By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER III .- (Continued ) "What is the matter, Kitty?" he asked, in a grave, kindly tone, when he had looked at me for some minutes.

"Nothing," I returned quickly, "Do t look as though something was the matter?" "Yes, very much," he answered

quietly, after a moment's pause. I threw my work away from me, and looked across at him defiantly, desperately, with a sudden passionate impulse to pour out in bitter words all

my anger and resentment, "Yes, something is the matter!" exclaimed.

"I knew that," he replied, in his quiet, kindly tone.

I looked at him quickly, my breath coming and going in little excited. angry gasps. And in a moment, as I looked, my flash of courage vanished. My heart was beating fast still, but beating in a frightened, fluttering way.

"I ought to understand your moods by this time, Kitty," he continued gently. "I knew in a moment that something had worried you. Tell me all about It."

Tell him all about it! I had suddenly realized that nothing could induce me to tell him a word about it. I could only wonder at myself for my own temerity for having said so much. I looked away hastily out of the window at the organ-man and his monkey and the growing troop of ragged chil-

"Oh, it was nothing!" I returned hurriedly. "Something vexed me. It was nothing-not important,"

It surprised me that he did not urge me any further. He sat regarding me gravely and thoughtfully. There was something of anxiety in his eyes when I turned my head again and surprised his glance.

"Oh, Mr. Mortimer!"

The exclamation came from the doorway. Meg stood there, her hand on the door, and looked in and hesitated, evidently trying desperately to think of some excuse for hastly retreating. As John Mortimer rose and went to meet him with a half-deprecating, half- timer?" laughing glance, her blue eyes twinkling even as she mutely apologized. She 'present plans hold good."

"Meg, don't!" I gried helplessly, "Mr. Mortimer doesn't want to hear."

> "On the contrary, he's looking most eager," said Meg, provokingly calm. "From all we could gather, Mr. Mortimer, Kitty's to renounce the higher education and take to ladylike accomplishments- jam making and the putting of feathers into her hats. Now, what would you say was going to happen? You don't knew, of course?"

"I wish I did!" "Kitty, you know, was destined for a governess---

"I'm to be a governess still," I interposed. "The plan isn't changed; nothing could change it. I want to be a governess!"

"You want to be a governess?" repeated Mr. Mortimer slowly, in a somewhat puzzled tone. Well might he be puzzled! Times beyond number I had confided to him my utter detestation of the post of preceptress-told him I would rather sweep rooms, make match boxes, sell apples at street cornersdo anything! Nevertheless-

"I shall love to be a governess!" declared, with steady decision,

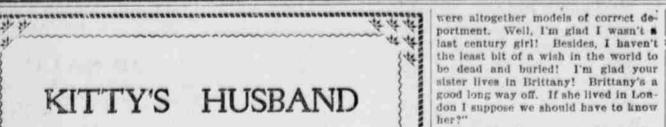
"Kitty-my dear, dear Kitty!" expostulated Meg. "I shall love it!" I repeated, with de-

CHAPTER IV.

Looking up, I found John Mortimer's eyes still fixed upon me with a steady glance, half puzzled, half troubled. He made a hasty, resolute attempt to change the conversation, and succeeded; in a few minutes Meg was gally describing our plans for summer holidays in August. She had forgotten me and the pleasure of tormenting me.

"We are going to Cornwall," and she sighed. "Cornwall's quiet-that suits father; and Cornwall's cheap-that sults mamma. It doesn't suit us at all. Dora and I hate hills and cliffs; we like promenades and bands and tennis. It's a frivolous thing to confesswe don't care! We detest cheap places, and, if there's one thing worse than a cheap place, it's a quiet place! Are her, she came in reluctantly, looking at | you also coming to Cornwall, Mr. Mor-

"No; I am going to Brittany, if my



"You will be sorry to hear, Miss Meg, that I believe she is thinking of coming to London.'

"Oh! To live?" "Yes-I think so. She went to Brittany ten years ago to live with a very dear friend of hers, who married and settled there. Her friend, Madame Arnaud, is a widow now; there is nothing to keep them in Brittany any longer. They are coming to England in September-indeed, I am going abroad now to help them to settle

their affairs before they leave." Meg was tapping the ground softly with her little pointed shoe, and looking down at it with an absorbed, purgled air, her brows knit in thought.

