A DOMESTIC STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

after that fit of crying," Mrs. Presty admitmed, "but not your good spirits. What is
userying you now?"

"I can't help thinking of poor Kitty,"

"My dear, the child wants nobody's pity.
She's blowing away all her troubles by a ride
its the fresh air on the favorite denkey that
the feeds every morning. Yes, yes, you
unsedn't tell me you are in a false position,
and nobody can deny that it's shameful to
make the child feel it. Now listen to me.
Properly understood, those two spiteful wounon have done you a kindness. They have
as good as told you how to protect yourself
the time to come. Deceive the vile world,
Chiherine, as it deserves to be deceived.
Shelter yourself behind a respectable charactor that will spare you these insults in the
factore." In the energy of her conviction
Mss. Presty struck her fist on the table, and
that the intere audacious words: "Be a similated in three audacious words: "Be a

It was plainly said—and yet Catherine ther mother meant.

"Don't doubt about it," Mrs. Presty went case "do it. Think of Kitty if you won't think of yourself. In a few years more she estates a young lady. She may have an of-the of marriage, which may be everything wee-factive. Suppose her sweetheart's family fact religious family; and suppose your di-verce, and the judge's remarks on it, are dis-servered. What will happen then?"

"Is it possible that you are in earnest?" Catherine asked. "Have you seriously Thought of the advice that you are giving me? Setting aside the deceit, you know as weelf as I do that Kitty would ask questions. The you think that I can tell my child that the father is dead? A lie-and such a dreadand lie as that !"

Nonsense!" said Mrs. Presty. "Nonsense" Catherine repeated, indig-

"Hank nousense," her mother persisted. **Lasa't your situation forced you to lie alsand her governess have left us, haven't you Then obliged to invent excuses which are lies? If the man who was once your husthand isn't as good as dead to you, I should If he to know what your divorce means. My posor child, do you think you can go on as Am are going on now? How many thousernes of people have read the newspaper acwood of the trian? How many hundreds of species, interested in a handsome woman like year will wonder why they never see Mr. Commond? What? You will go abroad again?
Co where you may you will attract attention; you will make an enemy of every ugly syoman who looks at you. Strain at a gnat, speed as, and swallow a camel, It's only a execution of time. Somer or later you will thad yourself driven to it; you will be a widinw. Here's the waiter again. What does the man want now"

the Cathernet sie aithered the captain's of we areas excuse me for disturbing

mon, quencetive of what his age might be-By the language of the conjurers, a "magic essange' appeared in bor; she beautie brightis agreeable in a moment. Wh, Capt. Bennydeck, you mustn't make

reseases for coming into your own room!" Capt. Demydeek werit on with his excuses in vertheless. "The inniledy tells inc that Deams unluckily missed seeing Mr. Randal

Missey, and that he has left a message for ines I shouldn't otherwise have ventured-" Mrs. Presty stopped him once more. The emotain's claim to the captain's rooms was the principle on which she took her stand. sine revived the irresistible smiles which had consequered Mr. Ormond and Mr. Presty. "No secremony, I beg and pray! You are at home

there take the easy-chair!" Catherine advanced a few steps; it was rime to stop her mother, if the thing could the dome. She felt just embarrassed enough me heighten her color and to show her beauty to the greatest advantage. It literally stagspeed the captain the moment he looked at His customary composure as a wellfired man deserted him; he bowed confusedthe had not a word to say. Mrs. Presty sectaed her opportunity and introduced them wo each other. "My daughter, Mrs. Ormond - Capt. Bennydeck." Compassionating him, mester the impression that he was a shy man. Eatherine tried to set him at ease. "I am ineffeed glad to have an opportunity of thanking you," she said, inviting him by gesture

species red my health, and lowe it to your Mescaptain regained his self-possession. 9 . gos sions of gratitude had been addressed so sans which, in his modest estimate of himwit he could not feel that he had deserved.

es he seated. "In this delightful air I have

"You little know," he replied, "under what in crosted motives I have acted. When I medab ned myself in this hotel I was tair-Is driven out of my yacht by a guest who went salling with me.

