

LADY KITTY'S MARRIAGE.

By A. G. P. Stokes.

"But I detest the men of the present day," she said rebelliously. "There is no romance about them. You have often said so yourself."

"That is not the way to look at it," the countess persisted quietly. "There are certain things in the world that must be faced. Marriage is one of them. And you are four-and-twenty to-day, darling."

"I am very, very happy as I am. Why must I marry someone who laughs at every expression of true feeling and scorns the idea of showing a girl that he would go through fire and water for her? Look at my grandfather. Didn't he ride ten miles to church every Sunday, wet or dry just to see the girl he afterward married? And he was not allowed to speak to her then. Who is there who would ride or walk a mile in the rain to see me? Not one."

"I believe Rupert Halliday would if you would let him."

"Rupert? He's a dear—in one way. Always ready to take me out, and to do ordinary things that a man in society must do. But he doesn't understand the very A, B, C of love," Lady Kitty said scornfully. "And I want to be loved, mother—first for myself."

"Plenty of men have told you that they do."

"In a sort of passive tempo way, that is all."

The countess took a photograph from the little table at her side and looked at it critically. It showed a girl with a delicate face full of thought.

"You have often told me how happy Muriel is. She has found romance apparently," Lady Kitty glanced at the photograph and sighed.

"Yes. But it was a hard struggle for her. She made the best of things because she wanted to marry Godfrey. They had hardly any money at first and lived in a horrid furnished flat. She worked hard all day, they had a friend to live with them, and she never had a new dress for two years."

"Would you like that?" the countess asked gently. Her daughter got up and walked to the window.

"I don't believe it is in me," she said, in a low voice. "But Muriel is quite happy. They are much better off now, and Godfrey worships her."

"Shall you be in to lunch to-day, dear?"

"No. I am going to take the Erskines in the motor to Harrow. It's Wilfred's birthday, and he is to have a tea party."

"You won't run any risks?"

"We'll follow a man, if you like," laughed Lady Kitty, as she ran out of the room.

The countess sat thinking for some time. Then she went to the hall and telephoned to Mr. Halliday.

"Can you come to lunch?"

"Thank you, I shall be delighted," said Lady Kitty. "She ought to see the chrysanthemum show. It's splendid."

"She is motoring. I want to see you particularly."

"I will be with you in half an hour."

Over the fire in the library, after lunch, Rupert Halliday asked the question that had been worrying him for some time.

"You said you wished to see me, Lady Eversley. Can I do anything?"

"I want to speak to you about Kitty," the countess said, looking him full in the eyes. Halliday flushed but bore the look without flinching.

"I think you know what my feelings are for her, but somehow she never lets me tell her so. We are excellent friends—but we get no further."

"You do not, perhaps, take her in the right way. Let me tell you our conversation this morning." The countess did so, and the Hon. Rupert Halliday listened.

"I am ready to do anything," he declared when she had ended. "In my opinion Lady Kitty is quite right. Life nowadays is too much like one of these musical comedies. Everyone plays the fool, as it were. You know quite well, Lady Eversley, that if I were to take a box to see Forbes Robertson in Hamlet or the piece at the Gaiety, that nine girls out of ten would prefer the latter."

"Kitty among them?"

"She would go with the crowd."

"And wish all the time she had been the tenth?"

"Very likely, but what can one do?"

"Stop taking too much for granted."

"My uncle, the admiral, has left me twelve thousand pounds, every penny of which will be settled on my wife."

"You must use your own discretion, Rupert. If I did not thoroughly trust you, and believe you would be a good husband to Kitty I would not have spoken to you to-day, but your father and I were very dear friends, and I do trust you."

"I shall not call you," he said quietly. "Tell me what you think of this idea." He smoked hard for a few minutes. "Mind you, Lady Eversley, it's not quite on the square, but if you will give your sanction, I'll carry it through. All's fair in love and war, you know."

Lady Eversley heard him de-

clatly. "It seems rather risky," she remarked.

"It's playing a game, and I have the best cards. Desperate ill requires desperate remedies, you see, and I, Lady Eversley, am staking my life's happiness on this. You may trust me to take care of Lady Kitty."

