The Chivington Twins.

BY JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN.

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"Hello, Jack Chivington! Hello, Chiv twin! Hello! Hello!"

A young fellow had just got out of a cab in front of the Auditorium Hotel. At this curious sort of hail he turned—and saw a neat automobile road wagon dashing by. The man in it was waving one hand excitedly and with the other slowing down the machine. The woman with him leaned back but gave slight sign of life. The young fellow jumped into a cab into a state of peaceful repose and as the other man made a sudden turn and brought his mount up to the curb, he stepped forward to shake hands, saying:

"Hello, Tom Butterworth! Glad to see you, old man!"

"What in the name of all that is serious brings you so far from home on Christmas Day? Search the man in the wagon, playing like some sort of a automatic hand organ. And what masses you look, old chap! Hope nothing's gone wrong, I say, old man—I've forgotten my Sabrina Fair Ha! Miss Manners, allow me to present to you Mr. John Agnew Chivington of New York, one of the famous Chivington twins of whom you have heard much, my own and my very good friend.

"I am pleased to meet you, Miss Manners," said the young man, doffing his hat and escaping a hand that was small and warm and very heavily gloved. "And I am glad to be introduced by such a pal as this. I feel as if I were only one-third twin myself and that is that I'm the third twin."

"Now, sir, I don't like that. Why, I'm the very spitting image of you and—and—and—