

A Husband by Proxy

By JACK STEELE
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CHAPTER I—Continued
"If you please," answered Garrison, "I shall take the liberty of steaming this open and removing the contents, after which I will place an antedated letter or notification of our marriage—written by yourself—in the envelope, redirect it, and send it along. It will find its way to the hands of your lawyer with its tardiness very naturally explained."

"You mean the notification will appear as if misdirected originally," said Dorothy. "An excellent idea."
"Perhaps you will compose the note at once," said Garrison, pushing pen, and ink across the desk. "You may leave the rest, with the address, to me."

His visitor hesitated for a moment, as if her decision wavered in this vital moment of plunging into unknown fate, but she took up the pen and wrote the note and address with commendable brevity.
Garrison was walking up and down the office.

"The next step—" he started to say, but his visitor interrupted.
"Isn't this the only step necessary to take until something arises making others expedient?"
"There is one slight thing remaining," he answered, taking up her card. "You are in a private residence?"
"Yes. The caretaker, a woman, is always there."

"Have you acquainted her with the fact of your marriage?"
"Certainly. She is an English servant. She asks no questions. But I told her my husband is away from town and will be absent almost constantly for the next two or three months."
Garrison slightly elevated his brows, in acknowledgment of the thoroughness of her arrangements.

"I have never attempted much acting—a little at private theatricals," he told her; "but of course we shall both be obliged to play this little domestic comedy with some degree of art."
She seemed prepared for that also, despite the sudden crimson of her cheeks.

"Certainly,"
"One more detail," he added. "You have probably found it necessary to withhold certain facts from my knowledge. I trust I shall not be led into awkward blunders. I shall do my best, and for the rest—I beg of you to conduct the affair according to your own requirements and judgment."
The slightly veiled smile in his eyes did not escape her observation. Nevertheless, she accepted his proposal quite as a matter of course.

"Thank you. I am glad you relieved me of the necessity of making some such suggestion. I think that is all for the present." She stood up and, fingering her glove, glanced down at the table for a moment. "May I pay, say, two hundred dollars now, as a retainer?"
"I shall be gratified if you will," he answered.

In silence she counted out the money, which she took from a purse in a bag. The bills lay there in a heap.
"When you wish any more, will you please let me know?" she said. "And when I require your services I will write. Perhaps I'd better take both this office and your house address."
He wrote them both on a card and placed it in her hand.

"Thank you," she murmured. She closed her purse, hesitated a moment, then raised her eyes to his. Quite oddly she added: "Good-afternoon."
"Good-day," answered Garrison.
He opened the door, bowed to her slightly as she passed—then faced about and stared at the money that lay upon his desk.

CHAPTER II. A Second Employment

For a moment, when he found himself alone, Garrison stood absolutely motionless beside the door. Slowly he came to the desk again, and slowly he assembled the bills. He rolled them in a neat, tight wad, and held them in his hand. Word for word and look for look he reviewed the recent dialogue, shaking his head at the end.

He had never been so puzzled in his life. The situation, his visitor—all of it baffled him utterly. Had not the money remained in his hand he might have believed he was dreaming.
"She was frightened, and yet she had a most remarkable amount of nerve," he reflected. "She might be an heiress, an actress, or a princess. She may be actually married—and then again she may not; probably not, since two husbands on the scene would be embarrassing."

"She may be playing at any sort of a game, financial, political, or domestic—therefore dangerous, safe, or commonplace, full of intrigue, or a mystery, or the silliest caprice."
"She—oh, Lord—I don't know! She is beautiful—that much is certain. She seems to be honest. Those deep, brown eyes go with innocence—and also with scheming; in which respect they precisely resemble blue eyes, and gray, and all the other feminine colors. And yet she seemed, well, helpless, worried—almost desperate. She must be desperate and helpless."
Again, in fancy, he was looking in her face, and something was stirring in his blood. That was all he really knew. She had stirred him—and he was glad of the meeting—glad he had entered her employment.

