KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

They were walking still, but I heard no more. I rose quickly, and began to move away mechanically toward home. I put back my veil and bared my face to the keen October air; I felt stifled; the October evening night might have been a sultry August noonday; there seemed to be no air at all; I could not breathe.

They had re-kindled the fire in my absence, and made the room look home-like. Its home-like air seemed like bitterest satire. I sat in the warm, bright light and waited for John to come.

It was late before he came. I had not thought how I should meet him. I had sat for two hours waiting for him, and had thought of nothing. Even when John came toward me and spoke to me, I had no thought in my mind of what I was to say. My heart was sick with despair. Out of my passionate despair I should speak presently. And my passionate words were not likely to be wise words.

"Why did you wait up for me, Kitty?" he said gently, in a tired tone, "I am late. You shouldn't have waited for me."

I looked at him without a word, then rose and moved across the room, away from him. Parting the curtains before the window, I stood looking out into the dimmer light of the outer world. Still standing so, my face turned away, I spoke to him. My voice startled even me—it was so passionless, so cold and steady.

"John, I want to go away from you," I said.

John crossed the room without answering a word. He took my two cold hands in his, and I let them rest there passively. He looked down at me gravely with a glance that was at first a little stern, but almost at once grew very gentle.

"Kitty, you're in earnest!" he exclaimed. "My dear, tell me what you mean."

My hands still rested in his. I was still looking up at him. But for a moment I could find no more words at my command.

"I have not made you happy!" John said in a tone of deep, bitter conviction and self-reproach. "I have tried. I have failed."

"It was my fault," I returned, speaking steadily in the same dull, passionless, even way. "Perhaps it was your fault, too. You shouldn't have married me. You knew—you must have known—that I should be wretched."

"Kitty! Kitty!"

"It was a mistake. Only a mistake! You thought you would make me happy. You did it for the best. Why did you, John—why did you?"

My eyes were tearless as they looked up into his. All the tears I had had to shed I had shed hours ago. Never, I felt, as long as I lived, should I cry again. I felt numb and still. Even my reproach came in a stony voice that seemed to have no emotion in it.

"Yes, we have made a mistake, Kitty," said John, sighing deeply. "I, as you say, should have known. But I did not know! Well, we have faced the mistake; perhaps it was wiser faced. Now let us begin anew. Life cannot be what it might have been; but let us make the best of it, Kitty—by-and-by, dear, love may come."

I drew my hands away with a sharp, sudden gesture. He spoke of love, not as though it had been weak and had fallen him, but as though it had never been.

"It will not come," I cried. "Love does not come with bidding, only weariness."

He stood in silence looking gravely at me, with a gravity far more stern than gentle. I knew that he agreed with me; he urged no word of protest, no word of hope. For one long minute we stood silent, facing one another.

"What are we to do, Kitty?" he said at last, coldly yet patiently. "I leave our future in your hands."

"The future may be so long!" I said bitterly. "I shall live for many years. I am so strong—so strong! Nothing ever happens to me; I shall live for years and years and years!"

"Kitty, child, you break my heart when you talk like that!" cried John hoarsely.

I laughed a hard, sullen little laugh, the sound of which made me shiver, and then suddenly made me wish to cry. For the first time my voice trembled, grew passionate.

"I wish I could break your heart!" I cried. "I wish it—oh, I wish it! You have broken mine and you do not care!"

John bore my passionate, pitiless reproaches without a word. He made no attempt to soothe me or caress me. He stood looking at me sorrowfully, very gravely, with something of anger and something of pity in his glance.

"Let me go, John—let me go!" I cried.

"Go where, Kitty?" he asked forbearingly.

"Anywhere."

"Anywhere from me?"

"Anywhere where I shall not see you, John; where I may try, try hard to forget you, and to forget how miserable I am."

He waited for a moment that his words might be calm and yet carry force with them.

"Kitty, you talk like a child," he said. "I cannot let you go away from me. We cannot forget one another. For husband and wife, dear, forgetting is not possible!"

