

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 frelight 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 frelight 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 spoilt 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 Realism.

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. Hennessey—Shure, Patsy, darlint, its afraid Ol am 'that Ol'll overslape meself in th' marnin' an' be too late fer early mass. Hennessey—Don't worry 'a' tall, Mary Ann. Avy foind yourself overalpin' jes' tech me an' Ol'll wake ye at waast.—Ohio State Journal.

Retrospection.

Sprigge—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.

COOKING FOR MEN.

SCHOOL FOR TEACHING THEM THE ART.

Course of Instruction Sure to Do Lots of Good, Says a Boston Paper—Women Cooks Being Gradually Retired and Men Apply for Their Places.

One of the most interesting schools in cooking for the sick to be found anywhere is now at the Washington barracks, Washington, where Miss Elizabeth Stack is teaching the privates who have enlisted for service in the hospital corps the art of preparing food suitable for invalid and convalescent soldiers, says the Boston Transcript. This is a new idea. Hospital stewards have, of course, received instructions of this sort before, but the taking of the raw volunteers and drilling them in the niceties of cooking is something new.

So successful has it been that the authorities at San Francisco have been directed by the war department to open a similar course of instruction for the volunteers there. Miss Stack has classes numbering in all about fifty, and they are taught in groups of about one-third that number. The course consists of twenty-four lessons and four reviews. The pupils are sturdy men, fresh from a great variety of occupations—cab drivers, barbers, stage carpenters, brick masons, teamsters, etc., and one man is a physician of five years' standing. The course begins with milk, and these men are taught processes of sterilizing and pasteurizing and the uses of milk in various stages of convalescence. Similar studies in water follow. Then come the broths and jellies, and after that the cereals. The possibilities of rice form a large chapter in the instruction, for it is taken for granted that at Manila this will be the most easily obtained of the cereal foods. As for hardtack, Miss Stack shows her pupils ten different methods of preparing it. The way the men take hold of the work is surprising. Most of them appear amazed at the possibilities in the line of scientific cooking, and where they have homes they usually announce that they will effect a revolution in cooking there upon their return. There is an economic side to this work, too. The hospitals are allotted 40 cents a day for each patient with which to buy milk and other food. The class is taught some of the principles of food-buying; what things will be of most service that can be procured within the limits of that sum. All this instruction goes on side by side with the regular army training for the hospital corps, such as the litter and the ambulance drills.

Now men are enlisted direct for the hospital corps, while in the recent war all volunteers enlisted on the same basis and certain of them were picked out for this work. There is no difference in the requirements of the pay for this work than that of other privates. The corps get about the same class of men. Its services in the far east are bound to be in great demand, according to all accounts, and there is no estimating the amount of good which Miss Stack's course of instruction will do.

A Good Cleaning Oil.

An excellent cleaner and polisher for furniture with a very high finish is recommended by an experienced dealer in rare woods. To one tablespoonful of linseed oil add an equal portion of turpentine, together with a piece of any pure soap the size of a walnut. Pour this into a vessel containing one quart of boiling water, and let the whole boil for about 10 minutes, stirring it occasionally, so that it may be well mixed. This liquid can be used either warm or cold, but experience teaches that it is more effective when warm; it can be heated several times before it will need renewing. Apply with a soft flannel cloth, well wrung out, to a small portion of the surface to be cleaned. After the dirt has been well wiped off, take a fresh flannel to polish with, and a few minutes' vigorous rubbing will soon restore the wood to its original brilliancy. Crude oil is the polisher used in most of the furniture shops. But it is well to remember that in the stores there is scarcely a day when each piece of furniture is not carefully wiped off with a soft cloth, keeping the surfaces perfectly clean, so that the aid of the oil is only called in to take off the cloudy appearance which will at times disfigure the most carefully tended furniture.—New York Evening Post.

Irish Harvest of 1899.

A good general idea of the Irish harvest of 1899 can now be formed by the reports sent in from all over Ireland, and it may confidently be assumed that it is at least a good average one. The season was a peculiar one, which caused great anxiety amongst agriculturists, as though the early rain was favorable for farming operations, April and May were cold and harsh, then came June, with regular tropical weather, drying up everything too much, and causing consternation amongst green crop growers, but July and August were ideal months, which repaired most of the damage done by their predecessors. Altogether, however, Irish farmers have every reason to be thankful for what must be set down as a very fair all round harvest, while for two years in succession their English brethren have suffered severely from drouth.

He Remembered.

