SERIAL STORY

# When a Man Marries

By
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*Author of The Circular Staircase, The Man in Lower Ten, Etc.*

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### SYNOPSIS.

James Wilson or Jimmy as he is called by his friends, was rotund and looked shorter than he really was. His ambition in life was to be taken seriously, but people steadily refused to do so, his art is considered a huge joke, except to himself, if he asked people to dinner everyone expected a frolic. Jimmy marries Bella Knowles; they live together a year and are divorced. Jimmy's friends arrange to celebrate the first anniversary of his divorce. The party is in full swing when Jimmy receives a telegram from his Aunt Selina, who will arrive in four hours to visit him and his wife. He neglects to tell her of his divorce. Jimmy takes Kit into his confidence. He suggests that Kit play the hostess for one night, be Mrs. Wilson pro tem. Aunt Selina arrives and the deception works out as planned. Jim's Jap servant is taken ill. Bella, Jimmy's divorced wife, enters the house and asks Kit who is being taken away in the ambulance? Bella insists it is Jim. Kit tells her Jim is well and is in the house. Harbison steps out on the porch and discovers a man tacking a card on the door. He demands an explanation. The man points to the placard and Harbison sees the word "Smallpox" printed on it. He tells him the guests cannot leave the house until the quarantine is lifted. After the lifting of the quarantine several letters are found in the mail box undelivered, one is addressed to Henry Llewellyn, Iquique, Chile, which was written by Harbison. He describes minutely of their incarceration, also of his infatuation for Mrs. Wilson. Aunt Selina is taken ill with la grippe. Betty acts as nurse. Harbison finds Kit sulking on the roof. She tells him that Jim has been treating her outrageously. Kit starts downstairs, when suddenly she is grasped in the arms of a man who kisses her several times. She believes that Harbison did it and is humiliated. Aunt Selina tells Jimmy that her cameo breastpin and other articles of jewelry have been stolen. She accuses Betty of the theft. Jimmy tells Aunt Selina all about the strange happenings, but she persists in suspecting Betty of the theft of her valuables. Harbison demands an explanation from Kit as to her conduct towards him, she tells him of the incident on the roof, he does not deny nor confirm her accusation. Aunt Selina is awakened during the night; she finds Jim making love to Bella; she demands an explanation from Jim. Bella reveals the whole plot to Aunt Selina. She forgives both of them, but calls Kit a Jezebel. She tells Jim to reveal the true situation to Harbison. Jimmy is taken ill; Bella tells the guests that spots have broken out on his body. They are convinced that Jim has the dreaded disease.

### CHAPTER XXI.

**A Bar of Soap.**

Late that evening Betty Mercer and Dallas were writing verses of condolence to be signed by all of us and put under the door into Jim's room when Bella came running down the stairs.

Dal was reading the first verse when she came. "Listen to this, Bella," he said triumphantly:

There was a fat artist named Jas,
Who cruelly called his friends nas.
When, altho' shut up tight,
He broke out over night
With a rash that is maddening, he clas.

Then he caught sight of Bella's face as she stood in the doorway, and stopped.

"Jim is delirious!" she announced tragically. "You shut him in there all alone and now he's delirious. I'll never forgive any of you."

"Delirious!" everybody exclaimed.

"He was sane enough when I took him his chicken broth," Mr. Harbison said. "He was almost fluent."

"He is stark, staring crazy," Bella insisted hysterically. "I—I locked the door carefully when I went down to my dinner, and when I came up it—it was unlocked, and Jim was babbling on the bed, with a sheet over his face. He—he says the house is haunted and he wants all the men to come up and sit in the room with him."

"Not on your life," Max said. "I am young, and my career has only begun. I don't intend to be cut off in the flower of my youth. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll take him a drink. I can tie it to a pole or something."

But Mr. Harbison did not smile. He was thoughtful for a minute. Then:

"I don't believe he is delirious," he said quietly, "and I wouldn't be surprised if he has happened on something that—will be of general interest. I think I will stay with him tonight."

After that, of course, none of the others would confess that he was afraid, so with the South American leading, they all went up-stairs. The women of the party sat on the lower steps and listened, but everything was quiet. Now and then we could hear the sound of voices, and after a while there was a rapid slamming of doors and the sound of some one running down to the second floor. Then quiet again.

