

# KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

## CHAPTER X.

A beautiful woman, about whose beauty there could not be two opinions—of goodly height, yet so full of grace that she was rarely described as tall—with a certain gentle staidness that no words can quite describe—with a head well poised, gray eyes that had more tenderness, more passion in their depths than any other eyes I had ever seen, mobile lips as expressive as the eyes, a face a perfect oval, clearly, delicately cut, bright, brown wavy hair, growing gracefully around a perfect brow—the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, ever dreamt of—Madame Arnaud.

She had the gracious ways which a beautiful woman learns by the time she is thirty years of age. If thirty years had taken the first soft, peach-like bloom from her complexion, that was but a small loss. With her queenly ways, her slow yet radiant smile, she was far more charming than any mere girl could be. In her presence, even Meg's prettiness seemed inexpressive. I, who had scarcely any claim to prettiness, was overwhelmed with a sense of my own insignificance.

We saw much of Madame Arnaud. She came often, and she generally came in the evening when John was at home. Ostensibly, her calls were on me; but, when she left the drawing-room, John accompanying her across the little hall, she fell at once into a softer, more familiar tone; sometimes, half an hour after she had bidden good-night to me, she was still talking in a subdued, confidential voice to John in the hall or in his study; and now and then John would go with her the short distance that lay between our houses, and if the evening was quiet I could catch the sound of their footsteps as they passed and repassed up and down the pavement, until at

I poked my fire obediently. The merry blaze shot up and dispersed the shadows. The firelight was so pretty that the lamp, which the maid at that moment brought in, was banished by Meg to the piano in the corner. The little afternoon tea table was wheeled before the fire, and Meg drew her chair opposite to mine and sank back in it with a sigh of luxurious content.

"One question, Kitty," she said. "Will John come in?"

"I think not—not yet."

"Then I'm happy," she replied; "I breathe freely. Now confess, Kitty—I'll never tell a soul—don't you feel a sense of relief when John goes out?"

"No, I don't."

"Kitty, you're snappish. Your temper was never nice—and it's getting worse."

I laughed and began to pour out the tea. Meg leant back in her chair and looked critically at her blue cup, and stirred her tea slowly with the quaint little apostle's spoon, then removed the spoon to examine it.

"I like your silver and your china, Kitty. The sight of your silver and china would almost persuade me to marry, if anyone would marry me. But the sight of you and John counteracts the rash desire."

"How do John and I look?"

"Look at yourself in the glass, dear; the glass will speak for one. And John looks worse. Do you keep him on cold mutton chops, Kitty? Nothing but an unvarying diet of mutton chops could account for his profound gloom."

"John's not gloomy—you imagine that," I declared, with a little sharp catch in my breath even as I made the decisive assertion.

"And you're not gloomy?" questioned Meg, stirring her tea, and putting out her neatly-shod little feet to the welcome blaze. "Is he a tyrant,

ame Arnaud had or will take a box, and she invites us all."

## CHAPTER XI.

The firelight was very bright. I leant back in my chair to escape from it. My heart had suddenly turned cold; I waited for a moment, then asked a question very quietly.

"Was Madame Arnaud there—at the office, Meg?"

Meg hesitated for a moment. She put down her cup, folded her hands in her lap, and looked closely at me.

"Kitty, for goodness' sake, be a rational being!" she exclaimed. "If you had meant to be jealous of Madame Arnaud, you should have been jealous before you married John, and not have married him. For goodness' sake, don't be jealous at this late date."

"I'm not jealous," I replied, in a dull yet protesting tone. "Why should I be?"

For many minutes we sat in silence, the clock on the little chimney-piece ticking audibly in the stillness of the room. Then it was I who broke the silence. I spoke with sudden passion, yet in a low, slow, deliberate tone.

"I wish I had never married John," I said. "I wish it every day, Meg. I have spoiled his life. I have made him wretched."

"Kitty!"

Meg was as serious now as I. She came round to where I sat, and seated herself on the elbow of my chair. I put my head against her shoulder and sat in silence, looking perfectly hopelessly before me.

"He loved her," I said at last, still speaking in a quiet tone, still looking before me into the glowing fire. "Some one should have told me! No one told me; I did not know—I did not know!"

