

# Capitulation of Celia

“No, you certainly did not,” replied Leonard Vancourt, his forehead lowering into a frown, as he helped himself to a second piece of toast. “Might I inquire which of the two is going to afford us the delicious delight of her presence—Clarissa, the saturnine, or Amelia, the magpie imitator?”

“Len!” The delicately traced eyebrows were raised in indignant exostulation. “I think that it is particularly unkind of you to speak in that manner of my relations. You used to say that Aunt Amelia was a shrewd business woman.”

“I would be the last to deny her that qualification, Celia,” remarked Vancourt, grimly. “It was positively a stroke of genius the way the old reptile—ahem—lady palmed off on to me that property in Southwark. Fifteen houses, my dear, with only rudimentary drainage and a hungry County Council waiting on me to render the same effective. Aunt Amelia ought to have been a company promoter. Egad! she would have made her fortune at the game, my respected aunt-in-law has it in her bones—wasn’t she the Daily Express?”

Celia’s lips commenced to quiver.

“I think that you are horrid, Len,” she vouchsafed at length, glancing reproachfully at her husband, who suddenly became immersed in the money market column of the paper which he had discovered under the table.

“I must say that I think you are particularly unkind to speak of my relations in the way you always do! You should not forget, dear, that Aunt Clarissa has been more than a mother to me, and brought me up since I was a tiny tot; the first time you ever met me, Len, was at her house.”

“I know,” replied Vancourt casually. “But if it hadn’t been for Gus Harrington taking me to Rutland Gate I should never have seen either of you. I remember the evening well. I took an instinctive dislike to your respected, more than a mother of an aunt! A feeling incidentally which has intensified ever since.”

“You used to say that you were very fond of her—before we were married, Len.”

Vancourt coughed, dryly.

“I was diplomatic, Celia,” he said, quietly, as, laying aside his paper, he buttered a piece of toast. “You see, as I could only see you in her house, I was obliged, in a sort of way, to hold the candle to—your aunt.”

“She was very fond of you, Len,” Celia Vancourt’s eyes were bent reproachfully on his.

“Ahem! That was very kind of her, dear. You see, Celia, I had shakels; in London society I was considered rather a decent match at the time I married you.” His accent was irritatingly sardonic.

“Do you mean to insinuate that Aunt Clarissa liked you because you were well off and had a house in Park Lane?” demanded Celia, her face flushing an angry pink.

“Aunt Amelia did, anyway,” smiled Vancourt unfeelingly. “My spare cash made her Southwark property boom in a manner which brought a smile to her face! She had me on toast, Celia.”

She rapped her knife impatiently on the immaculate damask. “Leonard,” she remarked, with dignity, “I would have you remember that you are speaking of my relations.”

“I have no desire to rob you of their ownership, dear,” remarked Vancourt; then added, as he commenced his breakfast in real earnest, “I wish to goodness that you would manage to see that we get bacon for breakfast that is not salty enough to skin the inside of one’s mouth. I don’t believe that the tradesmen would dare to sell such abominable meat to anybody else but us.”

Celia’s face grew tearful looking, as she poured herself out a cup of tea; then, glancing across the table at the sulkily annoyed features of her husband, said, irritably:

“I never met such a growling man as you are in my life! The moment anything puts you out you quarrel with your food. Goodness knows, I am fanciful enough, but I don’t find this bacon a bit salty.”

“Of course not! It is quite sufficient for me to say that it is for you to declare the contrary,” said Vancourt, angrily. “I never met such a contradictory woman as you are in the whole course of my existence. I am just about sick of it!”

“And I am tired to death of you and your grumbling,” retorted Celia, flushing with anger. “Everything that I do is wrong. I can’t make out what on earth made you marry me!”

“Because I was a victim of the throes of driving lunacy, that’s why,” said Vancourt sardonically. “I wish now that I had never set eyes on you. Why, ever since my marriage I have never known what it is to have a decent breakfast. If I don’t get a high egg I get salt bacon which a sailor would kick at, and if I get neither of those two things I have a piece of fish which would disgrace an East End cook shop put in front of me.”

He sniffed indignantly, as, turning in his chair, he picked up his discarded paper and flattening it out angrily, commenced to read its contents.

