### HUSBAND KITTYS

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.) Arthur St. John-alias Lesliemething else, no doubt, nowadays. He looked like a man of fifty. But know kin; I knew him almost in a

"Tou couldn't be sure," I said doubt-

Mer smiled, but did not contradict | gay. the smile was eloquent-it dentity folly.

"I had gone down stairs early," Meg continued, leaning back in her chair, and pushing her hair from her brow with a merrous impatient little gesture. "It's not my way to get up early, is it? But I was restiess, I couldn't sleep, and thought I should find a novel if I west down stairs. The servants weren't moving; but there was a fire the study. The blinds were all flown, but the fire looked cosy; I went and stood before it and warmed my toes. I dare say I was looking unsidy, Kitty; I think he took me for an early housemaid; he came into the room quietly, and came up behind me, and he kissed me, Kitty. I hadn't heard any one come in, and I nearly eccemed. But as I turned my head round quickly I saw his eyes, and I knew him, and I didn't scream-I was too frightened to move or make a

"Go on, Meg." Then all at once John called to him from the passage. He called in a very mulet, mysterious sort of voice-impatient, teo.

"Bt John,' he said, 'your sister is waiting. Come."

"He opened the street door quietly hed some one in. They didn't come had to the study as I feared they they seemed to be setting out on some journey, and time seemed to be gressing. They stood for a minute indicing softly and quickly in the hall. To you know, Kitty, whose voice I heard? It was a voice not to be mis-Madame Arnaud's voice. She thanking John. She said such an

and only one, had taken possession of my mind. John had had business matters to talk of with Madame Arnaud! It was business that had taken him there so often-business that they talked about in such lowered, confidential voices! My spirits had suddenly grown buoyant, my voice almost

"Meg, stay here for a little while; I pleaded eagerly. "I want to see John all alone."

"An uncommon wish!" laughed Meg; but the soft little glance with which she looked back at me robbed the mocking speech of all its sting.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

John was in the breakfast-room. He was seated in an arm-chair beside the fire, his elbow on the table that stood near, his head against his hand. I was standing close to him before he saw

"John." I said in a quick voice that tried in vain to steady, "don't let me go away from you! I don't want to eyes as I raised my head and looked go, John!"

face lighting up.

"Did I want you to go, Kitty?" he asked reproachfully. "Your wish to leave me has been the bitterest trouble I have ever had to bear. I needn't tell you that, need 1? You know it only ! it. Come and sit down, and I will tell too well!"

He had taken my hands in his, but I would not let him draw me near him. "I have been jealous, John," I said, bringing out the words in a sharp, labored way. "I have been jealous of Madame Arnaud!"

"Jealous, Kitty! Have you cared enough for me to be jealous, dear?" he asked, sadly. "You have had no need to be jealous-none! Yet it is good news to me, all the same."

"It wasn't your love for her, John, that I minded," I went on tremulously, the tears springing unbidden to my eyes. Perhaps perhaps I did mind that, too; but that wasn't what

signally to make you happy. You told me that I had spoilt your life, broken your heart; that, when you had a wish, it was only a wish to die." "I didn't wish to make your life

bondage, John." John's eyes twinkled for a moment,

and then were grave again. "Do you mean to tell me, Kitty," he asked incredulously, "that you doubted

that I loved you?" "Do you mean that you could possibly doubt, John, that I loved you?"

I retorted in the same tone of incredulity. "It was natural enough for me

doubt," said John humbly. "Much more natural for me," I re

turned, looking up at him with sparkling eyes.

I had clasped my hands upon his shoulder; I put down my cheek against them.

"I thought," I confessed, "that you had married me for kindness' saketo-to provide for me, John. Everyone thought so. Meg and Dora and Aunt Jane and even your sister. You yourself said that you thought of marrying me before you thought of loving

"Yes," admitted John; "years ago, had some vague hope that you would give me the right one day to take care of you, to make life smoother for you. I suppose I didn't love you as long ago as that-I had only a very tender feeling for you. Love, when it came, was real enough in spite of that early thought. Don't scorn my love, Kitty, because I met it with welcome instead of rebuff."

There was not much scorn in my softly, smilingly into the gray eyes He sprang quickly to his feet, his looking down at me. He kissed me; and for a minute we stood in silence.