"And I did not know it until afterwards," said Meg gently. "I had heard of her, but I had only heard half the story. I heard it again the other day more fully."

"Tell me."

"But John has told you."

"No."

"How strange! It's a long story; I scarcely know where to begin. Ten or eleven years ago Madame Arnaud—she was Lucia St. John then—was an actress, a singer—but you know that."

"I know nothing."

"She sang in opera; they said she was the coming prima donna. She sang for two seasons; then her voice failed her."

"Go on, Meg."

"She had been engaged to John—how strange it is, Kitty, that I should know this and not you!—did you know she had been engaged to John?"

"No."

"John ought to have told you, I think. Well, she had been making a big income, and the income dwindled down to nothing suddenly, and John was poor. He was very poor, you know, in those days; he was only a solicitor with a precarious sort of practice, with a reputation yet to be made. Then he was struggling to pay off his father's debt—he was poor, hopelessly. She had made him promise that, after their marriage, she should not give up her career—she was to be allowed to go on singing. She had been singing in Paris; she was coming home. It was midwinter, and she and Miss Mortimer, who was always with her, chose to remain on deck when sensible people would have been sleeping in their cabins. She took cold. When she got well again her voice was gone—gone as far as her profession was concerned. That's her story."

"But not all. Go on."

## (To be continued.)

### Was Rebuilt After the Flood.

It is claimed for a building near St. Albans, England, that it is the oldest inhabited house in that country. A part of it, at any rate, is more than 1,000 years old. This is the foundation which was built by King Offa. The structure was originally used as a fishing lodge by the monks of the abbey of St. Albans, of which monastery it formed a part. It was situated on the bank of an immense fish pond near St. Albans, belonging to the royal palace of Kingsbury, of which little but the name now remains. The present building resting upon these ancient foundations was probably erected during the fifteenth century. It has possessed several names, and is at present known as the "Fighting Cocks." There is a wooden tablet on the front wall setting forth that it is "The oldest inhabited house in England." But this, though enough to satisfy any reasonable being, is feeble when compared with a former sign which ran: "The Old Round House: Rebuilt after the flood."

### Triumph of Kealism.

Brush—"I suppose you have heard the old story of the artist who painted grapes so natural that the birds came and pecked at them." Penn—"That's nothing. A friend of mine painted a tramp so true to life that he couldn't get rid of it. People wouldn't have the thing in their houses."—New York Journal.

### No Cause for Worry.

Mrs. Hennessy—Shure, Pat, darlint, its afraid OI am that OI'll oversleep meself in th' mornin' an' be too late for early mass. Hennessy—"Don't worry 'a' tall, a' tall, Mary Ann. Av ye foind yourself overslappin' jes' tech me an' OI'll wake ye at want."—Ohio State Journal.

### Retrospection.

Spriggs—How much older is your sister than you, Johnny? Johnny—"I dunno. Maud used to be 25 years, then she was 20, and now she ain't only 18. We'll soon be twins."

## HER UNCLE'S JOKE.

"No, Kitty; you must never marry without my consent. You are not in love now, are you?"

"Why, no, uncle. How could I be when I don't know any one?"

"That's so. You didn't have much chance to fall in love at school, and your vacations were spent with me. Now, Kitty, the man I want you to marry is Mr. Right."

"Mr. Right?"

"Yes. You have never seen him?" he asked, his eyes twinkling.

"No, I don't know any Mr. Right."

"Well, he's the man I want you to marry, and if you do you shall have every cent of my money."

"But, uncle, I have never seen him and might not care for him, and if I did perhaps he wouldn't want me."

"Oh, you'll fall in love with him fast enough, and as for him not wanting you—why, I'd like to find the man who couldn't want Kitty Clinton, even if she didn't have a nice pocketful of money. But don't worry your pretty head about him, for there's lots of time. Charlie Emery is coming here next week, and you can have a good time with him and we will see about Mr. Right later on. You remember Charlie, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed, I remember Charlie. I haven't seen him since I was 14 and he was 20. How nice he was to me, although I was so much younger. But do you know, uncle, he was in love with some one, for one day a picture of a young lady fell from his pocket and I ran away with it." She laughed as she thought how he had chased her through the fields, and when worn out she had dropped down under a tree to rest and have a look at the picture until he came up, tired and cross, to claim it. He had blushed as she handed it back, asking, "Is that the future Mrs. Emery?"