“Very well, Leonard,” said Celia, dignity struggling with tears for mas-

to have ever come across you I will ask Aunt Clarissa when she comes here—

“I tell you she isn’t coming here!” interrupted Vancourt peremptorily. “I won’t have the old cat in the house—so there! I’m master here, kindly remember.”

“And I am mistress!” retorted Celia. “So Aunt Clarissa shall come and—”

“What?”

“And when she does I—I—shall tell her that—how unkind you are—and ask her to take me away,” continued Celia in a faltering voice, unheeding his interruption. “I—I never—want to see you again—I hate you!”

“Oh, very well, then,” Vancourt rose with as much dignity as he could assume. “As such is the case, and since I am not allowed to be master of my own house, we had better separate amicably. I, for one, shall be very pleased to be freed from a nagging woman!”

“And I, from a—brute!”

“That is a question of opinion,” remarked Vancourt easily. “I have been asked by Carstairs to go for a cruise, and as his yacht leaves Southampton the day after to-morrow I may as well go with him until I have decided what I will do. Of course, I shall leave you the house—I will clear out.” He crossed the room to the door, adding, as he opened it, “There will be enough money paid into your account to satisfy your requirements.” Then, without awaiting a reply, he closed the door behind him, Celia gazing half disconsolately, half defiantly, at the vacant chair on the other side of the table.

Vancourt had not been gone long before he returned, dressed in faultless style, a Raglan over his arm and a bowler in his hand.

“Well, I’ll say good-by,” he said lightly, extending his hand to his wife. “I’ve told Job to pack up my duds and to bring them to me at the Carlton. I shall be stopping there till to-morrow morning, when I shall leave for Southampton.”

“I see.”

“We shall be cruising about the Mediterranean for about two months,” he continued, eyeing his wife covertly as he spoke. “After which I may go to South Africa for a few months to do some big game shooting.”

“You will enjoy yourself, I hope,” said Celia, placing her slim hand in his. “Of course, if we ever meet in society we need not be dead cuts, need we, Leonard?”

Her deep blue eyes were raised almost wistfully to his.

“Of course not,” he said with a strained laugh, as, pressing her cold hand in his, he went toward the door. “Addio, little woman, it is a pity that we should go our several ways, don’t you think so?”

“Yes, it is. Good-by.” Her voice faded away into a whisper, adding quaveringly to herself as the door closed behind her husband, “he might have kissed me before he went. I don’t think that—he minded leaving me and I—I—oh, I don’t care!” she cried angrily, dashing away the tears which had gathered on her lashes. “If he had tried to kiss me, I’d have slapped his face for him! I hate Leonard, and now that I am free I shall be as happy as—”

The harsh clang of the hall door below caused her to stop abruptly. For a moment Celia stood silent, then, sinking into a sofa, she buried her fluffly head amid a bevy of cushions, and cried as if her heart would break.

“He’s gone!” she muttered in a strangled voice, broken by sobs.

“And—I made—sure that he would come—back.”

Meanwhile, outside in the street, Leonard Vancourt hailed a hansom, and, stepping into it, was soon bowling in the direction of the Carlton. “I am afraid that I have made a fool of myself,” he soliloquized. “I made sure that she would have stopped me before I left the house; of course, it’s all most unearthly rot to think for a moment that I could live without my little Celia. A day would be had enough, but two months—I have half a mind to turn back and say that I was only bluffing, only I should look such an ass if I did. I might have kissed her before I left, though! Poor little girlie, she half raised her face to mine when I said good-by, and—oh, I am going to chuck this fool’s game and shall toddle back, and she can stodge me with high eggs and salt bacon as much as she jolly well likes if she will only take me on again. Cabby, I—”

His sentence was never finished, for, as he pushed open the trapdoor above his head, the pole of a brewer’s dray crashed into the side of the hansom.

When Leonard Vancourt came to his senses it was to find himself swathed in bandages lying in bed in a darkened and familiar room, while curled up beside him on the immaculate counterpane, sat Celia, her slim fingers cooling his fevered brow.

“Hullo, girlie!” he exclaimed, with a weak attempt at hilarity. “I haven’t gone after all, you see.”

