alcove ceased. Jackie turned his head suddenly. The woman was sitting upright, and in her eyes was horror unutterable. The burglar raised his hand.

"Not a sound," he whispered, "and I wouldn't harm you for the world."

His task was finished. He moved slowly, silently toward the door, and his eyes never moved from those of the woman. He slipped out. No sooner was the door between the two than the woman screamed.

A Jackie passed the door of the room occupied by the man he heard the latter spring from his bed. It may have required ten seconds for the fugitive to run down the back stairway, hasten out the back door and lock it on the outside, yet before he reached the middle of the yard ring began to sound from the window above. Three of the six shots struck Jackie—one in the right thigh, another in the right calf and a third grazed his hip on the same side. The locked back door alone saved him.

In spite of these wounds, the boy scrambled over a wall into the houses of Tom and Grover, lads of twelve, nine and six. They were hearty, healthy young fellows, who regarded the commands of their gentle, mild tempered aunt in the light of a perpetual joke. The Pullman was crowded, and their fellow passengers looked upon the boy, if he behaved boys.

Their section was nearest the drawing room, and Miss Appleton occasionally caught glimpses of the tall, stern looking man with iron gray hair. He seemed to be always busy, either reading or writing, and her tender conscience prompted the hope that he might be too much absorbed in his work to be disturbed by the proximity of her nephews. She had noticed his critical, disapproving glances at her the thousand and one times, and she had detected a smile on his face when she had made ineffectual efforts to curb them.

It was the fourth day of the journey and a particularly hard one. Bob and Tom had been snapped as usual, and it was with difficulty that she kept back the tears. It was almost the first kindling words spoken in those hard and disagreeable days. There had been admonitions in regard to the boys being brought up, and their mother, looking on, breaking their necks from windows and platforms. There had been many complaints in respect to their noise and requests that they be kept strictly to their own seats, but this was the first kindly intimation. The weary, nervous woman looked steadily over the unwhiling landscape so that the tears that hung heavy on her lashes might remain undetected.

The occupant of the drawing room missed nothing of what was going on. He had seen the woman, looked on, and he had seen her weep. He had seen her look at her for a moment, then stepped out and said quietly: "Let me take your little boy. He can rest very comfortably on my sofa." Suiting the action to the words, he carried the sleeping child to the coach and set the door ajar.

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**Your Tongue**  
If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver is out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

**How Wagon Hampton Used Cigars.**  
Wade Hampton never smoked cigars in a rational way like the rest of mankind. Instead he took the cigars as he took the bullets, he used them to powder between the palms of his hands and made use of the fragments as the old regime use snuff. The coarse bits were thrown away, and in the military committee room, of which he was so long an occupant, there was always a pile of discarded shells on the floor beside his chair. The finest cigars in the market were none too good to be treated this way, and more than one gentleman cigar smoker has been moved to expostulation as he has seen Hampton dispose of a fine weed in such an unceremonious way.

**Nasal CATARRH**  
In all its stages there should be cleanliness. Ely's Cream Balm cures catarrh and the diseased membrane. Cleanses and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

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**J. J. BROWN,**  
THE EYE A SPECIALTY.  
Eyes tested, treated, fitted with glasses and artificial eyes supplied.  
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Hours—10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

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**Orphan's Court Sale**  
—OF—  
**Valuable Real Estate!**  
Estate of John R. Kimerer, M. D., Deceased.  
By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Montour County granted to him for such purpose, the undersigned Administrator of said decedent will expose to public sale (free and discharged from all liens and encumbrances whatsoever) upon the premises situate in the Third Ward of the Borough of Danville, in the County of Montour, and State of Pennsylvania, and described as follows, fronting on Bloom street on the Northwest, lot formerly of Mrs. Mary Ann Arms, now of William K. Holloway, on the Eastward, an alley on the Southwest, and a certain other alley on the Westward, containing in width on Bloom street fifty-four feet and eight inches, and in depth along the said lot of the said William K. Holloway and the last mentioned alley, respectively, ninety feet, more or less; and whereupon are erected a

**FRIDAY, August 21st, 1903,**  
at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, the following described real estate of the said decedent, to wit:

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a frame stable and other outbuildings. Said house has all modern improvements and appointments, is elegantly finished throughout, is nearly new, and all which together with its location make it

**One of the Most Desirable Residences in Danville.**  
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**AMOS VASTINE, Administrator of John R. Kimerer, Deceased.**  
**EDWARD SAYRE GEARHAFT,** Counsel.

Danville, Pa., July 22nd, 1903.

# A Hold Up

By ROSS FRAME

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The Overland Limited was speeding east across New Mexico toward the Texas boundary line. The fine alkali dust of the high plains sifted through every crevice in the car, smothering and irritating the nostrils and noses of passengers. Miss Mary Appleton was one of the few who had not grumbled at the dust, heat, lack of mirages or slowness of the service. Presumably her time was justly occupied. The Major's children, her three nephews, demanded her complete attention.

When Major Mayne of the United States army was ordered to the Philippines, his wife elected to go with him. The children were easily disposed by their little mother of a mother. "I'll send them east, I'll telegraph Mary to come out and take them back. It will be a nice trip for her, poor thing."

So the "poor thing," who was Mrs. Mayne's elder half sister, the Chloroform of the household, age reversed, left her invalid stepmother behind and journeyed to San Francisco for her charges.

"I'll tell you and make it pleasant for you while you are with us," Mrs. Mayne looked with manifest disfavor at the irresponsible little lady who had left all packing and house clearing arrangements until the last minute, and it took all of Mary's time and sound sense to evolve order out of confusion. Finally all the boxes were packed, the major and his wife off to the transport, and Miss Appleton, with her three rebellious charges, seated in the train for their long ride to the Atlantic coast.

One section had been provided for her. Bob, the three boys snapped as usual, and it was with difficulty that she kept back the tears. It was almost the first kindling words spoken in those hard and disagreeable days. There had been admonitions in regard to the boys being brought up, and their mother, looking on, breaking their necks from windows and platforms. There had been many complaints in respect to their noise and requests that they be kept strictly to their own seats, but this was the first kindly intimation. The weary, nervous woman looked steadily over the unwhiling landscape so that the tears that hung heavy on her lashes might remain undetected.

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**Orphan's Court Sale**  
—OF—  
**Valuable Real Estate!**  
Estate of John R. Kimerer, M. D., Deceased.  
By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Montour County granted to him for such purpose, the undersigned Administrator of said decedent will expose to public sale (free and discharged from all liens and encumbrances whatsoever) upon the premises situate