

KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER V.

"Now, smile a little, Kitty, and you'll look almost pretty!" Meg drew back a pace to survey me critically. I sat looking fixedly before me into the little cracked toilet glass, and tried to get used to the best beautified version of myself that I saw reflected there.

My dark hair was all gathered up high on my head, twisted loosely by Meg's deft fingers to lie in soft, graceful coils. Beneath the mass of dark hair my face looked smaller and paler than I had been used to think it; my eyes had never looked so deeply set—they were too large and too dark for the smallness and paleness of my face, and my lips were too grave and too wistful; and yet, on the whole, I was prettier than I had thought myself. For the first time in my life I realized that my head was well set, that my face was delicately shaped, that my chin at least was pretty.

Aunt Jane was giving a party to-night and I was in festal attire—in a white dress of soft muslin that had never been worn by either Meg or Dora—a pretty dress that opened at the throat, that fitted me trimly, and that in some mysterious way made me look slim and tall and not ungraceful.

I put my elbows carelessly upon the grimy little dressing-table, bespattered with London smuts, and gazed longingly into the cracked glass with unblinking eagerness.

"I wish I were pretty!"—and I sighed. "I wonder if I am pretty, rather pretty—am I, Meg? Oh, Meg, I think I would give anything to be beautiful like you!"

"I believe some people might think you prettier," she admitted, with an air of genuine concession. "Not that I can say that I agree with them!" she added at once with laughing candor. "You are too thin and too white—but you'll do. Here, put in this bit of red

tense voice, without turning my head. "Never! Oh, has he repented? Well, I thought he would."

"I returned no answer. "Suppose he does propose?" persisted Dora, lazily. "What are you going to say?"

It was the question I had been asking myself again and again, morning, noon, and night, for the past fortnight, ever since that afternoon when Aunt Jane had talked to me. I had always given myself the same answer—given it resolutely, emphatically—I should refuse him, and refuse him unhesitatingly, in such a way that he should not doubt my firmness, should never think of urging me. And yet, in spite of my decision, again and again the question had come back to me, as though I had never solved it.

"He will not ask me," I said. "If he does—"

"If he does?"

"I shall not accept him," I said, quietly.

Dora tilted her chair backward in a perilous position, and sat and watched me.

"And what will mamma say?" she asked presently in a comical tone of consternation.

"I don't care—I don't care in the very least!" I said, and this time at all events there was a ring of sincerity in my tone. My fear of Aunt Jane had vanished marvelously in the past two weeks. I seemed to have grown from childhood to womanhood, and Aunt Jane no longer overawed me, no longer held my destiny subject to her frown. My heart sank whenever I told myself anew that I must refuse John Mortimer; but it was not the fear of Aunt Jane that so much oppressed me.

"She would never forgive you," said Dora with easy conviction.

"I know that; I should never ask her. Dora," I continued, turning away from the window and coming back to

heart; it ached at the thought of how short a time was left before my wish must be accomplished. When the time came for us to go Cornwall, the time would come, too, when John Mortimer would go to Brittany, to the sister who thought lightly of girls, and to her friend, that perfect woman, who was as young at 30 as she had been at 20, who would never be old at heart, of whom it was impossible that any one could have spoken in disparage.

CHAPTER VI.

Aunt Jane passed along the passage on her way to her room to dress. She opened my door, which stood ajar, and looked in with her normal air of disapproval.

"Do you intend to come downstairs in that costume, Dora?" she asked, severely, looking at Dora's pretty but much-crumpled pink print. "My dear Kate"—with a still sourer glance at me—"will you try to recollect that your dress will cost at least two guineas and has to be paid for yet? If you bear that in mind, you will perhaps be careful of it all the evening. If you are ready, you can go downstairs at once into the drawing-room."

I went downstairs as Aunt Jane had bidden me. The drawing-room door stood open. I entered, and, busily engaged in arranging the little nosegay of red geraniums at my waist, I half-crossed the room before I was conscious that any one was there. Then, as I raised my eyes, I met John Mortimer's grave, frank smile, and I know my face lighted up at once.

He came forward to meet me, his steady gray eyes still constraining me to look at him.

"I came early, Kitty, to see you," he told me, speaking in a very quiet, serious way. "I asked Mrs. Corfield to let me see you for a little while alone."

