

SAINT KATE.

When little Kate Melville was about to become Mrs. Rupert St. Jernyn, she looked forward to a host of wily duties that should go towards making for the braw, handsome laddie of her choice, an earthly paradise; as for herself she intended to reserve the right of darning all Rupert's socks—this little selfish gratification was one of the many bright anticipations that refused to be dimmed by the greater glories of new toilets, dining out, or summers at Newport.

What use to say that Rupert St. Jernyn's relatives wondered—with high-held aristocratic noses and chiselled lips—a curve—at the folly of uplitting that little Melville girl to the throne that the lady of St. Jernyn was from time immemorial known to occupy? Little use, indeed. And an Estelle, a Florence, two Arabellas and three Marys of quite distinguished families languished, despaired, racked their brains and grew frantic over the news as the weeks rolled by and brought the wedding day to a little bride grateful and happy, to an idolized bridegroom, also grateful and happy, and to the dear five hundred assembled guests in altogether different frames of mind.

And so, after the ordeal of the inquisitive gauntlet had been safely run, the rite was over and the carriage gained, Rupert bent over to where a little head rested upon his broad shoulder and called her his "own"; and Kate surely forgot that the stiff white satin her new mother-in-law had pressed her with could rumple, for two shining white sleeves went up around Rupert's neck, as she whispered a happy little syllable or two.

"Kate, you hold the key to my heart," said St. Jernyn, gravely, quite forgetting that there were two keys, and that the one he does not give her she will find before many days.

And before many days she sees a shining corner of the key. The beautiful house is quiet at last. The corridors no longer echo the forced laughter of an Estelle or an Arabella, or any other whose hearts are as vindictive as their faces are smiling upon the little bride. Sweet quiet reigns; and now as St. Jernyn is to spend one blissful evening alone with her she brings out the blue satin-lined work basket containing half-a-dozen pairs of very new half hose, and with a sigh of genuine happiness, proceeds to mark them forthwith with shining strands of silken floss.

"What are you trying to do, dear?" asks St. Jernyn.

"I am marking your socks, Rupert, one is so apt to lose them in the laundry—"

"One may be apt to lose them; but not a Mrs. St. Jernyn, so long as there are housekeepers or seamstresses to do her work. Put it up, Katie, while I am by."

And the poor little basket is dashed little song by Millard—open the piano for me and I will sing it for you."

"Some other time, love; come talk to me."

There is a low cushion between gaslight and firelight, and here, book in hand, Kate seats herself.

"The drollest article," says she, "just listen, dear."

"You do not care then to talk to me?"

And Kate, looking up, catches her first gleam of an ugly key that opens the largest cell in St. Jernyn's heart.

The St. Jernyns are a proud people—and with the right kind of pride. And so when the highly-strung, sensitive youth of the present house fell to thinking of Kate, who lived in anything but an aristocratic neighborhood in anything but a stylish residence, matter and pater took counsel together, and, after some deliberation, decided to bestow their benediction and certain real estate upon the little maid.

"I know my son," said mater, "and I feel assured that the child he loves will give him less cause for jealousy than any lady in our circle—and you know to what great lengths Rupert's jealousy leads him."

"To blind and unreasonable fury, my dear," acquiesced poor pater.

When Kate's birthday comes around with the bright, faithful old sun that has kissed her pretty pink cheeks for exactly nineteen years, there are ever so many presents grouped about her breakfast-table. Nineteen links of gold, with a pearl in each, from Pater St. Jernyn; nineteen yards of old point lace from Mater St. Jernyn; a modest little volume of poetry from school friends with nineteen good wishes written upon the fly leaf. From under her monogrammed breakfast-plate there peeps a little note from Rupert:

"As I cannot give you nineteen little ponies and phaetons," the little note runs, "please accept from me one of each."

Blessed be this day! R. St. J.

What drives she takes to be sure before the month is out! Every school fellow whose name is between the brown bindings of her birthday book is taken an airing. She knows it isn't just what Honora or Estelle or Arabella would do, for these school friends are not of upper tendem by any means; but her life is not run in their narrow grooves, and the dove-colored folds of silk skirt contentedly down by the side of the brown delaine or checked gingham as the blue-ribboned whip urges the pony out along the country roads where the sweet, pure air can blow on the weary city girl's face beside her.

"Oh, how nice it is to be rich!" cries one girl, whom Kate is just now befriending.

"Very nice," admits Kate.

"If my poor brother could only ride out—poor Philip!"

"Is Philip ailing?" asks Kate remembering well the little fellow who was not so many years ago was ever her companion at school.

"He is dying!" and the girl's sobs rob the day of its beauty.

"Not that?" cries Kate. "Am I too late, then, to be of use to him?"

"Oh, no, dear; come tomorrow if the day is fine, and mother will call you an angel from heaven."

The next day is fine and the phaeton is brought to the door at four o'clock.

"Where goest thou, petite?" asks St. Jernyn, lounging up the walk to where a fairy figure stands arrayed in a most bewitching toilet.