We stood a little apart, looking straight at one another, our faces resolute, our wills resisting one another.

"You will not let me go?" I asked.

"I will not let you go," said John.

Then suddenly he sighed, and his tone grew gentle again.

"I will not let you go, Kitty," he added, "for your sake, not for mine. You do not know what a young wife, who leaves her home, has to bear—how she is spoken of, what is thought of her. Though our marriage may have been a mistake, the mistake is made, we cannot escape from it. I regret it, Kitty, as deeply as you do. But, regret as we may, you are still my wife. And I will not have my wife misjudged, lightly spoken of."

Even at that moment, though I had pleaded to be allowed to go, pleaded to be parted from him, I felt a pang of jealous anger that he should speak of me as his wife. I drew away from him. You have a cough, Kate; you should cure that cough; men dislike a cough exceedingly."

I smiled; I could not help it. For Aunt Jane to preach wifely duties of self-abnegation was too humorous.

"When John comes in, Kate, do you meet him with a pleasant smile? Do you lay aside your work to attend to him? Do you try to converse with him on topics of interest to him?"

In spite of my heavy spirits, I smiled again. I was thinking of the cold welcomes that Uncle Richard was wont to receive; she guessed something of my thought perhaps.

"Yours is not an ordinary marriage," she added in her coldest tone. "You have to remember John's goodness to you."

"I remember it—constantly."

Aunt Jane regarded me with an unfriendly scrutiny.

"You have a house of your own," she continued, "and servants of your own. You dress well—indeed, I may say extravagantly; you have everything that heart can desire."

"Everything," I said, looking dully at her with a blank glance. "I am one of the very happiest of people.

She still eyed me suspiciously.

"If he had not married you, what would have become of you? Do you ever think of that?" she demanded in an admonishing tone.

"I am thinking of it always. Don't be afraid, Aunt Jane; I realize John's kindness more often and more fully than you can possibly do!"

"Kate, you are excited—hysterical. And you cough constantly. What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing. A little cold."

"You have a hectic spot of color in each cheek. Have you seen a doctor?"

"No."

"I shall advise John to send for one. One visit may set you right, and save a heavy bill later on. Your health, Kate, is a most important matter, an ailing wife wears out the patience of the most patient husband. What does John think of that cough of yours?"

"He does not know! I have it."

"Does not know!"

My face grew hot as I made an confession.

"I see very little of John," I said, trying to speak simply. "And I am not always coughing. Don't talk to him about it. I won't have a doctor, not even if you speak to John."

Aunt Jane let the subject drop. I thought I should have had my way—a thought that, spoke ill for my discernment. Aunt Jane met John as he returned home, made him walk to tea with her and listen to her. Before an hour had passed a doctor was attending me. It was decreed that I should go to bed, and that I should stay there for a week. Would I have Aunt Jane or one of the girls come and nurse me?

(To be continued.)

HE TURNED WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD AND LEFT ME.

CHAPTER XIII.

"My dear Kate," said Aunt Jane, untying her bonnet-string as though she meant her call to be a long one, and looking at me slowly from top to toe disapprovingly, I have no desire whatever to interfere with you. Your affairs are no longer any business of mine, and I refrain from offering you an opinion. I only ask you one question —why, whenever I come, is John always out?"

Aunt Jane waited, but I did not offer to answer her question.

"I call in the morning," she continued—"he is at his office; that, of course, is as it should be. But I call about luncheon-time; he is lunching at his club, and perhaps you are not aware, Kate, that luncheon at a club is an expensive luxury. Saves time? Nonsense! A 'bus saves time, and is cheaper. I call in the afternoon—late in the afternoon, toward dusk—John is at the office still. I call in the evening and John is out again. I have no wish to pry—John's affairs are his own —but I know as a fact that he has not spent an evening at home for the past five days. Twice he dined at the club. Twice he dined with his sister and Madame Arnaud. One night, who knows where he dined? Now, Kate, why is it?"

I had lost my old fear of Aunt Jane. I replied calmly enough.

