CROSS PURPOSES

The warm September days slipped away one after the other, and the only thing of which the young lover could complain was that they were shortened in a quite unjustifiable way, which was not mentioned in the almanac. The sun was slow to rise; but when once breakfast-time had arrived, he rushed across the heavens, went headlong down the west, and Frank found himself dressing for dinner, and with the certainty that only a few short hours parted him from bed-time. It is true that the nights had grown long, so long that they could not all be spent in sleep. His light burnt late, and even when it was extinguished it did not follow that he was at rest. Sometimes he was star-gazing. He had never taken such particular notice of the stars before, but they attracted him now because they reminded him of Mrs. Austin. He had made the discovery that certain things—besides old tea-pots—were in harmony with Mrs. Austin, and consequently possessed something of her charm; and he was beginning a classification of the contents of the universe, as tried by this test. He felt that the midnight sky was very sublime, and that he himself was absurdly unimportant. How could he become more worthy of notice? What sort of destinies used people to fancy they read in the stars? Frank, as he leaned against the window, and fixed his eyes upon the far-off points of light, reflected that in all probability he would be high-sheriff one of these days. He wondered whether Mrs. Austin would like a man to be sheriff. But that would only be for a year. Perhaps it would be better to try to get into Parliament. There was a neighboring borough which was something of a forlorn hope—he might try that. There must be an election before long; perhaps Mrs. Austin would come down, wear his colors, encourage his supporters, and rejoice in his victory. Only—confound it! the ballot had spoiled all the fun, and there was no chance of a real good contest, such as they used to have in old times, when the flags were flying, the money going, and the agents outwitting each other for days together. He would have liked the gathering excitement of a prolonged battle; he would not even have minded a little rioting; in fact, an unfriendly mob, howling down any attempt at speech, and to be confronted only with good-humored coolness, and the superior manners of a gentleman, seemed less terrible to Frank than cold-blooded voters, asking questions about his views on unexpected subjects. Nevertheless, for Mrs Austin's sake he would face even that ordeal. He remembered, moreover, that the father of one of the neighboring land-owners had been made a baronet—why might he not be made a baronet? It is true that for his own part he had no especial desire to be called "Sir Francis"; but Lady Leicester" seemed to him a name not unworthy to be uttered softly at night, in the presence of the stars.

Mrs. Austin knew nothing of these soaring dreams, which only awaited a word from her lips to become serious intentions. She had no particular ambition on Frank's behalf; in fact, the young squire and his surroundings seemed to her almost ideally perfect. The very heaviness of life at Culverdale pleased her; there was something solid, respectable, and sincere about it; a sense of prosperous restfulness and security deeply rooted in the earth—that she found charming—for a fortnight. She liked to walk with Frank under his spreading trees, and call up faint visions of wives and sisters of by-gone Leicesters, who had known the great trunks as tender saplings, and lived and died under their gradually widening shadows. She could even find names for a few of these phantoms, for she had been to the neat little church (Frank's father had restored it), and had seen their monuments, with urns, and cherubs and festoons of marble drapery—upon the walls. It was strange to look at Frank, with the sunshine glancing through a little lancet-window on his head; and to think that he too would have a tablet on those neat, cold walls one day, and that other guests would stay at the hall, and come on Sundays, and study it during service time. Frank, at her elbow read the responses, with a consciousness of his importance to the Established Church, which might have been absurd if it had not been so simple and honest. He sat through the sermon in an attitude expressive of deeper interest than Mrs. Austin found practicable. How was she to know that the whole of that discourse, as the young man heard it, was about herself?

For her own part, she had dreams; but, less happy than Frank, her dreams were of the past instead of the future. When Gilbert South had asked her if she remembered the old time at West Hill, she had answered, "Perfectly." It was quite true; the picture was there, but it had not been called up for years as his words called it up. Even when he did not speak, the knowledge that it was continually in his thoughts seemed to give it a kind of independent existence. Mrs. Austin found herself recalling it in idle moments, and dwelling on all manner of little incidents and details, which had been thrust into the background by later events. The old house and garden rose up before her as she knew them in her childish days; the gateway hung with ivy, the apple-tree under her bedroom window, warped, and leaning away from the strong west winds; the countless blossoms of narcissus and daffodil in early spring. She remembered the hoarse roar of the sea as she lay in bed on stormy nights, the shrieking of the hurrying gusts, the fierce lashing of the driven drops upon the pane, and then the stillness and the rain-washed sweetness of the morning when she woke. It all came back to her, even to the tufts of fern, and the small green leafcups growing on the garden wall; but it came back with that peculiar charm of tender remembrance which, combining many impressions of that which we have lost, creates one more beautiful than all. She saw it with a deeper color in the sea, a wilder splendor of sunsets, a pearly clearness in the morning sky, and a wonderful purity in the lucid depths of air. More than once since she came to Culverdale, it had chanced to her, falling asleep at night, while poor Frank was seeking his fortune in the stars, to dream that she saw Gilbert coming toward her along the grassy path. It was almost impossible to wake from such a dream, and not to look with curious interest at the real man when he came down to breakfast.

