

THAT UNLUCKY KISS.

"May I see Ethel?"

"Thank you."

"I looked for the request, of course,

He plunged his hands into his pock-

ets and roamed almiessly about the

"Ethel, will you be true to me?"

"Mamma was very vexed, but I love

you, Philip, and I shall not change my

HE WAS KISSING THE CHORUS GIRL.

mind. I will wait for you, and, though

we may not see each other, we can

When they met again it was six

months later, and the scene was the

"O, I am not going to reproach you."

he exclaimed, bitterly; "what right

have I? You promised and you have

"I have my mother to consider as

well as myself. You know her objec-

tions, and-well, I have given in! It

is easy enough for you to be strong and

resolute. For me it was a different

"Then it is good-by? Ethel, suppos-

ing-I say 'supposing'-my position

should have improved before you have

seen any one else you think you care

"You don't quite understand," she

"I am going to marry Sir Jonas

There was a long pause, and then the

restraint be had been putting upon

"The truth is told at last. A rich

man has proposed to you, and you have

flung me over. I am ashamed to think

I loved you. I am disgusted with my

"Good-by." she said, rising, "You

are insolent, and I do not care to pro-

"Good-by," answered Chiltern, "but

loved you and you loved me. You have

chosen to disregard the fact, and to sell

yourself to a man for whom you care

nothing at all. May heaven forgive

She had done wrong, of course, but

"Where to, miss?" asked the cab-

A sudden revulsion of feeling selzed

Chiltern was not in sight. He was

He was in the humor in which a tem

perate man may deliberately set him-

self to the task of getting drunk, or

cominft any other folly of which hu-

As he unlocked his door with his

latch key he became aware that a

young lady with brilliant golden hair

was smiling to him from the opposite

side of the way. A momentary inspec-

tion showed him that she was a chorus

girl, from the Frivolity Theater, whom

"Good afternoon, Dr. Chiltern," she

"Were you," he answered; "come in,

ne to ask you what I owe " she said, archly. "I was going to a, but I thought it better to call."

as a matter of fact, in a hansom shead

was not all her fault-she had been

do not think you will be happy.

vou. Miss Denison. I never will!"

man, with his ear to the butterfly.

her, "Back!" she said, chokingly.

leave me that tiny hope."

mamma, and-"

himself gave way.

long the interview."

bullied into it.

of her, speeding home.

man nature is capable.

be had recently attended.

"And what?" .

"If it is to make reproaches-"

broken your promise. All is said."

write."

zoological gardens.

to grow tired."

matter."

R. CHILTERN did not go to the | self to a man who has still his way to hall without misgivings. He make in the world is perfectly out of was aware that Miss Denison the question. May I give you some would be there-indeed, he knew that tea? No! Well, I am very sorry. I her presence was the magnet which do not think there is anything more I attracted him. The girl was the can say on the subject" daughter of Lady Denison. His infatuation was absurd! Yes, he saw the situation, the folly of his attachment, Yes, you may see her. But I must ask but he had fallen in love very deeply you to consider it the last interview endeed, and his reason had not been between you." strong enough to combat temptation, albeit he condemned himself for yielding to it. She noticed his approach with a

gratified smile, and the next moment both hands silently, and he caught her he was greeting her, indifferent to the to him as Lady Denison slowly withwarning glance he had detected on drew, the part of her mother. "I hoped I should find you here," he

said, "and yet I doubted it." "Why?"

"Because I hoped it so much."

She laughed and unfurled her fan. "You always say pretty things. The knack ought to bring you a fashionable practice, Dr. Chiltern."

I wish it would," he answered, that or something else. A fashionable practice would be very welcome just now. As a matter of fact, I am thinking of throwing up what I've got and looking for an opening in pastures

"You think of leaving England?" "I am considering it. Will you give me a waitz-perhaps it will be our last, wen know?"

Their waltz was over and he had led her into the conservatory on the pretext of discussing his projected depar-

She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes a moment. When she opened them she met his own bent intently on her.

"Tell me all," she said softly, "you

are not really going away?" "Not if you wish me to stay!"