"No, it is Miss Emery, my cousin."

"Well, you needn't blush so. I'm a sort of cousin, too, but you never carry my picture with you," she said, getting up and going quickly towards the house. "Why, Kitty," he said, following her, "I think—"

"Oh, I don't care what you think," she said, as she started to run. "You can marry her for all I care," and she had gone in the house and never appeared again.

might know what the consequences would be if I spent much time in your company."

"Oh, Charlie, didn't you know there is some Mr. Wright uncle wants me to marry? I thought likely you knew, and never said anything about it. Uncle never changes his mind, either."

"Well, he'll have to, this time," he said, as he helped her out of the boat. "For if he doesn't, I'll carry you off by force."

"Oh, you needn't do that, young man," said a voice close beside him. "I guess you're Mr. Right, and have my consent before you've asked it."

"But, uncle, Charlie's name isn't Wright."

"I know his name isn't Wright. That was just a joke of mine, which you didn't see through. I think he appears to be the right man, though."

"Am I, Kitty?"

"I think you are, but what a funny way for uncle to put it," and the old man laughed softly as he went into the house.—Boston Post.

### A Rainy Day in Manila.

To any one who enjoys the funny side of life as well as the pathetic, and sees the ridiculous in everything, a rainy day on the Escalita is well worth seeing. Perhaps the most striking feature to an American is the apparent unconcern with which the natives take the "cloud-burst," for no other name is applicable to the rain as it comes down in Manila; also the numerous ways they have of keeping dry. The most approved fashion for a Quiluz driver is to roll his trousers well up above the knee, without shoe or stocking, don a mackintosh, and he is thoroughly equipped for a heavy storm. If he is not lucky enough to own a mackintosh, it doesn't seem to matter much, for he takes the rain as a natural consequence and says nothing. The women all discard their velvet slippers and take one twist at the long-suffering skirt band, which lifts the skirt far above the danger of contamination with the water and mud of the "Calle;" then, if she is fortunate enough to possess an umbrella, she is provided for, and if not the proud owner of a parasol, she substitutes her large market basket,



"HE'LL HAVE TO, THIS TIME."

peared until at dinner, when she was her old mischievous self again. He had left the next morning and she had never seen him since, but she had heard of him frequently. After graduating from college he had gone abroad and but lately returned. Miss Emery had married a college friend of his. Where did he keep that picture now?

"Now, Kitty," said her uncle, "run away and don't worry about Mr. Right. He'll be your ideal, I'll promise you."

"Well, well," he said, as she left the room. "I thought she'd see through the joke. Guess I'll let it go now. My experience is that if you want a couple to marry, make them think it impossible and then nothing can prevent them. But she'll go and fall in love with the man I want her to, thinking Mr. Right really exists."

But Kitty did let it worry her, and again and again she questioned her uncle about Mr. Wright (as she believed his name to be), but his answers gave her little or no satisfaction. Finally she determined she would forget him, while Charlie was with them, anyway.

When she saw Charlie she said she would never have taken that bearded man for the smooth-faced boy she had known four summers before. She herself was the same little sprig, with her sparkling eyes and mass of dark brown hair. When he inquired after his "fair cousin," he laughingly replied that he had spent the last Sunday with her and Tom. "What a chase you led me that day, and I never told you, but that night I received a letter from home telling me of her marriage, and I was so cross I tore the picture up."

Thus they talked of the past and the many pleasant days they had spent together. That night in her own room Kitty said softly as she put out the light, "I wish Charlie was Mr. Wright."

They had been in the boat all the afternoon, and were just returning home.

"No, Charlie, I cannot be your wife, for uncle would never consent."

"And why didn't he tell me so? He

which she balances gracefully on her head, and this answers a double purpose—keeps her cigarette from being put out by the rain and also preserves the freshness of the vegetables which are to supply the family for at least 12 hours. The children seem to be in their element. Arrayed only in a smile, they paddle in the rain and the mud very much like the native duck.—Manila Freedom.

