

KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

"The secret is not my own," he continued earnestly after a minute; "you must be satisfied with half confidences."

I waited.

"What I want to tell you, Kitty, is this. I am bringing a visitor here to-night to sleep. I want no one to know that he is here. He is eluding justice. I am sorry to say that I am abetting him."

"John, what has he done?"

"Don't be frightened, Kitty. We can sleep in safety without fearing for our lives. He has forged a cheque—a cheque for a large amount. It is not his first offense. Many years ago he was guilty of a similar forgery; then the would-be prosecutor was bought off, the case was never brought into court. This time he has to deal with men who are made of sterner stuff. They will hear no compromise; they insist on prosecuting; for weeks past I have been trying to negotiate with them, to save him. I have failed."

"Is he worth it, John—worth all your work?"

"No, I think not."

"Why are you so anxious, then?"

"For old friendship's sake."

"Was he an old friend of yours? Oh, let him come here; we can hide him!"

"Kitty, you spoke then almost as your old self might have spoken. No, dear, he was never a dear friend of mine. As I said before, Kitty, you must be content with half confidences. A few weeks ago I hoped he had escaped. He could not be found. Then we discovered that he had returned to London and was here in hiding. To-day I find, what I feared yesterday, that his hiding place has been discovered; he dares not return there to-night. When it is much later and the way is clear, I shall bring him here. No one need see him, Kitty. I have a

"Don't stand at the window, Meg," I urged.

But Meg did not heed me. She stood between the parted curtains, and looked out across the wet pavement shining in the gaslight.

"Madame Arnaud!" cried Meg suddenly.

"Madame Arnaud?" I repeated.

"She is coming in with John. She chooses strange hours for calling, Kitty; the clock is just striking nine. Well, I am glad that some one has come to enliven our dullness—even a dull caller is better than no one."

"But not tonight," I said absently.

Meg turned away from the window; we both waited for John to bring Madame Arnaud into the drawing-room. We waited in vain. There were steps in the hall, then John's study door closed, and all was silent in the house.

Meg and I were silent, too; the rain beat against the panes; I sat and listened to it absently. Presently Meg crossed the room and stood beside my chair, and kissed me caressingly.

"Madame Arnaud must have gone again," I said, almost defiantly, defying Meg's unspoken sympathy, turning and looking up at her.

Meg did not answer. Presently she drew a low chair just opposite to mine. An hour dragged by. All through that hour, even while Meg talked, I was listening with a strained attention.

"Go to bed, Meg," I said at last, pleadingly.

"Why, Kitty?"

"Do go, Meg," I urged.

Meg glanced at me. Then for once, she rose and kissed me again and went.

The wind had risen; the rain beat deafeningly against the window. Sounds in the house were lost in the sounds of the storm outside. I crossed



I LOOKED STRAIGHT AT HIM.

disguise prepared for him. Tomorrow, when he leaves here, he will, I hope, be unrecognizable. His berth has been taken for him in another name in a ship for South America. Once there, he will be beyond the law."

John stood talking to me for some time longer, arranging the details of our plot.

"Shall I see him, John?" I asked.

"I think not, Kitty."

I rose at last to go. John detained me a minute longer.

"Not a word to Meg," he warned me.

"No," I promised.

"One would not willingly trust state secrets to Meg," he added, with a slight smile. "Try to keep her with you all the evening, Kitty. As for the servants, I will tell them to build up the study fire and then not to disturb me again tonight. When dinner is over, take Meg back to the drawing-room and keep her there."

"You will not be at dinner, John?"

"No," he answered abstractedly, "I am going out now."

"Where?" I asked.

The question escaped me before I had time to think; it was not often that I questioned him about his goings. He looked a little vexed at the question now.

"To Madame Arnaud's," he answered simply.

I turned toward the door; he opened it for me, smiling at me as he did so.

"Thank you, Kitty," he said in a grateful tone. "You have helped me very much."

"A wifely duty!" I returned, with a bitter little smile. "Don't thank me. I was bound to help you; and I turned away from him with the sound of my own bitter mocking voice ringing in my ears."

CHAPTER XV.

"Heigh-ho, what a long evening this has been!" and Meg sighed. "Wind and rain, wind and rain; listen to it!"

upon his speech; his effort after self-restraint was evident.

"Why should I wish to live?" I asked. "Why? Tell me why."

John sighed and made no answer. I went on passionately—

"If the wind blows upon me a little, if the rain touches me, you are sorry. You are not sorry that my heart is breaking. It is breaking all day long—always. And you—you do not care."

"Kitty, I think you are mad when you talk like this."

I pushed back my hair, which was falling loosely about my forehead, and looked at him with an odd little smile—a heart-broken half-bitter smile.

"I should be happier if I died," I said. "And you—could you marry Madame Arnaud, John?"