“Are you sorry, Len, that such is not the case?” she queried gently, nestling her tear-stained cheek against his.

“Would you mind, dearest—I mean—Celia—if I said that I was glad?” he asked, slowly.

“Mind! Oh, Len, you are the dearest boy in all the world!” she cried, and

have come back, but when I found that you did not I just sat down and wrote to the Carlton to ask you to, dear.”

“And I hoped that you would call me back, Celia,” he said, delightedly. “And when I found that you did not, girlie, I thought that I would just come back and say that you might do any mortal thing you jolly well liked, if you would only take me on again, Celia.”

She passed her hand caressingly over his cheek.

“Call me girlie,” she whispered, happily. “You know, dearest, how I hate Celia.”

“I don’t,” Vancourt replied, fondly. “I love her better than the whole world! Kiss me, girlie.”—New York News.

**NEW WAY TO KILL SNAKES.**

**Squirrels Have Devised a Method of Getting the Best of an Enemy.**

A new condition of animal life has developed on Indian Island, in the State of Maine. As the Indians who inhabit the island never kill anything they do not eat, and as they eat neither squirrels nor snakes, both of these species have multiplied greatly of late years, and they have become as common as grasshoppers and as unafraid of man.

It came about in this way: The natural food of the large striped snake consists of insects with now and then a plump frog or a toad for a holiday feast. As the Indians do not kill snakes—unless they are very hungry—the reptiles increased so fast on the island that all the frogs and toads and most of the insects were exterminated, compelling the snakes to eat chipmunks or starve.

They chose the chipmunks. Though these small squirrels are found all over the island, they are most plentiful in the little cemetery at the south end.

The big striped snakes soon learned where game was thickest and began to make raids upon the undefended holes of the squirrels, catching them by the legs as they passed in and out, swallowing them whole as they do frogs.

For five or six years the struggle for mastery between the chipmunks and the snakes was a hard one.

The ratio between the two was decidedly in favor of the snakes, and the chipmunks were in a fair way to be wiped out, when an inventive squirrel discovered a way of killing the snakes without fighting them.

While a snake will enter any hole in the ground that is large enough to receive its body, no snake has yet been able to dig a hole for itself, and whenever a snake is plugged inside of a hole that snake remains where it is until it dies of starvation.

Somewhat the chipmunks learned this weak spot in the defense of snakes and they began offensive operations. Every day they went leaping among the graves and snuffing at the holes to learn if there were snakes inside. As soon as one was discovered the squirrels carried earth in their cheek pouches until the hole containing the snake was filled with earth and beaten down level with the grass.

They kept close watch for prying snakes for two or three years in succession, and last summer there was hardly a large snake to be found on the island, while the chipmunks had increased so rapidly that they ate up many of the growing crops upon which the Indian depended for cash bounties from the State.

In digging among the graves of their ancestors to rid the island from a pest of chipmunks the Indians unearthed hundreds of dead snakes which had been buried alive by the squirrels. Then the world was enlightened as to a new way of killing snakes.

**Last Barrier Gone.**

“Henry,” said Mrs. Penhecker, “you have not yet told me what good resolve you have made for the new year.”

“Why, my dear,” protested Henry, “you know that I have no small vices or bad habits at all. Don’t you know that you have induced me to stop swearing and smoking and drinking and going out nights, and everything else that I used to think that I wanted to do?”

“Yes, love,” answered Mrs. Penhecker, sweetly; “but it sometimes seems to me that you read the advertisements of liquors and cigars with a sinful satisfaction. It would be better for you, spiritually, if you should sternly and firmly resolve to shun them hereafter.”

And poor Henry shrank further and further into the nice new housecoat that she had made from her old dollman.—Judge.

**Poor Lo as a Workingman.**

The westward march of civilized labor has effected no change more remarkable than the conversion of the hitherto lazy, shiftless Indian “buck” into a workingman at \$1.50 a day. Large gangs of them are now employed by a Western railroad in track-laying, and they seem to like the work better than prancing around on ponies, decked out with feathers and war paint. Perhaps the strangest part of the new condition is the fact that it is the men and not the women that are doing the work, a complete reversal of the old way. Thus has the long-suffering squaw been emancipated.

