KITTY'S HUSBAND

By Author of "Hetty," Etc.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"You poor little Kitty!" said Meg, sighing; and, coming 'round to where I sat, she bent over my chair and put her cheek caressingly against mine, then added in a tone more mocking than compassionate: "To be turned quite suddenly into a paragoness! Oh, the shock of it! Dora, my dear, let us make her elegy. We may regard her as having passed away from this life. You poor little thing! Don't cry, Kitty; let us look upon the bright side of it."

"There is no bright side," I interposed, with a little sob.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Dora, reassuringly. "Hundreds of things may happen. He may change his mind—that's not at all improbable. He may marry you and die during the honeymoon."

"I have always longed to be a widow," reflected Meg, musingly and cheeringly.

"A widow," added Dora, still in a tone of reassurance, "is the happiest, freest, most enviable being in the world! Think of the independent, lovely times she has! Her relations can't tyrannize any longer. She has to be treated with respect, gentleness, deference, and great courtesy. Oh, to be a widow! Cheer up Kitty. Give her a little shake and make her stop crying, Meg."

"I think it is we who should cry," said Meg, with a comical attempt to speak dolorously. "We have no chance of being widows!" And Meg laughed again, her sweet, rippling, light-hearted little laugh; and then she kissed me to soften the cruelty of the laughter.

Once more there was silence in the room. Dora sat opposite, regarding me with an air of grave reflection; Meg stood beside me, bending down to rest one elbow on the table, and looking closely at me with smiling eyes.

"When does he mean to speak to you, I wonder?" said Dora at length. "And how will he frame his strange proposal? What days and nights of reflection it will cost him! He will look down at you benignly; he——"

"He will pat you encouragingly on the head," added Meg, patting me herself to give point to the remark.

"Be sure you say 'thank you' prettily, Kitty, my child," tutored Dora. "Fold your hands meekly across your apron and speak prettily."

"Her aprons will be no more!" said Meg in a tragic tone. "Pinafores and pigtails are henceforth to be discarded."

"He'll bring you a ring," said Dora. "Say you have a fancy for diamonds, Kitty. Say you prefer the diamonds to be big."

"He'll bring you tender offerings of flowers," added Meg. "And I shall be able to wear them."

"And I suppose," observed Dora, gravely and very doubtfully, with much hesitation—"I suppose now he will feel constrained to say that he loves you, Kitty."

My cheeks, already crimson, grew hotter suddenly. I put up my hands to cover them. I pushed back my chair from the table and turned away with helpless anger, which for a moment would not let me speak.

"Oh, a thought has struck me!" exclaimed Dora, in a thrilling tone—"a truly appalling thought! Kitty, my dear, you will have to call him 'John!' Kitty, don't go—don't go; we want to talk to you!"

I had turned to flee. I had my hand on the open door; but I looked around fiercely before I went.

"I hate you!" I cried. "I detest you!" And I shut the door and ran along the passage to my room.

CHAPTER III.

Two hours later I was seated, sewing in hand, opposite to Aunt Jane in the drawing-room, listening for the study door to open and for the sound of a footstep on the stairs. My face, as I stooped over my work and tried to escape Aunt Jane's keen scrutiny, was hot and flushed; tears were still very near to my eyes; my heart was beating fast with strangely mingled feelings—indignation, outraged pride, excited expectation.

"Kate, are you listening to me?" demanded Aunt Jane suddenly, in a tone of accusation.

I started guiltily. I had been listening, not to Aunt Jane, but to certain sounds which ascended from down stairs—the study door's being opened and shut, two deep, grave voices in earnest talk.

"I told John Mortimer that he should have opportunities of seeing you frequently," continued Aunt Jane, in her clear, level, decisive tone; "so presently I shall go away and leave you alone to talk to one another. I have only one thing to say to you, Kate—remember that he spoke to me this afternoon in confidence; you were to know nothing of his intentions; you will behave pleasantly but quite naturally."