John's gray eyes flashed a quick, startled, scrutinizing glance at my face.

"That is one of the things, Kitty, that I cannot allow even you to say," he returned at last severely.

There was a long silence. It was John who was the first to break it. He spoke slowly, and his tone was heavy as he spoke.

"You asked me the other day to let you leave me," he said. "I refused. I was wrong—and you were right. You may go, Kitty. I will not try to keep you with me."

I was silent. John turned away, with a tired and heavy sigh.

"We will talk of it tomorrow," he added. "It's too late—we are neither of us calm enough—to talk tonight. But you shall go. I promise."

I think I murmured a few incoherent words of thanks as I turned away. I might go! The privilege seemed an empty boon, indeed. I had no feeling of elation, no feeling of contentment in having won. Life stretched away blankly before me, bereft of every joy, every hope.

Even now I cannot recall the long hours of that night with an aching pity for that old self of mine who lay sleepless, tearless the whole night through, and heard the hours strike one by one, and waited in a dull, hopeless, unexpectant way for the dawn to break.

The dawn came at last. The sun rose slowly above the house tops—a red orb in a copper-colored sky. I dressed wearily, and turned with a heavy heart to go down stairs.

My hand was on the handle of my door when the door was opened from outside. Meg came in. At the first sight of her face I stepped forward quickly and put my arm around her. Her face was deathly white—white even to the lips. Her lips were tremulous, and yet they were trying in a pathetic way to laugh at herself and at me—at herself for her emotion, and at me for my solicitude.

"I ought to faint, Kitty," she said, looking at me with a queer, trembling little smile. "It would be beetling—and—romantic, dear."

She pushed away the eau de Cologne I had brought her, and gradually the color came back into her cheeks.

"You should have told me he was here," she said, after a minute, half lightly, half reproachfully.

"Did you see some one, Meg? Were you startled? A—a friend of John's came last night to stay. I didn't tell you."

"Do you know who he was?" she asked.

"No. I don't know—John didn't tell me. But he told me that he was coming. I wish you hadn't seen him, Meg. He startled you—naturally—when you didn't know that any one was staying here. Would you mind, Meg, not saying to any one that you have seen him?"

Meg laughed harshly.

"I am not likely to mention it, Kitty," she said drily. "It is not often, dear, that I boast of that early escapade of mine. When I am an old woman and very dull I may weave a romance out of those ices and love letters and jam puffs; but I am not old enough just yet. I shan't talk of it, dear; don't fear."

"Meg, what do you mean? Who was it you saw? Not Arthur St. John?"

(To be continued.)

COLLIS' SECRETARY.

How a Raise Was Made to His Salary

The Chicago News of a late date gives currency to the following story: A few years ago Collis P. Huntington's private secretary, Mr. Miles, asked for an increase of salary. "Do you need any more money?" asked Mr. Huntington, thoughtfully. "No, sir, I don't exactly need it," replied Mr. Miles, "but still I'd be glad to be getting a little more." "Ah—hum—m—m," mused his employer, "can you get along without the advance for the present?" "Oh, yes," answered the secretary, "I guess so," and the matter was dropped. A couple of years later a new boy appeared at the Miles home and the secretary thought the time propitious to renew the application. "Why, my dear sir," said Mr. Huntington, when he heard him through, "I raised your salary when you asked me before." "I never heard anything about it," said the secretary, in amazement. "Probably not," returned Mr. Huntington; "in fact, I used that money to buy a piece of property for you. I'd just let it stand for a while if I were you." Mr. Miles thanked him warmly and retired, somewhat mystified. Recently Mr. Huntington called him into his private office. "By the way, Miles," he said, "I have sold that real estate of yours at a pretty good advance. Here is the check." The amount was \$50,000. The property was part of a large section purchased by the railway king as an investment for his wife.

Height of Vulgarities.

Among the French, formerly, to make a handkerchief was considered the height of vulgarities.

