

KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

They were walking still, but I heard no more. I rose quickly, and began to move away mechanically toward home. I put back my veil and bared my face to the keen October air; I felt stifled; the October evening night might have been a sultry August noonday; there seemed to be no air at all; I could not breathe.

They had re-kindled the fire in my absence, and made the room look home-like. Its home-like air seemed like bitterest satire. I sat in the warm, bright light and waited for John to come.

It was late before he came. I had not thought how I should meet him. I had sat for two hours waiting for him, and had thought of nothing. Even when John came toward me and spoke to me, I had no thought in my mind of what I was to say. My heart was sick with despair. Out of my passionate despair I should speak presently. And my passionate words were not likely to be wise words.

"Why did you wait up for me, Kitty?" he said gently, in a tired tone, "I am late. You shouldn't have waited for me."

I looked at him without a word, then rose and moved across the room, away from him. Parting the curtains before the window, I stood looking out into the dimmer light of the outer world. Still standing so, my face turned away, I spoke to him. My voice started even me—it was so passionless, so cold and steady.

"John, I want to go away from you," I said.

John crossed the room without answering a word. He took my two cold hands in his, and I let them rest there passively. He looked down at me gravely with a glance that was at first a little stern, but almost at once grew very gentle.

"Kitty, you're in earnest!" he ex-

minute we stood silent, facing one another.

"What are we to do, Kitty?" he said at last, coldly yet patiently. "I leave our future in your hands."

"The future may be so long!" I said bitterly. "I shall live for many years. I am so strong—so strong! Nothing ever happens to me; I shall live for years and years and years!"

"Kitty, child, you break my heart when you talk like that!" cried John hoarsely.

I laughed a hard, sullen little laugh, the sound of which made me shiver, and then suddenly made me wish to cry. For the first time my voice trembled, grew passionate.

"I wish I could break your heart!" I cried. "I wish it—oh, I wish it! You have broken mine and you do not care!"

John bore my passionate, pitiless reproaches without a word. He made no attempt to soothe me or caress me. He stood looking at me sorrowfully, very gravely, with something of anger and something of pity in his glance.

"Let me go, John—let me go!" I cried.

"Go where, Kitty?" he asked forbearingly.

"Anywhere."

"Anywhere from me?"

"Anywhere where I shall not see you, John; where I may try, try hard to forget you, and to forget how miserable I am."

He waited for a moment that his words might be calm and yet carry force with them.

"Kitty, you talk like a child," he said. "I can't let you go away from me. We cannot forget one another. For husband and wife, dear, forgetting is not possible!"

We stood a little apart, looking straight at one another, our faces resolute, our wills resisting one another.

"You will not let me go?" I asked.

"I will not let you go," said John.



HE TURNED WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD AND LEFT ME.

claimed. "My dear, tell me what you mean."

My hands still rested in his. I was still looking up at him. But for a moment I could find no more words at my command.

"I have not made you happy!" John said in a tone of deep, bitter conviction and self-reproach. "I have tried. I have failed."

"It was my fault," I returned, speaking steadily in the same dull, passionless, even way. "Perhaps it was your fault, too. You shouldn't have married me. You knew—you must have known—that I should be wretched."

"Kitty! Kitty!"

"It was a mistake. Only a mistake! You thought you would make me happy. You did it for the best. Why did you, John—why did you?"

My eyes were tearless as they looked up into his. All the tears I had had to shed I had shed hours ago. Never, I felt, as long as I lived, should I cry again. I felt numb and still. Even my reproach came in a stony voice that seemed to have no emotion in it.

"Yes, we have made a mistake, Kitty," said John, sighing deeply. "I, as you say, should have known. But I did not know! Well, we have faced the mistake; perhaps it was wiser faced. Now let us begin anew. Life cannot be what it might have been; but let us make the best of it, Kitty—by-and-by, dear, love may come."

I drew my hands away with a sharp, sudden gesture. He spoke of love, not as though it had been weak and had failed him, but as though it had never been.