"Kitty," he said at length, "there is something that I want to tell you. I ought to have told you long ago. It was a painful story, and I did not tell it now."

He drew me to the little sofa beside the fire; and there he told me the story of his first love, the story that in part I knew already.

"She gave you up because you were poor?" I asked indignantly.

"Don't blame her, Kitty! She gave me up for her brother's sake. It is more than ten years ago now that her brother forged that check of which I told you-that first check. There seemed to be nothing but utter ruin before him. Arnaud, the man that Lucia married, had money and influence. He used both on the tacit understanding that she should marry him. Her brother was saved for the time."

"Was it the only way?" I questioned, "I think some other way might have been found. But she could not be calm and weigh chances. She was devoted to this brother. For ten long years, as she said the other night in the park, she has hoped against hope for his reformation; has tried to be brave, has tried to hope for the best. And now, at the end of the ten years, things are just where they were before, I think they are worse this time, for this time he is less repentant. She is sacrificing her whole life to him; but she does it almost without hope. She is going away with him-to South America, to banishment."

I was quiet for a moment, "John, I have been so unjust to her." confessed in a low tone-"so unjust to her always in my thoughts."

"She is one of the noblest women that I know!" said John. Again we sat silent for a minute.

"John, I won't be silly, I won't be jealous-tell me," I pleaded, "if you

didn't try to love me, would you love her still-love her best, I mean?"

John answered gravely, with an air as earnest as mine.

"I respect her," he said; "I shall respect her always. I do more than respect-I admire her. But that is all! The old love was dead, Kitty, years before the new love was born!"

I was contented.-The End.

Another Trick Stolen from Nature. The easiest way of doing anything is the way that nature chooses, and ten to one when an inventor comes out with some new and brilliant idea he finds that nature has been doing the same thing since the beginning of the world. Certain varieties of fish have the power when hard pressed by their enemies, of throwing out an inky fluid which darkens the water all about them and enables them to escape in safets. Perhaps influenced by this fact an inventor has taken out a patent for a smoke-making device. The idea is to enable a vessel closely pressed by another to envelop herself in the smoke and to escape under cover of it. With a view to testing the efficacy of the invention a torpedo boat was placed in the center of a number of others, which made a circle of about half a mile in diameter around her. The torpedo boat thus surrounded then enveloped herself in the smoke and under cover of it was enabled to escape from the circle, though all the other boats were keeping a very sharp lookout for her. Altogether the experiment may be said to have been fairly successful, and to have proved the practical utility of the invention,

Some Can't.

Miss Daintee-What an awful occupation! To be employed in a place where they tin meats, Mr. Edgemore-Well, it argues a certain ability. Miss Daintee-Ability? Mr. Edgemore-Certainly. They only employ those who can .- New York World,

Anstrallan Opal Mining.

# A NAVAL HERO.

THE LATE COMMANDER WOOD A HARD FIGHTER.

Commanded the Petrel at Manila Bay and Thundered Shot and Shell Into the Spanish Fleet-Bore flie Zezore of the Great Hattle.

In the death of Commander E. P. Wood at his home in Washington, D. C., after an illness of only six days, the American navy has sustained the loss of one of its bravest officers. the gallant men who illustrated the traditions of the navy in the far east during the recent war with Spain not one of them, save Admiral Dewey himself, achieved greater distinction on the score of individual prowess than Commander Wood, who commanded the Petrel in the celebrated engagement at Manila. Commander Wood was ordered to command the Petrel December 16, 1896, and it was while in that command that he earned the highest praise of Admiral Dewey and his brother officers. The Petrel is the tiniest of gunboats, and is almost wholly without protection. The Spanish ships that remained affoat had sought shelter under the guns of the forts at Cavite, and Dewey's ships could not get at them. The little Petrel,



COMMANDER WOOD.

however, steamed boldly into the harbor entrance sunk the remaining Spanish ships, and then paid her respects to the Spanish forts in such fashion as to silence them. The exploit was a remarkable exhibition of cool daring and skill, and Wood's brother officers made no secret of their belief that his feat was the most daring and successful of any connected with the memorable naval battle. The board of naval rewards recom-

mended that "for his eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle" Commander Wood should be advanced ten numbers in his grade, and although this was a higher measure of reward than was bestowed upon any other captain, Congress did not withhold it. Commander Wood was detached from the Asiatic station Dec. 31, 1898, and, coming home, was, after a short leave of absence, placed in charge of the Baltimore lighthouse district. Though his critical headquarters were in Baltimore Commander Wood resided My heart was beating fast; I longed in Washington, D. C., whither he came to ask a question which I dared not every afternoon on completing his day's work. Profound sorrow is felt not only in naval circles but in every part of the United States on account of the untimely taking off of this brave officer, whose heroism is associated with one of the brightest achievements in American annals.