"I don't want to talk about myself and John," I said.

"Very naturally not," returned Aunt Jane with severity. "You know as well as I do that, if John dines out on five consecutive nights, it is you who are to blame. You drive him away from home. You have a cough, Kate; you should cure that cough; men dislike a cough exceedingly."

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(To be continued.)

BROKEN TROLLEY WIRE

Danger to Passers-by Removed by a New Invention.

A Chicago electrician has invented a device by which a trolley wire becomes dead as soon as it breaks. The device is intended to make the so-called live wire perfectly harmless. The invention consists of an automatic circuit-breaker, and its application will require no change in the present generating and feeding machinery. The current is led from the dynamo through the new circuit-breaker, which is a simple automatic switch, and thence out along the trolley wire. The current will run the same course as before—from the dynamo along the wire through the propelling mechanism of the car, into the ground rail and returning to the ground pole of the generator. A small auxiliary wire, which leads a constant current back from the overhead wire and makes a completely conducted circuit, is the second feature of the invention. This shunt current, the volume of which is insignificant and does not weaken the feeder, keeps the switch closed and the line is charged. The moment a break occurs on the feeding or power line the auxiliary current is broken. The switch opens instantly and not a single ampere goes out on the circuit until the main line is again repaired.—Buffalo Express.

Not Beecher's Prayer.

One of the older newspaper men told a story the other day. "Browning was one of the best reporters to get out of work that ever broke into the business," he said. "The city editor sent him down to report Henry Ward Beecher one time, and he came in about 11 o'clock with his 'stuff' ready for the printer. He had taken no notes, but had made a running longhand report. He told how the church looked, who were on the rostrum about the pulpit, and how Mr. Beecher rose and lifted his hands and said, very solemnly: 'After this manner, therefore, pray ye.' Then Browning added, in parenthesis, 'Turn rule for Lord's prayer.' He meant to copy that verbatim from the office Bible when he got to his desk, but forgot it, and the parenthesis was only to guide the printer. So the paper came out in the morning with a good picture of Brooklyn's famous preacher, and his impressive manner of saying, 'After this manner, therefore, pray ye. Turn rule for Lord's prayer.' Which really wasn't what the eloquent orator had said at all."—Chicago Post.

Don't Cry.

The mere giving away to tears, or to the outward expression of anger, will result in the moment in making the inner grief or anger more acutely felt, says Prof. James of Harvard. There is no more useful precept in one's self-discipline than that which bids us pay primary attention to what we do and express, and not to care too much for what we feel. If we only don't cry, or complaining or insulting word that we shall regret as long as we live, our feelings themselves will presently be calmer and better, with no particular guidance from us on their own account. Action seems to follow feeling, but really action and feeling go together; and by regulating the action which is under the direct control of the will we can indirectly regulate the feeling, which is not.

To dread danger from the progress of any truth, physical, moral, or religious, is to manifest a want of faith in God's power, or, in His will to maintain his own cause.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"MANY ROOMS IN HEAVEN," SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From John Chapter XIV. Verse 2, as Follows:—"In My Father's House Are Many Rooms"—A Bottle of Medicine That Is a Cure-All.

(Copyright 1899 by Louis Klopsch.)

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure-all. The disciples were sad, and Christ offered heaven as an alterative, a stimulant and a tonic. He showed them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that though now they live on the lowlands, they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible represents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text, the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give it more accurate meaning, says: "In my Father's house are many rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room; that is George's room; that is Henry's room; that is Flora's room; that is Mary's room, and the house is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world, and build their own homes; and the daughters are married, or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After a while the father and mother are almost alone in the big house, and seated by the evening stand, they say: "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago." But time goes still further by, and some of the children are unfortunate, and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them, and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full.

Millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first he lived alone in that great house, but after awhile it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left, never to return, and many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the time will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about the many-roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets, and worship with them in the temple, and walk with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, heaven will be so large that if one wants an entire room to himself or herself, it can be afforded.