With a sinking heart I sat and listed to Aunt Jane's impossible advice offered so easily. "Behave naturally!" Could I ever again stand, sit, speak, look or think in John Mortimer's presence except with painful, terrible self-consciousness, with a haunting remembrance of all that Aunt Jane had told me? Why had she told me? I had liked him—I had liked him so much! He had been so good to me, so kind! No one else had been so kind! I had said what I liked to him always; I had treated him as a dear elder brother, with whom I need not stop to weigh my words. If I had seen him ahead as I went to school in the morning, I had walked fast to overtake him; when, in the evening, he came to see us, I had always been glad, and had always told him so with a smile that made the words emphatic. I had always been sorry when he went away; and that, too, I had told him, simply, without reserve. "Natural!" I had behaved naturally with him all my life! I could never be natural with him any more.

"My dear child," said Aunt Jane, looking at me with sharp, attentive scrutiny, "if you wear that tragic air, I shall regret that I told you anything."

"I wish—oh, I wish you hadn't!" I cried, reproachfully, with sudden passion that overcame my fear.

As steps came up the stairs, I turned away toward the window. The window was shut, as Aunt Jane preferred all windows to be. Through the hot, dusty panes I looked out at the tree tops in the square garden, and never turned my head.

A minute later John Mortimer crossed the room to where I stood.

"Kitty," he said, quietly.

He put out his hand. He was standing beside me, his gray eyes smiling gravely at me. My eyes had no answering smile as I raised them slowly to his.

It was a grave, quiet, somewhat rugged face at which I looked—a face at the same time stern and gentle. The gray eyes were deeply set, beneath level, thickly pencilled brows; they smiled rarely—and, when they smiled, the smile was more grave than merry. He was still a comparatively young man, though Dora and Meg always spoke of him as though he were their father's contemporary. He was thirty-five—no more; but his dark hair, his short, brown beard were already touched with gray; and his face, his voice, his manner were all older than his years.

"What is happening down there?" he asked, taking up his stand beside me and following my glance.

My eyes were fixed intently on the dusty railings of the square garden. Around the corner of the square came a sad-looking man, with a sunburned face; bearing an old organ and a very wizened, mournful little monkey.

"Will he stop?" I exclaimed, with sudden well-simulated eagerness. "No—yes! Yes, he is going to stop!"

"Kitty, what a child you are!" said John Mortimer, in a quiet, wondering, half-tender tone; and the tone or the words sent the hot blood rushing to my cheeks and set all my pulses throbbing.

"I know I am a child," I said quietly, almost fiercely. "I like being a child. I don't want to grow up. I will be a child as long as ever I can be."

He was looking down at me with an observant glance, though I looked so steadily away from him. There was a suspicion of laughter in his voice when, after a moment, he spoke again.

"In spite of yourself, Kitty, age is creeping upon you. In our mothers' and grandmothers' days seventeen, I believe, was a very mature age, indeed."

"But not now," I said eagerly, with too much earnestness. "Seventeen is nothing nowadays. You're only old enough at seventeen to go in for senior Cambridge examinations. If you want to go to college, you can't—they won't have you because you're so young. Holloway will take you, but Girton and Newham won't. Do you know how old our sixth form girls are? I'm the youngest; some are eighteen, some are nineteen, and some are over."

Although my face was turned toward the dusty, out-of-door world, and my back toward the drawing-room, I was conscious that Uncle Richard had been sent away by Aunt Jane, and that Aunt Jane was preparing to follow him. In another minute we were left alone. My cheeks were burning, my heart was beating angrily at the consciousness of why we were left alone.

"I never realized before the extreme youthfulness of seventeen," said John Mortimer gravely. But, looking around at him, I caught the amused smile with which he was regarding me. "Why have I made you so indignant, Kitty?" he continued, in a different tone. "Why have I brought this severe lecture upon myself? Is it all apropos of the organ-man?"

"It's apropos of nothing."

"I knew an old man of seventy-seven once who could never pass a Punch and Judy in the street. If he came in only for the end of the performance, he would trudge along with the urchins to the next street to hear the beginning. If seventy-seven takes delight in a Punch and Judy, seventeen may surely be allowed an organ-man and a monkey. Did I imply otherwise? If I did, I retract."