The countess sighed. "I leave it to you, Rupert, and on my side you may rely on my innocence."

"If I am successful in winning Kitty for my wife, and Lady Eversley for my mother-in-law," he said with gentle courtesy, "my ambition will be satisfied."

Lady Kitty read the daily Outcry each morning at breakfast. It cost a half penny and gave plenty of news in a condensed and sensational manner. The "Agony" column was a prominent feature and although matrimonial advertisements were not admitted, there was frequently a strong resemblance to one. On this particular morning her attention was caught by the following pathetic de-

"Correspondence desired with a lady who believes, with the advertisement, that everyone has a twin soul, and that complete happiness can only be attained when they come in contact with each other. A brief intercourse will soon decide. Strictest confidence on both sides to be maintained.—Address 'Sympathy,' Post-office, Dorley-on-the-Hill, West-shire."

Lady Kitty read the advertisement several times. At first she wondered if the Daily Outcry had taken leave of his senses.

"The editor must have been dining out," she said to herself.

There was a letter from Halliday asking her if she would go to a lecture that afternoon, given by a friend of his. The subject was "Mind versus Matter." "It only lasts an hour, and we can motor afterwards, if you like."

"Rupert is surely getting serious! As if I should understand a lecture."

She wrote an affirmative, however, and then, "just for fun," began a reply to the advertisement. After a few attempts she read one that satisfied her.

"Dear Sir—I am rather touched by your appeal in the Daily Outcry, for I myself have often felt the want of sympathy in people one meets in ordinary society. There is too little romance, I think, and too much sham and frivolity. One is ashamed to express one's real feelings for fear of encountering derision. Should you care to answer this letter, explaining your views still further, please write to 'X, Charing Cross Postoffice, London, W.'"

Halliday found Kitty rather pre-occupied for the next few days. She excused herself seeing him on several occasions and volunteered no explanation. The countess was a busy woman, presiding over several clubs and philanthropic institutions. Her name was eagerly sought as patroness of bazaars and various charities, and as she seldom refused, and gave handsome donations, her time was well taken up.

Four days after she had posted her letter, Kitty received the following reply.

"Dear Miss K—I cannot tell you how glad I was to read your letter. There were other answers to my advertisement, but something about your writing compelled me to answer your letter first. I feel sure that there is a sympathetic chord between us, and correspondence will decide the question. A few personal details are necessary, and I will mention that I was stroke of the Oxford boat when you, doubtless, were wearing pinafores, playing with a kitten, and snubbing little boys who presumed to pay you attention. My age is 30 odd. I ride eleven miles, and am about six feet in height."

"The reason I have acted in this erratic way is because girls of the present day—as well as men—affect to despise all true romance, as you say. I begin to despair of finding someone who was really sympathetic. Will you tell me more about yourself? Are you fond of reading? Who are your favorite authors? Has good music any attraction for you? Do you hate the country? Do you prefer motors to horses?"

"Please forgive all these questions."

"Yours very faithfully,"

"Sympathy."

Kitty was very much interested in this letter, and she answered it the next day. By the end of a month matters had so far progressed that Kitty decided to accept a week's invitation from some friends at Pullborough, which happened to be a few miles from Dorley-on-the-Hill. On Sunday afternoon she was to cycle to the little church, and, after services, cross over the bridge that spanned the stream at the end of the village. There she was to look out for a gentleman, wearing a gray tweed suit. He would have a little silver-gray Yorkshire terrier with him. Kitty felt very guilty when she said good-by to her mother, and promised to telegraph, directly she arrived.

"I wish Rupert Halliday could take you down, dear. I don't like your traveling alone. But he is going away himself, I believe."

"Markham is a perfect dragon, you know, and I always have her in the carriage with me. She is better to talk to than strangers, so I shall be quite safe," Lady Kitty said brightly.