Mrs. Presty became deeply interested. "Lieur me, what did he do?" Capt. Hennydeck answered, gravely: "He

Catherine was amused; Mrs. Presty burst cont lan hing; the captain's dry humor assecred a self as quaintly as ever. "This is no leasighing matter," he resumed, looking at Catherine, "My vessel is a small one, For two nights the awful music of my friend's · sales kept me sleepless. When I woke him gaped said Don't snore,' he apologized in the expectest manner and began. On the third they f anchored in the bay here, determined the get a night's rest on shore. A dispute the price of these rooms offered the two suc. I sent a note of apology on boardand slept peacefully. The next morning my smiling-master informed me that there had been what he called 'a little swell in the miche.' He reported the sounds made by my fished on this occasion to have been the aw-fished sounds of seasickness. "The gentleman, like the yacht, sir, the first thing this morn-

"me," he said; 'and he's gone home by railwere on the day when you happened to arrive my cabin was my own again; and I can honestly thank you for relieving me of say rooms. Do you make a long stay here,

Charles or nond?"
Charles in answered that they were going charles by the next train. Seeing Rancharles card unnoticed on the table, she hand-

"Is Mr. Linley an old friend of yours?" he thed as he took the card. Mrs. Presty hastened to answer in the af-tensitive for her daughter. It was plain that Sundal had discreetly abstained from menenjoying himself at sea when the divorce was granted and when the newspapers reported the proceedings. He rarely went to his club, and he never associated with persons of either sex to whom gossip and scandal are as the breath of their lives. Ignorant of these circumstances, and remembering what had happened on that day, Mrs. Presty looked at him with some anxiety on her daughter's account while he was reading the message on Randal's card. There was little to see. His fine face expressed a quiet sorrow, and he sighed as he put the card back in his pocket.

An interval of silence followed. Capt. Hennydeck was thinking over the message which he had just read. Catherine and her mother were looking at him with the same interest, inspired by very different motives. The interview so pleasantly begun was in some danger of lapsing into formality and embarrassment when a new personage appeared on the scene.

embarrassment when a new personage appeared on the scene.

Kitty had returned in triumph from her ride. "Oh, mamma, the donkey did more than gallop—he kicked, and I never fell off." She had got as far as that when the progress of her narrative was suspended by the discovery of a strange gentieman in the room.

The smile that brightened the captain's face when Kitty opened, the door answered. face when Kitty opened the door answered for him as the man who loved children. "Your little girl, Mrs. Ormond?" he said.

(A common question and a common reply. Nothing worth noticing in either the one or the other at the time—and yet they proved to be important enough to turn Catherine's

life into a new course.)
In the meanwhile Kitty had been whispering to her mother. She wanted to know the strange gentleman's name. The captain heard her. "My name is Bennydeck," he said; "will you come to me" Kitty had heard the name mentioned in connection with a yacht. Like all children,

she knew a friend the moment she looked at him. "I've seen your pretty boat, sir," she said, crossing the room to Capt. Bennydeck. "Is it very nice when you go sailing?" "If you were not going back to London. my dear, I should ask your mamma to let me

take you sailing with me. Perhaps we shall have another opportunity." The captain's answer delighted Kitty. "Oh, yes, to-morrow or next day!" she suggested. "Do you know where to find me in London? Mamma, where do I live, when I am in London?" Before her mother could answer, she hit on a new idea. "Don't tell me: I'll find it myself. It's on grandmam-

ma's boxes, and they're in the passage." Capt. Bennydeck's eyes followed her, as she left the room, with an expression of interest which more than confirmed the favorable impression that he had already produced on Catherine. She was on the point of asking if he was married and had children of his own when Kitty came back, and declared the right address to be Buck's hotel. Sydenham, "Mamma puts things down for fear of forgetting them," she added. "Will you put down Buck"

The captain picked up his pocket-book and appealed pleasantly to Mrs. Ormond. "May I tollow your example?" he asked. Catherine not only humored the little loke, but gratefully remembering his kindness. said: 'Don't forget when you are in London that Kitty's invitation is my invitation, too," At the same moment punctual Mrs. Presty looked at her water and reminded her datediter that railways, were not in the habit of allowing passengers to keep them walting. Catherine rose and gave her hand to the captain at parting. Kitty improved on her mother's form of farewell; she gave him a kiss and waispered a little reminder of her own; "There's a river in Londondon't forget your boat."

