

**AMBITIOUS MRS. WILLATS**

(Continued from Fourth Page.)

ing himself of your kind hospitality, Mr. Willatts. As for the duchess, I hardly know what her engagements are, but—

"I should be glad if you could go a step further and make a point of it that the duchess should kindly lend me her support," said Mr. Willatts, and there was a look in his face which seemed to indicate that the transfer had not yet been formally ratified. The duke perceived this and reflected that he was after all master in his own house. He therefore boldly committed himself to a promise that the duchess should accompany him on the evening of the twenty-sixth, and his visitor, after gravely thanking him, withdrew.

During the interval between that day and the twenty-sixth of the month Mrs. Willatts saw no more of her husband, but of course she heard what everybody very soon began to talk about.

"Didn't I tell you that that man had come over here on purpose to take his revenge upon me?" she exclaimed to her confidante. "He would rather spend his last cent than fail to wreak my hell. I'm as certain of that as I am that London isn't big enough to hold him and me."

Mrs. Underwood assured her that London, and even London society, afforded space enough to accommodate two rivals; and in this view she was warmly backed up by Lord George Curzon, whose treachery had not transpired. That enterprising individual was in high spirits, for he saw his way to pocketing a comfortable sum of money. All the ladies to whom he had spoken had been struck by the piquancy of the idea that husband and wife were bidding against each other. Not one of them had hesitated to accept the invitation of the former, and Lord George felt that he had done his duty impartially to both sides.

Perhaps you'll leave me in peace now."

"Well, I've shown you that the British aristocracy don't amount to much," said Mr. Willatts. "As for me, I'm not sure whether you'll consent to that, though it's what I wish for. From the newspapers this morning! You may have noticed an announcement of the bankruptcy of Henry R. Kendrick, of New York."

Mrs. Willatts' heart stood still and the floor seemed to rise and fall before her. "You don't tell me!" she exclaimed involuntarily. "Then I am ruined!" "Why, no," answered her husband, "you are not ruined, although some folks might say that you deserved to be for having given a free hand to Henry R. Kendrick. I bought that gentleman up awhile ago, and the consequence is that you are my creditor today instead of being his, which is fortunate for you. I shouldn't want to be one of Henry R. Kendrick's creditors."

There was an interval of silence, after which Mrs. Willatts said: "Samuel, I believe I've acted like a fool. I ought to have listened to you."

"Well," replied Mr. Willatts, "it can't be denied that trouble and expense would have been spared if you had."

"And, of course, you aren't speaking seriously when you talk about my being your creditor. You must know as well as I do that I couldn't legally claim a cent from you."

"Oh, yes, you could. I should have to see the lawyers before I could say positively; but you have a moral claim which I don't dispute. Your money is safe enough and I'll hand the amount over to your bankers, only it seems to me that you might do worse than to consult me before you invest it a second time."

"I presume you have had losses over this affair, Samuel," said Mrs. Willatts. "Nothing to hurt me, Sally; nothing but what I should esteem as clear gains if they enabled you and me to make a fresh start."

"How a fresh start! We fell out because you wanted to boss the whole show, and for all your generosity I'm not going to admit that I hadn't a right to do as I pleased with my own."

"Well," answered Mr. Willatts, "I've concluded to waive my pretensions. All I wanted to prove to you was that a woman who elicits to play her own game wants to be a strong minded sort of woman, like your friend Mrs. Underwood; and I'm free to confess that if you were another Mrs. Underwood I shouldn't be here for the purpose of begging you to let bygones be bygones and sail for New York with me next week."

Mrs. Underwood was distressed when her friend informed her somewhat shamefacedly half an hour later that the above proposition had been accepted. She could not resist saying: "All along you have been just crazy to get your husband back, and now it is he who has forced you to go back to him. I only hope you won't be sorry before you are much older, that's all."

Mrs. Underwood, however, was not left entirely without consolation, for Mr. Willatts not only granted her the free use of the house in Pont street for the remainder of the London season, but handed her over a substantial check in discharge of necessary expenses, and she has made such good use of her opportunities that she is upon the point of contracting a matrimonial alliance with an Irish viscount.—Longman's Magazine.

Useful and Pretty.

