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WHEN A MAN MARRIES

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



Author of "The Circular Staircase" and "The Man in Lower Ten"

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Flannigan was not a handsome man at any time, though up to then he had at least looked amiable. But now as I sat with my arm on the back of my chair, his face grew suddenly menacing. The silence was absolute: I was the guiltiest wretch alive, and opposite me the law towered and glowered, and held the yellow remnant of a pineapple cheese! And in the silence that wreathed watch lay and ticked and ticked and ticked. Then Flannigan cracked over and closed the door into the hall, came back, picked up the watch, and looked at it.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was dark in the third floor hall, and I had to feel my way to the foot of the stairs. I went up quietly, and I could hear the wind howling outside. Finally, however, I got the door open a little and wormed my way through. It was not entirely dark out there, in spite of the storm. A faint reflection of the street lights made it possible to distinguish the outlines of the boxwood plants, swaying in the wind, and the chimneys and the tent. And then—a dark figure dismounted itself from the nearest chimney and seemed to hurl itself at me. I remember putting out my hands and trying to say something, but the figure caught me roughly by the shoulders and knocked me back against the door-frame. From miles away a heavy voice was saying, "So I've got you!" and then the roof gave over under me, and I was floating out on the storm, and sleek was beating in my face, and the wind was whipsawing over and over, "Open your eyes, for God's sake!"

CHAPTER XVII.

The clash that came that evening had been threatening for some time. Take an immovable body, represented by Mr. Harbison and his square jaw, and an irresistible force, Jimmy and his weight, and there is bound to be trouble.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"I'm afraid we can't keep it up very long, Kit," he said. "With Jim trailing Bella all over the house, and the old lady keener every day, it's bound to come out somehow. And that isn't all, Jim and Harbison had a set-to today about you."

CHAPTER XIX.

"It seems that the gentle Bella has been unusually busy today to Jim, and I believe she's jealous of you, Kit. Jim followed her up to the roof before dinner with a box of flowers, and she tossed them over the parapet. She said, 'I believe, but she didn't want his flowers; he could buy her for you, and be damned to him, or some lady-like equivalent.'"

CHAPTER XX.

"I did open them after a while, and finally I made out that I was lying on the floor in the tent. The lights were on, and I had a cold and damp feeling, and something wet was trickling down my neck.

CHAPTER XXI.

I seemed to be alone, but in a second somebody came into the tent, and I saw it was Mr. Harbison, and that he had a double handful of half melted snow. He looked frantic and determined, and only my sitting up quickly prevented my getting another snow bath. My neck felt numb and stiff, and I was very dizzy. When he saw that I was conscious he dropped the snow and stood looking down at me.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Do you know," he said grimly, "that I very nearly choked you to death a little while ago?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I wouldn't surprise me to be told so," I said. "I don't know too much, or what it is, Mr. Harbison." I felt terribly ill, but I would not let him see it. "It is queer, isn't it—how we always select the roof for our little-differences?" He seemed to relax somewhat at my giggle.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I didn't know it was you," he explained shortly. "I was waiting for—some one, and in the hat you wore, and the coat, I mistook you. That's all, can you stand?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

It's All My Fault.

I didn't go to the drawing-room again. I went into my own room and sat in the dark, and tried to be furiously angry, and only succeeded in feeling queer and tingly. One thing was absolutely certain; not the same man, but a different man had kissed me on the stairs to the roof. It sounds rather horrid and discriminating, but there was all the difference in the world.

But then—who had? And for whom had Mr. Harbison been waiting on the roof? "Did you know that I nearly choked you to death a few minutes ago?" Then he rather expected to finish somebody in that way.

"I have no reason to think that Mr. Harbison cares one way or the other about me," I said primly. "You don't think he's—he's in love with me, do you, Dal?" I watched him out of the corner of my eye, and he only looked amused.

"In love with you?" he repeated. "Why bless your wicked little heart, no! He thinks you're a married woman! It's the principle of the thing he's fighting for. If I had as much principle as he has, I'd put it out at interest."

Max interrupted us just then, and asked if we knew where Mr. Harbison was.

"Can't find him," he said. "I've got the telephone together and have enough left over to make another. Where do you suppose Harbison hides the tools? I'm working with a corkscrew and two palette knives."

