+SMS+ ▲ +SMS+ ▲ +SMS+ ▲ +SMS+ ▲ +SMS+ ▲ +SMS+ ▲ +SMS wood and Persian carpets, going up WHEN A MAN MARRIES

ROBERTS RINEHART

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"The Circular Staircase" "The Man In Lower Ten" The Bobbs-Merrill Co

CHAPTER I.

At Least I Meant Well. When the dreadful thing ocurred that night, every one turned on me. The injustice of it hurt me most They said I got up the dinner, that I asked them to give up other engagements and come, that I promised all kinds of jollification, if they would come: and then when they did come and got in the papers, and every onebut ourselves-laughed himself black in the face, they turned on me! I. who suffered ten times to their one! I shall never forget what Dallas Brown said to me, standing with a coal shovel in one hand and a-well, perhaps i would be better to tell it all in the or-

der it happened. It began with Jimmy Wilson and conspiracy, was helped on by a footsquare piece of yellow paper and a Japanese butler, and it enmeshed and mixed up generally ten respectable members of society and a policeman Incidentally, it involved a pearl collar and a box of soap, which sounds in-

congruous, doesn't it? It is a great misfortune to be stout especially for a man. Jim was rotund and looked shorter than he really was and as all the lines of his face, or what should have been lines, were really dimples, his face was about as flexible and full of expression as a pillow in a tight cover. The angrier he got the funnier he looked, and when he was raging, and his neck swelled up over his collar and got red, he was entrancing. And everybody liked him, and borrowed money from him, and laughed at his pictures (he has one in the Hargrave gallery in London now, so people buy them instead), and smoked his cigarettes, and tried to steal his Jap. The whole story hinges on the

The trouble was, I think, that no one took Jim seriously. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to. His art was a huge joke-except to himself. If he asked people to dinner, every one expected a frolic. When he married Bella Knowles, people chuckled at the wedding, and considered it the wildest prank of Jimmy's career, although Jim himself seemed to take it awfully

We had all known them both for years. I went to Farmington with Bella, and Anne Brown was her matron of honor when she married Jim. My first winter out. Jimmy had paid me a lot of attention. He painted my portrait in oils and had a studio tea to exhibit it. It was a very nice picture but it did not look like me, so I stayed away from the exhibition. Jim asked me to. He said he was not a photographer, and that anyhow the rest of my features called for the nose he had given me, and that all the Greuze wo men have long necks. I have not.

After I had refused Jim twice he met Bella at a camp in the Adirondacks and when he came back he came at once to see me. He seemed to think I would be sorry to lose him, and he blundered over the telling for twenty minutes. Of course, no woman likes to lose a lover, no matter what she may say about it, but Jim had been getting on my nerves for some time, and I was much calmer than he expected me to

"If you mean," I said finally in des peration, "that you and Bella are-are in love, why don't you say so, Jim? think you will find that I stand

wonderfully. He brightened perceptibly.

"I didn't know how you would take it, Kit," he said, "and I hope we will always be bully friends. You are absolutely sure you don't care a whool for me?"

"Absolutely," I replied, and we shook hands on it. Then he began about Bella; it was very tiresome.

Bella is a nice girl, but I had roome with her at school, and I was under no illusions. When Jim raved about Bella and her banjo, and Bella and her guitar, I had painful moments when I re called Bella learning her two songs of each instrument, and the old English ballad she had learned to play on the harp. When he said she was too good for him, I never batted an eye. And I shook hands solemnly across the teatable again, and wished him happiness -which was sincere enough, but hopeless-and said we had only been playing a game, but that it was time to stop playing. Jim kissed my hand, and

it was really very touching. We had been the best of friends ever since. Two days before the wedding he came around from his tailor's, and we burned all his letters to me. He would read one and say: "Here's a crackerjack, Kit," and pass it to me. And after I had read it we would lay it on the firelog, and Jim would say, "I am not worthy of her, Kit. I wonder if I can make her happy?" Or-"Did you know that the Duke of Belford proposed to her in London last

winter?" Of course, one has to take the won an's word about a thing like that, but the Duke of Belford had been mad

about Maude Richard all that winter. You can see that the burning of the letters, which was meant to be reminiscently sentimental, a sort of how-silly-we-were-but-it-is-all-over-now or casion, became actually a two hours' eulogy of Bella. And just when I was had been an awful smash: they could had been running his fingers through bored to death, the Mercer girls dropped in and heard Jim begin to read one commencing "dearest Kit." And the next day after the rehearsal dinner,

they told Bella! There was very nearly no wedding at all. Bella came to see me in a frenzy the next morning and threw Jim with a basement kitchen and serand his two hundred odd pounds in my face, and although I explained it all over and over, she never quite forgave afterward. On the first floor there That was what made it so hard later-the situation would have been

bad enough without that complication. journey, and stayed several months. And when Jim came back he was fatter than ever. Everybody noticed it. Bella had a gymnasium fitted up in a corner of the studio, but he would not use it. He smoked a pipe and painted all day, and drank beer and would eat starches or whatever it is that is fattening. But he adored Bella, and he was madly jealous of her. At dinners he used to glare at the man who took her in, although it did not make him thin. Bella was flirting, too, and by the time they had been married a year, about those stairs, stretching above any one named Buttons, although I people hitched their chairs together me in a Jacob's ladder of shining had a cat once-