A most useful handkerchief case is made on a foundation of pasteboard four or five inches square. Cut three of these, covering one as it is with lining, silk or satin, as it will not show. Cut the others in half, covering two of the halves with silk on one side, velvet on the other. The colors should contrast, say brown and gold, garnet and pink, or



A HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

two shades of green. The other halves are to be rounded at one edge, as shown in the cut, and similarly covered. Gather a strip of silk of the paler color chosen, 4 1/2 inches wide and 30 long, and fasten it to the square first covered. Then gather the upper side in quarters, fastening opposite quarters to the oblong pieces placed velvet side up, and the other quarters to the straight sides of the rounded pieces. The oblong pieces will shut one way, the rounded ones the other. The latter may be edged with fancy plaited ribbon, and have strings to tie the case shut.

No Hates for Bringing Up Children.

As a luncheon where the guests were mostly mothers, one of them remarked that she wished there were some cast iron rules to bring up boys, in which case she might hope not to go astray so often. Another mother thought cast iron rules would be needed to fit the rules. "I once met a woman," she went on to say, "who had a large family of sons grown to manhood at the time. 'How did you bring them up?' I asked eagerly of her. 'Well,' she replied with a smile, 'I had nine sons and nine systems, one to a son. There never were two children who could stand identical treatment.' Any mother with more than one child will heartily endorse this statement.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

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"I hope you're satisfied, anyway."

But no human being can predict with scientific accuracy the result of any game in which the forces on either side appear to be pretty equally balanced. A trifle turns the scale, and very likely it was a comparative trifle, or two comparative trifles, which turned it in favor of Mr. Willatts. First, almost all of those who intended to get in an appearance at both houses had seemed to decide that they would go from Governor's place to Pont street, and they found Governor's place too attractive to be left in a hurry. Secondly, the Duchess of Stratford was pleased to remain for an hour and a half in the temporary abode of Mr. Willatts, after which she drove straight home, notwithstanding the half promise which she had seemed to be conveyed to that gentleman's wife. The duchess, on hearing what her husband wished her to do, kicked a little, but had finally yielded to his entreaties. The duchess, however, was a strict moralist. It appeared to her that Mr. and Mrs. Willatts could not both of them be respectable, inasmuch as they lived apart, and that, if the most needs show civility to one, she could not show but turn the cold shoulder upon the other.

The duchess, like everybody else, was amazed by the splendor of Mr. Willatts' hospitality. The hall and staircase of the house in Governor's place was simply a magnificent exhibit show. The formal decorations of the ballroom must have cost a small fortune; the music was the very best that money could procure; and in view of all this magnificent display how could an appreciative guest help regarding to the whether the supper would prove to be in keeping with his surroundings? The Duchess of Stratford could not say, and although neither sitting nor standing had much occasion for her personally, she was vain to confess that never in her experience had anything been better done.

Had it suited her convenience to wait for the occasion, she must have admitted that in this also the opulent American scored an undeniable success. Perhaps it may not be the best of taste to offer presents of costly jewelry to ladies with whom one is barely acquainted; but we live in an age not distinguished for good taste. Mr. Willatts retained his guests so long that a very considerable number of them never found their way to Post street at all. It was broad daylight when he lighted a cigar and remarked placidly:

"Well, if this don't make Sally gnash her teeth and tear her hair, nothing will."

Poor Mrs. Willatts did not display her chagrin in so violent a manner; but between two and three o'clock in the morning she did sit down and cry. Her ball had been a dead failure. At no moment had her rooms been full; the ladies who had come had remained but a short time; worst of all, the most influential, including the Duchess of Stratford, had positively absented themselves.

"Maggie," said she to Mrs. Underwood, "I have been squarely beaten. I shall give up London and go to Paris. Sam isn't know a word of French, and besides there can't be another nation on earth so brutal and insolent as this. I will you, Maggie, I wouldn't have anything more to say to these English people if they went down on their knees to me."

Mrs. Underwood advised half a bottle of champagne and bed.

Mrs. Willatts was convinced that, so far as London society was concerned, she had shot her bolt and missed her mark. When she went down stairs in the morning she was neither surprised nor angered at being informed that her husband was waiting to see her. She had felt sure that he would come to glory over her.