He placed the roll of money in his pocket, then looked across his desk at the clean, white letter which the postman had recently delivered.
He took it up, paused again to wonder at the meaning of what had occurred, then tore the envelope and drew forth the contents.
He had barely spread the letter open when a knock on the door startled every thought in his brain.
His first conclusion was that Mrs. Fairfax had returned to repudiate her bargain and ask the surrender of her money. With a smile for any fate, he crossed the room and opened the door. In the hallway stood a man—a little, sharp-faced, small-eyed, thin-nosed person, with a very white complexion, and

a large, smooth-shaved mouth, open as if in a smile that never ceased.
"Garrison?" he said sharply. "Wicks—Mr. Wicks?"
"Wicks?" said Garrison. "Come in."
Mr. Wicks stepped in with a snappish alacrity. "Read your letter," he said—"read your letter."

Obediently Garrison perused the missive in hand, typed on the steel-plate stationery of the New York Immutabile Life Insurance Company.
"Dear Sir:
"At the recommendation of our consultant, Mr. Sperry Lochlan, who is still abroad, we desire to secure your services in a professional capacity. Our Mr. Wicks will call upon you this afternoon to explain the nature of the employment and conclude the essential arrangements."
"Respectfully yours,
"John Steffas,
"Dept. of Special Service."

A wave of gratitude toward Lochlan, the lawyer who first employed him, and advised this New York office, surged through Garrison's being. It seemed almost absurd that two clients should thus have appeared within an hour. He looked up at the little man with a new, keen interest.
"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Wicks," he said. "Will you please sit down? I am at your service."

Mr. Wicks snatched a chair and sat down. It was quite a violent maneuver, especially as that sinister grin never for a moment left his features. He took off his hat and made a vicious dive at a wisp of long, red hair that adorned the otherwise barren top of his head. The wisp lay down toward his left ear when thus adjusted. He looked up at Garrison almost fiercely.

"Obscure, ain't you?" he demanded.
"Obscure?" inquired Garrison.
"Perhaps I am—just at present—here in New York."
"Mr. Wicks," stated Mr. Wicks aggressively. "Garrison was not enamored of his manner."
"All right," he said—"all right."

Mr. Wicks suddenly leaned forward and fetched his index finger almost up against the young man's nose.
"Good at murder?" he demanded.
Garrison began to suspect that the building might harbor lunatics, several of whom had escaped.
"Am I good at murder?" he repeated.
"Perferring murder! Perferring murder! Perferring murder!" cried the visitor irritably.

"Oh," said Garrison, "if you wish to employ me on a murder case, I'll do the best I can."
"You worked out the Bidle robbery?" queried Mr. Wicks.
Garrison replied that he had. The Bidle robbery was the Lochlan case—his first adventure in criminology.
"Facts the case!" commanded Mr. Wicks in his truculent manner. "Two hundred and fifty a month as long as you work. One thousand dollars bonus if you find the murderer. Accept the terms?"
"Yes, I'll take the case," he said.
"What sort of case?"
Mr. Wicks made a sudden snatch at his wisp or hair, adjusted it quite to the other side of his head, then abruptly drew a paper from his pocket and thrust it into Garrison's hand.

"Statement of the case," he interrupted. "Read it."
Garrison accepted the document, spread it open, and read as follows:
Statement: Case of John Hardy.
Name—John Hardy.
Age—57.
Occupation—Real estate dealer (retired).
Residence—Unfixed, changed frequently. Last, Hickwood, two days boarding.
Family—No immediate family (no one nearer than nephews and nieces).
Rating in Bradbury's—No rating.
Insured in any other companies—No.
Insured with us for what amount—Twenty thousand dollars.
Name of beneficiary—Charles Scott.
Residence—Hickwood, New York (village).
Occupation—Inventor.
Date of subject's death—May 27th.
Place of death—Village of Hickwood (near Hickwood).
Verdict of coroner—Death from natural causes (heart failure or apoplexy).
Body claimed by—Paul Durgin (nephew).
Body interred where—Shipped to Vermont for burial.
Suspicious circumstances—Beneficiary

paid once before on claim for similar amount, death of risk having been equally sudden and unexplained.
Remarks—The body was found on the porch of an empty house (said by superstitious neighbors to be haunted).
There is no grass growing before the empty house, owing to heavy shade of trees. No signs of struggle near house. Details supplied by old woman, Mrs. Webber, whose son found deceased. Our company not represented, either at inquest or afterward, as no notification of subject's death was filed until the 31st inst.