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and dropped their voices when they were mentioned. Well on the anniversary of the day Bella left him-oh, ves, she left him finally. She was intense enough about ome things, and she said it got on her they asked for her husband. They would say, "Hello, Bella! How's Bubbles? Still banting?" And Bella would try to laugh and say, "He swears his tailor says his waist is smaller, but if it is he must be growing hollow in the back." But she got tired of it at last. Well, on the second anniversary of Bella's departure, Jimmy was feel ing pretty glum, and as I say, I am very fond of Jim. The divorce had just gone through and Bella had taken her maiden name again and had had ar operation for appendicitis. We heard afterward that they didn't find an ap pendix, and that the one they showed her in a glass jar was not hers! But if Bella ever suspected, she didn't say

Whether the appendix was anoymous or not, she got box after box of flowers that were, and of course every one enew that it was Jim who sent them. To go back to the anniversary: I went to Rothberg's to see the collection of antique furniture-mother was looking for a sideboard for father's birthday in March-and I met Jimmy there boring into a worm-hole in a seventeenth century bedpost with the end of

match, and looking his nearest to sad. When he saw me he came over. "I'm blue today, Kit," he said, after we had shaken hands. "Come and help me dig bait, and then let's go fishing If there's a worm in every whole in that bedpost, we could go into the fish bus-

iness. It's a good business. "Better than painting?" I asked. Bu ne ignored my gibe and swelled up alarmingly in order to sigh.

"This is the worst day of the year or me," he affirmed, starting straight ahead, "and the longest. Look at that razy clock over there. If you want to see your life passing away, if you want to see the steps by which you are marching to eternity, watch that clock marking the time. Look at that infernal hand staying quiet for sixty seconds and then jumping forward to catch up with the procession. Ugh!"

"See here, Jim," I said, leaning forward, "you're not well. You can't go through the rest of the day like this. I know what you'll do: you'll go home to play Grieg on the pianola, and you won't eat any dinner." He looked

"Not Grieg," he protested feebly. Beethoven.'

"You're not going to do either." I said vith firmnes. "You are going right nome to unpack those new draperies Shanghai, and you are going to order dinner for eight-that will be two tables of bridge. And you are ing to touch the pianola." He did not seem enthusiastic, but he

rose and picked up his hat, and stood looking down at me where I sat on an old horse-hair covered sofa. "I wish to thunder I had married

you!" he said savagely. "You're the finest girl I know, Kit, without exception, and you are going to throw yourself away on Jack Manning, or Max, or some other-

"Nothing of the sort," I said coldiy, 'and the fact that you didn't marry like you when you speak like that."

me does not give you the privilege of abusing my friends. Anyhow, I don't Jim took me to the door and stopped

"I haven't been well," he said heavly. "Don't eat, don't sleep. Wouldn't you think I'd lose flesh? Kit"- he lowered his voice solemnly-"I have gain ed two pounds!"

I said he didn't look it, which ap peared to comfort him somewhat, and, ing half at himself. because we were old friends, I asked him where Bella was. He said he thought she was in Europe, and that dreamed it." he had heard she was going to marry Reggie Wolfe. Then he sighed again, nuttered something about ordering the funeral baked meats to be prepared

and left me. That was my entire share in the af fair. I was the victim, both of circummad on the face of it. During the entire time they never once let me forget that I got up the dinner, that I telephoned around for them. They asked me why I couldn't cook-when not one the other. And for Anne Brown to talk the way she did—saying I had always been crazy about Jim, and that she beaunt was coming—for Anne to talk like that was sheer idiocy. Yes, there was ed. an aunt. The Japanese butler started ders?

CHAPTER II. The Way It Began.

makes me angry every time I think how I tried to make that din-I canceled a theater ner a success. girls in the electric brougham father easily have replaced Bartlett, as Lol- his hair. lie said, but it takes so long to get

new parts for those foreign cars. Jim had a house well up-town, and stood just enough apart from the other houses to be entirely maddening later. It was a three-story affair, vants' dining-room. Then, of course there were cellars, as we found out was a large square hall, a formal reception-room, behind it a big livingoom that was also a library, then a They went abroad on their wedding den, and back of all a Georgian dining-room, with windows high above the ground. On the top floor Jim had aw-perhaps a little mussier. Jim was really a grind at his painting, and inlaid with pearl and ivory, there were cigarette ashes and palette knives and buffalo rugs and shields verywhere. It is strange, but when think of that terrible house, I al vays see the halls, enormous, covered with heavy rugs, and stairs that

would have taken six housemaids to

keep in proper condition. I dream

up, clear to the roof.