"It will not come," I cried. "Love does not come with bidding, only weariness."

He stood in silence looking gravely at me, with a gravity far more stern than gentle. I knew that he agreed with me; he urged no word of protest, no word of hope. For one long

minute we stood silent, facing one another. "What are we to do, Kitty?" he said at last, coldly yet patiently. "I leave our future in your hands." "The future may be so long!" I said bitterly. "I shall live for many years. I am so strong—so strong! Nothing ever happens to me; I shall live for years and years and years!" "Kitty, child, you break my heart when you talk like that!" cried John hoarsely. I laughed a hard, sullen little laugh, the sound of which made me shiver, and then suddenly made me wish to cry. For the first time my voice trembled, grew passionate. "I wish I could break your heart!" I cried. "I wish it—oh, I wish it! You have broken mine and you do not care!" John bore my passionate, pitiless reproaches without a word. He made no attempt to soothe me or caress me. He stood looking at me sorrowfully, very gravely, with something of anger and something of pity in his glance. "Let me go, John—let me go!" I cried. "Go where, Kitty?" he asked forbearingly. "Anywhere." "Anywhere from me?" "Anywhere where I shall not see you, John; where I may try, try hard to forget you, and to forget how miserable I am." He waited for a moment that his words might be calm and yet carry force with them. "Kitty, you talk like a child," he said. "I can't let you go away from me. We cannot forget one another. For husband and wife, dear, forgetting is not possible!" We stood a little apart, looking straight at one another, our faces resolute, our wills resisting one another. "You will not let me go?" I asked. "I will not let you go," said John.

—why, whenever I come, is John always out?"

Aunt Jane waited, but I did not offer to answer her question.

"I call in the morning," she continued—"he is at his office; that, of course, is as it should be. But I call about luncheon-time; he is lunching at his club, and perhaps you are not aware, Kate, that luncheon at a club is an expensive luxury. Saves time? Nonsense! A 'bus saves time, and is cheaper. I call in the afternoon—late in the afternoon, toward dusk—John is at the office still. I call in the evening and John is out again. I have no wish to pry—John's affairs are his own—but I know as a fact that he has not spent an evening at home for the past five days. Twice he dined at the club. Twice he dined with his sister and Madame Arnaud. One night, who knows where he dined? Now, Kate, why is it?"

I had lost my old fear of Aunt Jane. I replied calmly enough.

"I don't want to talk about myself and John," I said.

"Very naturally not," returned Aunt Jane with severity. "You know as well as I do that, if John dines out on five consecutive nights, it is you who are to blame. You drive him away from home. You have a cough, Kate; you should cure that cough; men dislike a cough exceedingly."

I smiled; I could not help it. For Aunt Jane to preach wifely duties of self-abnegation was too humorous.

"When John comes in, Kate, do you meet him with a pleasant smile? Do you lay aside your work to attend to him? Do you try to converse with him on topics of interest to him?"

In spite of my heavy spirits, I smiled again. I was thinking of the cold welcome that Uncle Richard was wont to receive; she guessed something of my thought perhaps.

"Yours is not an ordinary marriage," she added in her coldest tone. "You have to remember John's goodness to you."

"I remember it—constantly."

Aunt Jane regarded me with an unfriendly scrutiny.

"You have a house of your own," she continued, "and servants of your own. You dress well—indeed, I may say extravagantly; you have everything that heart can desire."

"Everything," I said, looking dully at her with a blank glance. "I am one of the very happiest of people."

She still eyed me suspiciously.

"If he had not married you, what would have become of you? Do you ever think of that?" she demanded in an admonishing tone.

"I am thinking of it always. Don't be afraid, Aunt Jane; I realize John's kindness more often and more fully than you can possibly do!"

"Kate, you are excited—hysterical. And you cough constantly. What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing. A little cold."

"You have a hectic spot of color in each cheek. Have you seen a doctor?"

"No."