At the bottom, written in pencil, appeared the words:
"Quiet case, Steffas."
That was all. Garrison turned the paper. There was nothing on the reverse. Placing it face upward on the table, he thrust his hands into his pockets and looked at Mr. Wicks.
"I'm expected to fasten this crime on Scott?" he inquired. "Is that what your company requires?"
"Fasten the crime on the guilty man!" replied the aggressive Mr. Wicks. "If Scott didn't do it, we'll pay the claim. If he did, we'll send him to the chair. It may not be murder at all."
"Of course," said Garrison. "Who wrote this report?"
"What's that to you?" said Wicks.
"I wondered why the writer drops out of the case," answered Garrison.
"That's all," said Wicks. "Scott knows me from the former case. If you want the case, you'll start this evening for Hickwood and begin your work. Use your own devices. Report every thing promptly—everything. Go at once to the office and present your card for expenses and typed instructions. Good-day!"

He clapped on his hat. He strode to the door, opened it, disappeared, and closed it again as if he were working at the knob, his hand mechanically closed on the statement entrusted to his keeping.
"Well," he said, "I'll be scalloped! Good old New York!"
He was presently out on the street, a brisk, active figure, boarding a Broadway car for the downtown office of the company.

As half-past five struck he was back once more in his office with a second hundred dollars in his pocket, fifty of which was for expenses.
He was turning away from his desk at about eight o'clock, when a messenger boy abruptly appeared with a telegram.
When Garrison had signed, he opened the envelope and read the following:
"Wire me you have arrived unexpectedly and will be here at eight, then come."
Dorothy Fairfax.

He almost ran from the building, bought a five-dollar bunch of the choicest roses, and after wiring in accordance with instructions, sent them to the house.
CHAPTER III.
Two Encounters
Garrison roomed in Forty-fourth Street, where he occupied a small, second-story apartment. His meals he procured at various restaurants where fancy chance to lead.
Tonight a certain eagerness for adventure possessed his being.
More than anything else in the world he wished to see Dorothy again; he hardly dared confess why, but told himself that she was charming—and his nature demanded excitement.
He dined well and leisurely, bought a box of chocolates to present to his next-door neighbor, and at length took an uptown train for his destination.
All the way on the cars he was thinking of the task he had undertaken to perform. Not without certain phases of amusement, he rehearsed his part, and made up his mind to leave nothing of the role neglected.

Arrived in the West Side street, close to the house which should have been found, he discovered that the numbering on the doors had been wretchedly mismanaged. One or the other of two brownstone fronts must be her residence; he could not determine which. The nearest was lighted from top to bottom. In the other a single pair of windows only, on the second floor, showed the slightest sign of life.

Resolved to be equal to anything the adventure might require, he mounted the steps of the lighted dwelling and rang the bell. He was almost immediately admitted by a serving-man, who appeared a trifle surprised to behold him, but who bowed him in as if he were expected, with much formality and deference.
"What shall I call you?" he said, inquired Mr. Jerald.
"Just Mr. Jerald."

A second door was opened; a gush of perfumed air, a chorus of gay young voices, and a peal of laughter greeted Garrison's ears as the servant called out his name.
Instantly a troop of brilliantly dressed young women came running from the nearest room, all in fancy costume and all of them masked. Evidently a fancy-dress party was about to begin in the house. Garrison realized his blunder. Before he could move, a stunning, superbly gowned girl, with bare neck and shoulders that were the absolute perfection of beauty, came boldly up to where the visitor stood. The others had ceased their laughter.

"Jerald!—how good of you to come!" said the girl, and, boldly patting his face with her hand, she quickly darted from him, while the others laughed with glee.
Garrison was sure he had never seen her before. Indeed, he had scarcely had time to note anything about her, save that on her neck she wore two necklaces—one of diamonds, the other of pearls, and both of wonderful gems.
Then out from the room from which she had come stepped a man attired as a Satyr—in red from top to toe. He, too, was in a mask. He joined in the laughter with the others.