So Aunt Jane had sent me down to meet him! Why had she not warned me that he was here? Why had she let him surprise me into that swift, tell-tale glance of greeting?

He drew forward the only easy-chair the room contained—a chair sacred to the service of Aunt Jane—and seated himself near me on the green red sofa by the window. He eyed me with a somewhat puzzled glance.

"Are you wondering what has happened to me?" I asked.

"You are looking very grown up," he answered, smiling. "And very pretty," he added, after a moment, in a quiet tone.

In spite of myself my eyes smiled into his. I drew a deep, contented breath. He thought me pretty—all the rest of the world might think me plain, and I should not care! I should never bemoan again my paleness, my dark eyes, which would not sparkle as Meg's blue eyes sparkled when they smiled.

"I have a new dress," I explained, shyly—"a new dress which is quite my own. Do you like it?"

"Very much. I always like your dresses, Kitty!"

I looked at him wondering.

"What—always!" I echoed. "Not always!" I echoed. "Not always?"

"Always!"

"The old linsay-woolsey I was wearing last winter, with the sleeves half-way up my arms, and the skirt above my ankles, and the black braid all turned green and the elbows thread-bare! You didn't like that dress?"

"Yes, I did."

"It was hideous! Meg and Dora were always bantering me about that dress. It was the ugliest dress that was ever seen."

"Was it?"

"And how it wore!" I said, sighing. "It wouldn't wear out. I thought it would last till doomsday. Do you know, I don't think much of your taste in dresses."

He smiled at me in his grave way; and let my slighting opinion pass unchallenged. His eyes, even while they smiled, were looking at me with a strange earnestness. He bent forward a little, facing me.

(To be continued.)

A Queen Who Does Washing.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis News says that when the town of Boerne, near San Antonio, Tex., was settled in 1845, by a colony of Germans, the settlers were told they could live as they wished, provided they were good, industrious citizens. They selected from their number "a man and his wife of mental as well as physical weight" as their king and queen, whose edicts and commands they agreed to obey to the letter. They were much astonished several months later to learn that this state of things would not do in this country, and the king and queen were deposed. The king is dead, but the ex-queen still lives. She is worth \$100,000, and owns one-third of the town, but takes in laundry work and bends over her tub six days in the week. Her word is still law with the older people, and some of the younger ones.—New York Tribune.

A Cow for Sale.

The late Bill Nye once advertised a cow for sale as follows: "Owing to ill-health, I will sell at my residence, in township 19, range according to government survey, one plush, raspberry colored cow, aged eight years. She is a good milker, and is not afraid of the cars or anything else. She is of undoubted courage, and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form, she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her home at present, but she will be sold to any one who will use her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barreled shotgun which goes with her. In May she generally goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall red calf with wabbling legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

DEWEY TAKES NEW YORK BY SURPRISE.

Just as he surprised the enemy nearly a year and a half ago, Admiral Dewey took by surprise the city which was waiting for the hero of Manila and preparing a magnificent reception for him. The admiral and his famous flagship, the Olympia, appeared off Sandy Hook, New York, shortly after 5:30 o'clock Tuesday morning, two days before he was expected, and plans which had been made for a great welcome were somewhat disarranged by the admiral's promptness, which might, however, have been predicted.

The Olympia, receiving salutes from forts and vessels in the bay, passed Scotland lightship bound in at 5:50 o'clock and less than two hours later, at 7:40 o'clock, had come to anchor in the lower bay inside Sandy Hook.

The celebration in honor of Admiral Dewey's arrival home began that night, instead of on Thursday night, as previously arranged.

It was misty as the Olympia showed up in the southeast, through the haze and in the dim light of early morning. With the admiral's own flag floating from the main masthead, and the long homeward-bound pennant streaming from the peak above, the graceful cruiser steamed full into view. When she passed the Hook a thundering admiral's salute of seventeen guns roared from the guns at Fort Hancock and signals of welcome topped by old glory were made from the observatory on the Hook. In answer to the welcome the Olympia signaled "Thanks."

Everybody was on deck on the cruiser who could possibly get there without neglecting his duty, and the admiral could plainly be seen walking aft. The ensign was dipped in answer to the salutes of several passing vessels, and when the flagship had come to anchor below the southwest spit Fort Hancock's salute was answered from the rapid-fire guns which spoke at Manila.