"I shall advise John to send for one. One visit may set you right, and save a heavy bill later on. Your health, Kate, is a most important matter; an ailing wife wears out the patience of the most patient husband. What does John think of that cough of yours?"

"He does not know I have it."

"Does not know!"

My face grew hot as I made my confession.

"I see very little of John," I said, trying to speak simply. "And I am not always coughing. Don't talk to him about it. I won't have a doctor, not even if you speak to John."

Aunt Jane let the subject drop. I thought I should have had my way—a thought that spoke ill for my discernment. Aunt Jane met John as he returned home, bade him walk back with her and listen to her. Before an hour had passed a doctor was attending me. It was decreed that I should go to bed, and that I should stay there for a week. Would I have Aunt Jane or one of the girls come and nurse me? (To be continued.)

BROKEN TROLLEY WIRE.

Danger to Passengers Removed by a New Invention.

A Chicago electrician has invented a device by which a trolley wire becomes dead as soon as it breaks. The device is intended to make the so-called live wire perfectly harmless. The invention consists of an automatic circuit-breaker, and its application will require no change in the present generating and feeding machinery. The current is led from the dynamo through the new circuit-breaker, which is a simple automatic switch, and thence out along the trolley wire. The current will run the same course as before—from the dynamo along the wire through the propelling mechanism of the car, into the ground rail and returning to the ground pole of the generator. A small auxiliary wire, which leads a constant current back from the overhead wire and makes a completely conducted circuit, is the second feature of the invention. This side current, the voltage of which is insignificant and does not weaken the feeder, keeps the switch closed and the line is charged. The moment a break occurs on the feeding or power line the auxiliary current is broken. The switch opens instantly and not a single ampere goes out on the circuit until the main line is again repaired.—Buffalo Express.

Great Good Luck.

Jones—They say Smith's three daughters all got engaged to foreign noblemen while at the "shore," and that Smith is tickled to death about it. Brown—Yes. He's just found out that they are all dry goods clerks and self-supporting.—Judge.

All men wish to have truth on their side, but few to be on the side of truth.

"NURSE TOMKINS."

Nurse Tomkins didn't profess to be "none of your 'ighly trained nurses'"—she didn't 'old with "them new-fangled notions"—she didn't see "where the thermometer and the 'ygenic measures came in; people didn't live no longer than before all this washing and rinsing was started."

Thus soliloquized Nurse Tomkins in my presence, after I had engaged her services to attend my wife for a passing and slight indisposition—"after" I had engaged her, please observe—for though no doctor myself, I would never have entered into an agreement for the services of an exponent of the above theories. In fact, I never knew a moment's peace after nurse had expressed herself in these and various other matters connected with the sick-room. Nurse Tomkins came on the Saturday and found me reading Friday's Hospital to my wife; it was the sight of this journal, probably, which started Tomkins off on a monologue lasting the best part of an hour. "She knew the paper well—and she wasn't behind the time, not she, in this—she read her Hospital every blessed week, and though she didn't 'old with teaching nursing and doctoring by print, yet them advertisements 'ad often come in useful like."

We listened in silence to what she said, and my wife smiled faintly. Mildred did not improve rapidly, not so quickly as her anxious husband would have liked, and at last—that was on the Sunday, with a deeply-rooted sense of distrust toward her nurse, I decided on taking up my station in the invalid's room. I entered—the fire burned low, the window was open, and the cold, bleak wind of an early spring day blew in. "Your fire is low, Mildred," I said. "The room feels cold." Nurse Tomkins adjusted her cap, settled her apron, and commenced a series of attacks on the fire—bang, bang, bang went the poker. I looked at the woman with a look which has caused a brave man to flinch. "These beastly lodging-house grates—small and poky," said nurse.