Garrison "found himself" with admirable presence of mind.
"My one regret is that I may not remain," he said, with a bow to the ladies. "I might also regret having entered the wrong house, but your reception renders such an emotion impossible."
He bowed himself out with commendable grace, and the bold masquerader threw kisses as he went. Amused, quite as much as annoyed, at his blunder, he made himself ready as best he might for another adventure, climbed the steps of the dwelling next at hand, and once more rang the bell.

Almost immediately the dark hall was lighted by the switching on of lights. Then the door was opened, and Garrison beheld a squire-eyed, thin-lipped old man, who scowled upon him and remained there, barring his way.
"Good evening—is my wife at home?" Mrs. Fairfax said Garrison, stepping in. "I wired her—"
"Jerald!" cried a voice, as the girl in the party-hat had done. But this time Dorothy, half-way down the stairs, running toward him eagerly, and dressed in most exquisite taste.

Briskly stepping forward, ready with the role he had rehearsed, he caught her in his arms as she came to the bottom of the stairs, and she kissed him like a sweet young wife, obeying the impulse of her nature.
(To be continued)

ROYAL PET NAMES
Sobriquets of Some Exalted Personages
ROYALTIES, like other folk, are frequently the possessors of pet names, but as no one outside the members of the Royal Family, with one or two exceptions, ever ventures to call a royalty by his or her pet name, the owner of it never becomes generally known by it.
The Queen of Norway's pet name when she was quite a young girl was "Harry," and she is still called so sometimes by her sisters.
This pet name dates from the days when the Queen of Norway was a little girl of seven; the Princess was very fond of running races with her sisters, and because she always succeeded in beating them. One day a visitor at Sandringham said to the little Princess: "You ought to have been a boy, you run so fast."
"Oh, I wish I had been," replied her Royal Highness, "and I would have been called Harry. Harry, you know, means swift and sure."

Where the Princess obtained her information concerning the meaning of the name in question is not known, but she was subsequently called Harry by all her immediate relatives for many years afterwards.
The Duchess of Argyll was styled Constance, contracted to Conny, for some years. Her Royal Highness was at an exhibition of pictures several years ago at the Grosvenor Gallery; one of the pictures, a fancy portrait by an unknown artist, might almost have stood for a picture of the Princess.
The portrait was called "Constance," and as Constance, and then "Conny," the Princess afterwards became known to her immediate relatives. But her Royal Highness did not like the name very much and it was gradually dropped. Both the King and Queen, it is well known, dislike the shortening of Edward into "Eddy," and though Prince

Edward is very frequently spoken of in the press as Prince Eddy, he is never so called by the members of the Royal Family. As a matter of fact, Prince Edward has no pet name; he is, and has always been, called Edward by their Majesties as well as by his brothers and sister. The Princess Mary has, however, several pet names; one is, or rather was, "Bessy." The origin of this name is doubtful, but it is probably due to the fact that Queen Elizabeth was one of the favorite historical characters of the Princess.

Marian was another name bestowed on her Royal Highness by her brothers. This name was borrowed from the story of Robin Hood, a tale that had the greatest fascination for the young Princess and their sister. They would often play the story when they were all together at York Cottage, the Princess taking the part of Maid Marian.
The Princess has never, by the way, been called Mary. Her real name, of course, is Victoria, but for several years past she has been known as the Princess Princess Victoria of Wales, and is usually called Mary in the Royal circle.
Her Majesty is "Alex" to her immediate relatives. One of the Queen's most prized possessions is a photograph of the King given to her by his Majesty just before the Royal engagement was announced, on which the King wrote: "To Alex, from Edward." This photograph, framed in plain silver, is one of the personal belongings which her Majesty always carries with her wherever she may go.

Prince Arthur of Connaught has been called "Marcus" for some years by his intimate friends. A rather amusing story is told that when the young Prince went to Japan to bear the insignia of the Order of the Garter to the Mikado, one of the officials at the Court of the latter overheard the Prince styled "Marcus" by one of his equerries; the Prince, later on, to his great amusement saw his name inscribed in the Court diary in which visitors' names are recorded, as "His Royal Highness Prince Arthur Marcus of Connaught."
One noteworthy feature about royalties is that none have been called "baby." From their earliest years the Royal children are always called by their names or possibly by some pet name, but an English Prince or Princess is never called "baby" either by relatives or by his (or her) nurses. From the age of five a Prince is styled "sir" by his attendants, and a Princess "madam."