### Destroys Young Lobsters.

That cod eat young lobsters is a fact established to the satisfaction of a writer in an exchange quoted by the Fishing Gazette. He says: "The codfish are feeding on the young lobsters to such an extent that it will not take long to exterminate them. Through the efforts of the United States fish commission codfish seem to have increased greatly in numbers. The fishermen around Block Island and Watch Hill say that cod are growing more plentiful every year, and they say further that when dressing codfish they frequently find young lobsters whole inside of the larger fish. Evidently young lobsters are becoming a delicate morsel for some of their companions of the sea. There is a problem for the shellfish commissioners to solve in the artificial propagation of the lobster. Old fishermen about Watch Hill and vicinity tell me that when they haul their lobster pots now they get fifteen and twenty pounds where they used to get 100." The fishermen have no one to blame but themselves. When lobsters were plentiful they would kill the egg-bearing lobsters as nuisances and bait destroyers. If they had thrown them overboard the result might have been different.

### Celestial Matches.

A young hopeful sat in the window a long time the other night during a thunder storm and contemplated the scene with a wise look on his face. Then he turned to his mother and said: "Mamma, the angels are watching matches on the sky."

## COLERIDGE AND OPIUM HABIT.

How the Great Author Acquired the Fatal Practice.

The following has been often quoted, but it cannot be too widely known. It is an account in Coleridge's own words of how he was led into the fatal habit of using opium: "I wrote a few stanzas twenty-three years ago, soon after my eyes had been opened to the true nature of the habit into which I had been ignorantly deluded by the seeming magic effects of opium in the sudden removal of a supposed rheumatism, attended with swellings in my knees and palpitations of the heart and pains all over me by which I had been bedridden for nearly six months. Unhappily among my neighbors and landlord's books were a large parcel of medical reviews and magazines. I had always a fondness—a common case but most mischievous turn with reading men who are at all dyspeptic—for dabbling in medical writings, and in one of these I met a case which I fancied very like my own, in which a cure had been effected by the Kendal black drop. In an evil hour I procured it; it worked miracles—the swellings disappeared, the pains vanished; I was all alive, and all around me being as ignorant as myself, nothing could exceed my triumph. I talked of nothing else, prescribed the newly discovered panacea for all complaints and carried a bottle about with me, not to lose an opportunity of administering instant relief and speedy cure to all complainers simple and gentle. Need I say that my own apparent convalescence was of no long continuance? But what then? The remedy was at hand infallible. Alas! it is with a bitter smile, a laugh of gall and bitterness, that I recall this period of unsuspecting delusion, and how I first become aware of the maelstrom, the fatal whirlpool to which I was drawing, just when the current was beyond my strength to stem. The state of my mind is truly portrayed in the following effusion, for which God knows the moment I was the victim of pain and terror, nor had I at any time taken the flattering poison as a stimulus or any craving after pleasurable sensations. I needed none, and oh, with what unutterable sorrow did I read the 'Confessions of an Opium Eater,' in which the writer with morbid vanity makes a boast of what was my misfortune, for he had faithfully and with an agony of zeal been warned off the gulf and yet willfully struck into the current. Heaven be merciful to him!"

### Facts About the Twelfth Century.

The nineteenth century closes with the year 1900. Immediately after midnight, therefore, of Dec. 31, 1900, is when the twentieth century begins. In other words, it begins with the first second of the first hour of the first day of January, 1901. The twentieth century will open on a Tuesday and closes on a Sunday. It will have the greatest number of leap years possible for a century—twenty-four. The year 1904 will be the first one, then every fourth year after that and including the year 2000. February will three times have five Sundays—in 1920, 1948 and 1976. The twentieth century will contain 36,525 days, which lacks but one day of being exactly 5,218 weeks. The middle day of the century will be Jan. 1, 1951. Several announcements are made of changes to be inaugurated with the opening of the new century. The first of importance is that Russia will adopt the Gregorian calendar. This will be done by omitting thirteen days, the amount of error that will have accumulated after the close of February, 1900. The Russians will then write Jan. 1, 1901, instead of Dec. 19, 1900, or rather, instead of both, according to the dual system now in vogue in that country and in Greece. The other important announcement is that it is not at all unlikely that the astronomical day, which now begins at noon of the civil day, will begin with the civil day, at midnight. The present method of having the astronomical day to begin twelve hours after the beginning of the civil day is apt to be confusing. On the other hand, to have the former begin at midnight, just when astronomers are often busiest, will be to them somewhat inconvenient.