With all these preoccupations, it was hardly surprising that Mr. Austin did not give much thought to Tiny Vivian, beyond a vague and general good-will, which the girl did not return. Tiny had never changed her mind about Mrs. Austin. "I said I shouldn't like her, and I don't," she triumphantly repeated, one day as she stood talking to Frank.

"It's a fine thing to be consistent, isn't it?" said Frank, dryly.

"It's much better than changing one's mind forever. I can't see anything so very wonderful about her. Of course, she has been good-looking, but so have lots of people, according to what they say. And anybody might talk in that affected way, as if her words were much more precious than anybody else's. It makes me cross."

"So I see."

"I could talk like that, and walk like that too! Look here." And Tiny swept round the room in an imitation of Mrs. Austin, which would have been very tolerable to anybody but Frank.

"Oh, of course!" he said. "That's always the way. Let one woman get hold of another, and one knows what to expect."

"And pray what does one expect?"

"Well, neither justice nor mercy. I suppose you can't help it."

"Oh, indeed!" said Tiny. "Then I should like to know what Mrs. Austin says of me!"

"As far as I know she doesn't say anything," he answered, coolly.

Tiny was pained at Frank's manner, but she looked him in the face and smiled only the more resolutely, "No," she said, "of course she doesn't. That's just what I say. She's awfully stuck up and cold. I can quite understand her jilting Mr. South."

"How do you know she did jilt Mr. South?" he inquired, in an irritating tone.

"Why, Frank, didn't she go and marry that other man? Of course she jilted him, and she'd do it again just as likely as not, only I hope he won't give her the chance. He's worth fifty of her! Oh my goodness!" Tiny exclaimed, with a burst of defiant laughter, "what a regiment that would be!"

It was quite right that Tiny should speak up for Mr. South, since but for him she would have stood a chance of being somewhat neglected. Gilbert, however, would not suffer that. Apart from the fact that he found Tiny very fascinating, with her great eager eyes, her quick smiles, and the supreme charm of being still in her teens, he could never endure to see any one slighted. His nature was sweet and kindly to the core, and he was always ready to give the sympathy, which, to say the truth, he required rather lavishly. He liked to talk about himself in tones of confidential melancholy, slightly dashed with bitterness. But he would talk to you just as readily about yourself, showing a gentle warmth of interest which was flattering and agreeable. This kind of thing was new to Tiny. Frank was not in the habit of saying much about his inner feelings, and certainly would not have known what to make of Tiny's if she had attempted to express them. Perhaps the girl had been less conscious of having such feelings to express before Mr. South came. It was new to her, too, being accustomed to play a subordinate part, in consequence of youth and inexperience, to meet with some one who considered youthful impressions of far greater value than the dull and blunted opinions of middle age. The squires and rectors about Culverdale did not express such views, nor did their wives and daughters set such value on the artless ideas of a girl who had been nowhere and known nobody. Tiny, in a simple, unthinking way, had loved the country lanes and meadows among which she had been brought up; but with Mr. South's arrival came a quickened consciousness of their beauty and of her feelings about them. She was already a little less simple in consequence of his worship of simplicity, and her great brown eyes were more eager, and sometimes more thoughtful.

The time passed on till Mrs. Austin's visit was within three days of its close. She was to leave Culverdale on the Thursday, and this was the Monday evening, when a garden-party at the house of some friends of the Leicesters ended in an impromptu dance. Gilbert came up to her as she sat fanning herself, and watching the revolving couples. She shook her head in answer to his request. "Don't ask me," she said. "I haven't danced for years." And she glanced, not without a touch of amusement, at Frank, who had already been rejected, and who stood a little off, very erect and melancholy.