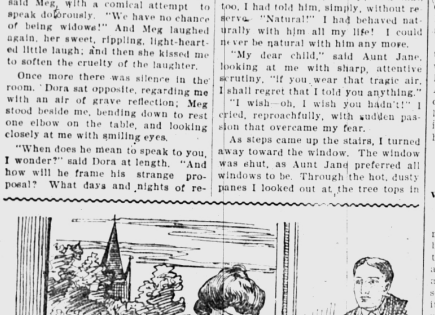
He opened the window as he spoke and threw out a little silver coin, which the organ-man, smiling suddenly but somewhat sadly, moved hastily to secure.

The window, once opened, remained open; the room was a little less stifling than before. A soft evening breeze that was almost cool stole in. Across the square, beyond the house, the sky was red; indoors the light was beginning to grow dim.

Dim light improved Aunt Jane's drawing-room. But even in the grayest twilight it remained an ugly room. Its ugliness was hopeless, without one redeeming feature.

I seated myself at the foot of the twisted little sofa, close to the open window, and took up my sewing, which I had dropped just now to listen to Aunt Jane. John Mortimer sat down opposite me in Aunt Jane's chair. He leaned his elbow on the arm, and sat in a thoughtful, observant attitude, his head resting against his hand.

(To Be Continued.)



I SEATED MYSELF AND TOOK UP MY SEWING.

LIVELY TIME.

When a Leopard Invades a Town in India—All Astir Disturbed.

Amrita Bazaar Patrika: About 4 a. m. to-day a Gurkha soldier, who was bathing in a tank on the outskirts of the city of Gorakphur, was suddenly attacked from behind. Thinking his assailant was a big bear, he took no notice, as a Hindustani official loftily put its grappled with it and both rolled over into the tank, where they had a bit of rough and tumble. The assailant turned out to be a large leopard. He left the Gurkha consoling to remember him by in the shape of a number of claw marks, and then proceeded to invade the city, attacking and wounding a number of persons on the way. He finally took up his position in a Kumhar house, situated in the heart of one of the suburbs, quite close to the principal octroi post, the Golbar. Intimation of his presence was at once sent to Mr. Innes, the D. S. P., and to Mr. W. Calnan, the collector. The news also crept around the station and a regular posse of other subjects assembled. Mr. Calnan and Mr. Innes got on the roof of the house where the animal was, and, by pulling off the tiles and poking the animal with a long pole, succeeded in shooting him. He turned out to be a fine male leopard, in most sleek condition, and measuring seven feet three inches. During his brief career in the city he had injured no less than eleven persons, some of them very severely indeed. The lives of two men are despaired of, three of them had, among other wounds, his elbow crushed from a bite. Two men had their eyes dislocated. A few women were badly scratched all over the body. The good folk of Gorakhpur were all keenly interested in the occurrence. Hundreds of them visited Mr. Innes' compound to inspect the carcass, and large numbers also went to the hospital to inspect the wounded.

THUNDERSTORMS.

And the Strain They Give the Nerves of New Telephone Operators.

Philadelphia Inquirer: "Although you may never have thought of it," remarked an old telephone man during the progress of the thunderstorm, "one of the most severe tests to which a girl aspirant for employment in a telephone exchange is ever put to is her ability to retain her courage and self-possession while the lightning is playing just such pranks as it is playing now. Ever been in a big telephone office when a severe electrical disturbance was taking place in the atmosphere outside? No? Well, it is just the sort of place to make one lacking in steady nerves feel 'kind o' squeamish,' as the fellow said when he was getting ready to have the critical interview with his sweetheart's father. The lightning seems to prefer telephone wires to any other kind as a field for its gyrations, and the way it makes things hum and crack among the instruments is a caution. Some day, if you want to get an idea of what I mean, just put your ear to the receiver while a big storm is in progress. Don't hold it there too long, though, or you may get a shock that will interfere with your hearing, if it doesn't do even worse. Having tried your experiment, just multiply it by a few hundred or a few thousand to correspond with the number of receivers in a telephone office, and you will understand what the green telephone girl is up against in her first storm. Of course all sorts of precautions are taken to prevent accident, and there is really not the slightest danger. But the strain on the nerves is a stunner at that, and the young woman who weathers it the first time usually turns out to be all right as an operator."