### Crediting Stamp Loss.

Washington Spe. New York Evening Post: A good idea of the enormous size of the postal business may be had by getting close to one of the big machine's smallest wheels. Take, for example, the crediting of stamped envelopes or stamps which have been accidentally destroyed or rendered worthless. This one duty occupies the entire time of six men. During the last quarter the books of the department show that Chicago was credited with 21 cases of such stamped envelopes, each containing 10,000. The losses come from many different causes. Often envelopes are misdirected. Sometimes they are burned or get wet. A method by which stamps are frequently lost is the grinding of a mail sack under the wheels of a train. This sometimes happens when an effort is made to catch a mail sack from a train going too rapidly. If the bag happens to slip, the pouch is pretty sure to be sucked under the cars.

### Luggage Arrived First.

From the London Answers: As a train was moving out of a Scotch station a man in one of the compartments noticed that the porter, in whose charge he had given his luggage, had not put it into the van, and so shouted at him and said: "Hi, you old fool, what do you mean by not putting that luggage in the van?" To which the porter replied: "Eh, man! yer luggage is ne'er such a fool as yersel! Yer's the wrong train!"

Not the burden, but the over-burden, kills the horse.



"DID YOU NOT KNOW SHE HAD BEEN ENGAGED TO JOHN?"

last she went indoors and John returned alone.

A month went by—a chill, gray October, with raw mornings and misty evenings and rare glimpses of pale wintry sunshine. I grew more than one month older in those four long weeks. I scarcely knew what troubled me; I tried to put the thought of the trouble away—I shrank from facing it. John asked me sometimes if I was happy; I always assured him "Yes," and perhaps the assurance was more eager than spontaneous, for he would look at me gently and turn away with a little sigh.

He was always gentle. I wished impatiently sometimes that he would be less patient, less good, less kind. Were men so invariably patient with wives that were sure they loved? Again and again his sister's words came back to me—"You loved her because you wished to love her. Is such love trustworthy? Will it wear a lifetime? Husband it with all your energy!" The words seemed to echo in my brain; I could not, strive as I would, put them away from me.

It was a misty, chilly afternoon toward the end of October. Meg had run in to see me. She was full of life and spirits; she laughed at me because I was sitting in the twilight; she kissed me and rang the bell for the lamp and tea; then she kissed me again and bade me tell her I was glad to see her. When I assured her of my gladness she put her hands upon my shoulders and snook me a little, because my assurance, she said, was too lukewarm; then, repenting, she kissed me again because she had shaken me.

"Kitty, my dear, whenever I see you, I say to myself, 'Don't marry,'" she said, divesting herself of her trim little sealskin jacket, and looking round for the most softly-cushioned chair. "Poke your fire, Kitty; let us have a blaze."

Kitty? Does he smile deceitfully before the world, and then in private beat you?"

"Have some more tea, Meg, and don't be a goose."

"Thank you, Kitty. Turn the handle of the teapot this way, dear, and let me help myself—don't be such an officious hostess. Do you know the first law in the code of a hostess' duties?—Cultivate an air of repose. When your guest politely asks you, 'Does your husband beat you?' don't dash at her with 'Have some more tea. Take another piece of sugar.' Your guest will naturally conclude that your husband does beat you."

"She would need to be an imaginative guest," I returned, laughing. "I cannot imagine John's being anything but very good to me."

"Don't you find it dull, dear?" asked Meg, with a reflective air. "I couldn't possibly love a man whom I couldn't imagine being anything but good to me. Tastes differ! Talking of tastes, Kitty, my dear, I like cream, not milk, in my tea. Don't be economical so early in life, it's a vice that grows. Behold mamma! I think mamma grows worse than ever; father promised to take tickets for the Haymarket next week and we had such a fuss about it. It seems, Kitty, that the expenses of your very quiet wedding were quite ruinous; we mustn't dream of the extravagance of the theater for a year to come. Of course, father yielded; so I ran in to see John this morning as I passed the office; I thought I might drop a hint that you were pining for the theater and pining to take me with you. So I strolled ostensibly to ask John if I might tie my shoelace and if a black speck had not dropped upon my cheek."

"Meg, what a cheat you are! I shall tell John."

"Do, dear. Well, we're going. Mad-