I heard nothing more of the trouble that night. Max went to Jim about it, and Jim said angrily that only a fool would interfere between a man and his wife—wives. Whereupon Max retorted that a fool and his wife were soon parted, and left him. The two principals were coldly civil to each other, and smaller issues were lost as the famine grew more and more insistent. For famine it was.

They worked the rest of the evening, but the telephone refused to revive and every one was starving. Individually our pride was at low ebb, but collectively it was still formidable. So we sat around and Jim played Grieg with the soft stops on, and Aunt Selma went to bed.

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"About me?" repeated. "Oh, I dare say I have been falling about. But that was Jim doing? Abuse?"

Dal looked cautiously over his shoulder, but no one was near.

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"I didn't know it was you," he explained shortly. "I was waiting for—some one, and in the hat you wore, and the coat, I mistook you. That's all, can you stand?"

"No," I retorted, "I could, but his summary manner displeased me. The so-called, however, was rather amazing for he stooped suddenly and picked me up, and the next instant we were out in the storm together. At the door he stooped and felt for the knob.

"Turn it," he commanded. "I can't reach it."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," I said shrilly. "Let me down; I can walk perfectly well."

He hesitated. Then he slid me slowly to my feet, but he did not open the door at once. "Are you afraid to let me carry you down those stairs?"

"Tuesday night," he asked, very low. "You still think I did that?"

I had never been less sure of it than at that moment, but an imp of perversity made me retort, "Yes."

He hardly seemed to hear me. He stood looking down at me as I leaned against the door-frame.

Indians Anxiously Await Result Of Charges of Blind Senator Gore.



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The investigation of the sensational charges preferred by Senator Thomas P. Gore of Oklahoma against J. F. McMurray for alleged attempted bribery in connection with contracts with the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indian tribes will bring together the greatest gathering of United States senators and representatives in the history of the new state. Owing to the chaotic state of affairs during the last few days of the recent session of congress both the senate and house appointed a committee of five members to investigate the charges made by the blind senator. Those named by the vice president are Senators Jones of Washington, Burton of Ohio, Crawford of South Dakota, Hughes of Colorado and Percy of Mississippi. The house committee consists of Burke of South Dakota, Campbell of Kansas, Miller of Minnesota, Stephens of Texas and Saunders of Virginia. The chiefs and braves of the five civilized tribes are watching the outcome of the investigation with interest, as this is the first time since they became active participants in the affairs of Uncle Sam that a scandal has been exposed in connection with their affairs.

"James, shall I go?" she asked amiably. "Nonsense," Jim said, pulling himself together as best he could. "Look here, Aunt Selma, you know she can't her out, and what's more, I—don't want her to go."

"You—what?" Aunt Selma screeched, taking a step forward. "You have the audacity to say such a thing to me!"

Bella leaned over and gave the fire log a punch. "I'm only saying that he shouldn't say such things to me, either," she remarked pleasantly. "I'm afraid you'll take cold, Miss Caruthers. Wouldn't you like a hot sherry slip?"

"Aunt Selma gasped. Then she sat down heavily on one of the carved teakwood chairs. "He said he loved you; I heard him," she said weakly. "He—was going to put his arm around you?"

"Habit," Jim put in, trying to smile. "You see, Aunt Selma, it's—well, it's a habit I got into some time ago, and I—my arm does it without my thinking about it."

"Habit!" Aunt Selma repeated, her voice thick with passion. Then she turned to me. "Go to your room at once!" she said in her most awful tone. "Go to your room and leave this—this shocking affair to me."

If Jim chose to ruin himself, it was not my fault. Any one with common sense would have known at least to close the door before he went down to his knees, no matter to whom. So when Aunt Selma turned on me and pointed in the direction of the stairs, I did not move.

"I am perfectly wide-awake," I said coldly. "I shall go to bed when I am entirely ready, and not before. And as for Jim's conduct, I do not know much about the conventions in such cases, but if he wishes to embrace Miss Knowles, and she wishes him to, the situation is interesting, but hardly novel."

Aunt Selma rose slowly and drew the folds of her dressing-gown around her, away from the contamination of my touch.

"Do you know what you are saying?" she demanded hoarsely. "I do," I was quite white and stiff from my knees up, but below I was waxy. I glanced at Jim for moral support, but he was looking idly across at Bella. As for her, quite suddenly she had dropped her mask of indifference; her face was strained and anxious, and there were deep circles in her eyes.