An orderly bearing dispatches from the admiral and other officers went ashore when the cruiser was made fast and reported a pleasant voyage and all hands well on board. He begged for back files of the newspapers, and while they were being collected for him out on the Olympia began what bade fair to be a hard day's work, dipping the ensign to passing vessels and craft which came up, down and across the bay to welcome the admiral on his safe return.

The steambot Sandy Hook from Atlantic Highlands was among the first of all the floating craft from New York to welcome Admiral Dewey to these waters. The Olympia acknowledged the salutes and the Sandy Hook's passengers crowded to the port rail. The men and women waved hats and handkerchiefs and cheered frantically, but when the figure of the admiral was made out on deck the cheers turned to wild yells and the passengers were in danger of throwing themselves into the water in the energy of their vigorous reception.

The admiral lifted his cap in acknowledgment of the tumultuous greetings and the yells redoubled. The passengers were still shouting noisy welcomes when the Sandy Hook's pilot headed for the city. Dewey was informed in loud tones that his friends were bidding good-by to him only temporarily and that they would "see him again."

The steambot Monmouth left Atlantic Highlands pier at 9 o'clock, carrying a large crowd of the summer residents of the Jersey shore. Capt. Martin headed his boat right for the Olympia and came to a stop alongside her. The admiral was on the quarter-deck. The passengers on the steambot cheered him lustily, and he bowed and smiled and said: "Thank you."

For five minutes the passengers kept up their cheering. They cheered for the big cruiser and every man on it, and for the Philippines, and then for the man who won them. The Olympia's jacksies, thronging the rail, replied, and the band struck up a patriotic air. Then the Monmouth drew away and came up to the city.

Rear Admiral Phillip, the commandant of the Brooklyn navy yard, was informed of the Olympia's arrival while at breakfast. He called together the officers of the yard and read them the telegram. Shortly after 10 o'clock Admiral Phillip gave orders that the silver service and the bronze tablet presented by the city of Olympia to the cruiser and the gun metal medals for the Olympia's crew be put on board the navy tug Traffic. Lieut. Dewey of the receiving ship Vermont, a nephew of the admiral, was ordered by the commandant to deliver these gifts to the flagship. The Traffic left the navy yard at 11:30 o'clock.

There was no formal presentation of the gifts. They were simply put on board and given over to the care of the admiral. Later Admiral Sampson went to the Olympia in the dispatch-boat Dolphin. He was in full-dress uniform and was given a hearty welcome.

WELCOME AT WASHINGTON.

Admiral Dewey to Arrive at the Capitol on Oct. 2.

Washington telegram: The special train from New York, bearing Admiral Dewey to this city, will arrive at 6:50 p. m. on Oct. 2. The naval hero will be escorted to the white house by the Third cavalry. Here he will receive his official welcome from President McKinley and will report to Secretary Long. The other members of the cabinet will also be present to grasp the hand of the hero of Manila. The party will then enter the reviewing stand, which has been modeled from the plans of the bridge of the Olympia, and will witness the great illuminated night parade, in which 20,000 men will participate.

The military escort to the capitol on the following day will be a glittering pageant and will number nearly every official of the army and navy. About 6,000 men will participate, and Gen. Nelson A. Miles will act as grand marshal, with Gen. H. C. Corbin as adjutant-general. The presentation of the \$10,000 sword voted by congress promises to be a brilliant occasion. The stand upon which the exercises will be held has been erected at the east front of the capitol and fronts upon a great plaza, which will accommodate over 300,000 people.

When the sword has been presented by Secretary Long, Commander George W. Baird, U. S. N., will present the admiral with the historic old admiral's

flag which was used by Admiral Farragut while on the Hartford. After the exercises at the east front of the capitol the military escort will be reviewed by Admiral Dewey, the president, and members of the cabinet.

As soon as the Dewey ceremonies in New York are over, Admiral Dewey will be formally detached from the Olympia. The flagship will then proceed to Boston, where she will be placed out of commission and receive an extensive overhauling.

Admiral Dewey will not be assigned to any duty until he has been consulted on the subject.

The admiral will have as much leave as he desires, but it is believed that he will not accept any of the many invitations of American cities to attend demonstrations in his honor between the conclusion of the Washington ceremonies and the meeting of the Philippine commission.

A Starch Fiend.