The Dallas Browns walked; they lived in the next block. And they ers, and the money comes from but- they said in chorus. "We won't let brought with them a man named Harbison, that no one knew. Anne said he would be great sport, because he was terribly serious, and had the most exaggerated ideas of society, and loathed extravagance, and built bridges or something. She had put my." away her cigarettes since he had been with them-he and Dallas had been college friends-and the only chance she had to smoke was when she was getting her hair done. And she had singed quite a lot-a burnt offering, she called it.

phone, when I invited her, "I want you to know him. He'll be crazy given up long ago-oh, I know what But they told me that she would be about you. That type of man, big you think of my work-but for Aunt there only between trains, and that nerves to have everybody chuckle when and deadly earnest, always falls in Selina. She has encouraged me, and she was deaf, and that I had an oplove with your type of girl, the ap- she's done more than that; she's paid portunity to save a fellow-being from pealing sort, you know. And he has the bills." been too busy, up to now, to know what love is. But mind, don't hurt him; he's a dear boy. I'm half in sisted, "Aunt Selina doubled my al- and was helping to hide a decanter and love with him myself, and Dallas rots around his heels like a poodle." But all Anne's geese are swans, so thought little of the Harbison man except to hope that he played respectable bridge, and wouldn't mark the cards with a steel spring under his finger nail, as one of her "finds" had

> We all arrived about the same time and Anne and I went up-stairs together to take off our wraps in what had been Bella's dressing room. It

> was Anne who noticed the violets. "Look at that!" she nudged me. when the maid was examining her wrap before she laid it down. "What did I tell you, Kit? He's still quite mad about her.'

Jim had painted Bella's portrait while they were going up the Nile on their wedding trip. It looked quite like her, if you stood well off in the middle of the room and if the light came from the right. And just beneath it, in a silver vase, was a bunch of violets. It was really touching, and violets were fabulous. It made me want to cry, and to shake Bella soundly, and to go down and pat Jim on his generous shoulder, and tell him what a good fellow I thought him, and that Bella wasn't worth the dust under his feet. I don't know much about psychology, but it would be interesting to know just what effect those violets and my sympathy

for Jim had in influencing my deci-

sion a half-hour later. It is not sur-

prising, under the circumstances, that

for some time after the odor of violets made me ill. We all met down-stairs in the living-room, quite informally, and Dallas was banging away at the planola, tramping the pedals with the delicacy and feeling of a foot-ball centerrush kicking a goal. Mr. Harbison was standing near the fire, a little away from the others, and he was all that Anne had said and more in ap pearance. He was tall-not too tall, and very straight. And after one got past the oddity of his face being bronze-colored above his white collar. and of his brown hair being sunbleached on top until it was almost that Harry Bayles sent you from yellow, one realized that he was very handsome. He had what one might call a resolute nose and chin, and a rather humorous mouth And he had blue eyes that were, at that moment, wandering with interest over the lot of us. Somebody

> Tristan and Isolde music, and I held out my hand. Instantly I had the feeling one sometimes has, of having done just that same thing, with the same surroundings, in the same place, years before. I was looking up at him. and he was staring down at me and holding my hand. And then the music stopped and he was saying:

shouted his name to me above the

"Where was it" "Where was what?" I asked. The feeling was stronger than ever with

his voice. "I beg your pardon," he said, and let my hand drop. "Just for a second I had an idea that we had met before somewhere, a long time ago. I suppose-no, it couldn't have happened or I should remember." He was smil-

"No," I smiled back at him. didn't happen, I'm afraid-unless we "We?"

"I felt that way, too, for a mo

ment. "The Brushwood Boy!" he said with onviction. "Perhaps we will find a common dream life, where we knew each other. You remember the stances and of their plot, which was Brushwood Boy loved the girl for years before they really met." But this was a little too rapid, even for

"Nothing so sentimental, afraid," I retorted. "I have had exof them knew one side of a range from actly the same sensation sometimes

Betty Mercer captured him and ook him off to see Jim's newest piclived I had known all along that his ture. Anne pounced on me at once. "Isn't he delicious?" she demand-"Did you ever see such shoul-And such a nose? And he the trouble, and Aunt Selina carried it thinks we are parasites, cumberers of the earth. Heaven knows what. He says every woman ought to know how to earn her living, in case of necessity! I said I could make enough at

bridge, and he thought I was joking He's a dear!" Anne was enthusiastic I looked after him. Oddly enough the feeling that we had met before engagement, and I took the Mercer stuck to me. Which was ridiculous, of course, for we learned afterward had given me for Christmas. Their that the nearest we ever came to of thing always get into trouble. She chaffeur had been gone for hours with meeting was that our mothers had might miss her train. She's almost their machine, and they had tele- been school friends! Just then I saw certain to miss her train." phoned all the police stations without Jim beckoning to me crazily from the success. They were afraid that there den. He looked quite yellow, and he sternly.

> "For Heaven's sake, come in Kit! e said. tell you this is my calamity day?" "Cook gone?" I asked with interest

was starving. He closed the door and took up a tragic attitude in front of the fire. "Did you ever hear of Aunt Selina?"

he demanded. "I knew there was one," I ventur ed, mindful of certain gossip as to whence Jimmy derived the Wilson in

Jim himself was too worried to be cautious. He waved a brazen hand at the snug room, at the Japenese studio, like every other one I ever prints on the walls, at the rugs, at he teakwood cabinets and the screen

"All this," he said comprehensive "every bite I eat, clothes I wear. drinks I drink-you needn't look like that; I don't drink so darned mucheverything comes from Aunt Selinabuttons," he finished with a groan. "Selina Buttons," I said reflectively

'I don't remember ever having known

"Damn the cat!" he said rudely. "Her name isn't Buttons. Her name is Caruthers, my Aunt Selina Caruth-

YORKVILLE

"My grandfather founded it in 1775. Made buttons for the Continental ar-"Oh, yes," I said. "They melted the

buttons to make bullets, didn't they? Or they melted bullets to make buttons? Which was it?' But again he interrupted. "It's like this." he went on hur-"Aunt Selina believes in me. She likes pictures, and she want-

"My dear," she said over the teleed me to paint, if I could. I'd have I deserved everything that happened.