Capt. Bennydeck opened the door for them and stood by it, secretly wishing that he could accompany Mrs. Ormond and Kitty to

Mrs. Presty made no attempt to remind hun that she was still in the room. Where her family interests were concerned the old lady was capable (on very slight encouragement) of looking a long way into the future. She was looking into the future now. The captain's social position was all that could be desired; he was evidently in easy pecunary circumstances; he admired Catherine and Catherine's child. If he only proved to be a single man. Mrs. Presty's prophetic soul, without waiting an instant to reflect, perceived a dazzling future. Capt. Bennydeck approached to take leave. "Not just yet," pleaded the most agreeable of women; 'my luggage was ready two hours ago. Sit down again for a few minutes. You seem to like my little grand-daughter."

"If I had such a child as that," the captain answered, "I believe I should be the hap-

"Ah, my dear sir, all isn't gold that glitters," Mrs. Presty remarked. "That proverb must have been originally intended to apply to children. May I presume to make you the subject of a guess? I fancy you are not a married man.

The captain looked a little surprised. "You are quite right," he said; "I have never been

At a later period Mrs. Presty owned that she felt an inclination to reward him for confessing himself to be a bachelor by a kiss. He instantly checked that impulse by putting a question. "Had you any particular reason," he asked, "for guessing that I was

Mrs. Presty modestly acknowledged that she had only her own experience to help her. "You wouldn't be quite so fond of other peo-ple's children," she said, "if you were a married man. Ah, your time will come yet-I

mean your wife will come." He answered this sadly. "My time has gone by. I have never had the opportunities that have been granted to some favored men." He thought of the favored man who had married Mrs. Ormond. Was her husband worthy of his happiness? "Is Mr. Ormond with you at this place?" the captain

Serious issues depended on the manner in which this question was answered. For one moment, and for one moment only, Mrs. Presty hesitated. Then (in her daughter's interests, of course) she put Catherine in the position of a widow, in the least blamable of all perceives why hencethy coursing the of all possible ways, by honestly owning the

"There is no Mr. Ormond," she said.
"Your daughter is a widow? cried the captain, perfectly unable to control his delight at that discovery.

ht at that discovery.
What else should she be?" Mrs. Presty plied, facetiously.
What else, indeed! If "no Mr. Ormond" What else, indeed! If "no Mr. Ormond" meant (as it must mean) that Mr. Ormond was dead, and if the beautiful mother of Kitty was an honest woman, what else could she be but a widow? Capt. Bennydeck felt a little ashamed of his own impetuosity. Before he had made up his mind what to say next the unlucky waiter (doomed to be a cause of disturbance on that day) appeared

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," he said; "the

Into a rink with four bleak walls.
That blased with a giare like midday light,
Where never a chadow of sorrew falls.
Somebody's dude strolled in one night;
Somebody's dude so young and so white,
Wearing upon his innocent face.
Never a sign of manhood's might,
hut his souri-pin showed a suspidion of
paste.

Care fully combed are his rayen our is

Care fully combed are his raven curis
That lightly lie on his delicate brain
And in his impers he languidly twiris
In cesseless motion a sold-headed cane;
Somebody carefully combed his hair;
Was it his mother, whose sight now fades?
Was it a blushing maiden fair,
Or a barbor as black as the ace of spades?

There's never a doubt he is somebody's pet;
Somebody's heart has enshrined him there;
May be the dude has a father yet.
Or a mother, who waits at the head of the stair;
May be a maiden, with cheek of rose,
Is sadly awaiting this missing link,
And there he stands in a beautiful pose,
In the glamour and glare of the skating-rink.

But there comes a man full of honeyed guile
And fastens the cruel skates to his feet;
Then stands aside with a cynical smile,
And waits for his head his heels to meet.

Kiss him once for his grandmother's sake;
It's doubtful if ever she kisses him more;
The skates from his feet so tenderly take,
Sweep out the debris and close the door. -Times-Democrat.

A Wrinkle in Buttons.