"I? Of course I-do not like to lose

"I am not your friend! Miss Denison-Ethel-you know-you must have seen-how dear you are to me. Dar-Eng, you are all my world! I am a goor man. I never meant to speak. I have nothing to offer you, I can only beg you to wait; but if you will wait O, my dearest, I will worship you all my life. Answer me-are you offend-

"No," said Miss Denison faintly, "I am surprised! I did-I did not know you cared about me like that."

"And are you sorry?" She shook her head.

There was an instant in which he foretasted Paradise. Then they both realized they were engaged, and that there would be the devil to pay when ber mother knew it.

"Your mother must be spoken to." be said ruefully; "I am afraid she will hardly be pleased."

"I will speak to her first," said Miss Denison. "I will prepare her for your Grant."



WHICH FOREBODED ILL

visit. come to morrow afternoon Phil-

His pulse throbbed triumphantly and

be kissed her.

Nothing shall part us, Ethel?" "Norbing," she said firmly,

the presented himself at the house in Chrises street nervously, and was ered into the drawing room where Lade Denison greated him with a stateto positioness which he instinctively ew Pereboded III.

bild has been telling me of the -fae compliment you have faid e. Dr. Chiltern," she began. "What a pity—what a great pity—you should have been so imprudent! Believe me, I regret it more than I can say."

"I confess that I scarcely expected in to be delighted, Lady Denison," sephed, "but I do sincerely trust will not refuse your consent to the ability, and I am in a pro

She was a decidedly pretty girl, des pite the too golden bair and the art she had invoked for her complexion. She put her head coquettishly to one side with her eyes sparkling at him, and leaned slightly forward, her hands resting on the table. He noticed that they were provoking eyes, and that the hands were small and daintly gloved. Miss Denison's cab stopped with a jerk outside, and she descended, and rung the bell impulsively. The house-

keeper answered her: "Dr. Chiltern has not come in yet, I

think." "I will wait, please."

She turned the handle and advanced a step into the room. Chiltern was kissing the chorus girl at the exact moment

Then he saw her and there was a pause that appeared to last a lifetime It was broken by the rustle of the in truder's skirts as she withdrew, and overtake her in the hall.

leave-taking I forgot to say something I must beg you to return my letters. and-I have brought you back your

Peculiar Cinher.

A cipher is a means of communication in which words or combinations! of words have a peculiar significance. known only to the parties interested. "Well, if I do, it is no ordinary proof It is of value in two ways. First, by of resignation. I have just had the sat-Its use important information can be transmitted secretly. Secondly, in telegraphing, much money is saved by the use of single words which mean whole sentences. But that the use of a by the following incident:

A few years ago a prominent oil-producer of Pittsburg was putting down what is known as a "wild-ent," that is, a room until she appeared. She put out well in a territory that had never been tested for oil.

He was keeping the fact a profound secret, in order that, in case he got a good well, he might without difficulty secure all the leases he desired in the vicinity. He was on the ground himself, watching with great interest the indications. Everything pointed to SUCCESS.

Two days before the well was expect called home. Anxious about the result. he arranged with his contractor to telegraph him as soon as the drill reached the sand. He knew, however, that secrets will sometimes leak out of a telegraph office, and so he told the driller that the sentence, "Pine trees grow tall," would mean that he had struck the matter, and promised to do as he was ordered.

The mingled satisfaction and vexation of the producer may be imagined when, two days later, he received the following telegram: "Pine trees grow tall. She's squirting

clean over the derrick." His hope that he should have no competitors for leases was disappointed .-

Youth's Companion.

A Curious Home. At the intersections of streets where ble information." electric arc lamps are hung is a curi-

ous bit of city bird life. The lights are covered by big metal cones, inside "It has not taken long, Ethel for you of which a board crosses holding the bar that suspends the lamp. One day the man who replenishes the lights attracted by the novel sight and when the people got year enough they saw the sparrow'r best on the board inside the cone and in it three young birds with gaping red mouths. The lamp man attended to his business as though it were nothing strange.