"Dear Aunt Selina," I breathed. "When I got married," Jim perlowance. I always expected to sell something, and begin to make money, and in the meantime what she advanced I considered as a loan. He was eyeing me defiantly, but I was growing serious. It was evident from the preamble that something

was coming "To understand, Kit," he went o dubiously, "you would have to know She won't stand for divorce She thinks it is a crime."

"What!" I sat up. I have always regarded divorce as essentially disagreeable. like castor oil, but neces-

"Oh, you know well enough what

I'm driving at," he burst out savageyl. "She doesn't know Bella has gone. She thinks I am living in a little domestic heaven, and-she is coming tonight to hear me flap my wings." "To-night!"

I don't think Jimmy had known that Dallas Brown had come in and was listening. I am sure I had not. Hearing his chuckle at the doorway brought us up with a jerk.

the last two or three years?" he asked easily Jim turned, and his face brighten

"Where has Aunt Selina been for

"Europe. Look here, Dal, you're smart chap. She'll only be here about four hours. Can't you think of some way to get me out of this? want to let her down easy, too. I'm mighty fond of Aunt Selina. Can't we -can't I say Bella has a headache? "Rotten!" laconically.

"Gone out of town?" Jim was des-

"And you with a houseful of diner guests! Try again, Jim." "I have it," Jim said suddenly 'Dallas, ask Anne if she won't play nostess for to-night. Be Mrs. Wilson Anne would love it. Aunt Selina never saw Bella. Then, afterward, next year, when I'm hung n the Academy and can stand on my eet"-("Not if you're hung," Dallas interjected.)-"I'll break the truth to

But Dallas was not enthusiastic. "Anne wouldn't do at all," he declared. "She'd be talking about the kids before she knew it, and patting me on the head." He said it complacently; Anne flirts, really devoted.

"One of the Mercer girls?" I suggested, but Jimmy raised a horrified and. "You don't know Aunt Selina," he

protested. "I couldn't offer Leila in the gown she's got on, unless she wore shawl, and Betty is too fair." Anne came in just then, and the whole story had to be told again to She was ecstatic. She said it was good enough for a play, and that of course she would be Mrs. Jimmy

for that length of time. "You know," she finished, "if i were not for Dal, I would be Mrs. Jimmy for any length of time. I have

been devoted to you for years, Billiken.' But Dallas refused peremptorily. "I'm not jealous," he explained straightening and throwing out his chest, "but-well, you don't look the part, Anne. You're-you are growing matronly, not but what you suit me all right. And then I'd forget and call you mammy," which would require explanation. I think it's up

o you, Kit." "I shall do nothing of the sort!" snapped. "It's ridiculous."

"I dare you!" said Dallas. I refused. I stood like a rock while the storm surged around me and beat over me. I must say for Jim that he was merely pathetic. He said that my happiness was first; that he would not give me an uncomfortable minute for anything on earth; and that Bella had been perfectly right to leave him, because he was a sinking ship, and deserved to be turned

out penniless into the world. After which mixed figure, he poured himself something to drink, and hands were shaking.

Dal and Anne stood on each side of him and patted him on the shoulders, and glared across at me. I felt that if I was a rock, Jim's ship had struck on me and was sinking, as he said, because of me. I begun to crumble.

"What-what time does she leave" asked, wavering "Ten: nine; Kit, are you going to

I gave a last clutch at my solution. "People who do that kind "You're temporizing," Dallas said

"We won't let her miss her train; you can be sure of that." "Jim." Anne broke in suddenly 'hasn't she a picture of Bella?

"I need a cool head. Didn't There's not the faintest resemblance between Bella and Kit." Iim became downcast again ent her a miniature of Bella a couple

of years ago," he said despondently. 'Did it myself." But Dal said he remembered the and it looked more like me than Bella, anyhow. So we were just where we started. And down inside of me I had a premonition that expression that I had learned to dread

was going to do just what they in him. wanted me to do, and get into all sorts of trouble, and not be thanked and banged at the door and said that dinner had been announced ages ago you are going to marry Jim." and that everybody was famishing. With the hurry and stress, and poor

Jim's distracted face, I weakened. "I feel like a cross between an idiot to make love to me. No matter what and a criminal," I said shortly, "and I do, Max always disapproves of it. I don't know particularly why every have always had a deeply rooted con one thinks I should be the victim for the sacrifice. But if you will promise to get her off early to her train, and if you will stand by me and not leave it very long.

"Of course, we'll stand by you!" mor. you stick!" And Dal said, "You're the right sort of girl, Kit. And af-"It's an old business," he went on, ter it's all over, you'll realize that it's with something of proprietary pride. the biggest kind of lark. Think how Aunt Selina had been talking Wo are saving the old lady's feelings When you are an elderly pernan's Suffrage in front of the fireson yourself, Kit, you will appre

> clate what you are doing tonight.' Yes, they said they would stand b me, and that I was a heroine and the she demanded, indicating a hideous only person there clever enough to act the part, and that they wouldn't let me stick! I am not bitter now, but that is what they promised. Oh, I am not defending myself; I suppose and every one was looking at us, I added that it was a beautiful thing. Aunt Selina sniffed. uin. So in the end I capitulated.