"I am worked to death," said an eagraver to a New York Mail and Express reporter. "Worked to death making buttons of gold dollars with the owner's monogram engraved on them. The initials are cut very deep in the gold dollar, then enameled, the whole job coming to \$100. Very few can afford such expensive buttons. For the ordinary monogram we ordinarily use ten cent pieces. They are smoothed, the monogram engraved on one side, and same fancy figure on the other. The fancy figures are of all sorts from bulldogs to Greek gods. I made two comical ones yesterday. One represented a soldier and a sailor with a cupid on the head of each. The sailor sat on a reclining cow, and the soldier on a saw buck. Another, ordered by a young lady, represented a jackass, a monkey and a dude, with their heads lovingly together, while underneath was the inscription, 'The Three Graces.' Several days ago I made one still more peculiar. It represented a fat man sleeping on a sofa. Huge pieces of cheese and pie, with spider legs and skeleton heads, ran over his body. These were undoubtedly intended for jokes. Still some people seriously order as incongruous designs and chuckle over the originality of their conceptions, and receients probably chuckle just as much over the taste of the do-

In a Reading-Room.

I suppose there is an immense amount of misery in some lives. There is some in all. The other day, early in the morning, a friend of mine went into the reading-room of the free library to look at a paper. It was engaged. He went back to work, and worked on until lunch time, when he walked into the library once more. The same man sat there reading the same paper. He thought it was curious, but he did not disturb him. He went again at 3 o'clock. The same man sat in the same place reading the same paper. He walked up behind him and took a look. The paper was upside down. There is a chance for speculation over what condition that man's mind was in. The successful man of business would naturally say he was lazy and lacked energy, and would despise him. It is so easy to believe because you make money easily everybody ought to be able to do it. I am a believer in luck. I have seen a great many men whose abilities were far beyond the average, whose energy was unceasing, struggle, and fight, and work, and—fail. I have seen men in seedy clothes, poor and hungry, starving half the time, upon whom their successful fellows looked with contempt, who were purely the victims of bad luck. They are men who never complain. If you meet a man who whines over his condition and his luck you may set him down as entirely at fault himself. But the charity of this world takes no account of temperament, of physical conditions, or of mental eccentricities. Some people are broken all to pieces by shocks that would hardly effect others. Some people will break where others only bend. There are good Samaritans today, as 2,000 years ago, but the good Samaritans of this age are very apt to pick up the wrong man, and there are

many lying by the wayside. Who is to say what misery this man who sat for seven hours with the paper upside down was enduring? Who can say what he was thinking about-how many accusations he was making against himself—how grateful he was even for the convenience that readingroom afforded him to be quiet and hidden? There are many men wandering through San Francisco. They are kicked from bar-room to bar-room; they are driven from post to pillar.

They are called bummers and loafers.

Many of them have gone too far to be drawn back to respectability. But somehow the worst of them can offer some excuse for his downfall. A wise some excuse for his downfall. A wise dispensation of Providence has deadened their sense of shame and made them forget the life of brightness, of manhood, they once led. And nobody is so hard on them as those who helped them to their ruin—nobody so kind to them as those who have endured poverty and hunger themselves.—Ban Francisco Chronicle.

declared the use of tobacco to be contrary to the Mohammedan law, the Ameer has submitted the question to a council of mollahs from all parts of the country. If their decision he against the indulgence in tobacco its use in Afghan tobacco-declars country that mollah.—Druke's Trevelers Magazina.

Andrew Store of Weterbury, has a beautiful trained hissipy which is a most remarkable mocking bird. He was

Retribution. Some would-be passengers were vaiting at a station up in Wisconsin for a train which didn't arrive, because t was buried in the snow sixteen miles away. A farmer came in, and, after hawing himself out by the stove, inquired of the station agent:

"Ain't yer road open yet?"

He was informed that the road was affectually closed to traffic for that day at least. Next day he came in again. The passengers had dispersed, but the agent was on duty.

"Ain't she open yet?" he inquired, as soon as he could pull the icicles away from the front of his mouth.

"Closed up tighter than a macker-at."