**Insulted the Police.**

For uttering a strong expression of disapproval while quarreling with a constable at Vienna a nobleman has been fined for insulting the police.

The day after He asks her to marry him, She goes around the house, and takes inventory of the gimcracks which are hers, and which she can take with her.

**A HUMAN BODY BAROMETER.**

**Little Instrument Which Measures Amount of Animal Perspiration.**

Hereafter the human body may be brought within the observation of the United States weather bureau. At least Dr. Henry E. Weatherill, late surgeon of the Peary arctic expedition, and now surgeon in the Pennsylvania naval reserve, has invented an instrument for taking the temperature and barometric pressure of the human body.

The novelty of the instrument lies in the barometer, for, of course, thermometers have been used for taking the body temperature for many years. It is thought that the instrument will be very useful in diagnosis and in determining the progress of fevers and all other diseases in which perspiration plays an important part.

The intensity of a disease may often be told by the amount of perspiration that appears on the surface of the body. It is thought that it will be particularly useful in cases of sunstroke, as it is important to know accurately the amount of latent heat retained beneath the skin. In describing his invention Dr. Weatherill says:

“The instrument measures the perspiration in relative humidity units and the surface temperature without pressure on the limbs. The thermometer is attached to the body and the temperature can be read immediately by the nurse.

“The humidity mechanism is a spiral of very fine wire which is attached to a silk membrane dipped in chloride of cobalt and coated with gelatine. With careful attention the instrument is correct enough to give some very interesting results, such as the dryness of diabetics, the dryness that accompanies fever, and many other conditions.”

It is easy to suggest a variety of usefulness for the human-body barometer. Taking the whole area of the body and the number of humidity units as indicated by the instrument, it would be possible to ascertain exactly how much perspiration a man might exude in the course of a day, and after a certain standard had been adopted a course of action could be prescribed to keep him within bounds.

Perspiration comes from the blood. It is the effort of the circulation to get rid of an oversupply of moisture. So in any of those diseases in which the circulation is impeded the effect would be revealed in the latent supply of moisture on the skin. Another use would be the relation which the humidity of the body bears to the humidity of the atmosphere. It is suggested, says the New York Times, that herein may be found the clue to that particularly subtle sixth sense which enables some people to feel the approach of a storm even when there is as yet no cloud on the horizon.

The principal use to which it will be put is determining the condition of the sunstruck.

**UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.**

Five-year-old Harold is the blood of patriots. His grandfather was in the Mexican as well as in the Civil War, and his father is a Spanish War veteran; consequently, says the Washington Star, he has heard much talk of the flag in his short life, and has the most exalted ideas of its protective qualities.

Not long ago, when the new baby was born, Harold was put to sleep in a room adjoining his mother’s, and as he had never slept alone before, his baby soul was filled with nameless fears which he was too proud to tell in full.

“It’s awful lonesome in here, mamma!” he called.

“Just remember that the angels are near you and are caring for you,” answered his mother, from the next room.

“But, mamma,” he objected, “I don’t know any angels in particular, and I’d be scared if any strange angels came round.”

“Now, Harold, you must go to sleep. Nothing will hurt you.”

“Can’t I have the gas lighted in here?”

“No, dear, I don’t think it needs sary.”

There was silence for some time then the small voice piped up again “O mamma!”

“Yes, dear.”

“May I have grandpapa’s flag?”

“Why, what for? I want you to go right to sleep.”

“Please, mamma!” and a small nightgowning figure appeared at the door. “I want to stick the flag up at the head of the bed. You know that other night grandpapa said that any one protected by the American flag would be safe, no matter how weak he was. I feel awful weak, mamma. Truly I do.”

An hour later, when his mother looked in, he was sound asleep, with a little fist holding fast the end of the “protecting” flag.

**New York Was Third.**

New York was not always the first city of America. In 1730 Philadelphia had a population of 12,000; Boston 11,500, and New York 8,600. Twenty years later Philadelphia’s population had risen to 18,000, Boston’s to 14,000 and New York’s to 10,000. In 1793 the Quaker city still led with 44,000 New York had jumped into second place with 33,000, while Boston stood at 18,000.