"Why not?" said Gilbert.

"My dancing days are over," she replied simply. "Go and dance with some of these young people. I see plenty of pretty girls who will be quite ready for a new partner."

He neither moved nor answered, and she turned her head and looked up at him from her low chair. He stood by her side with downcast eyes, pulling his moustache with what would have looked almost like an air of irritation, if she had not known that he was never really out of temper. His expression and attitude reminded her of old days, when he was apt to be offended for a moment because some one had laughed at him, and he never liked to be laughed at. But after a brief pause she looked at him more attentively. Old use had taught her to read Gilbert's face like an open book more readily than any other face on earth, yet there was something perplexing in it now. Did he care so much to dance with her? She leaned back and waited, knowing that he was sure to speak before long.

"It is always the same thing," he said, presently. "This is over, and that is over. And, when I remember you, everything was just beginning."

"But that was a long while ago—as I think we have frequently remarked."

Gilbert's eyes were fixed on a bit of scarlet geranium, which had fallen on the floor. "Yes," he said, "I have missed everything somehow."

"One would think you were a second Rip Van Winkle, you seem to find it so hard to realize the lapse of time. You haven't by chance been asleep for a dozen years or so, have you?"

"Upon my word, I don't know. I think perhaps I may have been." He moved the bit of red blossom with his foot, and studied it under its new aspect. "Asleep and dreaming, perhaps," he said, in a low voice.

"Well," Mrs. Austin replied, "as far as I am concerned, there is no great difficulty. Since you know the year in which I was born, you have only to buy an almanac, or to look at the top of a newspaper, and I think you will be able to calculate that I am thirty-seven."

"Oh, I know that very well. You will not let me forget it."

"Will not let you forget it? Could you forget it if I would let you?"

"No," said South, lowering his voice still more, "I don't suppose I could. I have learned my lesson, I think. But I can swear to you that I never remembered it till you taught me."

The music stopped abruptly as he spoke, and seemed to make a sudden vacancy in the air, into which there poured a confused murmur of voices and sweeping of dresses as the dancers strolled by. Among them, with a carmine flush on her soft brown cheek, went Tiny Vivian, and raised her long lashes for one brilliant glance as she passed. "Miss Vivian looks especially well-to-night," Mrs. Austin remarked, looking after her, and Gilbert murmured some reply, but the expression which had perplexed his companion deepened on his face. Her attention was distracted for a moment by the arrival of the master of the house, a stout, white-whiskered old gentleman, who benignantly expressed the opinion that it was a pleasant sight to see the young people enjoying themselves. When she had agreed with him as completely as he could wish, she looked quickly round, but the tall figure had vanished from her side.

He had gone away to follow once more a useless round of thought which had grown drearily familiar to him of late. He was haunted by the memories which he had called up. He had tried to bring them to life again, and instead they flitted around him like mocking ghosts, to be seen, but never to be touched. Those happy days in Cornwall were like the opening of a poem, but it had ended in the flattest and feeblest prose. At twenty he was to have been a hero; at thirty-nine he was nothing, and knew that he never would be anything. The experience was not remarkable, but in most cases the contrast is rendered endurable by the gentle influence of time. We become accustomed to it before it is so terribly defined, and half forget the splendor of the starting-point before we reached the pitiful goal. But South was not so fortunate. He saw them both, and saw them always, in Mildred's eyes.

As he stood by the door gazing idly round, his glance suddenly encountered Tiny Vivian's. She looked at him as if she dimly divined his trouble, but turned away her head the moment he noticed her, and yet that swift glance, with its vague proffer of sympathy, came like a ray of light into his dull perplexity. Tiny's eyes, at least, had no reflection of a failure.

It happens occasionally that an unexpected chill will suddenly depress us, an undefinable blight which seems to come from nowhere in particular and to be everywhere. The weather may have something to do with it; but the chill is within as well as without, and the outward aspect of things can only emphasize its dreariness.

