

THE BUTTERFLY GIRL.

By Temple Bailey.

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The first rift in the lute came when Albert arrived home one stormy night and found his bride in a fetching pink gown, with her shining hair puffed into a halo of gold, with pink candle shades on the corners of the dining table, with pink roses in the center and with nothing thereon to eat but a third day's cold roast and leftover salad.

Albert, having kissed his wife enthusiastically and having changed his office coat for a more formal one, peered at the platter dubiously.

"I am desperately hungry," he said, "and there isn't much meat left."

"I am not a bit hungry," Bettina stated. "I was shopping downtown and I had such a lunch."

"I had a sandwich," was Albert's brief comment, and after that he ate



"I HAVEN'T TIME TO KISS YOU," SHE GAULY CHIED.

sparingly of the lamb and the tasteless salad and sought final solace in his after dinner cigar.

That evening Bettina found him somewhat unresponsive. In vain she played and sang his favorite songs in her little lilting voice. In vain she prattled of her downtown bargains. In vain she petted him and praised him.

Albert met all of her advances stolidly, and the next morning found her at her Aunt Betsey's in tears.

"He has ceased to love me," she declared.

"What did you give him for dinner last night?" Aunt Betsey demanded. Bettina faltered out her menu.

Aunt Betsey sniffed. "No wonder he was disagreeable," she said. "Any man's affection would be frozen out by cold meat and cold salad and warmed over coffee."

"Albert's love ought to be superior to such things," Bettina said. "He used always to quote things like 'A jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou beside me, singing in the wilderness,' and last night all of my singing couldn't make him smile."

But Aunt Betsey was severely on the defensive.

"A jug of wine and a loaf of bread may be all right in hot climates," she admitted, "but yesterday it was snowing, and Albert came in chilled, and you ought to have had something fit to eat."

"Well, thank goodness my love isn't dependent on food," said Bettina loftily.

"What did you have for lunch yesterday?" Aunt Betsey probed. "You told me you went to Mallard's."

"We had grape fruit and crab and quail, and a salad and an ice. Everything was delicious. Mary Luttrell invited me, with a friend of hers from out of town."

"And poor Albert had a sandwich," Aunt Betsey reminded her.

"Oh! Oh!" Suddenly the real situation seemed to dawn on the little wife. "He was really hungry, Aunt Betsey, poor dear fellow."

"And he had worked from 8:30 in the morning," Aunt Betsey went on, "and when he came home at night, tired and worn and nervous, he was not in a condition to appreciate lace trimmed ruffles, Bettina, half as much as an appetizing dinner."

Bettina sighed. "Well, it does away with the romance."

"Dear heart," Aunt Betsey told her, "there is a joy in service that is above the joy of mere admiration. Try making Albert comfortable and you will get more solid happiness out of it than by keeping him on the rack with your coquetry."

But Bettina shrugged her shoulders. "The way to hold a man," she declared, "is to play with him."

"The way to hold a man," said Aunt Betsey, with a nod of her gray head, "is to love him, and that means to make yourself his equal in endeavor. Then you have his respect. You must be the homemaker, just as Albert is the money maker."

"But you have never married," said little Bettina. "How can you know, Aunt Betsey?"

"The people who look on from the outside are the wise ones," said Aunt

Betsey. "and I have seen so many matrimonial shipwrecks." That night Albert's footsteps lagged a little on the stairway as he climbed to his little flat. He knew just what he would find at the top—Bettina, charming in the rosy gown; the pink candle shades, the pink roses and croquettes made of the last of the beef. Bettina always ran to big roasts, and there yet remained to be eaten a fifth day's soup made of the bone.

The sound of his key in the latch summoned no rosy vision, however. He passed through the dining room. The pink candles were not lighted. In front of his place was a copper chafing dish, one of Bettina's hitherto unused wedding presents, and the blue flame burning beneath set the contents bubbling, and the air was laden with deliciousness.

"Bettina," he called, and at the sound she came to the kitchen door. She wore a long apron of china blue; her hair was ruffled about her face; her cheeks were flaming.

"I haven't time to kiss you," she cried gayly. "I must watch the chops." Albert went into his room somewhat disconcerted. It was the first time that Bettina had failed to kiss him. It was the first time that his rooms had not been in a rosy glow—and he missed it.

But his discomfort vanished with the serving of the dinner. There were oysters in the chafing dish, panned to perfection. There were broiled chops, a crisp salad and a pudding made by Bettina's own fair hands. And Albert ate and praised and wondered.

"I didn't know you could do it, Bettina," he said. "You always seemed such a butterfly girl."

Bettina laughed. "Aunt Betsey showed me how," she said. "and—and I really like doing it."

But her eyes were a little wistful, and presently she said, "Don't you miss anything?"

"Yes," Albert said promptly. "I do. I miss the rosy gown and the rosy candles—and you haven't kissed me yet, Bettina."

He went around and stood at the back of her chair.

"I was a bear last night, little girl," he apologized, "but a man's a queer creature, and I was tired"— He folded his hands about the oval of her face.

"Kiss me," he said softly. And when that rite was performed he asked, "Can we have the candles and the flowers tomorrow?"

But Bettina shook her head. "They cost too much," she said, "and you need the hearty food more. But on Sundays we will make a feast of romance to offset the six days of common sense."

Albert sighed. "If I were only rich," he said.

"You are rich," his wife told him, with her eyes sparkling.

"How?" he questioned. "Because you have me," said pretty Bettina saucily.

Sure to Get On. "Mr. Spudlong," began the youth, hanging his hat on the back of the chair, "I will occupy only a few moments of your time. I have come to ask you for your daughter. I—"

"Young man," said the elderly banker, "do you—"

"Yes, sir. I realize fully that she has been tenderly nurtured and that she is very dear to you; also that her home is one in which she has been surrounded by every luxury. But she is willing to leave it."

"Can you—"

"No, sir; I can't quite maintain her in the style to which she has been accustomed, but I have a good salary, and I am ready to chance it. So is she."

"Will you—"

"Yes, sir; I will keep my life insured for a sum sufficient to provide for her if I should be taken away."

"Would you—"

"No, sir; I would not expect to live with the family. I am able to buy and furnish a modest home for her."

"Young man," said Mr. Spudlong, looking at his watch, "I rather like your style. You can have her. Good—"

"Morning, sir."—London Express.

The Scotch Pride. "The pride of the Scotchman in his native land is well known, of course," says a former attaché to our embassy in London, "and many stories have

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been told of his ingenious appropriation of the wit and wisdom of other nationalities. Perhaps no more amusing instance of this gift of transference has ever been recounted than one that occurred at a dinner given in the British capital by members of the Highland society. "Shakespeare, Milton and many other geniuses of past and present times were found to have the saving strain of Scottish ancestry, the proof offered in each case being entirely satisfactory to the company. "Finally there arose a man who struck a still more daring note. "There's the Emperor Macrius," said he, "and the great philosopher Macrobius when you come to clear evidence," he added calmly. "But why has nobody mentioned Alexander the Great, who, I take it, was one of the MacEdons—was he not?" — St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Nothing There. The girl had got the young man's purse and was about to look into it. "Don't open it," he said warningly. "Why not?" she asked. "Is there anything in here I should not see?" "There might be." "That's just why I want to open it." "Yes, but you mustn't." "I will." And she began to open it slowly. "You ought to be afraid to do that," he said reprovingly. She tossed her head. "I am afraid of nothing!" she exclaimed defiantly. "I know it," he sighed, "and when you see it inside that purse you'll be scared to death."—London Tit-Bits.

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