**Different.**

**Conversationalist—Do you play ping pong?**

**Actor—No, I play Hamlet.**—Washington Times.

## HANDSOME NEW SILKS

THEY ARE SO MUCH BETTER THAN WASH GOODS.

The Woman Who Must Economize Will Have to Ponder Well Before She Makes Her Investment in the Shimmering Stuffs—Fashion Notes.

New York correspondence:

AINTY tricks of introducing a glint of color here or there in an otherwise subdued gown constitute a noticeable feature of the new fashions. Now and then the methods resorted to are more ingenious than pretty, but for the most part they are effective and tasteful. Very often a tiny bit of color shows in only one place on a coat or suit, and in such way that it almost looks as if it did not belong to them, but these fancies certainly are more attractive than all black suits, which had such a run a short time ago as to result in somberness of attire.

New silks are the cause of much studying of ways and means by the shopper who must economize. She’ll ponder ‘heir considerable cost, and find many offsets



FINE SILKS AND A SIMPLE SHIRT WAIST SUIT.

therefor. They’re so dressy, she thinks, and so cool, light and soft. Nor will they crush nor be affected by dampness as are wash gowns, organdies and the like. So the silks find many purchasers. Especially attractive are the new four-arms that come in pattern gowns ready to be made into shirt waist suits. They are so nicely set off with the lace or applique of net that furnishes their decoration, that it is a very easy matter to make the suit up and save the dressmaker’s charge. She who has a little ingenuity and can do this, can manage several handsome gowns for the price of one made by a good dressmaker. Skirts come all made but for seaming up the back breadth, where extra fullness can be arranged to make the skirt fit. Then there are two or three yards of plain silk and the embroidered fronts for the waist, so that a little variety is possible in making. But

The artist has put here three pretty waists; first, a fine white linen embroidered in white, then a white liberty satin with yoke of faggotted strips, and with white guipure lace and white silk grapes for trimming, and last, a white linen trimmed with Hungarian embroidery.

### Fashion Notes

Fascinating pongees have appeared that are charming for between seasons indoor gowns and later will be worn on the street.

All the popular silks will be employed for the making of these dainty creations. Taffeta, peau de soie and liberty satin are the favorites, although louisine and fancy silks are not forgotten.

Fashion seems set against anything cumbersome-looking or overheavy in the way of trimming. Small flowers will



NEW SEPARATE WAISTS.

if one has a shirt waist pattern that fits it is very easy to do the whole thing and save a lot. A handsome pattern in dark blue foulard sprinkled with tiny white dots has at the bottom of the skirt an applique of white lace net. The embroidery on the waist appears on full fronts and sleeves. Such dresses, of course, are in a very different grade from simple shirt waists of inexpensive wash stuffs. Yet these have about them an unmistakable air of style. One of green linen crash is shown in to-day’s first group. A host of equally simple designs is available.

Expensive pattern gowns of thin silks have the skirt yoke of heavy lace, the lace extending to the bottom of the skirt in points. This counts for elegance, but in considering the cost of such it is well to remember that an entire foundation of good silk must be included, for the opening is so open that a good quality of lining is an essential. Standard silks are plentiful among the stylish goods, and often give the shopper better returns since there’s always increased price in really new weaves. Not a few of the older silks are irreproachable as to stylishness, too, and not a few pattern dresses are found in them. In the first

have the preference over large blooms, and neat, compact-looking clusters will succeed the large, showy bunches.

Lace figures very prominently as a trimming for the spring hats—narrow scarfs of black Chantilly, deep cream and ivory-white lace draped around the rim of broad brims, the ends hanging down either at the back or side.

Evening petticoats are made of white silk with accordion flounces of silk gauze or mousseline de chiffon. Some very useful petticoats are of accordion nun’s veiling. These are always made with a deep hip yoke and trimmed with lace or rows of satin ribbon.

Many hats still have most of their trimming on the underside of the brim, but milliners promise a complete change and predict the fall of a single drooping feather. In millinery decorations as well as in every other department of dress oddity is the keynote.

The newest sleeves are alarmingly ample, tucked or box-plaited from the shoulder to above the elbow or plaited on either side of lace insertion, or a band of embroidery which lies inside the arm to the wrist. The leg-of-mutton sleeve and the oriental sleeve are still in vogue.