In an hour or so they sent for Flannigan, and he went up-stairs. He came down again soon, however, and returned with something over his arm that looked like a rope. It seemed to be made of all kinds of things tied together, trunk straps, clothesline, bed sheets, and something that Flannigan pointed to with rage and said he hadn't been able to keep his clothes on all day. He refused to explain further, however, and trailed the nondescript article up the stairs. We could only gaze after him and wonder what it all meant.

The conclave lasted far into the night. The feminine contingent went to bed, but not to sleep. Some time after midnight, Mr. Harbison and Max went down-stairs and I could hear them rattling around testing windows and burglar alarms. But finally every one settled down and the rest of the night was quiet.

Betty Mercer came into my room the next morning, Sunday, and said Anne Brown wanted me. I went over at once, and Anne was sitting up in bed, crying. Dal had slipped out of the room at daylight, she said, and hadn't come back. He had thought she was asleep, but she wasn't, and she knew he was dead, for nothing ever made Dal get up on Sunday before noon.

There was no one moving in the house, and I hardly knew what to do. It was Betty who said she would go up and rouse Mr. Harbison and Max, who had taken Jim's place in the studio. She started out bravely enough, but in a minute we heard her flying back. Anne grew perfectly white.

"He's lying on the upper stairs!" Betty cried, and we all ran out. It was quite true. Dal was lying on the stairs in a bath-robe, with one of Jim's Indian war-clubs in his hand. And he was sound asleep.

He looked somewhat embarrassed when he roused and saw us standing around. He said he was going to play a practical joke on somebody and fell asleep in the middle of it. And Anne said he wasn't even an intelligent liar, and went back to bed in a temper. But Betty came in with me, and we sat and looked at each other and didn't say much. The situation was beyond us.

The doctor let Jim out next day, there having been nothing the matter with him but a stomach rash. But Jim was changed; he mooned around Bella, of course, as before, but he was abstracted at times, and all that day—Sunday—he wandered off by himself, and one would come across him unexpectedly in the basement or along some of the unused back halls.

Aunt Selina held service that morning. Jim said that he always had a prayer-book, but that he couldn't find

Felt Very Mournful.

anything with so many people in the house. So Aunt Selina read some religious poetry out of the newspapers, and gave us a valuable talk on Deception versus Honesty, with me as the illustration.

Almost everybody took a nap after luncheon. I stayed in the den and read Ibsen, and felt very mournful. And after Hedda had shot herself, I lay down on the divan and cried a little—over Hedda; she was young and it was such a tragic ending—and then I fell asleep.

When I wakened Mr. Harbison was standing by the table, and he held my book in his hands. In view of the armed neutrality between us, I expected to see him bow to me curtly, turn on his heel and leave the room. Indeed, considering his state of mind the night before, I should hardly have been surprised if he had thrown Hedda at my head. (This is not a pun. I detest them.) But instead, when he heard me move he glanced over at me and even smiled a little.

"She wasn't worth it," he said, indicating the book.

"Worth what?"

"Your tears. You were crying over it, weren't you?"

"She was very unhappy," I asserted indifferently. "She was married and she loved some one else."

"Do you really think she did?" he asked. "And even so, was that a reason?"

"The other man cared for her; he may not have been able to help it."

"But he knew that she was married," he said virtuously, and then he caught my eye and he saw the analogy instantly, for he colored hotly and put down the book.

"Most men argue that way," I said. "They argue by the book, and—they do as they like."

He picked up a Japanese ivory paper weight from the table, and stood balancing it across his finger.

"You are perfectly right," he said at last. "I deserve it all. My grievance is at myself. Your—your beauty, and the fact that I thought you were unhappy, put me—beside myself. It is not an excuse; it is a weak explanation. I will not forget myself again."

He was as abject as any one could have wished. It was my minute of triumph, but I can not pretend that I was happy. Evidently it had been only a passing impulse. If he had really cared, now that he knew I was free, he would have forgotten himself again at once. Then a new explanation occurred to me. Suppose it had been Bella all the time, and the real shock had been to find that she had been married!

"The fault of the situation was really mine," I said magnanimously; "I quite blame myself. Only, you must believe one thing. You never furnished us any amusement." I looked at him sidewise. The discovery that Bella and Jim were once married must have been a great shock.

"It was a surprise," he replied evenly. His voice and his eyes were inscrutable. He returned my glance steadily. It was infuriating to have gone half-way to meet him, as I had, and then to find him intrenched in his self-sufficiency again. I got up.

"It is unfortunate that our acquaintance has begun so unfavorably," I remarked, preparing to pass him. "Under other circumstances we might have been friends."

"There is only one solace," he said. "When we do not have friends, we can not lose them."