Ethical life implies the election of motives other than selfish. In our age who will dispute this, selfishness has been apotheosized as the one rule of conduct?—Rev. Dr. E. G. Hirsch.

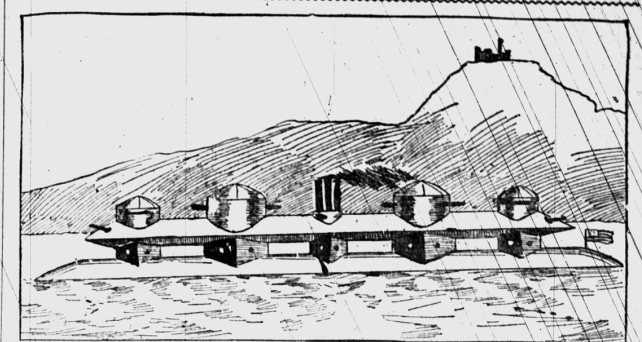
NOVELTIES IN WARFARE

New Battle-Ship to Revolutionize Sea Fighting—For Harbor Defense.

Whether or not the art of battleship construction is destined to be revolutionized by the newly patented invention of William Weegar, of New York city, remains to be found out, but his idea is unquestionably striking. He proposes to uplift from the hull of his vessel, by means of towers, a huge armored chamber running from bow to stern and holding a battery of rapid-fire guns arranged in broadside. Two of the towers, one at each end, will be cousing towers, but the other two, of large size, will be surmounted by turrets containing pairs of 12-inch breech-loading rifles. There will also be four eight-inch rifles, forward and aft, so that, with forty quick-firing guns in all, the armament will be most formidable.

Perhaps the most notable point about this novel fighting craft is its invulnerability. It is practically shot-proof, its construction being such that a shell striking any part of it must meet a slant and so glide off. In order to accomplish this end, the armored chamber is made polygonal in section, while the towers are cylindrical. The deck is a whaleback, its upper part barely rising above the sea, and all the machinery and ammunition are below water level, so as to be safe from injury. Staircases and ammunition hoists run up inside of the towers, and the waves may wash freely across the body of the ship without entering the gun ports or interfering with the operation of the fighting apparatus above.

Not less notable than the foregoing is a method newly invented by a Cincinnati man, Andrew Van Bibber, for rendering harbors impregnable against attack by sea. It is guaranteed to accomplish the purpose with the use of a comparatively small force of men and without the aid of warships, thus being equivalent to an increase of the navy, inasmuch as it relieves fleets to a great extent from the duty of defending the coast. Of this latter point the importance was illustrated in the recent war with Spain, during which the operations of our maritime forces were seriously hampered by the ever-present necessity of looking out for the protection of the cities along the Atlantic seaboard. As the inventor says: "The greatly increased range of naval guns demands that defensive works be more remote from the place defended than formerly—else the defended city may be ruined while the attack is being repulsed. A city, of course, affords a very large target, and its protection is proportionately difficult, especially in these days of high-power cannon. Besides, the fleet urgently needed for its defense may not arrive in time. The Van Bibber system consists in extending from the harbor mouth seaward two lines of embankments built of concrete and so arranged as to form an artificial entrance to the port. On these embankments are placed bomb-proof forts, consisting substantially of revolving turrets containing high-power guns. The tops of the embankments are slightly below low-water mark, but submarine chambers are provided for magazines and other uses. The forts themselves, as a matter of course, ought to be protected by armor thick enough to be practically impenetrable by shell. From this brief description it will be understood that a hostile warship approaching a city thus defended could get into the harbor only by passing through the artificial channel referred to, and in doing so it would be exposed to murderous attack at short range by the forts on the flanking embankments. Meanwhile, another fort, situated at the landward end of the entrance, would rake the latter from end to end with a storm of projectiles. Under such circumstances it would be impossible for the enemy's vessels to maneuver freely, and being confined to a narrow gut, they would face almost certain destruction by mines, while held at a distance from the city by guns much heavier than



IS THIS THE COMING TYPE OF BATTLESHIP?