Something of the kind befell the inhabitants of the Manor-house on the Tuesday morning. Every one was dull, the sky was clouded, and the world seemed to have grown old. Gilbert South had a harassed and weary expression; Tiny owned to a headache; Mrs. Leicester was worried by the knowledge that fifteen people were coming to dinner, and that she must keep awake all the evening; and Frank was conscious of nothing but the shadow of Mrs. Austin's approaching departure. Mrs. Austin herself was inclined to think that she had more than enough of Culverdale. She had never known a place when depended so much on the sunshine for what beauty it possessed, and, in the uniformly diffused shadow, the low lying park and the meadows with their lines of hedge and ditch oppressed her with a sense of unendurable monotony. There was really nothing to distinguish one inclosure from another, unless it were the presence of cows or sheep. One would have said that the soil of Frank's inheritance was heavy with the dullness of many generations, which rose on sunless days like an exhalation, not precisely poisonous, since good family feelings and respectable virtues would take no harm in it, but far too dense for winged and delicate fancies. Consequently, there was no chance of escaping from it even in thought. In truth, there seemed no limit to its influence. Mrs. Austin, while she dressed, looked across the river to the village and saw how the church stood solidly planted among its white grave-stones, and pointed with a sharp little spire to a gray and dreary region on high. It was hardly an encouraging prospect.

Frank, poor fellow, suffered from her depression. He was too closely connected with his surroundings to be a congenial companion on such a day; his acres burdened him and dragged him down, and he found her not unkind, but languid and cold. Gilbert South might have called up other scenes and times by the mere sound of his voice, but he was silent at breakfast-time, and disappeared almost immediately afterward. It was vaguely understood that he had important letters to write. And, after all, Mrs. Austin was not very sure that she needed any company. As she sat in the drawing-room turning the pages of a novel as an excuse for silence, she half-unconsciously followed a thread of thought which stretched backward to her girlish days and onward to her future. She was still pursuing it in the afternoon when she drove with Tiny Vivian to the neighboring town to make some purchases for Mrs. Leicester.

(To Be Continued).

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Applied in 5 Seconds

Sore, blistering feet from corn-pinched toes can be cured by Putnam's Extractor in 24 hours. "Putnam's" soothes away that drawing pain, eases instantly, makes the feet feel good at once. Get a 25c bottle of "Putnam's" to-day.

Nerviline Ends Neuralgia, Brings Relief Instantly

NO REMEDY LIKE OLD "NERVILINE," TO CURE PAIN OR SORENESS.

That terrible ache—how you fairly reel with it—that stabbing, burning neuralgia — what misery it causes. Never mind, you don't have to suffer—use Nerviline, it's a sure cure. Not an experiment, because nearly forty years of wonderful success has made a name for Nerviline among the people of many different nations. "There is nothing speedier to end neuralgic headache than old-time 'Nerviline,'" writes Mr. G. C. Dalgleish, from Evanston. "It is so powerful and penetrating that it seems to eat up any pain in a minute. My family couldn't get along without Nerviline. We always keep the 50c. family size bottle handy on the shelf, and use it to end chest colds, sore throat, coughs, earache, toothache and pain in the back. My wife swears by Nerviline. For cramps its effect is astonishing and we believe it is better and speedier than any other household family medicine.

SAVED HER FAMILY.

Climax to the Fearless Fight of a Plucky Spider.

Crossing a field one day, I came upon a large female spider of the hunter family carrying a round white sack of eggs half the size of a cherry attached to her spinnerets.

Plucking a long stem of herd's grass, I detached the sack of eggs without bruising it. Instantly the spider turned and sprang at the grass stem, fighting and biting until she got to the sack, which she seized in her strong jaws and made off with it as fast as her rapid legs would carry her.

I laid the stem across her back and again took the sack away. She came on for it again, fighting more fiercely than ever. Once more she seized it, once more I forced it from her jaws, while she sprang and bit at the grass stem to annihilate it.

The fight must have been on for two minutes when by a regrettable move on my part one of her legs was injured. She did not falter in her fight. On she rushed for the sack as fast as I pulled it away. The mother in her was rampant.

She would have fought for that sack, I believe, until she had not one of her eight legs to stand on had I been cruel enough to compel her. It did not come to this, for suddenly the sack burst, and out poured a myriad of tiny brown spiderlings.

Before I could think that mother had rushed among them and caused them to swarm upon her, covering her many deep, even to the outer joints of her long legs—so deep that I could not now have touched her with a needle except at the risk of crushing the young. I stood by and watched her slowly move off with her incrusting family to a place of safety.—Dallas Lore Sharp in Atlantic Monthly.

You never can tell. Many a bankrupt who hasn't a dollar he can call his own has a good many he calls his wife's.