He opened the door to let me pass out, and as our eyes met, all the coldness died out of his. He held out his hand, but I was hurt. I refused to see it.

"Kit!" he said unsteadily. "I—I'm an obstinate, pig-hearted brute. I am sorry. Can't we be friends, after all?"

"'When we do not have friends we can not lose them,'" I replied with cool malice. And the next instant the door closed behind me.

It was that night that the really serious event of the quarantine occurred.

We were gathered in the library, and everybody was deadly dull. Aunt Selina said she had been reared to a strict observance of the Sabbath, and she refused to go to bed early. The cards and card-tables were put away and every one sat around and quarreled and was generally nasty, except Bella and Jim, who had gone into the den just after dinner and firmly closed the door.

I think it was just after Max proposed to me. Yes, he proposed to me again that night. He said that Jim's illness had decided him; that any of us might take sick and die, shut in that contaminated atmosphere, and that if he did he wanted it all settled. And whether I took him or not he wanted me to remember him kindly if anything happened. I really hated to refuse him—he was in such deadly earnest. But it was quite unnecessary for him to have blamed his refusal, as he did, on Mr. Harbison. I am sure I had refused him plenty of times before I had ever heard of the man. Yes, it was just after he proposed to me that Flannigan came to the door and called Mr. Harbison out into the hall.

Mr. Harbison went out, muttering something about a storm coming up, and seeing that the tent was secure. Betty Mercer went with him. She had been at his heels all evening, and called him "Tom" on every possible occasion. Indeed, she made no secret of it: she said that she was mad about him, and that she would love to live in South America.

So Betty went with him. She wore a pale yellow dinner gown, with just a sophisticated touch of black here and there, and cut modestly square in the neck. Her shoulders are scrawny. And after they were gone—not her shoulders; Mr. Harbison and she—Aunt Selina announced that the next day was Monday, that she had only a week's supply of clothing with her, and that no policeman who ever swung a mace should wash her undergarments for her.

She paused a moment, but nobody offered to do it. Anne was reading De Maupassant under cover of a table, and the rest pretended not to hear. After a pause, Aunt Selina got up heavily and went upstairs, coming down soon after with a bundle covered with a green shawl, and with a white balbriggan stocking trailing from an opening in it. She paused at the library door, surveyed the inmates, caught my unlucky eye and beckoned to me with a relentless forefinger.

"We can put them to soak tonight," she confided to me, "and tomorrow they will be quite simple to do. There is no lace to speak of"—Dal raised his eyebrows—"and very little flouncing."

Aunt Selina and I went to the laundry.

It is strange what big things develop from little ones. In this case it was a bar of soap. And if Flannigan had used as much soap as he should have instead of washing up the kitchen floor with cold dish water, it would have developed sooner. The two most unexpected events of the whole quarantine occurred that night at the same time, one on the roof and one in the cellar. The cellar one, although curious, was not so serious as the other, so it comes first.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Culture.**

Thus there is a climbing scale of culture, from the first agreeable sensation which a sparkling gem or a scarlet stain affords the eyes, up through fair outlines and details of the landscape, features of the human face and form, signs and tokens of thought and character in manners, up to the ineffable mysteries of the intellect.

Wherever we begin thither our steps tend; an ascent from the joy of a horse and his trappings, up to the perception of Newton, that the globe on which we ride is only a larger apple falling from a larger tree; up to the perception of Plato, that globe and universe are rude and early expressions of an all-dissolving unity—the first stair on the scale to the temple of the mind.—Emerson.

# The KITCHEN CABINET

WHEN we lift the man at the desk,
We lift the laborer at the plow;
When from one a measure of wrong we sift,
Two measures are righted somehow.
—J. D. Miller.

### THE AUTOMOBILE HAMPER.

A pretty salad that is easy to serve out in the open is a pineapple salad, served in lemon cups, placed in a nest of lettuce. The pineapple may be either fresh or canned; garnish with a spoonful of mayonnaise. This salad may be kept with its ingredients separate until the time of serving.

**Basket Salad.**—The basket may be made of green peppers cut in the form of baskets and filled with any desired mixture, or lemon baskets may be made.

**Chicken Salad.**—A very nice and dainty salad can be made from canned chicken, using celery and a mayonnaise dressing. The lettuce to serve it on may be carried rolled in a cloth after washing.

When meat is to be broiled or coffee made, carry a heavy piece of wire screen and a bag of charcoal and a few kindlings. Four stones may be found to support the screen and under it a good fire may be laid with the charcoal. Steak may be broiled, or fish, and the pot of coffee heated over the same fire.