Johnson—Were you at the concert, Jones? Jones—Yea, part of the time. Johnson—Did you hear me sing "The Wolf"? Jones—"The Wolf"? How did it go? Johnson (singing)—"While the wolf, in nightly prow, bays the moon with hideous how-w-w-l." Jones—Oh, yes; I remember the hideous howl!

A RUSSIAN PANIC.

Leagues to Protect the Czar Against Revolutionists.

A wild panic seized the court circles at St. Petersburg after Alexander's death, says Prince Kropotkin in the September Atlantic. Alexander III., who, notwithstanding his colossal stature and force, was not an over-courageous man, refused to move to the Winter Palace, and retired to the palace of his grandfather, Paul I., at Gatchina. I know that old building, planned as a Vauban fortress, surrounded by moats, and protected by watch towers from the tops of which secret staircases lead to the emperor's study. I have seen the trap doors in the study, for suddenly throwing an enemy on the sharp rocks in the water underneath, and the secret staircase leading to underground prisons and to an underground passage which opens on a lake. All the palaces of Paul had been built on a similar plan. An underground gallery was dug round the Anichoff palace of Alexander III., and was supplied with automatic electric appliances to protect it from being undermined by the revolutionists. A secret league for the protection of the czar was started. Officers of all grades were induced to undertake voluntary spying in all classes of society. Comical scenes followed, of course. Two officers, without knowing that they both belonged to the leagues, would entice each other into a disloyal conversation, during a railway journey, and then proceed to arrest each other, only to discover at the last moment that their plans had been labor lost. The league still exists in a more official shape, under the name of Okhrana (Protection), and from time to time frightens the present czar with all sorts of concocted "dangers," in order to maintain its existence. A still more secret organization, the Holy League, was formed at the same time, under the leadership of the brother of the czar, Vladimir, for the purpose of opposing the revolutionists in different ways, one of which was to kill those of the refugees who were supposed to have been the leaders of the late conspiracies. I was of this number. The grand duke violently reproached the officers of the league for their cowardice, regretting that there were none among them who would undertake to kill such refugees, and an officer, who had been a page de chambre at the time I was in the corps of pages, was appointed by the league to carry out this particular work. Skobelev, the hero of the Turkish war, was asked to join this league, but he blankly refused.

WOMAN REFUSES

To Live with Her Husband Because She Says He Is Homely.

New York World: Mrs. Jennie Goldfarb has given a novel excuse for refusing to live with her husband Samuel. She says that he is too homely for any woman to live with. Goldfarb who is a philosopher, admits that he is not an Apollo, but he also insists that his wife has never been known as a professional beauty. The Goldfarbs have had a good deal of trouble since they were married in 1890. It took Mrs. Goldfarb but a short time to discover that her husband did not come up to her standard of manly beauty, and she began to make things uncomfortable for him. Occasionally she went back to her mother. At another time Samuel in despair sent her to Europe, hoping that when she returned he would find favor in her eyes. But matters were still worse when she came back, and, according to a number of affidavits, in the possession of former Judge H. W. Leonard, Goldfarb's counsel, she positively refused to live with him at all. Goldfarb in the meantime had spent a small fortune on complexion beautifiers, hair restorers and other toilet luxuries. He became a Berry Wall in his dress. But his wife remained obdurate, and finally, a short time ago, charged him before Magistrate Hogan with desertion. Goldfarb was sent—rallied, he says—to the island for six months. He gave a bond and was released. He at once sued for a separation, and "for such other relief as may seem just."

Theory of Lubricating Oils.

In a lecture on "The Relations of Physics to the Mechanical Arts," Prof. Abbe stated that Prof. Reynolds was the first to show lubrication is simply a case of the flow of a viscous fluid through a narrow channel. When the journal presses on its bearing, the intermediate space is probably 1-100,000th of an inch in thickness. This space being filled with oil constitutes the thin film that converts the rubbing and tearing of the metals into the sliding and rolling of liquid molecules, like myriads of minute steel friction balls. The results of the difficult researches in molecular physics of Stoker, Kirchhoff, and Helmholtz have thus a direct application to the lubricating action of oils.

To Explore the Pacific.

Prof. Alexander Agassiz, with a corps of men of science, and under the auspices of the United States fish commission, set sail from San Francisco recently in the steamship Albatross, on one of the most important scientific expeditions of recent times. An immense area of the Pacific ocean, including the Paumotu, the Friendly, the Ellice, the Gilbert and the Marshall islands, and many unnamed groups of coral islets, will be thoroughly explored for the first time. The voyage will cover about 20,000 miles, and the explorations will include the life and phenomena of the sea from its surface to its greatest attainable depths.