"Is that a sparrow's nest?" asked the man who was always wanting to rington expects it. If so, I fear nothing for, may I ask you again? Dearest,

murmured, nervously. "I have obeyed evidently answered the question be-

Later he said that almost every lamp side it. At first the tempmen tore them with Nora L'Estrange, he will be gad would rebuild the nest in a day or time at their miserable lodgings. I want two and the men gave it up and let you to keep me informed of this. I am no them remain. The sparrows find a going to let that girl interfere with my high, swinging, airy home in the cones plans, cost what it may to cut her out!" safe from cats and bad boys.-Kansas City Star.

Syrup in Tank Cars.

The sight of a tank car for oil is so would be drawn to it, but a tank car for molasses attracted widespread comment a day or two ago as it moved through Philadelphia over the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad. These cars carry about 5,000 gallons, which is equivalent to 60,000 pounds. They are loaded through a dome in the top and cion." emptied by means of an outlet in the bottom. There is a coil of steam pipe Inside the tank for the purpose of heating the molasses, which makes it run freely and enables the car to be emptied in from twelve to fifteen minutes Under the old system of shipping molasses in barrels, holding from 500 to 600 pounds, nearly fifty pounds was lost from each package, being absorbed by the barrel staves. Losses by defective cooperage, which were also very heavy, are avoided, too.

Hateful Man!

Fond Mother-Emby is getting quite talented now. He can say mamma and papa just as plain as anything. There! did you hear that?

Crusty Bachelor Uncle-Yes, I heard it. Which was he saying, pape or mamma, then?-Somerville Journal.

Mary had a little lamb With her it used to stray But it fled when Mary read her piece On graduation day. Washington Star.

There can be no courage without

true understanding of danger.



generally broken off."

in will, I suppose, be more frequent."

is not happy at the school, and as she has

"Yes, I have no doubt we can manage

And the conversation turned on domes-

Mrs. L'Estrange, who was far from

strong, had taken cold, and was ensily

persuaded to keep indoors. The day be-

ing dry and crisp. Nora took their maid, who had been in Mrs. L'Estrange's ser-

to inquire for Mrs. Ruthven and bid her

CHAPTER X.

By the time she reached her temporary

home, Nora felt refreshed and invigorat-

evening had begun to gather, and she

planned to herself that she would read

aloud to Helen after dinner, to atone for

The gas had not been lit, and going up-

stairs in semi-darkness, she ran against

"I beg your pardon," said Winton.

whose voice she instantly recognized, "it

"Yes, the evenings draw in so soon

"I am glad to have an opportunity of

wishing you good-bye. I am going out of

town to-morrow for a few weeks; by the

time I come back, I shall have made up

"Has the country so little attraction for

"Plenty of attraction; but-I need not

trouble you with my reasons. Good-bye

for the present. I hope to see you again

He held her hand for a moment and

Nora ascended slowly, thoughtfully, to

L'Estrange leaning back in an easy chair,

her handkerchief to her eyes, beside a

vanced toward ber. Mrs. L'Estrange

started and encovered her face; the strong

light of the flames showed that she had

been and was weeping. "Dear Helen,

"Do not ask me now. I will tell you all one day, but not now," said Mrs. L'Es-

her stepdaughter, pressed her lips for an instant to Nora's cheek, and left the room.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Nora to self, "she has refused him. But why?"

Overcome with surprise, she sat down, all

dressed as she was, to ponder this nnex-

pected outcome of their pleasant intimacy

with Winton. He, too, seemed depressed

and unlike himself. Why-why had Helen

rejected him? especially as she evidently

that she and her little girl were unpro-

rided for, and that she did not like being

burden on a husband? Winton was

fairly well off, and not likely to let such

an obstacle stand in the way of his or her

happiness. Could it be any hesitation

about leaving her (Nora) alone, with

some mere hired stranger for a compan-

ion? No; Helen was too sensible for such

an overstrained sense of duty or friend-

ship. Then, as she gazed into the red mass which glowed in the grate, memory unrolled her long record of past benefits

Could it have been because she k

felt doing so very keenly.