Then she turned and looked at me. "You've been a good girl," she said. "I don't know how much you've done for me, but I'm proud of you."

"I'm not proud of anything," I said. "I'm only a girl who has done her duty."

"You've done more than your duty," she said. "You've been a good girl, and I'm proud of you."

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"You've done more than your duty," she said. "You've been a good girl, and I'm proud of you."

Miscellaneous Reading.

OLD TIME TRAIN GAMBLER.

Made Things Lively In the Southwest With Gambling.

Seated around a luncheon table at the Waldorf one day not long ago and three men were discussing the gambling that used to prevail on old Mississippi River steamboats. "I doubt," said one, "if gambling ever disclosed more exciting melodrama than in those days." The second man concurred in this opinion by his silence. The third, however, who had sown the initial seed that had sprouted in the present conversational trend, smiled as if he realized his chance had come. "Nonsense," he said, "the real melodrama of gambling from an American standpoint is far removed from the days you have mentioned. It existed not on the Mississippi steamboats, but on the railroad trains of the west and southwest, and the time was not so very long ago, either."

The speaker, a gray-haired, pleasant-faced man of about 48 years, was, as his companions well knew, one of the most famous gamblers of his day in the western states. Since reformed, he was known to have served two terms in the penitentiary. His name, ten years ago, rang as familiar in the shady circles this side of the Mississippi as it did to the westward. It was in response to the pleadings of the two men with him that, over the coffee and cigars, he told of some of the experiences in railroad gambling in which he and some of his fellow gamblers had figured, and which he gave as examples of some of the more exciting episodes that had taken place on the steel roads of the west. His narrative, which speaks for itself, is told in his own words: "At the time of which I am speaking," he began, "I was working the Nebraska trains with three confederates. Poker was our game, not three-card monte, as you may have thought. One day we got wind of the fact that a man, who shall be called Clarke for present purposes, was going to leave Omaha for a western trip the next day. This man was very wealthy and was known to a great card player. Getting together with two well-known confederates, we formed our own party and started in to lay our wires at once. Accordingly, when Clarke got on the train ready for his trip he found the three of us deep in a game of poker. We were playing for very small stakes, and paying no attention to him, kept our eyes glued to the game. The tedium of the journey, as we had figured, soon got on Clarke's nerves, and he spent his time watching us play. Presently the playing fever got on his nerves, and he began to sneeze and cough. I told him gruffly that we did not know him, and that, anyway, we were afraid if a stranger entered the game he might want to boost the limit."

"After a lot of talk, however, we let him in with apparent reluctance, and, once in, we let him win pot after pot. Not one of us, seemingly could grumble, grew angry, protested. Finally, when Clarke won his great pot, he jumped to his feet, knocked over the chairs, grasped the neck of a chair, and shouted out that he was a cheat! The other two men also jumped to their feet, and were fast taking away from the lower left side. "You're right," cried my confederate. "Look at this hand—\$3,500 in your pocket, and you're a cheat!" and subsequently gave up \$2,500 to us under our threat to have him arrested. "Now," they said, "we're in a position under his coat while he was playing. Indeed, this trick was worked by us a dozen times a year, anywhere in the west. "On one of the Denver trains, working with another gambler and myself, we cleaned up \$5,000 in the west, and by luring two men into a big stake game, and by holding up the table, we had secured a card hold. "Then the famous Pat Sheedy, who had been having his local in a gambling resort in Denver, a matter of fact had his setting on one of the Texas trains. Boarding one of the latter trains, Sheedy found a professional crook whom he recognized, and he promptly cut the man's money-making proposition for you fellows. I'll bet you \$500 to \$250 that I can shuffle this deck of cards and then beat the queen." "Sheedy overheard and approached the man. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but if you'll let me shuffle the deck myself, I'll give you the money."

A Python on a Gunboat.