Savannah News: Among the unfortunate fiends in Havana has been discovered one addicted to the eating of starch, which it is said is stored away on the average of a pound a day. The unfortunate is a woman and in her desperation she will, after failure to get lump starch, chew up old clothes or anything which gives the taste of starch. The victim of this habit is Mary Carney, an aged woman, who lives at 558 Roberts street. She is being treated by City Physician Davis, who did not know until recently that the woman was addicted to the habit of eating starch. She denied everything of the kind, giving other causes for her complaints, but after the physician had visited her a few times he determined she was the subject of some terrible habit. She had a rather clayish color, and there were other symptoms which led the physician to believe she was addicted to a habit of some kind. After close questioning recently she admitted that she had been eating starch in crude lumps for a number of years, and that she could not get along without it. She told the physician she gulped it down dry, with scarcely enough moisture to admit of its passage into the stomach. It was learned she eats about a pound a day.

Some Horse Sense.

There is a good deal of horse sense in the following extract from Governor Roosevelt's speech at Olean, N. Y., delivered a few days ago: "Of course, we ought to welcome and do all we can to hasten the coming of the time when life shall be easier for the man farthest underneath. Try to help him by the only way; help him to help himself. If a man stumbles, help him up. If he lies down it is no use carrying him. Don't think it is. It isn't. Not only will it not allow you time for anything else, but if you carry him long enough he will think it is right, and will find fault because you do not find a way to carry him easier."

Coffee is becoming an important industry in Queensland. It has outgrown the home demand and the Queenslanders are preparing to put their coffee on the London market.



HE CAME FORWARD TO MEET ME.

geranium! Yes—you'll do. Now I'll run away and get dressed myself. Are you coming, Dora?"

But Dora sat still.

"Kitty, you're getting vain!" she said with a laugh, as Meg went tripping away.

"Vain!" I echoed dismally. "I wish I could be vain! I never used to care about being pretty; I suppose it comes with growing up. I wish my hair curled, Dora!"

"Curl it, dear."

"I wish I were like Meg!"—and I sighed again.

"Meg's prettiness won't wear," said Dora, in a judicial tone. "By the time you're 40, Kitty, you'll be much better looking than Meg."

"But I'm not 40," I exclaimed, half-laughing, half-petulant. "I don't care how I look at 40. I care how I look now—not at 40 or 80, but now!"

Dora leant back in her chair, and, with a little smile, surveyed me lazily.

"My dear little Kitty," she said, after a minute, "do you know what any one who saw you and heard you at this moment would imagine?"

"What?"

"You to be in love, my dear. You have all the symptoms—and more. Who is it, Kitty? Break it to me gently."

I took my elbow from the table and rose hastily, with a sudden sense of irritation and impatience.

"One needn't be in love," I declared, moving away from Dora to the window, "just because one wishes not to be a fright. I'm not in love!"

"Well, it would be difficult," said Dora, with a yawn—"unless you fell in love with your poor little harr at your music lessons. Besides the harr, whom do you see? Nobody! Poor child—nobody at all! Oh, I forgot—there's John Mortimer; but John Mortimer doesn't count! By the by, Kitty, when is John Mortimer going to propose to you?"

"Not," I replied in a clear, steady,

my seat before the table, "I have been thinking about—about things lately, and I've decided what I want to do. I want to go away now, not away from London perhaps, but away from here. I want to be earning a living of my own, not to be dependent any longer on Aunt Jane's bounty. Some one might have me as a governess, as nursery governess. Do you think that anybody would?"

"And teach horrid little boys and girls their A B C, and see that their shashes are tied straight and their faces cleanly washed, and that their toes are tucked in at night! I would rather marry John Mortimer if I were you."

"Would you?" I said, dryly.

"Well, no," said Dora, laughing, "on second thought I'm not sure that I would. While one is unmarried, life, even as a snubbed governess in a stuffy schoolroom, has at all events possibilities. John Mortimer is such a grim, unromantic certainty."

"Perhaps he does seem grim to you," I said coldly. "He never seems grim to me."

"He's so—so middle-aged," objected Dora, with another little yawn.

"He's 35!" I said, with a sudden feeling of irritation. "I hate young men."

"What odd taste! And then, he's so commonplace! Not, by the widest stretch of imagination, could I fancy John Mortimer doing anything a little wicked."