"Madame Arnaud - Madame Arnaud!" she repeated. "I have heard of Madame Arnaud!"

He did not offer to quicken her memory. It seemed to me that an expression of annoyance crossed his

"What is it that I have heard? I can't remember," said Meg, raising her eyes and appealing to him. There was a distinct note of impa-

tience in his grave tone as he auswered her. "I am sure I can not say. Whatever you have heard must have been

in her praise-that one may safely af-Meg made a little gesture of disdain.

"And does she belong to this century?" she asked, after a pause, her blue eyes looking at him seriously.

"Yes-she belongs to this century," he said, smiling.

But again, in spite of his smile, it struck me that the conversation vexed him. He was impatient, not at ease. I had not spoken, but now I felt a sudden need to ask one question-the same question which indirectly Meg had asked.

"Is she young?" I asked quickly, looking at him.

"Not what you would call young, Kitty," he returned gently, in a different tone. "She is 30-perhaps a little more than 30. I have not seen much of her these last ten years, but I saw her for an hour or two last summer; she was as young then as she was at 20. She is one of those women who will never grow old. When she comes to London, Kitty, you must know her. You and she will be good friends-I think so."

"I don't envy Kitty," said Meg, in a stage whisper to her pointed toe. "Is she a French woman?" she asked in a different tone, looking up again.

"No-English." "And she married a Frenchman," said Meg. "How horrid! Was he like the Frenchman one sees upon the stage-always rubbing his hands and bowing? Why did she marry him?"

"Because she loved him, I suppose. I never asked her."

"Then why assume that it was love? Very few people marry for love-except in books-or so mamma says. Not that mamma's opinion is worth much: it's her opinion that our dresses should last two summers, and that the second summer, if we look guys, we should be contented. All the same, all people don't marry for love-for instance, I heard today of a person who thinks of marrying for a very different motive."

He showed no curiosity, nor did he show much signs of confusion. Perhaps he had not heard what Meg said. He did not seem, indeed, to be heeding her; he was rising now to go.

"If one wanted to fall in love," said Meg, "one would never choose a Frenchman. Madame Arnaud-Madame Arnaud? I wonder where I have heard and what I have heard of Madame Arnaud."

(To be continued.)

Strange Duct.

Letters from Buenos Ayres give de tails of a remarkable duel of which the famous Italian fencing master, Chevalier Pini, was the hero. Pini recently opened a school of arms, in the Argentine republic, and, having been subjected to some criticism by a local journal, told the scribe in his own frank, pleasant way what he thought of him. Reparation was demanded and pistols were the weapons selected. The conditions of meeting were singular. The adversaries were to be placed back to back, and at the word of command were each to take fifteen steps forward and then turn around and fire simultaneously. On the ground the men were placed as arranged, and, at the given signal, began to march forward, one of the seconds counting the steps. Pini had only made five strides when he heard a report and the whistle of a bullet past his ear. He turned and saw his adversary with the smoking pistol in his hand, Pini, in a furious rage, dropped his weapon, rushed at his man and gave him a sound threshing with his fists. The seconds took sides for their respective principals and a general melee went forward until some gendarmes arrived. Pini's adversary then took to his heels, and has not been seen since.-Pall Mall Gazette.

A Hooded Adder.

honeymoon in the country he killed an adder one day. "Tell your father," he wrote to his wife's sister, in describing the incident, "that they are called adders because two and two to-

The Swan a Long-Lived Bird. Among the birds the swan lives to be the oldest, in extreme cases reaching 300 years. The falcon has been known to live over 162 years

THE BURGLAR.

Donaghue knelt at the door and put a practiced ear to the keyhole. There was a faint sound of breathing, so still that Donaghue pressed his rough ear still closer to the brassy aperture in the door and listened even more intently. His small eyes glistened in the dark hallway like the eyes of a cat (he had been nicknamed "The Cat" for this very peculiarity), but there was no one in the house to see those glistening eyes save the servants, fast asleep two stories above, and the occupants of this one room. He had watched that house three preceding days and nights. He knew that it was occupied by a young man and his wife ovidently newly married and beyond doubt rich. He knew that the servants were a sook. two maids, and a butler, and he had almost worked out in his mind just where the pretty wife placed her jewelry when she went to bed in the secend-floor room, and just what means the husband took to secure his probably well-filled purse.