Once when the British gunboat Rattler was in eastern waters the crew had a lively time looking after a python on board that got loose. Besides the python there was on board a big Borneo orang-outang. The python, having dined heartily on a deer about three weeks before, began to feel its appetite returning and in searching about one side in had found a mouse. It did not take the python long to come through the weak part, and, quite unobserved, it began its perambulations around the boat. Seeing the orang-outang chained up a few yards off, the big snake invited itself to a dinner very much to its taste. It would have been all over with the orang-outang had not the quartermaster at that moment made a discovery that the python was about to be merged into one. He promptly cut the orang-outang loose. The latter was up the masthead before any mischief could be done, and a lieutenant, the proprietor of the orang-outang, the quartermaster, and a member of the crew hung themselves upon the hungry python—one at the head, another at the tail, and a third in the middle. Then the fun began, for the python wanted to get on the masthead, and the men were determined it should be kept out in something as nearly approaching a straight line as possible. For a minute it was the Lagoon group all over again, only in this case the three men and the snake were sprawling over the deck instead of standing upright in a classic attitude. Re-enforcements, however, arrived in hot haste, and about twenty blue-jackets, each carrying a load of pyrotechnics, cut the python to comparative quietness. The procession marched back to the python's box, coiled the creature inside, and shut it up. But the orang-outang sat aloft in the masthead a long time before he came to the conclusion that he was off the menu for the day.—Harper's Weekly.

YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER.

A. D. 1816 Known as Eighteen Hundred and Froze to Death.

A yearward spring such as that of the preceding summer will bring of weather by any rules known to meteorologists. Within the memory of every adult, cold, backward seasons have been followed by warm, well-tended crop months, and by the reverse. Whether the summer be cold or warm, it is likely to have been outdone in the records of "the good old times," and it is devoutly to be hoped that none of the readers of this magazine will live to see an equal in general intensity in the nineteenth century. In 1816, throughout the United States and Europe stands as the most disastrous year in the history of the world. June, 1816, was the coldest ever known in the latitude of the northern states; frost and ice were common all through the summer months, and the fruit nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont, seven in Maine, three in the interior of New York, and also in Massachusetts. There were a few warm days. In that memorable summer in which I ever figured, occurred on a train near Denver. Single-handed, I had started in to clear up a lot of money for three Denver miners who, inside information had revealed to me, had it on them. Early in the day I proceeded slowly but surely to win their coin away from them. To do this I had fitted myself out with two intricate hold-outs and with a marked deck of cards. After we had been playing for almost six hours, and when I was just about to give up, a member of the members withdrew from the game. I was on in a minute. I knew he had become suspicious and, while not quite sure, was going to sit by and watch developments.

"I played cautiously, but still managed to keep on winning. A short while later the second miner gave a signal to him from the miner who was watching me closely. 'Well,' I said, 'then the game is broken up.' 'Nope,' insisted the first miner, 'you two fellers play our out bet me.' 'Here was a difficult situation. I was to play draw poker with one man and two of his friends watching me with eagle eyes. Anyways, I was to beat the cards, but no sooner had I done so than both miners pulled out their guns and, in quiet tones, demanded that I give back every cent I had won. 'What,' I shouted indignantly, 'do you mean to insinuate that I have played unfairly?' 'No,' they said, 'only we want our money back.' 'I protested, but to no avail. They and their guns insisted, and I had to get away from them. That was one of the times that my heart beat me. I assure you, and I tell you this was one of the most exciting experiences I ever had. If I had protested too soon, I might have been killed. The thing would have happened. I saw my crooked apparatus. Nothing, I assure you, but a greater part was cut down and dried for fodder. Almost every green thing was destroyed in this country. On the thirtieth snow fell at Barnet, forty miles from London. Paper received from England stated that it was a heavy snowfall, the present generation that the year 1816 was a year in which there was no summer."

STATUS OF ENGLAND'S QUEEN.

Not a Sovereign Except By Right of Inheritance. It may be said that, by reason of curious provisions of law prevailing in Great Britain, the queen is, for private business purposes, not regarded as a married woman at all, seeing that she is the only woman in the realm who does not come within the scope of the Married Women's Property Act. The principle of this law may be stated simply thus: The king, as such, is entirely different from all other married men. His time is too fully taken up with the affairs of state to permit him to devote any part of the remainder to domestic matters. It follows, therefore, that the whole management of the queen's private business matters must devolve upon any major herself, and that no responsibility whatever in respect to them rests upon the king. If, therefore, such a thing could be imagined as Queen Mary contracting debts in her husband's name, the king would not be responsible for them, as any other husband in Great Britain would be unless he had given due notice of all concerned that he would for the future decline to settle such accounts.

The king may not be used for the recovery of the amount of money repaid by any indebtedness he may incur; but the queen is accorded no such protection under the British law. She has her own attorney general and solicitor general to represent her in all legal matters, though, of course, except for ordinary private purposes, her services are scarcely ever needed.

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