The Prince of Wales in his younger days was called "Albert" by many members of the Royal Family; indeed, the late Queen was desirous that his Royal Highness should become known as Prince Albert, which, of course, would have been the name of the Duke of Clarence, when the Prince became direct heir to the throne, this became for obvious reasons impossible.
A wedding which was the outcome of a novel contest has lately been celebrated at Frankfurt. Three men, all of masculine proportions, and aspirants to the hand of the same lady, were informed by the latter that she would bestow her self upon him who should most reduce his weight in three months. The following morning the rivals went to scale, a proceeding which was witnessed by the conclusion of the stipulated time, when the successful competitor was discovered in an hotel proprietor, who, by wasting from over eighteen to under fourteen stone, secured the bride.
The Cafe Kaiserhof, Berlin, was the scene of an amusing and at the same time scientific contest between two artists, who, loving the same lady, agreed to appeal to chess to determine which of them would retire from the field. The game lasted over an hour, when one of the contestants, being mated, rose from his seat and, having taken a courteous adieu of his rival, repaired forthwith to Paris, where he remained until the victor had led the fair bride to the altar.

Mr. Snath's entertaining novel, "Willow, the King," may have suggested to an athletic-loving maiden, dwelling not a hundred miles from Brighton, a single-wicket match at cricket as a test of the merits of her two suitors. The game, which was played in a meadow belonging to the lady's father, resulted in an overwhelming victory for one of the rivals, who, a couple of months later, duly received his promised reward.
Some while since a buxom widow, who kept an inn in one of the large manufacturing towns of the Midlands, thought to bring custom to her house by holding an eating competition for bachelors, the first prize was her own substantial self. Some dozen entered their names for the event, which was won by a cadaverous-looking tailor, who, by gorging himself with some half-dozen pounds of steak, established an inconceivable claim to the hostess' hand.
In the early eighties, during a fair held in the neighborhood of Vienna, the proprietress of a travelling show, who had had the misfortune to lose her husband, offered herself and her business to the man who could nearest emulate the feats of the deceased, who had been a "strong man" by profession. Seven competitors, and the palm was borne off by a man of color, to whom, according to her promise, the widow gave her hand and worldly goods.
That strength was also regarded with a favorable eye by the fair sex in years gone by. A Lancashire lass at the commencement of last century to bestow herself upon the one of her two admirers who started her from Stockport loaded with 50 in coppers, should first reach Manchester. One of the rivals soon relinquished the task, but the other, tackling it manfully, reached his destination in two hours.

The weight of the copper carried—penalties being then considerably heavier than at present—was over 100 pounds. At the suggestion of her brother, who had recently taken Orders, a young lady, whose hand was sought by two eligible bachelors, promised to accept him who should compose the better sermon. The adjudicator was the aforesaid brother, and so equal were the rivals in literary merit that it required several sermons from the pen of each—that cunning fellow, the curate, afterwards delivered them all from the pulpit, thereby gaining much kudos—ere he could announce his decision, which, however, was rendered void by the lady herself, who against all canons of fair play, married the loser.

A year or so since a Munich lady, who was passionately fond of dancing, utilized her favorite pastime in the choice of a husband. To the four who aspired to her hand she proposed a waiting competition, the judges thereof to be herself and certain of her friends, who should in turn partner and appraise the terpsichorean merits of the rivals. Her suggestion was acted upon, and, after an exciting contest, the lady was won by a young doctor, whose grace of skill attained, in the opinion of all, the highest standard.

White, immaculate, storm-beaten benches,
Lonely sea beyond seas, beyond ken,
From the ice of your fathermost reaches,
Reechoes your challenge to men!
They have sought you with worship and wonder;
In despair they have sent forth their breath—
And for answer—the crash of your thunder,
The shiver and silence of death!
You have wooed them, aroused them, and quelled them,
You have prisoned them fast in your frowns,
You have drawn them, betrayed and repelled them,
And their bones lay a-bleach on your snows.