An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be twelve thousand furlongs, and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 948 sextillion, 988 quintillion cubic feet; and then reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets, and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he calculates that there are over five trillion rooms, every room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read, the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. The fact is, that most people in this world are crowded, and though out on a vast prairie or in a mountain district people may have more room than they want, in most cases it is house built close to house, and the streets are crowded, and the cradle is crowded by other cradles, and the graves crowded in the cemetery by other graves, and one of the richest luxuries of many people in getting out of this world will be the gaining of room, room, room, unencumbered room. And I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only seventeen feet by sixteen, it should be larger than any of the rooms at Berlin, St. James, or Winter Palace. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardsman swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into the reception room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel! In that room Christ lovingly greets all new-comers. He redeemed them, and he has the right to the first embrace on arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever read about him, or talked about him, or sang about him, all the churches and through all our earthly lifetimes, will it be, just for one second, to see him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival, or under the uplifted baton of an oratorio are a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of his appearance in that reception room. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you, and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggars all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul. The soul and Jesus.

But now into that reception room pour the glorified kinsfolk. Enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without the wounds or the sickness or their troubles. See what heaven has done for them! So radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely! They call you by name; they greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! That is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old Homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant, though they were in some other world on errand from God, a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we will say, "Oh, my lost boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" "Oh, my lost friend, are we here together?" What scenes in that reception room of the old homestead! Let me open a window," said an humble Christian self up in a dark room, and refused of the death of her child, had shut herservant to Lady Raffles, who, because to see anyone. "You have been many days in this dark room. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen, and instead of leaving him in this world till he should be worn with trouble, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty! Leave off weeping, and let me open a window." So today I am trying to open upon the darkness of earthly separation the windows and doors and rooms of the heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

HORSE LIKED HER MILLINERY.

Danger of Wearing Oats for Hat Trimmings Illustrated.

An amusing incident was recently witnessed in a Paris street. It is the mode now for French milliners to use real oats for the trimming of hats and bonnets, the oats being colored with various colors, according to requirements of the trade. A woman wearing a hat abundantly trimmed with oats, in order to get out of the road of a rapidly driven cab, had placed herself directly in front of a horse and cart waiting at the curbstone. She had her back turned to the animal, which, after sniffing the oats on her hat, apparently decided it would be a pastime in accordance with his tastes to munch them. He was this engaged when the woman began to move forward, quite unaware of the fact that the horse was enjoying. The animal, wishing to continue its repast, put down its forefeet on the skirt of the woman's dress, which gave her such a turn that she fainted, and, falling, sustained some injury, necessitating her removal to a chemist's shop. When she recovered from her emotional state, and beheld the wreck of her hat—purchased, so she affirmed, that very day—her distress and indignation knew no bounds. She returned to the spot where the incident had happened, discovered the driver of the cart in a neighboring wineshop, and taking his address, with that of his employer, intimated her intention of prosecuting to recover the value of the damaged hat. The moral of the adventure is that ladies displaying oats on the top of their heads should beware of coming in proximity with a horse's mouth.

Gun Fighting as a Science.

"Gun fighting used to be an expert science in the West," said a visitor from Texas, "and men became skilled in it, just as they might in any of the handicrafts. The great point was to get 'quick action,' and the fellow who drew and fired first generally won the fight. That fact led to all sorts of schemes for pulling a gun with the least possible delay. One of the easiest was the 'shirt-tail' trick, which consisted of a strap suspending the pistol just over the left breast. Carrying a derringer in the pocket of a sack coat and firing, through the cloth without drawing was a trick that cost many a man his life. At last it became difficult for a man with his hands in his coat pocket to get near enough to a victim to make sure of killing him, and a frontier genius invented a variation. He simply cut the right pocket out of an alpaca coat and carried his gun in a holster at his hip. Another trick was to carry the pistol up the sleeve, with the end of the barrel resting against the half-bent palm."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Historic Oak Tree.