Soups of all kinds can be quickly prepared from the canned soups that are such favorites with many.

**Prince of Wales Cake.**—Dark part: Cream one-half a cup of butter, add a cup of molasses and a cup of strong coffee; sift one teaspoonful each of soda, nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves, with two cupfuls of flour. Add three well-beaten egg yolks and a cup of raisins. Light part: Cream one-half cup of butter, add a cup of sugar gradually. Mix and sift together one cupful of flour with half a cup of cornstarch and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add the dry ingredients alternately with a half cup of milk. Cut, and fold in the whites of three eggs. Bake in layers. The filling may be simply boiled frosting, as the cake itself is sufficiently rich with a plain filling.

A MAN is the healthiest and happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle.

### A FEAST OF GOOD THINGS.

The following are a few dishes that may be acceptable when looking for something out of the ordinary:

**Almond Pudding.**—Line dessert cups with strips of sponge cake. Make a boiled custard of two eggs, a half cup of sugar and a pint of milk. When cool flavor with vanilla and add two-thirds of a cup of chopped blanched almonds. Chill and serve very cold.

**Caramel Trifle.**—Take three well-beaten eggs, add a half cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of blanched, chopped almonds, four tablespoonfuls of boiling water, some slices of sponge cake, a teaspoonful of almond extract and a tablespoonful of gelatine. Take two tablespoonfuls of the sugar and brown in a saucepan, add the gelatine dissolved in the boiling water, then the rest of the sugar and the eggs, stir over the heat until thick, but do not boil. Remove from the fire and add the extract. Arrange the slices of cake in a glass dish and decorate with whipped cream and finely chopped almonds.

**Braised Tongue.**—Put a fresh tongue into a kettle and cover with boiling water and cook slowly two hours. Take the tongue from the water and remove the skin and roots. Place in a casserole and surround with a third of a cup each of celery, carrot and onion, cut in dice and a sprig of parsley; then pour over four cups of sauce. Cover closely and simmer two hours, turning after the first hour.

Sauce for the tongue: Brown one-quarter of a cup of butter, add one-quarter of a cup of flour and stir until well browned. Add gradually four cups of water in which the tongue was cooked, season with salt and pepper. One and a half cups of stewed and strained tomatoes may be used instead of the water.

A delicious tea cake may be made by using any simple cake recipe, lay on top just before putting into the oven sliced or quartered peaches, sprinkle with sugar and a dusting of cinnamon, and bake.

THE best index to character is not what one says or does, but what one enjoys.

Grandmother's motto: "Do it and it will be done."

### SUMMER DISHES.

On hot days when meat dishes are too heavy for the main dish, escalloped dishes of different sorts are sufficiently substantial and satisfying.

A combination that is new enough to be interesting was only discovered by accident when "three were invited and here come nine." The dish is escalloped eggs, and for fear the contents would not be enough to go around, a cupful of canned peas were added to the egg and white sauce, making a combination especially pleasant. Take a sufficient number of cold, hard-cooked eggs cut in small pieces, put a layer in a buttered baking dish, season with salt, pepper and a few drops of onion juice. Over this pour a rather thick white sauce made of two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter and a cup of milk, salt and pepper to taste. Then add some of the peas, and repeat, leaving the white sauce on top. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake a golden brown. This dish might be varied by adding a few shredded green peppers that have been parboiled, instead of the peas. Let the vegetables take the place of meat. Another new dish which, because a necessity was evolved from a short allowance of two vegetables: A cupful of fresh mushrooms were at hand, and they were added to a dish of creamed potatoes, making that common dish a most dainty one.

Rhubarb should now be used generously and put up for winter use. Spiced as any fruit, it is delicious as a relish in the winter with meats, and preserved with figs and lemons it makes a fine conserve. Use six pounds of pie plant to one pound of figs, two lemons and three pounds of sugar. Grate the lemon peel from the lemon, using only the yellow part; chop the figs and add the lemon juice to the other ingredients, and stand over night. In the morning cook slowly until thick.

During the hot weather the body needs more water, so cooling drinks, juicy fruits and refreshing salads should be the rule upon our tables.

OUR life is nothing but a winters' day;
Some only break their fast and go away;
Others stay to dinner and depart full fed,
The deepest age but sups and goes to bed.
—Quarles.