Donaghue was patience personified. and he received the reward that all patience deserves. His thin face broadened into a smile as he realized the fact that the breathing was that of a woman, and that she was alone,

When one is in the habit of making social calls of the description that Donaghue was making it is much better to find husbands away from home, the servants and occupants of the house all asleep, and the policeman on the beat quite out of hearing.

Donaghue was not in the habit of entering the mansions of the rich by the front door, or being ushered into the presence of the hostess by a liveried flunkey, of making polite inquirics concerning her health, and departing, after leaving his card,

The fact was, Donaghue shrank from notoriety. He preferred a quiet entrance by the window wholly unobserved if possible, and, departing, left and listened. He heard footsteps in not his card nor anything else was of

of little value to Donaghue. His own Maggle was hardly cursed with the fatal gift of beauty, and she was quite as jealous as other wives. He stepped softly and quickly to the dressing-case at the other end of the room. He picked up a perfumed lace hundkerchief and threw it away impatiently, although in his more youthful days a lace handkerchief he would have considered a prize of no mean value. Below it he found what he wanted and expected-a looket and chain, a jeweled watch, a heavy bracelet, a pin, and what seemed to him a handful of rings. He held them all up in the moonlight and noticed how they sparkled in his trembling hand, and he

smiled with delight. "There's nothing the matter with this," said Donaghue, almost aloud. "She won't look so pretty in the moraing, after she has oried for an hour or two. She'll ery, of course, but she's rich, and can afford to lose them. She can get others just like them. Her husband will buy them for her just to keep her pretty mouth shut about his being out so long. Hanged if I see how he can keep away long enough to give a fellow like me a chance to make a living."

He turned and looked at her. He felt like adding a stolen kiss to the other jewels he had taken. He almost laughed aloud at the thought of such a man as he kissing such a peerless beauty as the woman who lay on the bed before him. And he was just about to depart as peacefully as a social caller, when suddenly he heard the slamming of the front door in the hall below.

"Her old man," said Donaghue, forgetting that he was probably a young man; "and I'm caught Caught-burglary-ten years at least, I'll kill him, But I'll be caught whether I kill him or not, and" (self-upbraidingly) "I could have got away easily enough if I hadn't stopped to look at her."

Again he stepped quickly to the door the hall beneath. The man had stepped

HEROTE SHOW SHIPTING

"DON'T MENTION IT," ANSWERED DONAGHUE.

value and at the same time portable. In- | into the back parlor, or library, whichdeed, Donaghue was not the tall, handsome fellow that most heroes are. On the contrary, he was of medium height, spare, slouch, and had a general appearance that was anything but prepossessing.

"Dead easy," said Donaghue to himself. "A young married couple, as I thought, and husband's away on the loose. She's calling his name in her sleep. But I needn't expect him until morning, and when he does come home he'll probably be drunk. That's what I call dead easy."

He turned the knob of the door and opened it the fraction of an inch. His small eyes glistened in the dark as he found that the door was not locked and that in all probability it would not squeak.

"The easiest thing I've struck in my twenty years' experience," said Donaghue, again to himself-a remark that was noteworthy only because Donaghue was little over 20 years of age, and, therefore, must have begun his efforts to get on in the world at quite

an early age, Slowly and with infinite care he opened the door and entered the room. Four feet from him, as he stood almost breathless, with his hand still clasping the knob of the door, lay the sleeping form of a woman. A flood of moonlight from the window fell upon her and melted the pink of her cheek. the cream of her throat, the lace of her night-dress, and the white sheet that wrapped her, into one semi-golden hue. The undulation caused by her breathing made her look like a drooping lily swayed by the gentlest of breezes,

"Great heavens!" thought Donaghue, "what a beauty!" He could hear her faintly mutter the name "Paul-Paul" at intervals, and he had a vague consciousness of a certain disrespect for Paul, whoever he might be. A man must be a brute to leave such a woman alone at night. He lingered but a of Donaghue, he made no outcry. He last year.

ever it was. Perhaps the man had been out on business and would stop there for a minute or two at his desk. Perhaps there was, after all, a chance for escape. He was cool and careful. He dropped the jewels on the bed. It would not do to be caught with them about him. And he went out.

