

KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

After much opposition, on my part and quiet, steady determination on John's, Meg was sent for. She was not a very attentive, but she was a very obedient nurse. She brought me a double dose hourly, and gave me a double dose of the next, and laughed gaily at her own mistakes. And in spite of her mistakes, I got well quickly.

But, long after I was well, Meg continued to stay with me. Politics did not interest me at all. I suppose a good many people voted for the wrong man, and I paid no attention to their misguided actions. It was scarcely possible there could be any candidates for office who did not possess some virtues, and a strong disposition in the direction of general altruism made me wish well to all good people who had been selected to administer the affairs of township, county or state.

There was truly something exceptional in this Thanksgiving season. Other people may not have noticed it, but it impressed itself most forcibly upon me. How could it be otherwise? It was a time that my first book was published.

What Mrs. Astor's Thanksgiving Dinner. Mrs. Astor's Thanksgiving Dinner. Mrs. Astor's Thanksgiving Dinner. Mrs. Astor's Thanksgiving Dinner. Mrs. Astor's Thanksgiving Dinner.

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I've seen the ghost of an old love, Kitty. You don't know I had an old love? she said still in a scoffing tone. You didn't know that I went about the world with the smallest possible fraction of a heart, did you, Kitty? On the whole, I got on very well. One enjoys the world better without a heart than with one, I think. Pretty bonnets are more satisfactory than lovers.

"Meg," I said, looking closely and curiously at her. "I don't understand you. I don't understand a bit what you are meaning."

"Nor I," said Meg, with an odd little laugh that was half a sigh. "A person who has been a ghost may be allowed to be half-witted for half a day. I saw a ghost at breakfast time this morning. I took it in from the postman at the door. It is residing now in John's study, I suppose. And, if it were not for an excellent idea of honor, I would go and rattle John's study and try to find it."

"Are you talking about the letters, Meg, that you took this morning?" "Oh, yes, Kitty! About one of those letters, yes."

"I looked her in perplexity. For many minutes she did not speak again. "I have a score of love-letters all when she is besting," she said at last, turning her head to smile at me. "The only love letters I ever had, or ever shall have. Preserve me from having any more!"

She clasped her hands behind her head and laughed.

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had left the bar—I think perhaps he had left half a dozen other professions as well as being unmentioned. Oh, yes, Kitty, he was in every way a dark enough, tall enough, dark enough, wide enough, I dare say.

"You were in love with him, Meg?" "I thought I was, dear. One can imagine most things when one is sixteen or a little."

"How did it end, Meg?" "It didn't end. He left one note one day with the postman, and I thought it ought to go for a walk with him by the Seaside. I left a note in answer to it, but I would come. I went; but he forgot the appointment. He never wrote to me any more. I have not seen or heard of him from that time to this. I have never seen any glad."

"It was hard to know what to say. I sat looking at her thoughtfully. "The letter that came for John this morning was what he wrote," she said. "I am sure of it, said Meg. She rose from her seat, humming a scrap of a song."

"I shall go and dress now," she said. "When one tells one's love stories one should always tell them in picturesque details. Did I not tell you of the 'Lorna'?" Did I amuse you, Kitty? Well, I am tired of looking ugly. I shall go and dress now."

"She went away, still humming up the stairs, and I sat reflecting on all that she had said. Was Meg laughing or was she not? I did not know. So deep was I in thought that I did not hear the door open, did not hear the step of a step."

"Kitty," he said in a quick tone, less calm and steady than was his habit. "I want to speak to you. Come into the study with me. I want to speak to you alone."

"Meg has come upstairs," I observed, obediently, however to follow him. "I closed the study door behind us, and drew forward a chair toward the fire. "I have a letter for you," he said, holding it out to me. "It is a letter from the fire-burned and low, and John himself had changed since I had last seen him. He is a different man now."

"Kitty," he said, standing before me, elbow on the chimney-piece, and looking at me with a peculiar earnestness. "I am going to leave the country with an important secret."

"He waited. I looked gravely at him, and did not answer. "I feel sure that I can trust you."

"Yes," I replied simply, "you can trust me."

(To be continued.)

PRINCE OF MONACO'S WIT. Why the American, Who Had No Teeth, Was Not.

"I noticed an interesting sketch of the prince of Monaco," remarked a prominent New Orleans editor to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man.

besides being the greatest game house proprietor in the world, is also a scientist of high repute. He has made a fortune of \$100,000, and his life, owns the best-equipped vessel afloat for that sort of investigation and has written several valuable works on the subject.

Provide Pure Water. "Stagnant water is the best vehicle for conveying the parasites that infest the water supply. If the water is not pure, it is almost certain to kill a thoroughly healthy animal that is clean and thoroughly in fested herd."