> No Fear When Death Draws Nigh. "I have seen thousands of persons die under all sorts of circumstances, and never yet have I seen one display the slightest fear of death." This remarkable statement was made the other day by a physician who has practiced many years in Philadelphia, and who has seen a great deal of hospital service. "It is a popular fallacy," he went on, "to imagine that a deathbed scene is ever terrible, other than as a parting between loved ones. The feat of the unknown is never present at the last. Even amid ignorance and vice I have never experienced such scenes as a novelist, who strives after realism, will sometimes picture. When a patient is told he cannot recover and the end is near, he invariably seems resigned to his fate, and his only thought seems to be of those who are to be left behind. This is true alike of men and women. Those who become hysterical and declare they are not fit to die are the ones who are not se ill as they think they are. They always get well. A psychological reason? O, I don't know that there is any. It's just a human trait."

An Antemobile Congressman, Representative Sibley of Pennsylvanta will be responsible for starting the automobile habit among the statesmen at Washington. Among those who can afford the expense the automobile is apt to take the place of both bicycle and carriage, since some one has set the example. Sibley has a reputation as a lover of horses. On Sibley's arrival at Washington this winter he appeared, not behind a pair of fast trotters, but in a low-built vehicle, and not the sign of a horse to give it character. They have become reconciled to him now, and he will probably soon have many imitators among congressmen, who are already beginall about town.

REASONS FOR SOME WARS. Apparently Doesn't Take Much to Lead John Ball to Fight.

An English paper has the following to say on the reasons for some British wars: "From all appearances it does not take much provocation to set John Bull at war. William the Conqueror made war on France because King Philip had made a slighting allusion to his embonpoint. More recent wars have been brought about by trivial incidents. In 1840 a large trade in oplum was done by British traders in China, and the Chinese government at length forbade the importation of the pernicious drug by our sailors. The edict, however, had little or no effect, and the trade continued, till at length the Chinese imprisoned a number of Britwar, Our second war, in 1856, ought is taken into account. A Chinese pirate hoisted the British flag at his mainmast, and was afterward seized by his government as a bloodthirsty adventurer. Had he failed to run up our flag his capture would have been regarded as a good thing here, but as it was, it was taken as an insult, and we made war on the Chinese for refusing to apologize. The horrors of the Indian mutiny will still be remembered by a minority of our readers, and the cause which led to it is a matter of history. Cartridges greased with cow's fat were served out to the Sepoys, who refused to use them on the ground that the cow was a sacred animal. We insisted, and almost without any warning, the terrible massacres followed which were only avenged at an enormous expenditure of lives and money.

#### WOMEN AND WORRY.

A Feminine Fulling Contrasted to Man's Indifference.

Despite the fact that women have been warned that worry digs untold gray among their treases, they will go on worrying through all time or until time has solved some mooted questions. If women had the capacity with men of getting up and doing battle with things, worry would slip off their shoulders as easily as from off those of the average masculine. Man doesn't worry about debt, because he feels that he has it within him, since moneymaking is his business, to make sufficient money to pay his debts some time. Women look at it more practically and consider the now. doesn't usually worry about his health, because he really has not the time. Man doesn't worry about the futurehe is so madly interested in the present; nor about his clothes, for the tailor stands between him and that; nor about home matters-they, from his point of view, are too trivial-until he comes home to a badly cooked dinner, and then in his broad outlook there is no excuse for this state of things; for in business circles if an emplaye does not do his work properly his employer gets some one who can: and this is a method that will yet come to be a powerful lever in the leveling of a woman's worries.