"I am going to drive, dear."

"Alone? By the way, love, do you think the phaeton top will accommodate that high-crowned miracle of a hat you wear?"

"If it doesn't the phaeton top must be altered—the hat dare not be lowered one inch—that is Mme. Chapeau's strict in-

junction," says Kate, answering the last question first; "and I am not going alone."

"Then I am going with you?"

"No, sir, I believe not," lazily drawing on the elfish gloves.

"Who might it be then—a lady or gentleman?"

"Unhitch Jetty and then I'll tell;" and when the black pony starts briskly off from the curbstone, Kate turns and says, "I hope he'll live to be a gentleman."

Poor St. Jernyn! Out from this dark cell crawls the demon of jealousy, glaring and vindictive. Ha! she has not said who it was—a man though—this much she has admitted, growled the demon. Why do you not follow her fool—your Lucifer is a swifter traveller than her pony."

Saddle Lucifer! he commands.

Meanwhile Kate reaches the bare little cottage and finds the Philip she used to know grown tall, and oh, so thin!

"I have come to show you my new pony, Philip, and beg you to try the new phaeton cushions—you will, won't you, Philip?"

"Oh, thankee, thankee, Mrs. St. Jernyn," cries the weary mother, with a cross baby under one arm, and a bundle of clothes under the other.

"Come, Philip, let us go before the sunshine leaves the tree tops. I want to show you how the little hazel bushes have grown since you and I went nutting."

"Oh, the beautiful country! Kate, this noisome city atmosphere is killing me. I know that if I could get out into the country that I could get well," says Philip's faint, longing voice.

"Let us go and find a place, Philip. Get up, Jetty!"

In another five minutes Philip is being bowled carefully along the avenue that leads out upon the country roads. But at a sharp turn in the road a horseman dashes across their path and reins in a powerful animal directly in front of the astonished pony, stopping it outright.

"Kate!" almost shrieked the horseman.

"Oh, what has happened, Rupert?" cries poor Kate.

"What has happened, indeed? I find you driving about with a strange gentleman; that is all! I must beg you to alight, sir!" says the demon in Rupert's stead as Lucifer brings his master to where, close beside Kate, sits a tall, handsome youth.

"Alight, or I will drag you down!"

Then the key that Kate has had but a faint glimpse of comes looming up in its ugly shape and the small hands of Rupert's little bride take it prisoner.

"Stay where you are, Philip!" commands Kate, coolly laying gloved hand upon the coat sleeve next her.

"Philip!" shrieks the demon.

As the name comes through the shut teeth, the sick lad, with a low moan, faints away.

"You have killed him, Rupert!" cries Kate.

And Rupert, seeing the drawn lines about the sensitive mouth, the dull, half-closed eyes and livid cheek lying against Kate's shoulder, believes her, and with a cry of horror, he puts spurs to Lucifer and is gone—

with no thought of the little bride or how she may get home with Philip.

But she does get home to the boy's mother, who comes with anxious heart to receive the fainting invalid; and Philip will not tell, when after a while his eyes unclose and he finds Kate beside him, how the St. Jernyn jealousy has done it all.

It is within a week of Rupert's birthday, and Kate is busy at work making a lounging coat for her contrite hero. Many little quick snatches under table and bed does the poor coat get as the master of the house is heard approaching, and a flush will insist upon taking complete possession of her sweet face, while the tell-tale eyes strive bravely to hide their knowledge of any secret.

But the demon does not let these little signs escape his great green eyes, and, although St. Jernyn tries his best to choke the beast, it will rear its baleful head whenever a light footfall is heard in his wife's boudoir and the locked door is slow to open.

At last one day it happens that he springs lightly on the staircase and tries the door of his wife's room. It is locked. Immediately there is the sound of retreating footsteps, a window is raised and lowered, a light laugh rings in his ears and then little red-faced Kate meekly unlocks the door.

"It would seem that my presence causes you a good deal of annoyance. Is my coming here an intrusion?" he asks, and his brows lower ominously.

"No, indeed, my love; but this is your faith in me?"

"I heard this window opened—ha! what is that?" he cries.

There lies a coat—a man's coat—in a tumbled heap upon the steps without. The great veins on Rupert's forehead swell in his jealous fury, his hands clench, the muscles of his throat grow like iron, and in his madness his brain loses its reasoning power.

Before the awful storm that follows, Kate does not falter, and when at last his rage has worn itself out and the poor unfortunate can listen to her, Kate very gently and calmly tells him all about it.

Mother Jernyn proposes, when the birthright of her son has come in its sable, star-dotted mantle, to surprise him with a masquerade. But Kate had been told of her scheme, and, thinking this an excellent opportunity for arousing the demon and killing it, our heroine whets her knife and prepares for the fray.

She was a maiden fair to see, As fresh and blooming as the rose, With beauty, grace and modesty As sweet as sugar, said the beaux.

The youth was bold who won her hand, A circumstance which goes to show It is the man who has the hand Who gets the sugar here below.

—Ex.