A SHOWER OF METEORS

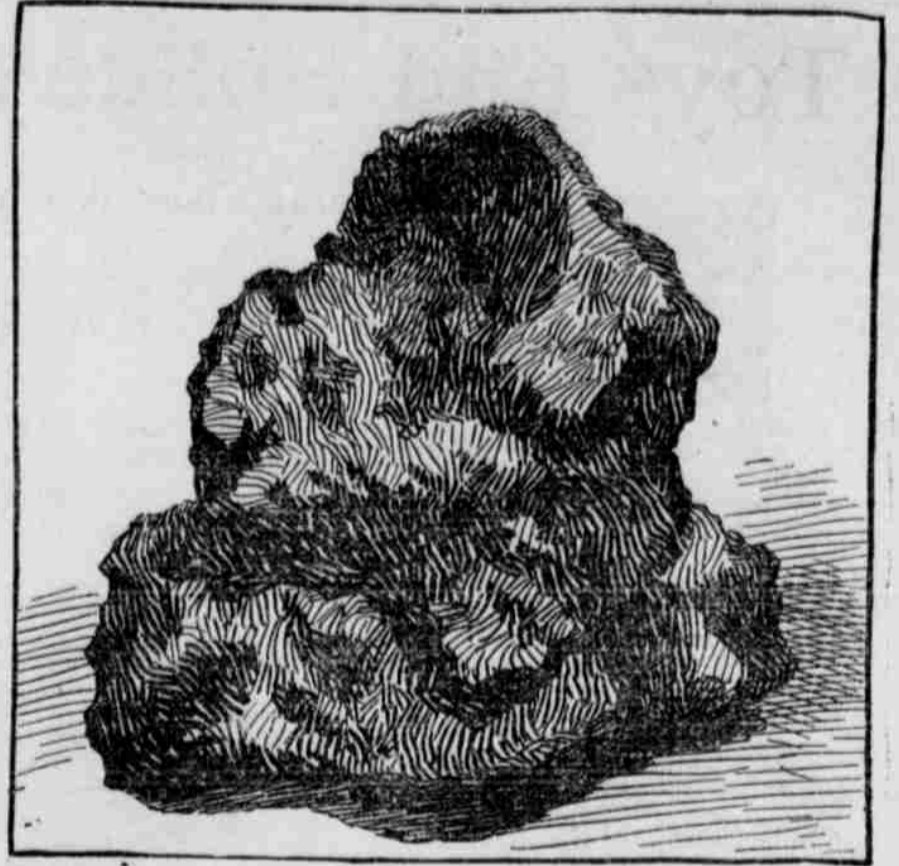
Comes Once in Every Thirty-Three and One-Quarter Years.

All persons who watch the heavens and gaze in admiring wonder on the glittering stars see frequently apparent runaway stars, dashing among their fixed fellows, leaving trails of light behind, and then, usually, in a second or two disappearing completely. These stars seem to have been shot out from a previous fixed position by some tremendous force which makes the watcher think of the action of a great cannon, and hence the name of "shooting stars" is given. The astronomer knows that these "shooting stars" are not really stars. Real stars are giant and distant suns shining by their own light. They are cold, dark bodies, which become hot and visible when they strike the air surrounding the earth. The velocity of their motion is, on the average, about twenty-five miles a second, and so when they dash into the earth's atmosphere the friction of the air produces a temperature of many thousand degrees. The result is that, as these bodies are usually very small, they are completely evaporated and dissipated. Sometimes quite large bodies are able to resist this tremendous frictional heating and then the residues reach the earth. Such bodies, when found, are called meteorites, meteoric stones, aerolites (air-stones) or uranoliths (heaven-stones).

Some consist of nearly pure iron, with nickel; others are stony, and still others are mainly stony with grains and globules of iron. Comparatively very few meteors have been seen to fall. Their chemical and mineralogical character is such that they can be identified as meteors, it is supposed, without anyone seeing them fall. The number of shooting stars visible to the naked eye is far greater than one would imagine who only glances at the sky now and then. A single observer can see, on the average, about five an hour. But such a group of watchers can observe, ordinarily, only those stars which "shoot" within two or three hundred miles of their observing station. If, therefore, the whole earth were covered

Physics and the Mechanic Arts.

In a lecture recently delivered before the Franklin Institute Prof. Cleveland Abbe said that all great stations



AN ARIZONA METEOR. FELL IN ARIZONA IN 1856.

ary engineering structures illustrate the perfection to which the arts have attained and the physical problems that must be solved. The tubular bridges over the Menai straits and the St. Lawrence, the suspension bridges over Niagara and the East river, the Eiffel tower at Paris, and the Ferris wheel at Chicago were only possible after machinery had been devised for rolling the iron and steel, cutting and bending it, punching and twisting it

change in the action of the diaphragm can be watched and studied in the living subject. So easy is this investigation that some day it is probable the examination of a patient's chest with the fluorescent screen will be considered as much a matter of routine and as little to be neglected in all doubtful cases as an examination with the stethoscope at present. There is scarcely any change in the lungs,

heart and great vessels which cannot now be seen and photographed.

ONE UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCE

Three Trained Nurses on the Niger Are Not to Be Envious.