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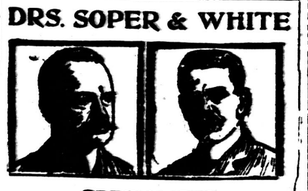

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(Please Mention This Paper.)

LANDING IN IRELAND.

Most Attempts Have Been as Unsuccessful as Was Casement's

There have been many parallel cases to the recent German attempt to land arms in Ireland, which ended in such a fiasco and the capture of Sir Roger Casement. The most notable took place at the end of the eighteenth century, the first being that of the famous French General Hoche, who, accompanied by the Irish rebel, Wolfe Toen, attempted in December, 1796, to land 6,500 troops, an imposing array of heavy guns and thousands of rifles, with which it was proposed to arm the Irish people. Bad weather, however, upset the calculations of the leaders of the expedition, which never landed, and with great difficulty got back to Brest.

Two years later Gen. Humbert met with better success when he landed 1,000 French troops at Killala Bay. The Irish people, however, refused to join the daring raider, who was forced to surrender. This raid was followed a few weeks later by the landing at Rutland Island, near Arran, of a number of French soldiers and a supply of arms and ammunition under the guidance of the famous United Irishman, Napper Tandy.

He brought with him Gen. Rey, who was to lead the Irish people when they flew to arms. Unfortunately for Tandy, the population refused to join the standard of rebellion, took to the hills, and would have nothing to do with him, with the result that he went back to France with his French helpers.

Much more serious was the attempt made about the same time as the Napper Tandy fiasco, when a French fleet attempted to land troops at Killala Bay. It was promptly tackled by a British squadron, which captured practically the whole of the French vessels in an engagement off Bloody Foreland. Wolfe Tone came over with this expedition, and was captured. He was tried by court-martial as a traitor, and sentenced to be hanged, but committed suicide in prison a few days later.

It was not until 1897 that another attempt was made to use Ireland as a base for attacking England. During the Fenian excitement a mysterious ship sailed from New York loaded with rifles and field pieces, with a crew of 40 or 50 Irishmen on board, all of whom had been soldiers in the Federal armies during the American civil war, and attempted to land at Sligo. About half the men did land and were promptly arrested, while the others fled to America, suffering badly from shortage of food and water on the voyage.

It is interesting to note that among the men of this expedition who were captured were Colonel Warren and Captain Costello, who were tried for treason, and who caused an alteration in the British law of nationality. They claimed to be naturalized Americans, but at that time British law did not recognize the right of the British-born subject to transfer his allegiance to another country. Warren and Costello were consequently convicted and sentenced to long terms of penal servitude. The United States authorities protested against this, however, and secured the release of the prisoners. Ultimately a naturalization act was passed in 1871, which, for the first time, enabled a British-born subject to renounce his allegiance.—Tit-Bits.

In Tropical Countries Liver Chill Very Common

In northern latitudes also the liver is a very unruly organ and requires careful watching. The concentrated vegetable juices in Dr. Hamilton's Pills act directly upon the liver and stimulate its action to a normal basis. The blood is purified, the skin grows clear, headaches disappear and robust health is firmly established. No medicine for the stomach, liver or kidneys can compare with Dr. Hamilton's Pills; 25c a box at all dealers.

A Delicious Cooling Punch.

Cooling drinks are in order.

A good punch is easily made.

Use lemons, oranges, sugar and cold tea.

Also have on hand a can of grated pineapple.

Wash three dozen lemons and two dozen oranges and squeeze out the juice.

Put the skins in cold water to soak and then scoop out the interior with a teaspoon.

Strain this water and this juice and add to the pure juice with one pint of medium strong cold tea.

Add five pounds of granulated sugar which has been prepared by being cooked in sufficient water to dissolve it and allow it to cool.

This quantity is for about 75 people. Less or more may be made as needed by changing quantities in proportion, and water may be added to taste.

FRUIT STAINS.

Timely Hints to Housewives at This Season.

As the fruit season waxes it becomes burdensome to keep napery spotless. Who has not beheld with dismay one's favorite damask hopelessly discolored with peach, cherry and berry stains.

Some suggestions may be of assistance in remedying the mishap.

In the first place, do not wash the linen before applying other remedies. To do so sets the stain almost indelibly, and it then has to pass through all stages until time and the laundry leave but a pale yellow reminder, which consummation does not follow usually until the fabric is threadbare.