Rising, she came quickly toward

drawing room, where she found Mrs.

before long, either here or at Brookdule.

now," she replied, with some confusion

someone on the first landing.

tic matters.

and several pounds.

her long absence.

was gone.

what is the matter?

Bea, too, might come to us early in

given notice she is going to leave, they

often see it."

work.

CHAPTER IX .- (Continued.) Shirley looked after him.

"Then he has given up, has he?" be asked quickly.

"For the present, yes. There, don't let by a stifled oath of Chiltern rushing to us talk any more about my misfortunes. I am going to take your advice, throw the "I beg your pardon," said Miss Deni- load off my mind, and try what a change son, icily, "but in the hurry of our of scene will do for me. I have promised dear Lady Dorrington to go down and stay with her for a week or two. She says she will get a few pleasant people togethed to meet me. It will be much better than going away by myself.",

tendy.

He glanced at the cash box.

isfaction of paying heavily for my agent's failure. "Oh, that's what brought Waite here?

What a villainous countenance the follow "I do not think so. In fact, the advan cipher requires judgment is illustrated tage of his face is that it is absolutely ex-

pressionless; only I fear if he has not succeeded, no one else will, "I roppose you will have Lady Dorring ton's end of a brother at what do you

call her place? "Chedworth? Yes, it is highly proba-

"I am not important enough to be asked," said Captain Shirley in an injured he has a good, true heart,"

"Nonsense, my dear friend. But if you are, I am going to beg you not to accept." "Why? I am sure you would not let enterprising manager of Drury Lane has me or any one interfere with you."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Ruthven, pantomimes ever presented to a London with sweet composure. "My reason for audience. The scenic effects will be of ed to "come in," he was unfortunately asking this favor is that I want you to an original and extraordinary character. tell me what goes on in town.' and the ballet one of the most gorgeous "Oh, I have to play the honorable part ever seen." That is something for Bea! It will be such fun going with her! What

of spy, have I?" You can do exactly as you like. If you choose to disoblige me and break with Helen, don't you think we can take in me, you can. Only—"

An expressive pause. "You know very well I don't want to do anything of the sort. I confess to get out | will be cross and disagreenble." oil. The driller seemed to understand of temper when I see you determined to throw yourself away on such a fellow as Marsden, when you might do so much December."

better." "I am not so sure I could. Mr. Marsden is evidently not the spendthrift you made out. The money you insinuated he had made away with for his own purposes was forthcoming when I needed it. I prefer, too, being high up among the landed gentry, to being the wife of some new

made, insignificant peer." "Why not an old important one?" "Because at this moment there is scarce one available. The Peerage gives valua-

"And because the fascinating master of Evesleigh happens to please your fancy?" "What is it to you if he does?" she cried.

with sudden fierceness. "It is a great deal to me. I hate

ides," returned Shirley, bitterly.
"You don't really mean to say you still with carbons, lowered the lamp to the care who or what I like?" she exclaimed street. While he was putting in the with a slight, not unfriendly, smile, "that carbons a hen sparrow flew about his is too foolish. A strict alliance for our head chirping angrily. A crowd was mutual benefit is wise and reasonable, but I think we have exhausted sentiment. The fact is, you hate Marsden. I can see your enmity curling the corners of your mouth, and gleaming through the glances tell me what goes on, without exaggera tion or prejudice. You may have nothing Marsden may ask me to marry him during this visit. I fancy Lady Do. for I do believe that if I were richer than I am-rich as Croesus he would not tie the lamp man, sarcastically, for he had himself to me or to any woman unless she could give him pleasure! It will probably be but a short-lived passion. pect he is constant only to inconstancy still, temporarily, he likes me. Now if cone in town had a sparrow's nest in as I have sometimes thought, he is taken out whenever found, but the sparrows ding to and fro, and spending a lot of

She spoke with strong emphasis. "I understand," said Shirley, who has listened sulkily to this long speech, you have set your mind on Marsden o Evesleigh, everything most give way. It common that no attention whatever is a poor marriage for you, and there can only one explanation for it. Maraden cannot be as heavily embarrass ed as I was led to believe. I was rather surprised to find be was ready with the

money for your new purchase,"
"What!" cried Mrs. Ruthven, "You imagine Clifford Marsden would be faithless to his trust? What a base suspi

"I see nothing to elevate him above it. said Shirley with a sneer. "However, I will endeavor to carry out your wishes, as I have always done, but not for nothing. Mrs. Ruthven looked at him-a curious searching look.