(Armament, four 12-inch and four 8-inch rifles, and forty rapid-fire guns. All ammunition below water. Superstructure practically invulnerable.)

their own and capable of smashing to pieces their armor plates. The channel may be 200 yards or half a mile in width, but the longer it is the more efficient it will be for defensive purposes.

Charles E. Quimby of New York has just taken out a patent for a method of preventing the fouling of ships' bottoms which would have been very useful when our war vessels were on blockade off the Cuban coast, acquiring a coating of barnacles and seaweeds. It consists in enveloping the hull in a sort of case of canvas, which is drawn tight by means of ropes passing through eye-holes. Of course, as the inventor says, such a case can be made to correspond accurately in size and shape to the ship it is meant to fit. The canvas, furthermore, is impregnated with chemicals hostile to animal and vegetable life. When the vessel is ready to start on a voyage the protection is slipped off, hauled on board and packed away in the hold.

A RARE DOLLAR.

A Big Lawsuit Over Its Ownership—$1,500 Offered For It.

The New York Evening Post reports a curiously complex situation at Racine, Wis., over the ownership of a silver dollar of the coinage date of 1804. It is said that only one of four of these dollars ever left the mint, and they are consequently very valuable. The dollar in question was given several months ago by a woman whose name, if known, is kept secret, to Ladislar Altmann, a clerk in the dry goods store of L. T. Hartnett in payment for goods bought. The woman did not know that the dollar was worth more than its face value; in fact, she hesitated about using it at all for fear that it was not genuine. The clerk, without knowing how rare the coin was, recognized it as an odd piece and put it into his pocket, handing over to the cashier a dollar of his own. For several months thereafter he carried the 1804 dollar about as a pocket piece. One day he showed it to a friend at a bank and was informed that it was worth not less than $500. In order to verify this estimate he sent it to a coin buyer in Chicago, who promptly offered $1,500 for it. The clerk still did not sell, having heard that a similar coin had sold for a still larger sum in New York. But, though he did not sell, he talked, and the story reached the ears of Mr. Hartnett, his employer. Mr. Harnett promptly claimed that the dollar either belonged to the funds of the store or to the woman who had tendered it without knowing its value. He demanded that it be returned and held for the woman. If she could not be found he claimed that the coin belonged to him. The clerk claims that he was justified in substituting his dollar for the one paid in, and pertinently calls attention to the fact that had the coin proved a bad one he would have been held responsible. Both sides have employed attorneys and a lawsuit seems inevitable.

NOT BY DEPUTY.

Queen Victoria Is Said to Be Her Own Housekeeper.

I am sure very many of my readers, writes E. M. Jessop in the August Pall Mall Magazine, will be glad to hear that, notwithstanding the enormous amount of business with which she has to deal, the queen is to a large extent her own housekeeper. The first thing every morning a paper of suggestions from the clerk of the kitchen is placed before her, from which in her own hand she orders the menus of the day, both for herself and such of her grandchildren as may be with her. These menus are at once sent to the kitchens, gardens and other departments concerned, to obtain the viands required, and their contents duly entered, together with the quantities of materials used, in the books which are kept in the royal kitchen. The queen's chef receives a salary of 500 pounds per annum, and has as satellites four master cooks, two roasting cooks, six apprentices and six kitchen maids besides pantry men and other lesser lights. In addition to the great kitchen at Windsor there are the greenroom for vegetables, and the confectionary and pastry kitchen. This last is a most important department, controlled by a confectioner with six assistants and fitted up in the most complete manner. All her majesty's favorite cakes, biscuits, pastry, etc., are made here and sent by special messengers several times a week to whichever of her residences the court may be staying at. All stores at Windsor are under proper supervision, no materials being served out without proper requisition signed by the head of the department concerned. Not a bag of dog biscuits can even be ordered for the kennels unless on the proper printed form. In fact the whole vast establishment is practically as methodically conducted as any great London business. This method, which was evolved by her majesty and the late prince consort out of the chaos which descended from the days of George IV, entirely does away with waste, extravagance and the abomination of the perquisite system; and moreover it enables her majesty to exercise that wise control over her finances which enables her to keep the grandest establishment on relatively the smallest royal income in Europe.