### TOMATOES AND HOW TO SERVE.

Tomatoes contain an acid which is valuable in the body functions. Served fresh alone or in combination they are especially wholesome, and sliced served with cream and sugar they rival the favorite peaches and cream.

Broiled tomatoes are an acceptable vegetable. Cut the tomatoes in halves, remove the seeds and tough portion, sprinkle with pepper, salt and fine bread crumbs and broil five minutes. Slip on a hot platter, dot with butter, and place in the oven five minutes. Serve hot.

**Escalloped Tomato.**—Rub a baking dish with a cut clove of garlic, lay in sliced tomatoes and sprinkle with cubes of bread that have been fried in butter. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and bits of butter.

Sauted tomatoes are sliced, seasoned and dipped in egg and crumbs and fried in a little butter.

**Stuffed Tomatoes.**—Cut a smooth slice from the stem end of the tomato, leaving them unpeeled, scoop out the pulp, mix with an equal quantity of cooked rice, macaroni or bread crumbs. Season with salt, butter and pepper and a few drops of onion juice. Refill the tomato shells and cover the tops with the slices removed. Bake half an hour.

Another nice way to stuff tomatoes, and this dish is nice for breakfast or luncheon, is to prepare as above and drop an egg in each shell, place in the oven and bake until the egg is firm. Dot with butter, season with pepper and salt and serve hot.

**Tomato Omelet.**—Prepare an omelet and just before folding it, spread with a tomato puree, prepared by stewing a cup of tomato, season well and put through a sieve.

**Tomatoes a la Italienne.**—Mince a clove of garlic, a green pepper and an onion. Fry brown in olive oil. Add a pint of tomatoes and season highly with salt and pepper. Add a heaping teaspoonful of beef extract. Cook slowly until the mixture is thick. Spread on slices of toast and put a poached egg on each.

Nellie Maxwell.


Libby's

Vienna Style Sausage

A good dish for a Luncheon or Supper.

Brown the contents of a tin of Libby's Vienna Sausages in the frying pan and serve with baked potatoes.

*Easy to serve —fine to eat*

Look for the Libby label which means quality.

Libby, McNeill & Libby

**Perhaps.**

"Why did Humpty Dumpty sit on the wall?"

"He probably thought he could hold it down."

**Showed Tact of King.**

It was the order of the day at a late shoot at Sandringham that when pheasants should not be shot, and one of the guests brought down a hen which fell near King Edward's place in the line. Anxious not to hurt the offender's feelings by an over rebuke, the king pointed to the corpus delicti and said: "Ah, Gurney, what a man you are for the ladies!"—Life of Edward VII.

### TOOK HER AT HER WORD.

Mr. Benton Holme—Why, where's the new chambermaid?

Mrs. Benton Holme—I told her to dust this morning, and an hour later I found that she had dusted.


**WANTED TO SLEEP**
**Curious That a Tired Preacher Should Have Such Desire.**

A minister speaks of the curious effect of Grape-Nuts food on him and how it has relieved him.

"You will doubtless understand how the suffering from indigestion with which I used to be troubled made my work an almost unendurable burden; and why it was that after my Sabbath duties had been performed, sleep was a stranger to my pillow till nearly daylight.

"I had to be very careful as to what I ate, and even with all my care I experienced poignant physical distress after meals, and my food never satisfied me.

"Since I began the use of Grape-Nuts, the benefits I have derived from it are very definite, I no longer suffer from indigestion, and I began to improve from the time Grape-Nuts appeared on our table.

"I find that by eating a dish of this food after my Sabbath work is done, (and I always do so now) my nerves are quieted and rest and refreshing sleep are ensured me.

"I feel that I could not possibly do without Grape-Nuts food, now that I know its value. It is invariably on our table—we feel that we need it to make the meal complete and our children will eat Grape-Nuts when they cannot be persuaded to touch anything else." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.

Read the famous booklet, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

**Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.**


**Sunday Not Sabbath.**

"Strange how people get tangled on the use of words," said a Jewish woman recently. "You hear many Christians, especially those of New England families and even those old English descent, say 'Sabbath' when they mean 'Sunday.' Now, the word 'Sabbath' is the Jewish word for 'seventh.' It has only that meaning, and it is used commonly when no reference to a day of rest is intended. It is and was applied to the day appointed for rest and religious observance among the Jews, because that day is the seventh day of the week. Christians who use it to mean their day of rest do so with what seems a ridiculous lack of congruity for Sunday is the first day of the week as everyone knows and Sabbath cannot be correctly used except as applying to the seventh."