> pounced on it, turned it upside down When they opened the door into th and shook it. A card fell out, which living room, Max Reed had arrived glasses, and somebody said a cab was

at the door. And that was the way it began.

CHAPTER III.

I Might Have Known It. The minute I Ihad consented I regret ted it. After all, what were Jimmy's troubles to me? Why should I help him impose on an unsuspecting elderly wo man? And it was only putting off discovery anyhow. Sooner or later, she would learn of the divorce, and- Just at that instant my eyes fell on Mr Harbison-Tom Harbison, as Anne called him. He was looking on with an amused, half-puzzled smile, while peo ple were rushing around hiding the roulette wheel and things of which Miss Caruthers might disapprove, and Betty Mercer was on her knees winding up a toy bear that Max had brought her. What would he think? It was evident that he thought badly of us already-that he was contemptuously amused, and then to have to asl him to lend himself to the deception!

With a gasp I hurled myself after Jimmy, only to hear a strange voice in the hall and to know that I was too late. I was in for it, whatever was coming. It was Aunt Selina who was coming-along the hall, followed by Jim, who was mopping his face and trying not to notice the paralyzed si-

lence in the library. Aunt Selina met me in the doorway To my frantic eyes she seemed to tower above us by at least a foot, and beside her Jimmy was a red, perspiring

cherup. "Here she is," Jimmy said, from b hind a temporary eclipse of black c bak and traveling bag. He was on top of the situation now, and he was mendaciously cheerful. He had not said Here is my wife." That would have been a lie. No, Jimmy merely said, "Here she is." If Aunt Selina chose to think me Bella, was it not her resconsibility? And if I chose to accept the situation, was it not mine? Dallas Brown came forward gravely as Aunt Selina folded over and kissed me, and surreptitiously patted me with one hand while he held out the other to Miss Caruthers. I loathed him!

"We always expect something unusual from James, Miss Caruthers," he said, with his best manner, "but this -this is beyond our wildest dreams Well, it's too awful to linger over Anne took her up-stairs and into Bella's bedroom. It was a fancy of im's to leave that room just as Bella had left it, dusty dance cards and favors hanging around and a pair of discarded slippers under the bed. I don't think it had been swept since Bella left it. I believe in sentiment, but I like i brushed and dusted and the cobwebs off of it, and when Aunt Selina put down her bonnet, it stirred up a graywhite cloud that made her cough. She did not say anything, but she looked around the room grimly, and I saw her run her finger over the back of a chair

before she let Hannah, the maid, pu her cloak on it. Anne looked frightened. into Beila's bath and wet the end of a owel and when Hannah was changing Aunt Selina's collar-her concession to vening dress-Anne wiped off the ob vious places on the furniture. She did stealthily, but Aunt Selina saw her

in the glass. "What's that young woman's name? she asked me sharply, when Anne had taken the towel out to hide it.

"Anne Brown, Mrs. Dallas Brown," Every one replied meekly. neekly to Aunt Selina. "Does she live here?"

"Oh, no," I said airily. "They are here to dinner, she and her husband. They are old friends of Jim's-and mine. "Seems to have a good eye for dirt

said Aunt Selina and went on fastening ner broach. When she was finally ready, she took a bead purse from omewhere about her waist and took out a half dollar. She held it up be ore Hannah's eyes.

"Tomorow morning," she said stern y, "you take off that white cap and that fol-de-rol apron and that black Henrietta cloth, and put on a calico wrapper. And when you've got this room aired and swept, Mrs. Wilson will give you this."

Hannah took two steps back and caught hold of a chair; she stared helplessly from Aunt Selina to the half dollar, and then at me. Anne was trying not to catch my eye.

"And another thing," Aunt Selina said, from the head of the stairs, sent those towels over from Ireland. Tell her to wash and bleach the one Mrs. What's-her-name Brown used as a duster.'

Anne was quite crushed as we went down the stairs. I turned once, halfway down, and her face was a curious tion. And yet I see you serve them mixture of guilt and hopeless wrath. Over her shoulder, I could see Hannah, wide-eyed and puzzled, staring after

Jim presented everybody, and then he went into the den and closed the It was clear Jim was racking his door and we heard him unlock the cellarette. Aunt Selina looked at Leila's at each other across the candles. Evbare shoulders and said she guessed she didn't take cold easily, and conversation rather languished. Max Reed into me, Mr. Harbison's politely was looking like a thundercloud, and amused. he came over to me with a lowering

"What fool nonsense is this?" he de manded. "What in the world possessfor it after all. Which was entirely ed you, Kit, to put yourself in such an ter taken internally for cucumbers; correct. And then Leila Mercer came equivocal position? Unless"-he stopped and turned a little white-"unless bed on, when he gets that dreadful,

I am sory for Max. He is such nice boy, and good loking, too, if only he were not so flerce, and did not want much over-charge she had paid in vixen." viction that if I should ever in a weak moment marry Max, he would disapproved of that, too, before I had done