The unpleasant experience of three trained nurses 500 miles up the river Niger does not lead anyone to envy them in their situation. They are the only white women that have ever been seen there, and are, therefore, objects of curiosity to the natives. One of them says: "We are out in a clearing in the bush—the hospital is one large wooden hut, and our house is another, partitioned off into three rooms. Our patients are officers and non-commissioned officers of the West African frontier, and are all white men, and the cases are mostly malaria, for this climate is a deadly one. We took more than six weeks getting here, as the river was so low that we stuck halfway, and had to be taken off to a little station. We stayed there over a fortnight, till the river rose enough for us to continue our journey. This is altogether the roughest life one can possibly lead. We lived almost entirely on tinned foods, but now we are on short commons, as the river has been so low they have not been able to get the stores up. We have no furniture, except a camp bed each, and some packing cases as tables. At the termination of the rainy season our men expect to have a good deal of fighting with the natives, so I suppose we shall have heavy work then. A great many of the natives are cannibals, and after a fight they dig up human bodies and eat them."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Difference of Clothing.

How much more toughness and endurance the average woman has than the average man when it comes to a question of the cold! One would have a sort of pity for a man who should venture out on the chilly days of autumn with no overcoat. Yet the extra coat that the woman dons is no thicker nor warmer than the ordinary inside coat that a man wears within doors, and in which he looks "peaked" in the outer air. But the woman, on the other hand, wears that little coat over a cotton shirt waist, and is warm and comfortable. Often in this climate the addition of a fur collarlet is the only concession she makes to the colder days when a man's light overcoat is banished by the coming of the heavier winter garment. In summer it is as much of a mystery how the man can



A SHOWER OF METEORS.

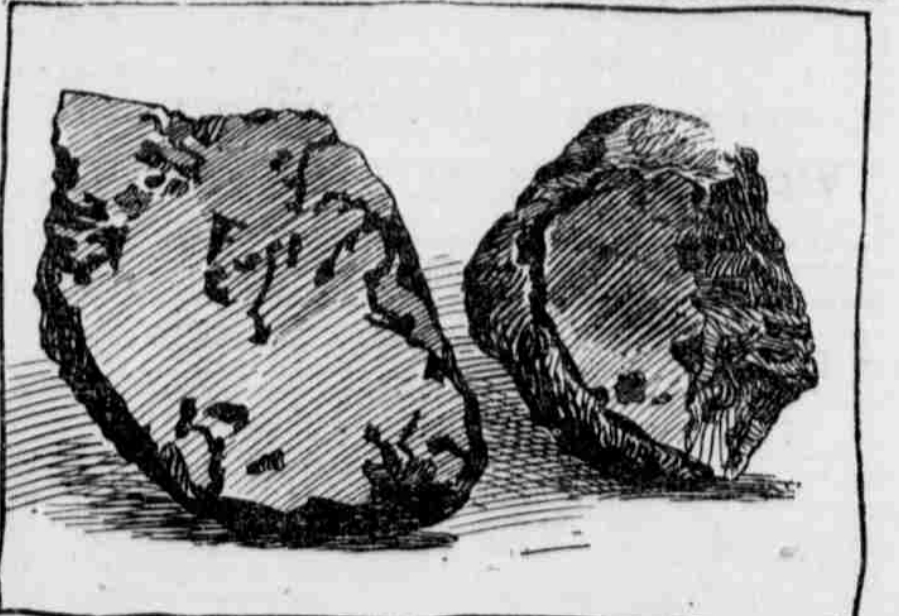
with observers enough to see all the heavens, it has been calculated, by the late Prof. Newton, of Yale university, that the number visible daily would be between fifteen millions and twenty millions. When to this number we add those which are too faint to be seen by the naked eye we reach a total which may run up to one hundred millions. We are therefore forced to the conclusion that inter-planetary spaces are quite rich in such bodies. Investigations show that these shooting stars are of a gregarious temperament. Millions travel together in the same swarm or group. They have plenty of room; the separate bodies frequently being miles apart.

The best to observe is between midnight and the sunrise-twilight, as proved the case during the recent heavy meteoric shower. We were then on the advancing front of the earth and saw those meteors we catch up with or meet.

The "story of the November meteors" is most interesting and instructive. The astronomers have been able to work out the life history of these meteors from the observations made. In 1799 S. Humboldt saw from the Andes mountains a grand star shower, and in 1833 there was another great meteoric display. Many thousands fell in the course of a few hours. Prof. Newton, of New Haven, investigated the matter, looked up old records of star showers and showed that there had been a great number of star showers occurring about thirty-three years apart and coming in the fall of the year. He prophesied that the next return would be seen Nov. 13-14, 1866. The shower came as predicted, and so came the recent shower.

Roentgen Rays in Medicine.

In an address before the Roentgen society Dr. Mansell-Moullin, the presi-



POLISHED METEORS IN SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

dent, said the fluorescent screen has now reached such a degree of perfection that the minutest movement of the heart and lungs and the least

smilingly endure the eternal coast, while his sister, or wife, or mother, covers her shoulders with the lightest of muslins.—New York Evening Sun.