"You shall have your pay," she said, "in any way you like except one."
"You need not have mentioned the ex eption; I am well aware of it.

There was a pause. Then Mrs. Ruth ven said in an altered tone: "Lady Dorrington goes down to Ched worth to-day and I follow to-morrow."

"How long do you remain?" "Tee days, possibly a fortuight. Now my dear Shirley. I am going to be rather busy, and must bid good morning.

"I understand," be said, "and obey." Lady Dorrington had written a few lines to her goddaughter, excusing her-self for not having called on or sent for her. Time was too short, she said. It was of the utmost importance to get poor dear Mrs. Ruthven away to a totally

poor dear Mrs. Ruthven away to a totally new scene, and among fresh faces.

Mrs. L'Estrange smiled as she read the note.

"I fancy Clifford Marsden will be her sest comforter," she said.

"Do you know," returned Nora in a wise, reflective tone, "I begin to doubt if

instances of her stepmother's patience, her care for every one's comfort, her entire self-forgetfulness, came back to hes inted from dim, bygone days. Her own vagne wonder that Helen never wanted go noywhere, never sought release from the wearying attendance at her querulous, suspicious, invalid husba-d, her undefinimpression that somehow life was ever for her young stepmother—that she had nothing left but endurance and kindly thought for others. What would she herself have been had she been reduced to a single-handed struggle with such diffculties as existence would have presented itself without Helen? How much of youth would she have enjoyed? much of education, of pleasure, or freedom from the stunting effect of care too heavy for her years? Yes! She saw it they will marry. Mark Winton was sayall clearly. Helen had been more than a ing yesterday that there was an idea at mother to her, for she had no claim to one time among her late husband's broth-er officers that Mrs. Ruthven would marry such tender, discriminating care. "And if I can repay her I will," thought Nora, her Captain Shirley. It is curious that he should still be so much with her. When beart glowing warm and strong, "Notha man is rejected, communications are ing shall stand between me and a woman to whom I owe so much. Thank God! "It was mere gossip, probably—the report, I mean. Why should not men and ever remember her. I do hope Bea will women be dear friends and nothing grow up a tender, loving daughter! She has a dash of my father's temper! But "I am sure I do not know; but you don't | way-why did Helen send Mark Winton away? I can fancy their whole storygrowing into love with each other, almost "As education and common sense increase, friendship between men and wom- from their school days then his going away to seek his fortune, some mison a chair near the table, beside which Mrs.

Ruthven sat. "You look cheered up alreturning to India yesterday. His leave hope in the future, tempted by a chance of abscuce has not expired yet, but he of a settled home with my father. It is seems auxious to get back to his work. a sail enough story, and I suppose a com-He says he feels he is wasting his time mon one. Well, she shall have peace here, and that, for a man of his disposition, if I can secure it. But why did tion, the only charm life possesses is she send Mark Winton away? I am sure ork."

She did: I must not ask her; I most not "That is rather a dreary dectrine, is it seem intrusive. Will she ever tell me?"

That evening Nora was more than usu-"I told him so. He was very nice and ally kind and cheerful; she insisted on pleasant yesterday, but I fancied there Mrs. L'Estrange lying down where her was an undertone of depression in all he eyes were shaded from the light, and she read about from a picturesque book of "Why, Mr. Winton is the last man I travels.

should suspect of sentimental melan-choly," cried Nora. "Perhaps he has lost for the night Mrs. L'Estrange put her arm round Nora, and kissing her gently, said:

"I don't think you do Mark Winton jus-"You are a good girl, dear daughter, or tice. Norm. I have known him since he is should any journeer sister, to me, journess a ind of seventeen, and, believe me. inade my life happier than I ever expected She went quickly upstnirs, "If you say so, I am quite willing to be- leaving Nora touched and surprised, for lieve it," then, breaking off suddenly, she neither was a demonstrative woman and exclaimed: "Listen to this, Helen. "The rarely exchanged caresses.