"Are you?" he demanded, narrowing while, and when he came back he his eyes—a sign of unusually bad hu- looked worried. "Sick." he replied to our inquiring

glances. "One of the maids will come

Aunt Selina was for going out a

once and "fixing him up," as she put

"I wouldn't, Miss Caruthers," h

said, in the deferential manner he

wish you people would remember that

The fact was, however, that no

derstand us, considering, no doubt

our subdued excitement as our nor

mal condition. Ages afterward

"I am afraid you are not well," h

said at last, noticing my food un

angry at myself. I have done some

Max would have said "Impossible,

"Is it too late to undo it?" he ask

er, never should he think of me as a

sedate and matronly, and see him

change from perfectly open admira-

tion at first to a hands-off-she-is-my-

"It can never be undone," I said

Well, that's the picture as nearly

as I can draw it: a round table with a

low centerpiece of orchids in laven-

ders and pink, old silver candlesticks

with filigree shades against the som-

them unhappy-Jim and I; one of

Japanese butler and grind in the mills

Every one promptly forgot Takahi-

ro in the excitement of the game we

host's-wife attitude at last.

soberly.

of the gods.

James?

ed it."

hilarious.

me-here!"

share her."

and faced them.

across at me.

"I hadn't noticed it."

meekly, while the others choked.

ly of nothing. "It said on the box,

but she wanted to know who predigest

As every one wanted to laugh, every

It was as I had expected. Jim hadn't

old Jim" in the most maddening way.

I descended on them like a thunder-

"That's it!" I cried shrewishly, with

my back against the door. "Leave her

to me, all of you, and pat each other

on the back, and say it's gone splen-

right now. I am going to stay-here

If Aunt Selina wants me, she can find

The first indication those men had

that Mr. Harbison didn't know the

state of affairs was when he turned

"Mrs. Wilson is quite right," he said

gravely. "We're a selfish lot. If Miss

Caruthers is a responsibility, let us

"To arms!" Jim said, with an affec

tion of lightness, as they put their

Dal's retort, "Whose?" was lost in the

confusion, and we went into the libra-

ry. On the way Dallas managed to

"Funny," I choked "It's the least

funny thing I ever experienced. De-

ceiving that Harbison man isn't so bad

been staring his eyes out at me-"

-he thinks me crazy, anyhow. He's

"I don't wonder. You're really love-

thing silly, and I hate to be silly."

we are trying to eat."

with my husband!

a late luncheon."

serious eyes.

touched on my plate.

not have come, any of us."

He glanced at me keenly.

in. They have sent for a doctor."

it, but Dallas gently interfered.

"Am I what?"

"Going to mary him?" "If you mean Jim," I said with digity, "I haven't made up my mind yet Besides, he hasn't asked me."

had adopted toward her. "You don't place, but now she turned to me. "Is this the vase Cousin Jane Whit know what it may be. He's been omb sent you as a wedding present?" looking spotty all evening." "It might be scarlet fever." Max broke in cheerfully. "I say, scarlet came to me as an inspiration that Jim fever on a Mongolian—what color had once said it was an ancestral urn. would he be, Jimmy What do yel so I said without hesitation that it low and red make? Green?' was. And because there was a pause "Orange," Jim said shortly.

"Hideous!" she said. Cousin Jane, shape and coloring." Then she looked at it more closely

Dallas picked up and gave her with a learned that he thought my face albow. Jim had come out of the den and was dancing wildly around and beckoning to me. By the time I had made out that that was not the vase Cousin Jane had sent us as a wedding present. Aunt Selina had examined the card. Then she glared across at me and, stooping, put the card in the fire. I did not understand at all, but I knew had in some way done the unforgivable thing. Later, Dal told me it was her card, and that she had sent the vase to Jim at Christmas, with a gen erous check inside. When she straightened from the fireplace, it was to a new theme, which she attacked with her usual vigor. The vase incident was over, but she never forgot it. Sh proved that she never did when she sent me two urn-shaped vases with Paul and Virginia on them, when I-

that is, later on. "The cause in England has made great strides," she announced from the fireplace. "Soon the hand that rocks the cradle will be the hand that actually rules the world." Here she looked at me.

"I'm not up on such things," Max said blandly, having recovered some of his good humor, "but-isn't it usually a foot that rocks the cradle?" Aunt Selina turned on him and Mi

Harbison, who were standing together "What have you, or you, ever don for the independence of women?" she

demanded Mr. Harbison smiled. He had been ooking rather grave until then. "We have at least remained unmarried," he retorted. And then dinner was again announced.

He was to take me out, and he came

cross the room to where I sat collapsed in a chair, and bent over me. "Do you know," he said, looking down at me with his clear, disconcerting gaze, "do you know that I have just grasped the situation? There was such a noise that I did not hear your name, and I am only realizing now that you are my hostess! I don't know why I got the impression that this was a bachelor establishment, but