## GETTING LOTS OF DOLLARS.

Sir Henry Irving, who is now touring the principal cities of the north and east, is said to be achieving the greatest success at his life in the presentation of Victorien Sardou's "Robesplerre." Wherever the actor-knight has appeared in this new role he has been greeted with wild enthusiasm. In view of the dramatic interest which attaches to the character and personality of Robespierre (who as the central figure of the French revolution offers peculiar attractions to the stage) it is not surprising that Sir Henry Irving should have made the dramatic



HANDY BVING. weeld ring with his plaudits in the presentation of "Robespierre."

The Sultan's Dally Life. The sultan of Turkey rises at 6 o'clock every morning and devotes his days, in the seclusion of the Yildiz palace and gardens, to personal attention to affairs of state. He is of slight figure. A pale brewn overcoat conceals any decorations he might be wearing. so that the attention of those who see him on the one day in seven when he presents himself to the riew of the perch west affected from his pale, wan and careworn face, half-covered by a thin brown beard, tinged with of establishing 50,000 schools throughout his empire, not only for boys, but for girls also-a striking departure from the traditional usage of his race.

Definition of Brig-a-Bree.

Little Dick-Uncle Richard, what is bric-a-brac? Uncle Richard-Bric-abrac is anything you knock over sad break when you are feeling for

FIERCE BATTLE WITH A LOON. Wounded Bird Kitts an Indian Buntes With His Book.

From the Youth's Companion: The loon, or great northern diver, is a powerful bird. The following instance of one of them conquering a man happened a few years ago: A young Micmac Indian, living at Grand Lake, Nova Scotia, wanted to get the skin of one of these beautiful birds to present to his mistress on her birthday. One day the youth, who was an adept at imitating the peculiar sobbing cry of the loon, succeeded in calling a bird within shooting distance. His shot, however, failed to kill outright and the bird, although so severely wounded that it could neither swim nor dive, ish subjects and we promptly declared [ yet retained sufficient life and strength to remain upright in the water. The never to have come about if its origin | boy, thinking that his game did not need another shot, swam out to retrieve it, but when he approached near enough to seize the bird it suddenly made a dash at him, sending its head and neck out with a spring like an arrow from a bow. It was only by & quick duck of the head that the indian succeeded in evading the blow. He swam about the loon several times, attempting to dash tu and seize him by the neck, but the wary bird succeeded in foiling each effort by continually facing him and lunging out with his powerful neck. The Indian then swam up to within a few feet of the bird, and diving under him, with considerable skill caught him by the legs. He carried him under, and, although the bird struggled flercely, managed to retain his hold. But when they both rose to the surface again a battle royal began, the Indian seeking to carry his prize ashore and the bird attempting to regain his freedom. The bird, however, was too much for his foe and before the Indian had covered a yard on his shore-bound course disabled wrinkles in their faces and sprinkles him with a vicious blow from his beak full on the naked chest. The effect of the blow was almost instantaneously fatal, for the beak penetrated close to the youth's heart.

#### SAVED BY HIS NERVE.

Warden's Presence of Mind in Dealing With a Murderous Prisoner.

An instance of the rare nerve and resource of Chief of Police McClaughry of Chicago, who had the reputation of being the coolest man in Illin.is, was related recently by a New York detective. At the time McClaughry was warden at the state penitentiary at Joliet. "He was," said the detective, "as shifty as any of the men he had to handle, and as quick and calm about it as a regular Sherlock Holmes. Nothing could phase him. One day Me-Claughry was sitting in his office at just about the time the men were being marched back to their cells from work, He was alone. There was a sound behind him, and whirling around he saw a convict who had passed the guard in some way creeping toward him with an ugly-looking iron bar ta his hand. 'Don't you stir!' the man whispered. 'I'm going to get out of this if I have to kill you to do it. 'O.' McClaughry said, 'I thought you were going to-morrow.' The man stared at McClaughry and grunted 'Wot?' Me-Claughry simply looked at him as though he didn't care much and said: They sent up your dismissal papers this afternoon, that's all. You've been such a model prisoner all the time that they decided to commute your sentence You can go all right enough, if you want to. You're not my prisoner any more. If you want to see your papers -why. I think-they're here in-the drawer-' and before the poor fool could lift the bar to strike McClaughry had snapped a revolver out of the desk and leveled it at his head.