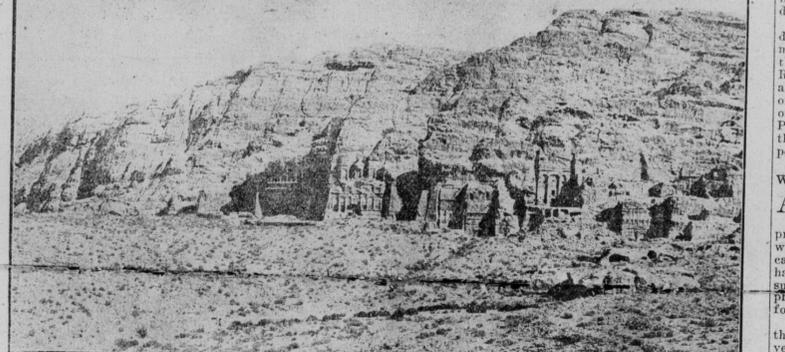
Is your diadem, gemmed with star-flowers,
From those far-flaming fields of the sky,
But the sign of a Tyrant whose powers Overthrow and destroy and defy?
Oh! imperious, pitiless regions—
Snow-panoplied hills that entice—
Are those silent impassable legions
But guarding a bosom of ice?
Or is it the radiant duty
Of your rapturous heart of delight
That crimson with currents of beauty
The dark span of your desolate night!

Through the long, voiceless twilights
That darken
Your virginal slumbering plain,
Do you dream of the sunlight, and
Do you yearn for the voice of the southwind again?
Oh! mysteries never beheld
By the ages, who question and wait
For the ultimate answer withheld
In the mist-woven mantle of Fate.
By your star-vestured beauty still haunted,
In the wake of your moons, we set
forth—
By your perilous silence undaunted,
We follow the call of the North!
—Margaret Ridgely Partridge, in Harper's Magazine.

AN ODE TO A DANCER
O Keats, thy Grecian urn has been upturned
And from its ashes is a woman made;
To dance them back again as when they burned
In young antiquity, and pipes were played!
Who was that early woman, that had danced
Their fires away, thou wert too late to know,
Thyself too early for this later birth.
And yet thy lips of poesy could blow
Both lives, until their ankles met and glauced
Between the dead world and the unborn earth.

Here is thy living witness from the dead,
With the garment and the measure
Of a Greek maid, with the daisies on her head
And the darning of a new world in her hands
Dancing, she walks in perfect sacrifice!
Dancing, she lifts her beauty in her hands
And bears it to the altar as a sign
Of joy in all the waters and the lands!
And while she praises with her pure device,
The breath she dances with, O Keats, is thine!

Life rises rippling through her like a spring,
Or like a stream it flows with sudden whirl;
Leaves in a wind taught her that fluttering
Of finger-tips. She moves, a rosy girl
Caught in a rain of love; a prophetic
Of dust struck on the instant dumb with pain.
Of the inviolable vision, wild
That edge and entrance of the wilderness,
Where she might stay untroubled as a child.
Impassioned battle with the foe of life
Seizes and bends her body for the while;
Until she finds him stronger for the strife,
And in defeat defies him with her smile:
Upward she bares her throat to the keen thrust
Of triumph—"O ye gods of time
who give
And take ye makers of beauty,
though I die
In this my body,—beauty shall live
Because of me and my immortal dust!
I urn! Take back my ashes! It is I!"
—Witter Bynner, in the Forum.



PETRA: AN ANCIENT CITY CARVED OUT OF A MOUNTAIN OF SANDSTONE
This is a general view of Petra, a city of antiquity carved out of the living rock. The entrance to the Rock City is a narrow rift or defile, bisecting a mountain of many miles long. Carved with matchless skill, after the conception of some master mind; gathering the beauties of the stream, the peerless hues of the sandstone, the towering cliffs, the impassable ravine, the brilliant atmosphere, and the fragment of blue sky above, the city stands unique.

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The portrait was called "Constance," and as Constance, and then "Conny," the Princess afterwards became known to her immediate relatives. But her Royal Highness did not like the name very much and it was gradually dropped. Both the King and Queen, it is well known, dislike the shortening of Edward into "Eddy," and though Prince

Edward is very frequently spoken of in the press as Prince Eddy, he is never so called by the members of the Royal Family. As a matter of fact, Prince Edward has no pet name; he is, and has always been, called Edward by their Majesties as well as by his brothers and sister. The Princess Mary has, however, several pet names; one is, or rather was, "Bessy." The origin of this name is doubtful, but it is probably due to the fact that Queen Elizabeth was one of the favorite historical characters of the Princess.