Her friends met her at the station and drove her home. They were very charming people who never asked questions, and allowed their visitors to do as they liked. When, therefore, Kitty declined to join a motor party on Sunday to invest-

igate the old millinery that was haunted by a weeping man, and shared she intended to go to church, no one interfered. So, when she rather wished that her plan had not worked so smoothly. By the time the scanty congregation had slowly filed out of the churchyard, and the vicar had disappeared, Kitty began to feel excited, not to say nervous.

But she went toward the bridge all the same, and some one was certainly standing there with a little dog under his arm. As she approached the tiny creature yelped.

"I believe that I have the pleasure of addressing Miss K," said a voice. Kitty's heart leaped. She looked up to see Rupert Halliday standing hat in hand before her. He was wearing a gray tweed suit, a beautiful little Yorkshire terrier was huddled up contentedly inside his coat by this time, for the wind was cold.

"You, Rupert!" she gasped.

"I am so glad you came," he said quite naturally. "I was merely afraid you wouldn't," and, taking her hand, he drew it quietly into his arm and they walked on.

"There we sit under those trees, shall we sit down and talk? I should like to tell you a little story if I may."

Kitty allowed herself to be led like a child.

"You are wondering, of course, what all this means. It is this: there was a girl who would never let me tell her that I loved her. She was the very dearest little girl in all the world, but as evasive as a rainbow, and never would let me find out her real feelings about anything. I know she was quite different from the ordinary society doll, so at last I sent her my advertisement, hoping it would appeal to her. I said to myself that some instinct would make her answer it."

"But I never knew—how could I—that you would do such a thing. Oh! it was shameful," she cried, hotly. Her face was scarlet, and tears came into her eyes. Rupert bent down and looked into them.

"Was it?" he asked gently.

"Weigh the whole matter well in your mind before you answer. We might have gone on for months, years even, without ever getting to know each other as we do now. I was desperate, because I loved you and wanted you to be my wife. It was romantic—gothic, if you like—but I know you better from those letters than in all the time I had known you before. And so do you know me now, don't you, darling?"

Kitty looked up, and Halliday caught her hands and kissed her.

"The vicar of the church here is a friend of mine. He has promised to marry us, and I have got the license in my pocket. There is nothing to wait for."

"Marry you now, this quietest? How could I, in my dying dream? What would people think?"

"You and I are above conventionalities," he said, firmly. "Haven't we thrashed the whole matter out between us? Do you think I haven't provided for all contingencies? Didn't I disguise my writing so that you never guessed that 'Sympathy' and Rupert Halliday were the same? I have a friend here who will help us, and take care of little Fluffy. I will send messages to the countess and your friends. Announcements will be made in the papers. You can buy your trousseau in Paris. The crisis of your life has come, my darling, and I beg you not to draw back. Come."

Kitty went and they were married.

Curious Ants.

The large ants in Lapland are three times as large as our common ant. Their nests are hillocks of fire sprigs and rubbish, often four feet high, the inside a mass of eggs and ants. Well beaten roads diverge out.

One day a naturalist was jumping over brook and brushed with his head and shoulders two willow branches which met over the water. In an instant he was covered with ants, which were making their way across the bridge which he had disturbed. There is a species of large ant, which has mandibles that can bite through almost anything. One of the peculiarities of this ant is that when it catches hold of anything with these jaws it cannot be made to let go. Even if the rest of the body is pulled off, the jaws will keep their hold.

Ants know their friends after they have been separated from them for a long time. An Englishman took his ants from a nest, and after six weeks marked one and put into its old home with a stranger. The ant in the nest flew at the stranger, but took no notice of their old friend. He did the same thing once a week for a month, and every time the stranger was killed or driven from them in every direction, like the lines of a railway. These ants cross the little streams and brooks by means of natural bridges.

Perpetual Motion.

As the man with the small black case passed down the avenue he was hailed by an excited individual who was leaning from an upper story window.

"Come up here at once," shouted the chap above. "I want you to attend my wife."

"But, my dear sir," replied the man with the black case under his arm, "I am not a doctor. I go around fixing talking machines."

"Well, that is just why I called you. My wife has been talking continuously for five hours and I want to see if you can stop her."—Chicago News.