Ghostly forms of antique cowboys are said to be seen dangling on moonlight nights from the lower branches of the great white oak known since revolutionary times as the "Cowboy Tree," which stands behind Tibbett's Mill in Spuyten Duyvil. Certain it is that the lower branches upon which many a marauding cowboy was hanged during the revolutionary war are all dead, as if to prove the old belief that limbs upon which criminals were executed always died. Storm beaten and weather worn its twisted branches, jagged trunk and thick bark tell of centuries of storm and struggle, and attest its accredited age, 200 years.—New York Tribune.

The original word translated apothecary in the Bible is believed by some authorities to be better translated by

OUR BUDGET OF FUN

SOME GOOD JOKES ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes, Gibes and Ironies, Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

The Minstrel and the Maid.

He stood before the window; his breast was full of love,
And this is what he warbled to the maid who slept above:

"Ah, must I say goodby, goodby?
Is this to be the end—
To meet in future and to greet
Each other but as 'friend?'

"Ah, must I say goodby, goodby?
And must I haste away,
Nor come again to claim your heart—
Your heart and hand some day?

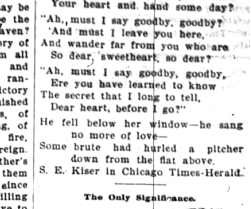
"Ah, must I say goodby, goodby?
And must I leave you here,
And wander far from you who are
So dear, sweetheart, so dear?

"Ah, must I say goodby, goodby,
Ere you have learned to know
The secret that I long to tell,
Dear heart, before I go?"

He fell below her window—he sang no more of love—
Some brute had hurled a pitcher down from the flat above.

S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald.

The Only Signin-ance.



Percy—I dreamt last night that you and I were married! What is that a sign of?

Ethel—Why, what is a sign you were dreaming!—Puck.

Didn't Worry Her.

The Scimitar says that a Memphis matron engaged a new colored girl recently, who is something of a literary character, for she devotes most of her time to reading blood-and-thunder romances.

The other day the matron found the girl buried deep in her favorite book, while the baby was tumbling into all sorts of mischief.

"Look here, Luvinia," she said, "how can you 'tend the baby and read your book at the same time?"

"Oh, the baby don't bother me er little bit," was the reply.

A Collision.

Sam Sparks—Brudder, doan' yo' advise ebery member to walk in der narner pah?

Brudder Sassafras—Coase Ah do, boy; whut's up?

Sam Sparks—Nuffin', brudder; only Ah wonders what is gwine to happen when some ob our stout membahs meet on de narrer pat comin' from opposite directions.

A Cruel Joke.

Sandy Pikes—Billy, de wickedness of dis world is appallin'.

Billy Coalgate—What's de matter, now, pard?

Sandy Pikes—Why, I went over an' asked dat lady fer a quarter to get me hair trimmed.

Billy Coalgate—What did she say?

Sandy Pikes—Asked me if I'd have it trimmed wid ribbon or lace.

None from Him.

"My friend," said the caller, "on behalf of our society I am soliciting 25-cent subscriptions to enable us to wage war on the cigarette evil, and I felt sure we could rely on you in the battle to the death."

"Yes, I'll give no quarter," replied the business man, promptly. "Good day, sir."—Philadelphia Record.

Such a Shock.

"You can't imagine how shocked I was to discover that my caddie smoked cigarettes!"

"The little rascal!"

"Yes, the Scotch almost invariably smoke a pipe, you know."—Detroit Journal.

His Description.

From Judge: Mrs. Hoon—How did the defaulting cashier of the Pettyville bank look?

Hoon—I never saw him, but he is described as being 6 feet tall and $12,000 short.

Tactless.

May—Isn't it a perfect duck of a bathing suit?

Clara—Yes; it never seems to get wet.

A Questionable Height.

Little Eli—How tall is I, ma?

Mother—About four feet, Little Eli—Yo feet, er mine?

The Cause for It.

"How still it always is before a storm!"

"Yes; nearly all women are afraid of lightning."—Chicago Record.

Breaking It Gently.

He—Let's get engaged.

She—Very well, but—