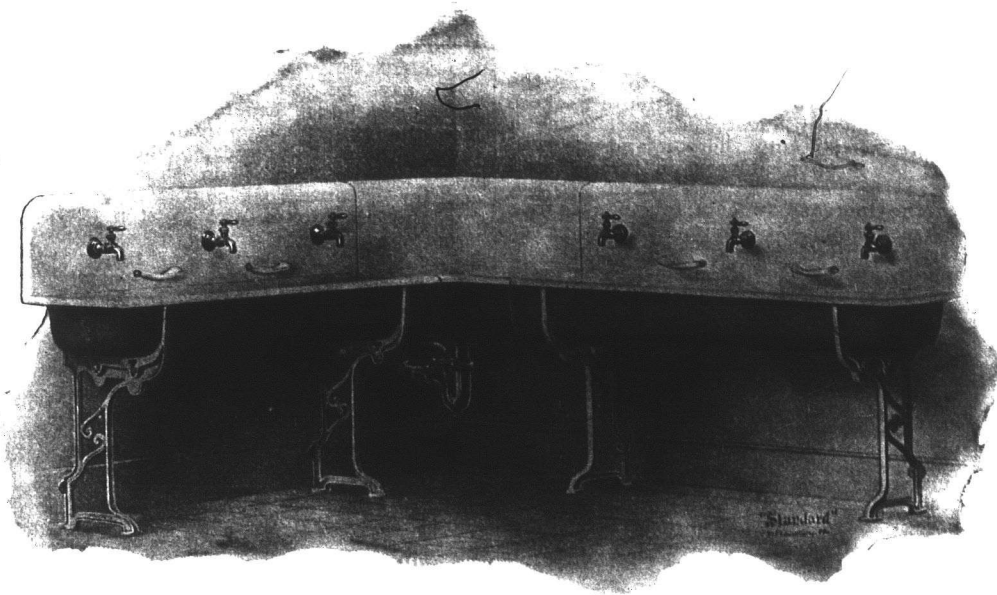


STANDARD FIXTURES FOR PUBLIC USE.



"STANDARD" Porcelain Enameled Wash Sink on Adjustable Iron Frames, with Roll Rim Back, Nickel-plated Waste Plug and Coupling, Soap Cups, Nickel-plated Fuller Adjustable Flange, Bibbs and Vented P Trap. All nickled brass fittings used in "STANDARD" equipment are stamped "STANDARD."

The adaptability of "STANDARD" Fixtures for hard service makes them particularly desirable in buildings to which the public have access. In Schools, Hospitals, Factories and all Public Institutions "STANDARD" goods are unrivalled for durability, sanitation and ability to withstand hard usage. "STANDARD" fixtures are simple of construction, absolutely sanitary, and require only a minimum amount of care to keep clean.

Write for our catalogue, "Modern Sanitary Appliances." It should be on the desk of every Architect, Sanitary Plumber and Master Plumber.

STANDARD SANITARY MANUFACTURING CO.

PITTSBURG, U.S.A.

pect for her hurt pride, a traditional sympathy with her view of the sacred indissolubility of marriage, the common sense of the leader, and the protective yearning of the lover, all fought for mastery in him. Scolding and apologizing, he took his leave.

When he was gone, Margaret relaxed for a few luxurious moments to compare him—this king of men, big and powerful, and kind, and well-to-do—with the brute whose name she bore with so much honor. And she admitted to herself that, had things been other than they were—if Jem were really dead and she knew it—then she shook herself free of the fancy she sternly called sinful. But she gratefully acted upon Barney's suggestion that a police alarm should be attached to the edge of her desk. And she noticed with a soft thankfulness that the dingy neighborhood was well patrolled at night.

II.

There were few patrons in the little room on the winter night when Jem returned. The big round stove in the centre sent forth waves of heat to the white corners of the room. The appetizing odors of warmed-over stew and fresh coffee were in the air. Margaret sat at the desk, beaming broadly and benignly upon the scene. The door opened, and with a stamping and shaking to rid himself of the snow upon his garments, her husband entered and advanced to the desk. He looked at Margaret and laughed.

No other ruffian, even of Jem's imposing inches, could terrify her; but with whatever sacramental grace the marriage that gave her to him had been endowed, certainly it held a sacramental fear for her. Or perhaps deeper and more mysterious power which in her youth, her prettiness, her dauntless vigor, had subdued her to the cruel domination of a man, still held her. She looked at him and blanched and shivered. The pride and strength gone suddenly out of her.