I did. Odd. wasn't it?' I positively couldn't look away from him. My features seemed frozen, and my eyes were glued to his. As for telling him the truth-well, my tongue refused to move. I intended to tell him luring dinner if I had an opportunity honestly did. But the more I looked at him and saw how candid his eyes vere, and how stern his mouth might be, the more I shivered at the plunge. And, of course, as everybody knows now, I didn't tell him at all. And everybody knows now, I didn't tell him at all. And every moment I expect that awful old woman to ask me what I paid my cook, and when I had chang-

ed the color of my hair-Bella's being it's measles. Has he been sniffling, black. Dinner was a half-hour late when we finally went out, Jimmy leading off with Aunt Selina, and I, as hostess, trailing behind the procession with Mr. Harbison. Dallas took in the two Mercer girls, for we were one man short, and Max took Anne. Leila Mercer was so excited that she wriggled, and as for me, the candles and the orchids-everything-danced around in a circle, and I just seemed to catch the back of my chair as it flew past. Jim had ordered away the wines and brought out some weak and cheap Chi-

anti. Dallas looked gloomily at the change, but Jim explained in an undertone that Aunt Selina didn't approve of expensive vintages. Naturally, the meal was glum enough. Aunt Selina had had her dinner on the train, so she spent her time in

bottles that Hakahiro had hidden. I asking me questions the length of the table, and in getting acquainted with me. She had brought a bottle it was her house, in a way) I excused of some sort of medicine down-stairs myself for a minute and flew back to with her, and she took a claret-glassthe dining room. ful, while she talked. The stuff was called Pomona: shall I ever forge

It was Mr. Harbison who first no iced Takahiro. Jimmy's Jap had een the only thing in the menage that Bella declared she had hated to leave. But he was doing the strangest things: his little black eyes shift-

ed nervously, and he looked queer. "What's wrong with him?" Harbison asked me finally, when he saw that I noticed. "Is he ill?" Then Aunt Selina's voice from the

didly! Oh, I know you, every one!" other end of the table: Mr. Harbison got up and pulled out a "Bella," she called, in a high shrill chair, but I couldn't sit; I folded my tone, "do you let James eat cucumarms on the back. "After a while, I bers? suppose, you'll slip up-stairs, the four "I think he must be," I said hurof you, and have your game." They iedly aside to Mr. Harbison. "See looked guilty. "But I will block that

how his hands shake!" But Aunt Selina would not be ignored. "Cucumbers and strawberries," she epeated impressively. "I was saying, Bella, that cucumbers have always given James the most fearful indigesat your table. Do you remember

what I wrote you to give him when he 'as his dreadful spells?" I was quite speechless; every one was looking, and no one could help. brain, and we sat staring desperately glasses down, and threw open the door. erything I had ever known faded from me; eight pairs of eyes bored

speak to me. "If Harbison doesn't know, don't tell "I don't remember," I said at last. him," he said in an undertone. "He's a Really, I don't believe-" Aunt Sequeer duck, in some ways; he mightn't ina smiled in a superior way. think it funny."

"Now, don't you recall it?" she inisted. "I said: 'Baking soda in wabaking soda in water externally, rubitching strawberry rash." I believe the dinner went on Somebody asked Aunt Selina how ly tonight, Kit, and you look like a

"But to deceive that harmless old foreign hotels, and after that she was lady-well, thank goodness, it's nine, as harmless as a dove. and she leaves in an hour or so." Then half-way through the dinner But she didn't. And that's the story we heard a crash in Takahiro's pan-

To be Continued. try, and when he did not appear again, Jim got up and went out to in-# If at first you don't succeed, try vestigate. He was gone quite a little from some other direction.

Miscellaneous Beading.

BAGDAD BARGAINS.

Fascinating Bazaars of a City of the

East. If Market street cars gave transfers Bagdad, and an alert San Francisco voman could step off, shopping bag n hand, some fine morning and suddenly find herself in the midst of Bagdad's ancient bazaars-Oh, my, what joy! I had such luck; and, excepting one or two wandering missionaries. I am the only American woman, I believe, who has ever lived n Bagdad. True, I didn't come all the way on a street car transfer; but I did find myself, after two months' ravel, in mysterious old Bagdad, and ever since the bazaars have held me

one was really eating, except Mr. Harbison, who had given up trying to un-And these vast, mystic marts floursh today just as they did in the long ago, when Marco Polo did his holiday shopping here and sent gold woven shawls home to dark-eyed damsels in most tragic that night, and that he the land of spaghetti. And this same supposed, from the way I glared Mark P. was no mere mad tourist, across the table, that I had quarreled rushing through the east for new sensations and scenery. He was the real, original bargain hunter, and says in his travels that he found the Bagdad bazaars the "bargain hunter's para-

"I am perfectly well." I replied fe-And so they seem to me today. I verishly. "I am never ill. I-I ate know Tokio's marvellous markets, the famous "walled city" of Shanghai; "Don" 'Pipe street" in Pekin has pried let them stay and play bridge tomoney loose from me, and Bombay's night," he urged. "Miss Caruthers offerings have taken toll. But to Bagcan be an excuse, can she not? And dad's bazaars I hand the palm. To you are really fagged. You look it." enter is to come out penniless. There "I think it is only ill humor." I s so much to buy, and each tempting said, looking directly at him. "I am bargain seems dirt cheap. Think of hand-hammered finger bowls at ten plastres (11 cents) each, and all solid brass; or, long, full ostrich plumes or something else trite. The Harbiselling for \$1.25—the kind you pay son man looked at me with interested Market street milliners \$20 for. Of course, these here are gray with desert dust and look droopy and whipped out, just as they were when And then and there I determined enatched from the tail of the fleetthat he should never know the truth footed fowl, which was probably glad He could go back to South America to get away with only the loss of her and build bridges and make love to tail feathers. But cleaning and dyethe Spanish girls (or are they Spanish ing primp them up as we see them down there?) and think of me always as a married woman, married to a he local price. So it is with silksthey sell here for one-third of home dilettante artist, inclined to be stout prices. And all these with never a -the artist, not I-and with an Aunt Selina Caruthers who made buttons one of special sales or any of the bar and believed in the Cause. But nev-