The third day he reappeared, took off his boots to see if his feet were trozen, and put a little sweet oil on his trost-bitten nose before inquiting:
"Open yet?"
"Naw, and ain't likely to be before spring."

spring."
"Well, I'll be doggoned!" exclaimed the inquirer, disgustedly; "by the great horned spoon, but this is tough. It sarves me right, though, sarves me

"How's that?" "Wall, you see, it's a clear case of retribution. That's what it is—retribution. My well is froze up, the creek on my place is closed solid, I can't cut through the ice on the lake, and my stock is sufferin' for water. There's so tarnal much snow 'round my barn I can't git the doors open, and I have to walk into town, seein's I can't get my horse out. They can't keep the school-house warm and that's closed up. Anyhow, my children couldn't git out o' the house this weather. All the 'taters in my celler is gone, and those I buried in my cellar is gone, and those I buried down in the patch are under ten feet o' snow. I'm out of terbacker, an' when I went to the only place in town where I've got any credit that was closed up, even yer old railroad. Am expectin' my wife on that train of your'n that's snowed in down by Jones' Crossing. It's retribution; that's what

"Retribution for what?" "Why, darn it all, stranger, I'm the man that predicted an open winter." -Chicago Herald Train Talk.

The Truly Honest Juror-Some dithiculty was experienced in

obtaining a jury, and the court was getting tired of the tedious proceedings. "Call the next juror, Mr. Clerk," said the solicitor, for the hundreth time.

The clerk called out the man, and an old man with an nonest face and a suit of blue jean clothes rose up in his place, and the solicitor asked the following customary questions: "Have you, from having seen the

rime committed, or laving heard any of the evidence delivered under oath, formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or the innocence of the prisoner at the bar.?" "No, sir. "Is there any bias or prejudice resting

on your mind for or against the prisoner at the bar?" "None, sir." "Is your mind perfectly impartfal be-

tween the state and the accused?" "Are you opposed to capital punishment?"

"I'm not." All the questions had been answered, and the court was congratulating itself

on having another juror, and the solicitor in solemn tones said: "Juror, look upon the prisoner-pris-

oner, look upon the juror. The old man adjusted his spectacles, and peeringly gazed at the prisoner for full half a minute, when he turned his eyes toward the court and earnestly

"Judge, I'll be condemned if I don't believe he's guilty!"

It is useless to add that the court was considerably exasperated at having lost a juror, but the most humorous inclined had a good laugh out of the old man's premature candor. - Elberton 'Georgia) The Chinese Belle.

A Chinese belle is a curiosity to

Chinamen, as well as to Christians.

Even her own countrywomen look upon

her with as much wonder and admiration. One reason of this is her rarity. Belles in China are rare birds of rare plumage. No ordinary community can afford the luxury of possessing more than one or two such dazzling charmers. As speech with the male sex is of course forbidden her, her features, eyes, cheeks, and silent lips must all be eloquent. Her skin must have great firmness of texture to endure the continual coating of white paste and vermillion paint which the laws of her being enjoin. Her feet must not exceed three inches in length, or one inch in breadth. The tinger-nails of her last three fingers must be as long as the fingers. These last two points are the especial glory of Chinese fashion. Her daily life does not differ much from that of a lady of fashion in the days of Pepys or the younger Walpole. Suspicious of the morning mists, she never rises before noon. Breakfast is served in her own room by her servants. This languid meal over, she begins the serious business of her life. Hair by hair, supported by three or four hairdressers, she attacks the tangled locks in whose adornment she finds her chief pride. Both mistress and maids labor for three or four hours, with snatches of rest, and, thoroughly exhausted with their task, at 6 o'clock exhausted with their task, at 6 o'clock sit down to their dinner. Each province has its separate method of dressing the hair, eighteen in all, and the fashion of a woman's hair betrays her residence. The handsomest coiffure is worn by the women of Khan Lu, that boasts the beautiful cities of Son Chow and Shanghai. Strangely enough, the belie is the only woman in China who has a shadow of freedom. She is allowed to go to theatres, and even pay visits, with far less surveillance than her less favored sisters. There is something in the black patch which she wears next her left temple, or by the corner of her mouth, that checks the wears next her left temple, or by
the corner of her mouth, that checks
any attempt at impropriety. A belle,
of course, never walks, and rarely
waddles, but is almost always borne
in a sedan chair. She is an adept in
the language of the eyes, and through
those silent windows can signal more
persuasive arguments than fame with
aundred tongues.

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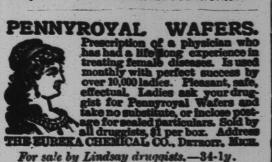
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