Marian was another name bestowed on her Royal Highness by her brothers. This name was borrowed from the story of Robin Hood, a tale that had the greatest fascination for the young Princess and their sister. They would often play the story when they were all together at York Cottage, the Princess taking the part of Maid Marian.
The Princess has never, by the way, been called Mary. Her real name, of course, is Victoria, but for several years past she has been known as the Princess Princess Victoria of Wales, and is usually called Mary in the Royal circle.
Her Majesty is "Alex" to her immediate relatives. One of the Queen's most prized possessions is a photograph of the King given to her by his Majesty just before the Royal engagement was announced, on which the King wrote: "To Alex, from Edward." This photograph, framed in plain silver, is one of the personal belongings which her Majesty always carries with her wherever she may go.

Prince Arthur of Connaught has been called "Marcus" for some years by his intimate friends. A rather amusing story is told that when the young Prince went to Japan to bear the insignia of the Order of the Garter to the Mikado, one of the officials at the Court of the latter overheard the Prince styled "Marcus" by one of his equerries; the Prince, later on, to his great amusement saw his name inscribed in the Court diary in which visitors' names are recorded, as "His Royal Highness Prince Arthur Marcus of Connaught."
One noteworthy feature about royalties is that none have been called "baby." From their earliest years the Royal children are always called by their names or possibly by some pet name, but an English Prince or Princess is never called "baby" either by relatives or by his (or her) nurses. From the age of five a Prince is styled "sir" by his attendants, and a Princess "madam."

The Prince of Wales in his younger days was called "Albert" by many members of the Royal Family; indeed, the late Queen was desirous that his Royal Highness should become known as Prince Albert, which, of course, would have been the name of the Duke of Clarence, when the Prince became direct heir to the throne, this became for obvious reasons impossible.
A wedding which was the outcome of a novel contest has lately been celebrated at Frankfurt. Three men, all of masculine proportions, and aspirants to the hand of the same lady, were informed by the latter that she would bestow her self upon him who should most reduce his weight in three months. The following morning the rivals went to scale, a proceeding which was witnessed by the conclusion of the stipulated time, when the successful competitor was discovered in an hotel proprietor, who, by wasting from over eighteen to under fourteen stone, secured the bride.
The Cafe Kaiserhof, Berlin, was the scene of an amusing and at the same time scientific contest between two artists, who, loving the same lady, agreed to appeal to chess to determine which of them would retire from the field. The game lasted over an hour, when one of the contestants, being mated, rose from his seat and, having taken a courteous adieu of his rival, repaired forthwith to Paris, where he remained until the victor had led the fair bride to the altar.

Mr. Snath's entertaining novel, "Willow, the King," may have suggested to an athletic-loving maiden, dwelling not a hundred miles from Brighton, a single-wicket match at cricket as a test of the merits of her two suitors. The game, which was played in a meadow belonging to the lady's father, resulted in an overwhelming victory for one of the rivals, who, a couple of months later, duly received his promised reward.
Some while since a buxom widow, who kept an inn in one of the large manufacturing towns of the Midlands, thought to bring custom to her house by holding an eating competition for bachelors, the first prize was her own substantial self. Some dozen entered their names for the event, which was won by a cadaverous-looking tailor, who, by gorging himself with some half-dozen pounds of steak, established an inconceivable claim to the hostess' hand.
In the early eighties, during a fair held in the neighborhood of Vienna, the proprietress of a travelling show, who had had the misfortune to lose her husband, offered herself and her business to the man who could nearest emulate the feats of the deceased, who had been a "strong man" by profession. Seven competitors, and the palm was borne off by a man of color, to whom, according to her promise, the widow gave her hand and worldly goods.
That strength was also regarded with a favorable eye by the fair sex in years gone by. A Lancashire lass at the commencement of last century to bestow herself upon the one of her two admirers who started her from Stockport loaded with 50 in coppers, should first reach Manchester. One of the rivals soon relinquished the task, but the other, tackling it manfully, reached his destination in two hours.

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