MY MOST NOTABLE THANKSGIVING

BY FRANK R. STANTON

It was Thanksgiving time, nearly thirty years ago. To the ordinary inhabitant of that portion of this country where I then lived the season was very much like other seasons of autumnal frosts. There was nothing in the earth, the air, or the water that gave to this period any peculiar character.

But there was something that made this Thanksgiving season very peculiar in my eyes. For some time the whole world had seemed to me to be permeated by the knowledge that something was about to happen which had never happened before, and which could not, by any possibility, happen again.

I had always loved the Thanksgiving season. To be sure, much of the brightness and color in which the scene revolved in October was lost, but the rich browns of the oaks, the heavy greens of the pines, and the cedars, lighted up here and there by some late hanging summer leaves or reddening ivy, with hill and dale gently softened by the mists of an Indian summer, made a picture in which I delighted as much as I did in the beauties of any other season.

But in this year the late autumn foliage was much finer than I had ever known it before. Van Dyke never dreamed of such browns as I now saw, and the curtains of distant mist seemed ever about to rise upon visions of even greater beauty than those which then entranced me.

I had always liked the first keen winds which had come to us as the avers heralds of winter, making it so delightful to walk and be out of doors, and also agreeable and satisfactory to enter the house. But this year there was a sparkling spice in the air which it would have been impossible for other people to understand, even if they had perceived it. I knew it was there. I understood its origin, and I did not care a snap of my fingers whether or not anybody else knew anything about it.

In those days, after the regular periods of meteoric showers, there used to be a good many falling stars which appeared to be left over from the grand display, and I had always been accustomed to watch for these

my first book, must have been extraordinarily well adapted for the adornment of human youth and beauty.

I do not know that there were great crops of corn that year, or that the pumpkins had glided to a greater extent than usual the brown, denuded fields, but I felt the farmers ought to be very happy people.

To me the country was pervaded with an atmosphere of richness and unsurpassed fulfillment. I knew that the apple crop had been very good, at least I knew that the trees had borne some remarkably good fruit, because I had tried a good deal of it, and I had never possessed to a greater degree the fine and sub-acid flavor of which was to be found.

It was also a great year for chestnuts, and a very poor one for squirrels. I do not wish it to be supposed that I was not, and am not, fond of squirrels. I like them better now than I used to in my earlier days, although they are an active competitor in the business of chestnut gathering as when I was younger. But in this Thanksgiving season they had very little effect upon me, and I must have been fewer or lazier, for I made no complaints about the scarcity of chestnuts that year.

who were in the habit of migrating to the south in the late autumn delayed their journey this year, those of them who did remain made themselves very conspicuous and agreeable. It was a great year for rabbits. In earlier days I had given much attention to trapping these little creatures, but seldom took much interest in the sport until the snow had covered the earth, and they induced game creatures of various kinds to cast their eyes upon the delicate morsels exposed in traps by men and boys. But now, although I did not care to trap the rabbits, I was charmed to gaze upon them as they skipped about on the edge of the woods, wagging their little tails and strutting up looking from side to side, with their little noses nervously trembling, while their long ears waved in the breeze. The rabbits I far exceed very long and fine that year, and I am sure that its color

so, I do not remember quarrelling with a living soul during the whole of that November. It seems as though my interference with my fellow beings was unusually genial. In regard to social progress and the steady betterment of the human race, I was an ardent optimist. Even people I knew as not being very pleasant of manner or intelligent of spirit seemed then good company.

Politics did not trouble me at all. I suppose a good many people voted for the wrong man, and I paid no attention to their misguided actions. It was scarcely possible there could be any candidates for office who did not possess some virtues, and a strong disposition in the direction of general altruism made me wish well to all good people who had been selected to administer the affairs of township, county or state.

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Last Thanksgiving, Mrs. Astor had her table in a room. An enormous mass of costly chrysanthemums filled to the center of her renewed gold service, completed the decoration. Beside each plate was a bunch of the same chrysanthemums, tied with yellow ribbon.

The Astor gold service is costly, fork and spoon. Only on state occasions is this gold service brought out. It never fails to appear in Thanksgiving day—New York World.

In the East. At a fashionable Thanksgiving dinner the butler brings in the turkey. It is then removed and carried in the butler's pantry.

Half a pound of bread crumbs, 1-2 lb. of eggs, 3 oz. of suet, 6 oz. of soft suet, 3 eggs, a little nutmeg, a teaspoonful of milk. The figs and nuts are chopped very fine and all well mixed together. Boll in a mold or cloth for three or four hours. This pudding can be made with half the quantities.

Slag left after the making of steel by the Bessemer process is now being converted into phosphate.

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