"You seem glad to see me, Maggie!" he laughed.

The men at the tables turned and watched. Margaret McDonough's Restaurant was so much their own institution, Margaret herself so much theirs, that they would have thrown her husband into the nearest snow-drift at the least hint from her. But she would not give the sign for which they longed. Instead, she answered faintly:

"You've given me small cause for gladness, far or near, Jem."

"Well," bellowed Jem, "I'm near now, do ye see, my lady? And ye can give me some supper, right now. I hear your cookin' is much praised, Mrs. McDonough."

She pushed her chair back and went meekly toward the kitchen. Her lame assistant, Sam, who tried to block her way, she brushed aside. She herself waited on her husband, setting before him meat and bread and coffee. Her eyes stared afar like the eyes of the blind as she served him. And so he came to his own again.

Margaret McDonough's Restaurant changed rapidly after the return of Jem. He was lord of the till. He and his companions, men and women, came in at any hour and filled the room with mocking noise. They frightened away more peaceable patrons. He smoked about the place, he insulted the other guests. He occupied Margaret's home in an adjoining tenement when he pleased, and was absent when he pleased. In a state of dazed misery, she watched the collapse of what she had reared so bravely.

Barney Nolan looked on with apologetic rage; he had a crude respect for Margaret's notions and admiration for her very follies; but once or twice his impatience and disgust overleaped the restraints his respects imposed, and he besought her to divorce the brute.

"It's not for me own sake I ask it," he assured her truthfully. "I'm

never say the word 'marry' to ye once. Only get rid of him. Your life's not safe. An' this I tell ye. If anything happens to you through him, I'll kill him, an' it'll be murder on your soul!"

But Margaret shook her stubborn head.

"Oh, soon he'll tire, an' he'll be off again. Last time it was for six years; next time it may be for ever."

But one day she came herself hurrying to Barney—a thing she had never done before since the day she had borrowed the ten dollars. The room behind the saloon was deserted in the forenoon hour. The astonished waiter hurried with news of her visit to Barney in the bar-room. He rushed out to her. Her eyes were ablaze with more than their old light; her pale cheeks were flushed with the red badge of determination.

"Barney Nolan," she cried, "I'll do it. I'll do it! It may be a sin, but I'll take Purgatory for it an' call it a little thing. Do you know what he's done now?"

Barney knew several things in Jem's conduct which might have aroused an ordinary wife to such a pitch as this. But he could not conceive of any new outrage which would arouse the obstinately meek and forbearing Margaret. He shook his head.

"What is it, Margaret?"

"The—the sign," blubbered Margaret, lying her bonneted head upon the table and crying, unashamed. "The sign! He's had my name painted out, an' his painted on—oh, Barney, Barney, Barney!"

Mr. Nolan was not one to split hair on the subject of human motives. He did not waste time in consideration of the curious psychological fact that the woman could be abused, betrayed, and abandoned without active resentment, but cried out for vengeance over a change of letters on a signboard. Theorizing he left to others. He hastened to put in mo-

tion the machinery of the divorce courts.

Served with a summons in the case, Mr. James McDonough made loud threats as to what his course would be, what punishments he would inflict upon the person and the reputation of his wife. But perhaps the cloud of witnesses against him, or the dread dignity of the court, or the look about Barney Nolan's jaw restrained him. He made no defence, and the decree was granted with a promptness very distasteful to his feelings.

Mr. Nolan was of the opinion that a prolonged sea voyage would benefit his adversary, accustomed as Mr. McDonough was to a maritime life. He felt a fear for Margaret's safety while her husband was about with his wounds fresh to infuriate him.

"By an' by it won't matter," soliloquized the district captain. "Whin we're married, I'd like to see the man that would dare touch me wife, but—it'll be many a month before I'll so much as dare say marry to Maggie. And so meantime—"

To shanghai is an ugly word and a criminal offence as well. To suggest that a prominent citizen and an influential politician like Mr. Nolan had dealings with the providers of involuntary ship's crews would be libelous. But it is true that two nights after Mr. Nolan's soliloquy, Jem McDonough shipped for Australia.

III.

"Barney," said Mrs. Nolan, leaning proudly on Barney's arm a few months after their marriage, "do ye know I do be likin' it that Sam and Nellie keeps the old sign on the place?"

"Ah," growled Barney in bass affection, "I don't doubt it's money in their pockets!"

It's not much use pronouncing a benediction on your brother when you have blood in your eye.