## Ancient Dead.

Removal of human remains from the crypt of St. George's church at Southwark, London, which is now in progress, is another instance of the gradual disturbing of the resting places of ancient dead. From many burial grounds in the heart of London these removals have taken place of late years as business encroached. For example, from St. Michael's, Wood street, has been taken the dust of those buried between 1559 and 1853-a period of 300 years. That takes one back to the days of Queen Bess, when her brave and reckless seedogs were laying the foundation of the British navy. Many of the dead removed must have been contemporaries of Shakespeare; many must have witnessed the execution of Charles I., experienced the horrors of civil war and been astounded at the court doings of the restoration. During the last ten years the remains of tens of thousands have been taken from London to Brockwood. Thousands were removed from St. Botolph's in 1893, large wooden cases being made to receive the crumbling caskets.

## Too Obliging.

The ameer of Afghanistan must surely be a very obliging man, if a story told of him be true. Not many years ago a queen's messenger or some other official was on his way to Cabul, when he had the misfortune to be robbed. He was in no way injured by the robbers, but the British government preferred a complaint, which gray, and surmounted by a plain red came duly to the knowledge of the dez. The sultan has been the means ameer. No reply was received, and the months passed. At last the ameer wrote, and his letter showed the earnestness of his desire to oblige the queen. "The matter you mention," said the letter, "has been thoroughly investigated, and not only have the robbers of your messenger been put to death, but all their children, as well as their fathers and grandfathers. I hope this will give satisfaction to her majesty the queen." Nevertheless it is doubtful if it did.

ning to envy the case with which he shoots about from one department to another, to and from the capitol and matches in the dark.-Puck.

"I DON'T WANT TO GO, JOHN."

thing Kitty; I stored it up to tell | minded most. You had loved her first that was what I came to say. You have always been jealous of Mad-Armand and I used to think you reason to be jealous; but nownow, I am not sure."

What was it that she said?" The was thanking John for having then her so much of his precious

we know, she said, that every daute apent away from Kitty is a stante you begrudge. You have been very good; you have never let me feel my affairs have bored you.

they have not bored me, said we made a compact of friendlong ago; and what is the use of tends if they are not ready to serve in time of need?" "July is a paragon to the end! How

he heen serving Madame Arnaud, What are her 'affairs' that are been boring him and taking up

The don't know. I don't want to tell Meg not now."

You are a little contradictory, dear; merer mind, mystery is the order Mr. Do you know that Madame came and went away in a dress at and mantle that made her atte an old lady, an old lady of over? I looked through the her bonnet; her gown was out at the sides; she looked What does it all mean, What is the mystery?"

not tell you, Meg." on know? Kitty,

"I was thinking trying to

whit my thoughts re-

and you couldn't help if you loved her best. You hadn't seen her for so long; you didn't know how it would be when you came to see her again-you couldn't help it! And I should have tried to bear it! What I couldn't bear was your always going to see her, your having so much to say to her secretly, so confidentially-"

"Do you know," asked John gravely, what those talks were about? Listen, Kitty, and I will tell you."

"I know already. You were helping the man about whom you told me yesterday-her brother-yes, I know, John," I went on eagerly, "you will let me stay? I said I wanted to go, but I didn't; it would break my heart to go! I'll be content, John; I'M be different and not tease you-I won't ask you to love me very much. I'll let my love be enough for both, And by-and-by, as you said, 'love may come.' You did love me-you said so-before you married me, and the love may come back

again-" John drew me toward him. He put his arm around me, and looked down at me closely, very tenderly, very won-

deringly. "Kitty, you talk in riddles, dear," he said. "You won't ask me to love you very much? What does that mean? of the venetions and saw her You know, dearest-you must knowthe had puffs of gray hair be- that, whether you ask or do not ask, I love you with my heart and soul,"

I looked up at him in bewilderment. "You said-you said that our marriage was a mistake, John,"

"It was you, Kitty, who said that, "But I said so because I thought that what is the matter with you thought so, John. And you agreed with me. Oh, John, you have for Mes nothing!" I returned gotten you did agree with me! You said that you felt the mistake and reetted it even more bitterly than I. "For your sake, Kitty, for your sake, nuse my love had failed so

Opel mining is one of the greates Australian mineral industries.