Calve as a Gardener.

Singing in the opera and cultivating a farm are about as widely different from each other as two occupations can well be. Perhaps this is the very reason why Mademoiselle Calve, the great prima donna, retires every summer to spend her vacation on a farm among the Cevennes, a chain of mountains in southern France. The famous singer, says the Philadelphia Post, was very ill and nervous when she went to the Cevennes, but this free, open air life and vigorous exercise soon restored her to the most robust health, and when friends asked her the secret of her cure, she answers, "Spades and potatoes." Last summer she went into her kitchen garden and cared for her own vegetables. No one was allowed to touch them, and the results were far better than when her gardener cared for the things. Mademoiselle Calve wore a short skirt of blue jeans, sabots, and a linen shirtwaist. She spaded and hoed and watered her vegetables day after day, and proudly sent gifts of the finest fruits of her labors to friends in Paris.

Women as Sailors.

Women sailors are employed in Denmark, Norway and Finland, and they are often found to be most excellent and delightful mariners.

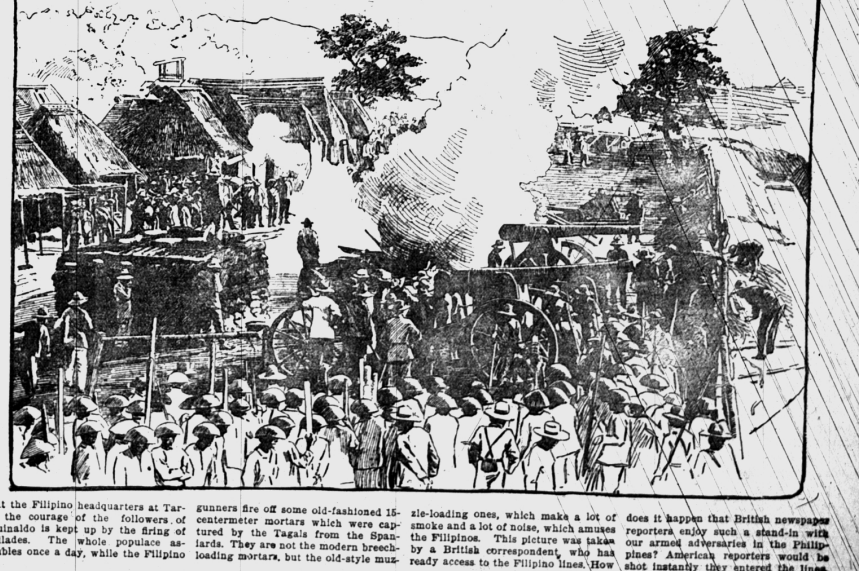
Politeness of Thibet.

A sign of politeness in Thibet on meeting a person is to hold up the clasped hands and stick out the tongue.

Wheels of Leather.

Railway wheels made of leather have been experimented with in France.

Here is the Filipino Kind of Courage, Which Beats the Old Dutch Style



At the Filipino headquarters at Tarlac the courage of the followers of Aguinaldo is kept up by the firing of fusilades. The whole populace assembles once a day, while the Filipino gunners fire off some old-fashioned 15-centermeter mortars which were captured by the Tagals from the Spaniards. They are not the modern breech-loading mortars, but the old-style muzzle-loading ones, which make a lot of smoke and a lot of noise, which amuses the Filipinos. This picture was taken by a British correspondent, who has ready access to the Filipino lines. How does it happen that British newspaper reporters enjoy such a stand-in with our armed adversaries in the Philippines? American reporters would be shot instantly they entered the lines.