I WAS A BORN NURSE.

under her breath. The fire sent up a fitful blaze, more coals were shoveled on, a rattle of fire irons, and nurse's work was done. Tomkins walked to the bed, collecting bottles in her progress; one was eau de cologne, another a salts bottle. "Smell these!" she exclaimed, presenting the apex of each bottle to the patient's nose. Mildred was taken by surprise, and the strong salts made her gasp. I commanded my language and sat still, considering the situation with a calmness which afterward astonished me. So long as I was by it was all right, I said to comfort myself, and I would always be by so long as Mildred was being "nursed."

I ensconced myself in an easy chair which was drawn up to the fireside; on the dressing table near by a little cloud of blue smoke ascended to the ceiling—a sickly eastern smell emanating from the burning paper. I leaned over and blew it out. I did not approve of my wife's room smelling of these scents. Nurse saw the action. She stopped shaking the pillows into a hard mass and looked at me questioningly. "Them papers purify the atmosphere of a sickroom," she said, in explanation. "At my last case I burnt them day and night. Capt. Eames' wife—she was a real lady, and she liked fine smells." Mildred told me afterward Mrs. Eames' name had been a familiar one to her, and that she appeared to have been a most remarkable woman. She evidently was a good patient in so far as endurance went. "Mrs. Eames and me," continued nurse, resuming her "explanation" of the burning papers, "we 'ad the same views on your modern nursing, and them 'igh and mighty young modern nurses who are 'aving their 'eads turned by all them new-fangled notions, and them funds and associations—and Mrs. Eames and me often said as 'ow it was all fudge! Now, in 'er case," Nurse Tomkins went on, "them doctors ordered her to eat nothing all day long. Well, that wasn't the first case of typhoid fever I had nursed—and I knew well the pretty young creature's strength couldn't 'old out

against starvation for weeks—she, as was accustomed to ride in her carriage, and 'ave the best victuals in the land—so I just judges for myself, and I takes 'er up a cut of meat on the sly—she that sad and beseeching-like, for a bit of something to eat—and didn't she just perk up at it! And looked so pretty with all her laces and frills round her bonny face—'twasn't the first case of typhoid I 'ad by no means."

"And Mrs. Eames recovered?" I asked.

"The pretty creature, she died in my arms as gentle and mild as a lamb, and I never saw a prettier deathbed," responded Tomkins. "She was a real lady—the flowers in her room were something lovely—and 'er husband, he sobbed 'is eyes out, and no wonder—she that was worth a dozen of 'im, and when I left that 'ouse, after all my devoted duty, 'e never so much as give me a sixpence more than my pay. But she! She was a rare beauty, and would have starved to death but for me. I meant to tell the captain this, but he had that cold and 'aughty manner, I just 'eld my council. Yes," continued the woman, the corner of an apron fixed in her left eye, "I've buried dozens of them; but I sticks to it, I never saw a prettier sight than 'er a-lying dead with her 'ands folded patientlike on her breast."

Mildred's head tossed restlessly on the pillow. "Nurse," I said—and I held the door open as I spoke—"will you come and speak to me a minute downstairs." I left the room. Tomkins followed me into the dining-room.

"Tell me," I asked her, "what training have you had in nursing?"

"Twelve years," she answered, her head held high.

"Twelve years—at a hospital?"

"Lor bless you, no, sir; I never required no teaching, I was a born nurse, and I pick it up as I go."

"As you go?" I asked. "Your institution accepts untrained nurses, then?"

"That it doesn't, sir," she returned with spirit. "I had five years' experience when I joined. I was a nurse ever since I was eight years old; my poor father he suffered—"

WHEN DAYS WORK IS OVER.

Mutual Pleasures and Recreations of Husband and Wife.