The door squeaked this time, and the young wife started in her sleep, awoke, and half-rose in her bed.

Donaghue, at the same time, heard the shuffle of feet in the room below. He paused and listened at the top of the stairs.

Even though the man had heard the door squeak he had not left the back room.

Donaghue tripped down the stairs as softly as a cat. He had been in a tight fix before, and he was never cleverer than when he knew that he was in danger.

But luck was against him. There was a fur rug at the foot of the stairs. The floor beneath was polished. He slipped and fell, and in spite of himself he uttered an exclamation that was profane enough to be unmistakably masculine. He heard the man rush from the library, and how it all happened he hardly knew, but some way or other he managed to dash into the dark parlor, to throw open the window, and jump out.

He expected to fall at least eight or ten feet. He did not fall two. He had jumped out on a porch, evidently, for he could see the railing in the moonlight. There was one thing to do-to bide directly beneath the window in the shadow and wait. He knew his pursuer would be there in a moment. He knew there would be a hue and cry Still there was a chance,

True enough, the man came to the window-but, to the infinite surprise

moment, though. Beauty was a thing beard the man utter a half-articulate, "Heavens has it come to this!" He heard him walk a few steps and strike a match. He saw the light of the gasjets from the window-and then he know that he was safe, and he cursed himself for a fool for leaving the jewels behind,

It was tantalizing. He raised himself cautiously and looked in the room. The man was sitting in a great armchair in the center of the room sobbing as though his heart would break, Donaghue almost laughed aloud at the sight. There was something in it all that he could not understand. He wanted to find out the real meaning of it. Besides, he had a sort of daredevil idea that perhaps after all he might get the jewels. He waited.

He had hardly time to scratch his head in perplexity when the door of the ream was spened, and the woman, whose beauty had been unconsciously the cause of Donaghue's folly, entered. She was still in her night-dress, but she was very pale and very frightened. She ran to the sebbing man and fell on her knees as she eried out:

"Ob, Paul, Paul! what is the mat-

To Donaghue's surprise the man pushed her roughly away.

"How can you look me in the face?" he cried. "How dare you come to me after this?"

Calmly the woman raised herself to her feet, and, looking at the man, said in a forced whisper:

"What do I mean. You know what I mean," answered the man. "He has been here at last-perhaps not for the first time. But I have found it out. I have found you out."

Donaghue heard a stifled moan and the crash of a body as it fell on the floor. He began to gather a crude idea of what it was all about. He had some experience with Maggle. He had been jealous himself once. He raised

himself a little higher and peered over the sill of the window. The woman was not moaning now, but in a dead faint, and, with her face as white as the sheet that covered her in the room above, she lay motionless at the feet of the man who accused her.

The man stood over her with burning cheeks and clenched hands,

"And the cur ran away from you? He didn't even stay to fight me like a man! He's a coward. I knew it when we met him in Baden. He's a villain. I knew it when he followed us to London. He can take you now. I don't want you. And some day he'll run away from you, poor, beautiful, miserable fool, just as he has run away from

There was considerable human nature in Donaghue, even though he did make his living in a peculiar way. This was a little more than he could stand. He jumped up and leaped back through the window.

"Look here," he shouted, and then was suddenly silent, for a pair of strong hands were clasped about his throat, and the heavy weight of the larger man had borne him to the floor in a moment,

"You, such a being as you, my wife's lover!" roared the man, 'No!" screamed Donaghue, making a

desperate effort to free himself. "Well, who are you?" said the man. "Let me sit up and I'll tell you,"

answered Donaghue, The man released him, still keeping him within arms' reach in the corner

of the room. Donaghue felt his throat tenderly. "Well?" said the man, peremptorily; "I'm the man that was in the house,"

said Donaghue sullenly. "What do you mean-why were you here?" asked the man,

"Well," answered Donaghue, regaining some of his customary bravado. "I wanted to add some of your jewelry to my collection. See? If you don't believe me, you'll find it

where I threw it away, up in your wife's room." "I shall send for the police and have you arrested," said the man, quietly.