KING EDWARD'S KITCHEN.

The Affair at Windsor Castle is Far From Up to Date.

There is something quaint in the thought that while even the humblest housewife among us all prides herself on an up to date kitchen the king has to be content, when at Windsor Castle, with a vast old vaulted hall which remains perhaps the only portion of the castle exactly as it was through all the middle ages.

I must hasten to add, however, says the London Mirror, that every improvement that chefs and scientists could devise in the last hundred years has been adapted to this old world place, and the master cook and his three assistants, the yeoman of the kitchen, the assistant cooks, the roasting cooks, the apprentices, the sculler, and—alas! that they alone should represent the falter sex in our sovereign's kitchen—the kitchen maids, pastry maids, and quaintly named "necessary woman" have no reason to complain of the place in which they have to do their work.

When a state banquet is being prepared the resources of even the royal kitchen are strained to the uttermost. The huge roasting ranges allow of six rows of large joints being cooked simultaneously, while at a special small open range is done all the roasting of game.

An interest attaches to a quaint little range, only suited to the burning of charcoal, which was actually designed by the prince consort, who took a vivid and practical interest in his own and Queen Victoria's kitchen. From time immemorial certain culinary delicacies have been connected with the Windsor royal kitchen, particularly woodcock pie, of which one at least is sent to every member of the royal family at home and abroad at Christmas time, as is also a Windsor plum pudding.

"The most enviable thing in the king's kitchen, from the point of view of the practical woman who does, or who superintends, the cooking in her own household, is the royal dishing-up table. This remarkable table—if it can be called—is of steel, brass, trimmed underneath is a hollow cavity filled with steam, as are also the brass-cased legs, and on the polished surface, which is kept at a high state of brilliancy that it looks almost like a looking glass, is done all the dishing-up of the various hot delicacies.

It may be whispered that there was a time when a good deal of waste went on in the royal kitchen, but some sixty years ago, under the auspices of the prince consort, great reforms were instituted, and now it may be doubted whether any royal culinary department in the world is as economically and yet as economically managed as that presided over by his majesty's chef. Tickets are distributed to the deserving poor of the royal borough and in exchange these fortunate folk receive the remains of what food is not actually consumed in the vast household. The master cook or chef is said to receive a salary varying from £700 to £2,000 a year.

The Inventive American.

A young man who at twenty-one had been before the mast, had worked in the chemical department of a mill and had lectured upon nitrous oxide gas throughout the country, patented the rotating chamber for a pistol. It was not considered particularly valuable until after his first company that made it had failed, and fights in Texas and with the Seminoles in Florida proved its worth. The Mexican War made a demand for it.

The same mechanic who did so much for early air making, the American plan of not hesitating at the cost of new appliances was never better shown than in the big armory. The owner was probably the first man to suggest the mining of harbors with torpedoes for defense, and he was the first to lay a submarine electric cable.

One day a young man from Vermont came to his works.

"What can you do?" asked the superintendent.

"I'm a machinist, a toolmaker, and a die-sinker, and I can play a horn in a band," was the reply.

He went to work the next day. A few years later he multiplied by forty the value of certain labor in another factory and by another invention saved the company \$50,000 on contracts already made. Later, with a sewing-machine company, he forged shuttles from one piece of bar steel and cut previous costs in half. Since that time he has made forgings by the use of drops weighing as much as a ton dropping with dies sometimes six feet upon iron, steel and copper. An example of his inventive genius is the instance of his forging offhand from a single piece of copper, copper mutator bars for electric dynamo after the electrician in charge had said that such a scheme was impossible.—Arthur Goodrich, in World's Work.


Can You Be Proud of This?

Why the spirit of mortal has no right to be proud has been answered by a French chemist, who tells us that the human body only represents the equivalent of elements contained in the yolks and whites of 1,200 ordinary sized eggs of the common hen.

The body will furnish enough frost to make seven large nails, fat for 32 candles, carbon for 65 gross of pencils, phosphorus to fill 230,000 matches, about 20 teaspoonfuls of salt, 50 tins of sugar, and 42 quarts of water.

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