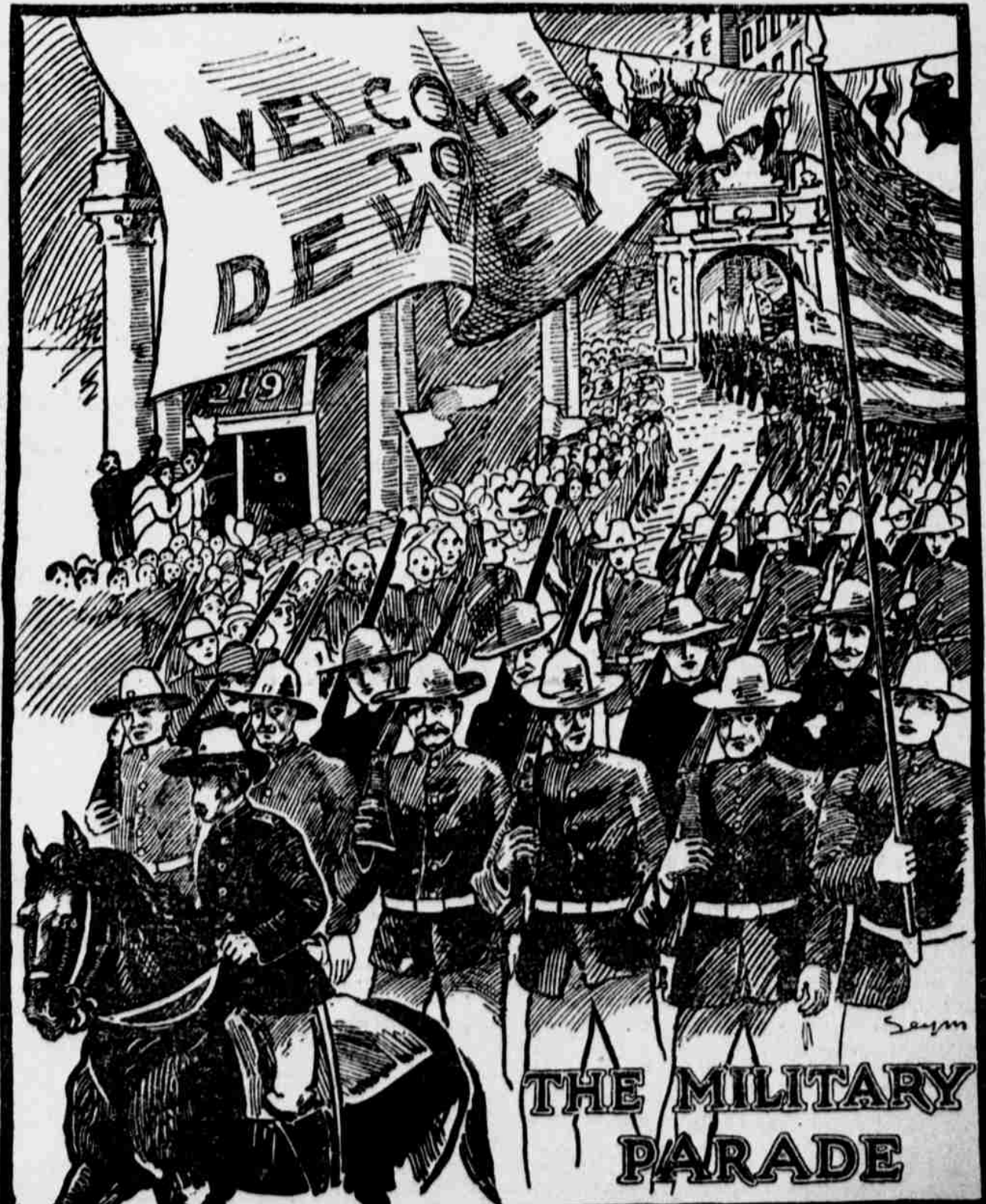
"Nor I. I'm glad!"

"Oh, I like a man to have a dash of wickedness!"

"Do you? I prefer a man to be trustworthy, upright and true!"

"My dear Kitty, why so snappish?" "I'm not snappish," I said quickly, with a feeling of penitence. "London's so hot!" I explained somewhat illogically. "One's temper can't be perfect in London in the first week of August. I shall be glad when we get away."

But, even as I expressed the wish, something seemed to tighten about my



THE MILITARY PARADE