"That wouldn't be very fair," said Donaghue. "I came back here because I wanted to clear things up between you and your wife. I could have got away easily enough. If I were you, I'd send for a doctor, and even though I'm a thief, I'd ask my wife's pardon. You may not get a chance, though, She looks as though she were dead."

The man turned and dropped to his knees by the side of the prostrate woman. He put his ear to her heart, and when he raised his head again Donaghue saw that there were tears in his eyes.

"Thank God, she has only fainted!" said the man. "Bring me some water from the library."

Donaghue brought the water in a solid silver pitcher that made him sigh with a vain wish that he had got away with it and the jewels above. "She will be all right in a moment,"

said the man; "and you may go." "Thanks," said Donaghue, nonchalantly, going toward the window,

"Perhaps it is I who ought to thank you," said the man, "for, after all, you have proved that my wife is true to me."

"Don't mention it," answered Donaghue, as he disappeared-"at least not to the police."-Spare Moments.

His Business. Ida-Who is that man we saw in front of the cave?

May-He takes tourists underground. ida-Goodness! he must be an un-

dertaker.

Readers Becoming More Numerous. There are now published in Parla 2,585 periodicals, nearly 100 more than were issued at the corresponding date



stood in the middle of the room for a | minute, as though hesitating whether to go or stay. She took off her pretty, shady straw hat, and shook her hair free into loose, airy, pretty waves and curls; then suddenly she banished the thought of retreating, sat down beside me on the sofa and gave herself up to

the pastime of tormenting us. Bending forward a little, with one elbow on her knee, and her pretty chin on her little pink palm, she could face us both. Now her eyes glanced mischievously into mine, now suddenly, with a swift smile, into his. And how bewitchingly pretty she looked all the while! I found myself wondering with a sudden eagerness, and a strange sickness of heart, what John Mortimer

thought of her prettiness. "Kitty's to leave school, Mr. Mortimer," she told him presently, in an admirably simple, natural tone. "Did

you know?" I bowed my head lower over my work, conscious that my face was growing crimson, and that two pairs of eyes were watching me.

"Is that true?" he asked, "Mamma says so. For some newly arisen and mysterious reason, Mr. Mortimer, Kitty is to blossom forth at once into a grown-up lady-aren't you, Kitty? She's to turn up her hair and learn how to make jams instead of Latin prose. Mamma, you must know, awoke this morning-or, rather, this afternoon-in a most astonishingly do"That's where your sister lives?"

"Yes." "I don't think I would go to Brittany to see my sister if I were you." "Why not?"

"Oh, she don't deserve it. I don't like your sister, Mr. Mortimer-you don't mind my saying so, do you?" Mr. Mortimer smiled quickly, yet half reluctantly.

"How did you come to know my sister?" he asked. "I don't know her; I don't want to know her-I don't like her! I read an article of hers once in one of the dull magazines-the magazines that father takes in. It was on 'Girls of the Nineteenth Century.' I dare say it was very clever-I know it was very horrid, sarcastic, superior, hateful! She was a 'girl of the nineteenth century' herself

once, I suppose, once-or is she nearly ninety?" "She is just thirty-six, Miss Meg."

"Poor thing!" We both laughed at the long-drawn-

out pity of Meg's tone, "At thirty-siv I can imagine that one may feel a hundred!" she said feelingly. "Still one may feel a hundred without feeling so superior about it. Father gave me the article to read; he thought ft would do me good, and it didn't!"

benefited, I confess." "It only made me rejoice to think that I lived in the nineteenth century Girls in the last century were much mestic mood. She descended upon us loss frivolous, as well as less independin our sitting-room and took our ent; they thought less about their hats breath away. What do you think she and dresses-made their things lastspoke when they were spoken to and

"No; you don't seem to have been

When Tom Hood was passing his gether make four."