For berry stains have some one hold the cloth so that it sags a little and pour absolutely boiling water through the spot; rub well. If this fails, light a bit of sulphur and hold under the wet spot—a lighted match will answer; the sulphurous gas usually does the work, the stain gradually disappearing.

But there are some that will not "out"—peach stains, for example. Then you must have recourse to salts of lemon, which is good, but apt to leave a hole in lieu of the stain. By extreme carefulness in its use, however, it will not do much dire damage. Take a sunny day for the task; first moisten the spot and then rub on a very little of the salts of lemon; lay the linen in the sun for two or three minutes and then wash thoroughly with soap and warm water. Success nearly always follows.

Other stains, like iron rust, are more easily removed. After washing the article squeeze lemon juice on the spots and then cover thickly with salt. Lay in the sun all day, wash and if the rust is not entirely removed repeat the application. This is equally good for ink stains.

SNEEZING COLDS, BAD COUGHS IRRITABLE THROAT, ALL CURED

Just think of it, a cold cured in ten minutes—that's what happens when you use "Catarrhozone." You inhale its soothing balsams and out goes the cold—sniffles are cured—headache is cured—symptoms of catarrh and grippe disappear at once. It's the healing pine essences and powerful antiseptics in Catarrhozone that enable it to act so quickly. In disease of the nose, for irritable throat, bronchitis, coughs and catarrh it's a marvel. Safe even for children. Beware of dangerous substitutes offered under misleading names and meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhozone which is sold everywhere large size containing two months' treatment costs $1; small size, 50c; trial size 25c.

CHRISTENING FONT HUMOR.

Unlucky Infants Whose Parents Label Them for Life.

It would seem a poor sort of humor to label a child with a Christian name which fits the surname all too well, like Sardine Box, Jolly Death, Holly Stick, Rose Bush, Long Street, Seldom Early and the like, but it is done nevertheless.

Om course, Nemesis is sometimes on the track of these practical jokers, only his revenge is probably wreaked on the name-bearer rather than on the parents. For instance, Wild Rose sounded very appropriate in infancy, but when the pretty Miss Rose married the fascinating Mr. Bull, and she had to sign her registration paper Wild Bull, it sounded a bit queer.

Sometimes, of course, nobody is to blame. Nobody was in the case of Hetta Simpson, who married Mr. John Lott, but she got unmercifully chaffed over the combination, Hetta Lott.

But the font-fiend who perpetrated the following joke upon his unconscious though wildly protesting bairn must have known what he was doing. Probably if the parson had twigged the diabolical design of the smiling father he might have transposed two of the names and spoiled the plot.

The parents were called Gunn, and when the parson asked for the child's baptismal names the father whispered "Benjamin Isaac Geoffrey," and it sounded all right. But fancy that lad writing all his life such a conceived signature as B. I. G. Gunn! It's too dreadful!

There are certain names that are "off the map." Such as Jezebel, Ananias, Sapphira, Judas, and Beelzebub. But occasionally parents have been known to take a mean revenge on a new and unwelcome arrival, as, for instance, One-too-many Johnson, Not-wanted Smith, Odious Heaton. Too bad, poor kids!

Sometimes the idea is the reverse. So profoundly thankful are the happy pair to have a new baby that they must express their joy at the font. Thus we get Merry Christmas Figgot, Welcome Jones, but it is difficult to admire such names at Noah's Ark Smith and Anno Domini Davis.

Many people wrongfully conclude that the names bestowed by Bunyan upon his immortal jury at Vanity Fair were very exceptional. But his Mr. Hatelight and Mr. Liveloose had their counterpart in the local directory of Bunyan's time.

Singularly enough, a volume published in 1700 gives a copy of a "Jury Return made at Rye Sussex, in the late Rebellious Troublous Times."

The names of the twelve were: Meek Brewer, Graceful Harding, Killsin Pimple, Earth Adams, Weep-not Billing, More Fruit Fowler, Hope-for Bending, Return Shelman, Fly Debate Roberts, Stand Fast on High Stringer, Be Faithful Joiner, and Fight the Good Fight of Faith White.

She—Mr. Puffdup is so original. He is unlike any other man I ever met. He—Well, I don't see that the other men have any kick coming.

Cynicus—Oh, all women are alike. Silicus—Then, why should any man commit bigamy?