"If wives and sisters would try to supply something restful and quiet on the arrival of the man of the family from his daily work, might not much of the hopelessness and the discontent of home life be done away with?" "Women work hard all day, too," was the answer, "and they are just as tired at evening time. You cannot expect a miracle from them." But it seems to some of us that just such things can be expected of them, and that were the miracle performed the hopelessness of existing conditions would vanish, says Harper's Bazar. The beginning of the miracle might be brought about if women, no matter how busy they were, nor what had happened during the day, would arrange to spend an hour in some sort of recreation with their husbands every evening. This recreation might take any form, from quiet companionship, as the wife sewed or knitted beside her husband as he smoked, to pleasant work upon some particular hobby which she had taken up because it was interesting to her and interesting to him, and including anything in the form of outdoor life after the supper, walking or taking part in some game with him. The duties of the two are bound to be of interest to both. It is the pleasures and recreations of both which require study before they can become of common interest and it is part of the wife's field to give sufficient thought to these matters so that they may become of practical use. The miracle might go even a step farther, for the wife or daughter could cultivate some one pursuit or interest of her own, throwing into it her enthusiasm, finding in it refreshment, and making of it an object by which the sympathies and interest of her husband or brother would be aroused. This is only a suggestion, but it has its significance. It has its significance, because it can be tried in any home, because whatever is done with this purpose sincerely in view is just so far a step, and a good step, in the right direction, and because any wife or any sister may fit its application to her own case, and start at once to produce some little result.

Giraffe's in Central Africa.

From time to time it has been rumored that giraffes existed in British Central Africa, on the Loangwa river, but although that river valley has been frequently visited during the last ten years by Europeans, no authentic information on the point has ever been obtained. Last month, however, a giraffe was shot on the east bank of the Loangwa in the Marimba district, by a European prospector, and its skin (incomplete) sent to Capt. Cliechester, in M'pezani's country. The hinder half of the skin is being sent to the British museum, and it is hoped that a complete specimen may now be obtained. The existence of giraffes in Marimba is remarkable, the area in which they are found is extremely restricted, and their number appears to be very few. The one shot, however, was in a herd of about thirty-five. The nearest country north of Marimba, in which giraffes are known to exist, is north of Marerer, where the Elton-Cotterill expedition met with them (many years ago). To the south of Matabeleland is the nearest giraffe country.

Remarkable Drinks.

Of the many extraordinary drinks regularly consumed, the blood of live horses may perhaps be considered the most so. Marco Polo and Carpini were the first to tell the world of the Tartar practice of opening the veins in horses' necks, taking a drink, and closing the wound again. As far as can be seen, this has been the practice from time immemorial. There is a wine habitually consumed in China which is made from the flesh of lambs reduced to paste with milk, or bruised into pulp with rice, and then fermented. It is extremely stimulating to the physical organism. The Laplanders drink a great deal of smoked snow-water, and one of the national drinks of the Tonquinese is arrack flavored with chicken's blood. The list would scarcely be complete without mention of absinthe, which may be called the national spirituous drink of France. It is a horrible compound of alcohol, anise, coriander, fennel, wormwood, indigo, and sulphate of copper. It is strong, nasty and a moral and physical poison.—New York Home Journal.

The Ruling Passion.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer: The clergyman had finished and the organ was pealing forth the sonorous rapture of the Mendelssohn march. "One moment, George," said the radiant bride, and facing the audience she raised her exquisitely bound, though somewhat bulky, prayer book in her daintily gloved hands and pointed it directly at the brilliant audience. There was a sharp click. "All right, George," said the bride, "come along." And as they marched down the aisle she showed him that the supposed prayer book wasn't a prayer book at all. It was a camera! "It's my own idea, George," she whispered. "Clever, isn't it?"

Feeding the Elephants.

Elephants in the Indian army are fed twice a day. When mealtime arrives they are drawn up in line before a row of piles of food. Each animal's breakfast includes ten pounds of raw rice, done up in five two-pound packages. The rice is wrapped in leaves and tied with grass. At the command, "Attention!" each elephant raises its trunk, and a package is thrown into its capacious mouth. By this method of feeding not a single grain of rice is wasted.

The Dramatic Critic.

Take what you know, add to it what you don't know, multiply the sum by two, and you get thus some notion of what the dramatic critic has to think he knows.—Detroit Journal.

A writer in an English magazine declares that the real average Englishman is a workman earning \$6 a week.