'The rarely exchanged caresses. The days went by, however, and Mrs." in preparation one of the most brilliant L'Estrange did not show any inclination to tell Nora the story she had promised; still, her stepdaughter waited with loyally suppressed curiosity, and tidings reached them that Winton had gone as far as Florence with some Indian friends outward bound to Bombay, and had passed raptures she will be in! By the bye, through London without calling to see

Meantime Lady Dorrington flattered herself that her plans were maturing succossfully. The day after Mrs. Ruthven had been installed in the principal guest chamber at Chedworth, Marsden arrived from town, and made himself charmingly agreeable to every one, especially to Mrs. Rathven. The pretty little widow visibly revived after his arrival and lost some thing of the pained, strained look in her eyes, which had given Lady Dorrington such uneasiness.

"You ought to get out more, my dear Mrs. Ruthven," she said, as that lady was vice ever since she was married, to bear bidding her hostess good night. are lots of pretty drives about, and I have her company, and walked across the park a capital pair of ponies."

"To say nothing of an excellent charioteer, in the shape of an unworthy brother. Pray, allow me to show you the neigh-When they reached the hotel Mrs. Ruthborhood. I am duly qualified for the task of cicerone," said Marsden. walk to Harvey & Nichols', where she

"Thank you," and Mrs. Ruthven raised her eyes to his with a long, searching look. "If you really don't mind losing a and her attendant spent a delightful hour. day's hunting! It is a tremendous sacri-

"Sacrifice!" cried Marsden, laughing. ed by air and exercise. The shades of "If sacrifice and penance always took such a form, what a penitent I'd oel Then, if fine, we will take our first tour of inspection immediately after luncheon.

The weather was all that could be desired, more like late September than early November, and the excursion was so suc cessful that another was arranged for the following day.
(To be continued.)

Cooking in the Gutter.

A member of the Seventh Regiment. according to an article in the New York Sun, is surfausiastic over his experences with a tin dish and a campmy mind whether I shall return to India thre during the late street car riots in at once or stay to the full extent of my Brooklyn. He has been noted in his own circle for his delicate taste in the matter of cookery, and his skill with you, Mr. Winton, that you are ready to the chating-dish. He not only knew when a thing was cooked exactly right, but he could cook it just right himself, only he was so excessively fastidious that he must have just such a dish in which to do it.

Now he was left to shift for himself in the street, with nothing but a tin dish as a cooking utensil. "Fortunately." he says, "the dish had a cover and a handle, and after I became convinc-"Why, Helen!" cried Nora, as she ad- ed that there was no help for it, I made a few experiments and found the resuits delicious.

"The value of a wood fire had never been apparent to me before, but I tell you it is wonderful. Why, I never ate such potatoes as I baked in the em-And the surrounding cobblestones kept my coffee as hot as I wanted it while I was doing my other cook-

"The doings of some of the men were laughable. They had less idea of cookery than the average servant. They would insist upon building a fire with the flames reaching beavenward, and then they wondered why their food was burned on one side and raw on the other. One fellow who wanted ham and eggs put the eggs in, shells and

all. A beautiful mess! 'As for myself, I will stand up hereafter for the regimental tin dish, and a wood fire with a cobble-stone foundation. I lived like a prince; and the next time my appetite is spoiled by the atrocities of French cooks, I am going to pitch my tent in the back yard, and win back my digestion with the sort of cookery I have been enjoying for a

weck. The two most widely separated postoffices in the United States are those in Key West, Fig., and in Ounglasks. Alaska, 6,271 miles spart. Two cents will insure the carriage of a letter by-tween those distant points.