Tommy, aged 5, was strutting around the house in his first pair of boots and being told his baby sister wanted to kiss him, said: "I'll just bet a cent that kid takes me for her father."

KRAPOTKIN IN THE SOLITARY.

Description of the Prison Room in Which He Was Confined.

From the Atlantic Monthly: My first movement was to approach the window, which was placed so high that I could hardly reach it with my lifted hand. It was a broad, low opening, cut in a wall five feet thick and protected by an iron grating and a double iron window frame, relates Prince Kropotkin. At a distance of a dozen yards from this window I saw the outer wall of the fortress, a piece of masonry of immense thickness, on the roof of which I could make out a gray sentry box. Only by looking upward could I perceive a bit of the sky, which was now faintly illuminated by the last rays of the sun. I made a minute inspection of the room, where I had now to spend no one could say how many years. From the position of the high chimney of the mint I guessed that I was in the southwest corner of the fortress, in a bastion overlooking the Neva. This room of mine was a case-mate destined for a big gun and the window was an embrasure. Sun rays might never penetrate it; even in summer they must be lost by the thickness of the wall. It was eleven steps from one corner to the other of the room, which held an iron bed, a little oak table and an oak stool. The floor was covered with painted felt and the walls with yellow paper. However, in order to deaden the sounds, the paper was not put on the wall itself; it was painted over canvas and behind the canvas I discovered a wire grating, behind which was a layer of felt. Only beyond the felt could I reach the stone wall. At the inner side of the room there was a washstand and a thick oak door, in which I made out a locked opening to pass the food through and a little slit, protected by glass and a shutter from the outside. This was the "Judas" through which the prisoner could be spied upon at every moment. The sentry who stood in the passage frequently lifted the little shutter and looked inside, his boots squeaking as he crept toward the door. I tried to speak to him. Then the eye which I could see through the slit assumed an expression of terror and the shutter was immediately let down, only to be opened furtively a minute or two later. But I could get no word of reply from the sentry. Absolute silence reigned all around; no sounds came from anywhere. I dragged my stool to the window and looked upon the bit of sky I could see. I tried to catch any sound from the Neva or from the town on the opposite side of the river, but I could catch none.

DEWEY IN AN EMERGENCY.

How He Circumvented a Desertion Conspiracy After the Civil War.

One striking characteristic of the admiral is the readiness with which he meets every emergency, says Leslie's Weekly. He is resourceful as well as prompt in action. An illustration of this occurred during a cruise which Dewey took after the civil war, in the Mediterranean, on the old ship Canandaigua. The war fever had died out, and men frequently deserted. On men-of-war, boats cannot be lowered without an order, except in case of a man overboard. Several malcontents in the crew one night, therefore, raised the "man overboard" cry, lowered a boat and scuttled off into the darkness. Dewey was executive officer of the ship, and was called from his berth. Though even then particular as to dress, he didn't care about uniform when there was quick work to be done, and he appeared clad only in his night shirt. He rushed up to the quarter-deck in half a gale of wind and promptly took command in spite of his curious appearance. He knew his men thoroughly, and acted promptly in spite of the darkness. "Come back here, Jim Brown, Tom Robinson, and the rest of you," he shouted, and punctuated his remarks with three shots from his revolver. The shots, the ghostly figure on the quarter-deck, and the sudden use of their names startled the men into obedience, and they came sneaking back to the ship, while Dewey and his novel uniform retired once more below.

A Curiosity of the Philippines.

"Among the queer things found in the Philippines are bamboo opals, a vegetable gem which is sometimes discovered by the natives in the stem of the bamboo," says a gentleman who has lived for a number of years in Manila. "Not one piece of bamboo in a thousand, however, contains a specimen, as the bamboo grows there, as elsewhere, is usually empty; but accident occasionally brings to light in the bamboo stem a small, flintlike material which presents the appearance of a perfect opal. These nodules are known to the natives as 'tobacur,' and I have from time to time during my long stay on the islands seen several of these vegetable freaks of nature which reproduced the characteristic lines of the opal so faithfully that experts were puzzled to know the difference between the vegetable and the real specimen."

A Church Curiosity.

A church in which only two services are held during the year is surely a curiosity, yet such a one is to be found in the middle of a large field near the village of Towton, in England. It was originally erected as a memorial to Lord de Clifford, who fell in the battle of Towton in 1461.

With Pleasure.

McSwatters—I always love to hear that girl next door play "The Star-Spangled Banner." Mrs. McSwatters—I thought you said you couldn't stand her piano playing. McSwatters—Well, when she plays "The Star-Spangled Banner" it's a sign she's got through.—Syracuse Herald.



"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 they 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 shook 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-

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