"They're doing business in the same silly little fool who pretended that old way in Bagdad, just as they did she was the other man's wife and had in the days of the Arabian Nights, when Haroun-al-Raschid and his favorite wife, Zobeida, strolled out to-gether for a merry evening in the a lump in her throat because when a really nice man came along, a man who knew something more than polo and motors, she had to carry on the as many wonders. floor-walkers, no moving stairways or "Pompeian rom" luxuries greet the buyers of wares in the Bagdad badeception to keep his respect, and be gars: here are no super-civilized se ductions of the Yankee department store type. But all around passes 'moving picture" show of quaint and curious interest. Alexander the curious Great, Herodotus and all the early kings of Babylon were familiar fig ires in the bazaars of these early Mesopotamian towns. One can al-most imagine old Nebuchadnezzar in Bagdad, carelessly playing the B slot machine and asking innocent ber wainscoting; nine people, two of as he was, is reputed to have campaigns in Egypt. King puzzled—Mr. Harbison; and the rest spent a lot of m dad buying knickknacks hysterically mirthful. Add one sick

Queen of Sheba. The streets are barely ten feet wide mud cakes laid on mats and poles, to shut out the awful, soul-destroying heat of summe 130 Fahrenheit. Along each side are the stalls, or

were all playing. Finally, however booths. At night they lock them up, with door made of nail-studded slabs Aunt Selina, who seemed to have Takahiro on her mind, looked up from fastened with ponderous locks teys a foot long. In galleries leading off from the nain aisle work the artisans and "That Jap was speckled," she as serted. "I wouldn't be surprised if craftsmen. Here are over three hundred shoemakers, hammering on red and blue leathered boots. yond are the fancy belt "Has he been snifflin?g" Jim threw then a fez merchant (though most fezzes are now made in Austria Then we reach the booth of those w in Austria) I said vend spears, swords and other cut-lery of the battlefield. And every one lery of the battlefield. And every one we meet wears the red shoes, the toes Max came to the rescue. "She reused to eat it," he explained, distinctturned up like the bow of an Indian This next merchant sell ly and to everybody, apropos absolute-

'ready cooked and predigested.' She camels' trappings, al declared she didn't care who cooked it, red and resplendent with In bargaining one is struck with the eculiar temperament of merchant. Argument seems a dissi-pation with him. A man selling an one did it then, and under cover of the noise I caught Anne's eye, and we left old, moth-eaten and wind-broker the dining room. The men stayed, and camel worth probably \$4.87, will spend as much energy, use up as by the very firmness with which the much talk and fling door closed behind us, I knew that beautiful descriptive adjectives as the Dallas and Max were bringing out the auctioneer a little further along who is asking bids for an Arab horse

'Abbas"—the long flowing, graceful

cloaks which all Bagdad like to wear

And all around the strife for life was seething. When Aunt Selina indicated a desire to go over the house (it keeps up. A boy of six selling sweets, was natural that she should want to: made from date juice and pistache was natural that she should want to: nuts, and screams in shrill voice the merits of his sticky, fly-catching mess.
A persian pilgrim, stranded far from that dear Teheran, is offering or sale a beautiful antique rug, worth \$100 on Fifth avenue; he asks thirty cheered perceptibly, and the rest were I have relieved hi ediidies-\$26. distress, and shall place the Persian patting him on the back, and pouring rug among my souvenirs of this so-journ in Bagdad. With it I have a things out for him, and saying, "Poor ear-bottle, which I myself picked up among the sandy, wind-blown ruins of ancient Babylon. Mourners cried And the Harbinson man was looking more and more puzzled, and not at all in these bottles and buried the grave with the body of the and buried them in ed. And I have a red seal, with a lion-like creature engraved on it which was found at Niffer, where the

University of Pennsylvania once had an excavating party. I shall make Silversmiths are clever here, as all over the East. These at Bagdad keep small. narrow recesses, se ouilt that in case of riots or invasions of the town they can quickly shop and leave their wares safe from harm. They made me a dozen cofwith coins for bowls, all fee spoo for \$2.40.—San silver,

Lion Remembers Former Trainer. Of all young women in the country. Miss Ruby Roberts of Chicago probably has chosen the most unique method of spending her two weeks' vacation, for she is traveling as the guest of Leo, the big Abyssinian lion

with Ringling Brothers' circus. One evening recently in Indianapolis rowds in the menagerie of the show vere startled by the roaring of one of the lions and a few moments later were amazed to see a woman in street dress enter the cage. Instantly the great beast was at her feet, purring like a kitten while she patted him on the head and fondled him as though he

were a St. Bernard. The lion and the woman were old Ten years ago, under the riends. name of Mlle. Dorainne. Miss Roberts was a trainer for Ringling Brothers. The meeting with her old pet had been entirely by chance, and the recognition came from the lion. The woman was passing the cage when Leo opened his sleepy eyes and recognized his old mistress. He leaped to his feet and thrusting his paws through the bars roared the greeting that attracted her atten-

tion. Charles Smith, superintendent of the menagerie, induced the general manager to allow Miss Roberts to spend the balance of her vacation with the show.-Pittsburg Dispatch.