Smith (to Jones, who is about to lean over the rail of the steamship on the first day out)—What! sick? Jones (feebly)—Yes, Smith—Too bad. Jones (with a sickly smile as he puts his head over the rail)—Well, I suppose we are all expected to give up something in Lent.—Ex.

She sped along the icy street, A coming out young bud; She slipped, alas! into new feet— There was an awful thud.

The man who helped her to arise Told me with bated breath, That the word she used, to his surprise, Means something after death.

—Puck.

"What if I were one of those husbands, my dear, who get up cross in the morning and bang things about, and scold like anything, just because the coffee is cold?"

"John," responded his wife, "I would make it hot for you." As her words admitted of more than one interpretation, John said nothing more about the coffee.

light rattan stick he has snatched from the stranger's hand.

"Forbear!" cries poor little Kate, as the cane is broken across her shoulders.

"I'm Kate—oh, Rupert, I'm your wife—and is this, then, your faith in me! Farewell!—I'm going back to the home you took me from only a few short months ago."

Good by, Rupert—I'm going home—"

Kate sob and chokes and tears off the hat and coat and necktie—the mustache has gone long ago—and stands arrayed in the brown wrapper he knows so well.

"No, you are not going, by heaven!"

The strong arms gather up the poor little aching body and carry her into the next room where the broad divan is waiting to receive her. There does the contrite man kneel down beside his wife and beg her to forgive him.

And Kate—foolish little Kate—why she smiles her pardon through her tears, for she knows the demon is dead. And although St. Jernyn never guesses that his wife made a martyr of herself for his sake, yet he calls her "Saint Kate" to this day. And the demon is buried forever.

PROGRESS PICKINGS.

"This cigar isn't the least artistic." "How so?" "Why, it doesn't draw."—Judge.

Chiffey—"What's that I hear about young Checkers?" "Chaffey"—"His clothes probably."—Harvard Lampoon.

"Why don't you and Charlie get married?" "We are too fond of each other. Why should we destroy our happiness?"—Life.

Tommy—Why do they call it Lent, papa? Papa—Because very few people pretend to keep what they know is lent, Tommy.—Puck.

Teacher—"Freddy, how is the earth divided?" "Freddy"—"Between them that's got it and them that wants it."—Exchange.

"Strange that Irish landlords are so nervous." "I didn't know they were."

"Why, yes; the leased thing worries them."—Puck.

"Why good gracious, Cholly, what's the matter?" "I'm the victim of a decline, old boy; she wouldn't have me."—Philadelphia Times.

Many persons admire the bouquet of fine wines, but almost any kind of liquor will make a nose gay if you use enough of it.—Boston Herald.

He (a new acquaintance)—"I don't think anything of going two or three days without eating." She—"Why, you must be a poet."—Free Press.

If a man is neither very good nor very bad it is very good evidence that he has never at any time been greatly influenced by any woman.—Athenian Globe.

Auntie—"Johnny, you never hear your papa use such language." Johnny—"No; and I take mighty good care that he doesn't hear me."—Harper's Bazar.

Girls, dress well, what'er you do! It speaks, though you be mute; Then if men don't follow you Why, they may follow suit.

—Judge.

Elderly aunt—My dear, I have just put you down in my will for \$10,000. Her niece—Oh auntie, what can I say to thank you. How are you feeling to-day?—Life.

A correspondent wants to know if "fits are hereditary." Any small boy compelled to wear out his father's old clothes could tell him they are not.—Indianapolis Journal.

He (awkwardly)—Ah, Miss Mabel, I hope you understand my feelings! She—'I'm sure I'm quite in the dark! He—Then (desperately) suppose we strike a match!—Life.

Waiter (to happy-looking customer)—Well, sir, what is it? Happy-looking customer (spontaneously)—Boy; eight-pounder; finest in the land! Looks like me, too!—Puck.

She: What are you reading? He: "Tales of the Alhambra; did you ever see it?" She: No; I wanted to go there when I was in London, but they told me it wasn't proper.—Life.

"Well," remarked the boxer, as he walked the floor with his first-born, "some of my enemies have said that I couldn't put a baby to sleep, but I never believed it till now.—The Week's Sport.

Howard—"I didn't get home till late last night." Richard—"What sort of a hand did you hold?" "Just the nicest little hand you ever saw. It belonged to old man Goldroek's only daughter."—Free Press.

Priest—"Well, Dennis, you're married, I hear. I'm very glad of it. How do you and your wife get along together?" Dennis—"Well, yer reverence, Oi tink we get along besit together whin we're apart.—Boston Courier.

She (waiting for him in the ante-room)—"And did you ask papa?" He—"I did." She—"And what did he say?" He—"Weally, Amy, I'd—I'd wather not answer. I—I belong to the church, don't y' know."—Judge.

"Did Philpot marry well?" "Yes, indeed. He made \$10,000 by the transaction." "Was his bride so rich?" "True, but she had sued him for \$10,000 for a breach of promise and he compromised on marriage."—Chicago Times.

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