

**THAT HUSBAND  
OF MINE**

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That husband of mine by Mary A. Denison

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**MARY A. DENISON**

**THAT HUSBAND  
OF MINE**



Denison Mary (Andrews)

# THAT HUSBAND OF MINE.

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DEDICATED  
TO  
ALL WHO LOVE HAPPY HOMES,  
*BY THE AUTHOR.*






## THAT HUSBAND OF MINE.

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### Chapter One.

 TWO long legs, a cut-away coat, a wide-awake hat—that's Charlie! A run at the door, a kiss, a hug,—and he has such long arms!—and then,—

“O Charlie! what *do* you think?”

“Why, I think I'm hungry, little woman,” he said, sniffing the savory viands just hot enough to enjoy.

“Yes, but what would you like, of all things in the world, best, just now?”

“A cup-custard, I think, or a Charlotte Russe,” he answered, following me into the little red-carpeted sitting-room.

“You horrid old gourmand! always thinking of eating!” I cried, the tears in my eyes.

"But what can a man do else about dinner-time?" he asked, putting his hat down without looking, and then jumping a foot high at the shriek I presently set up.

"O Charlie, you've put your hat right into the custard! I brought it out here to cool," was my agonized rejoinder. And then I took up the horrid thing by its flapping brim, and held it there dripping large yellow flakes.

"By Jove! it's ruined!" he exclaimed in a tragic voice.

"The custard — spoilt irretrievably!"

"No, no, my hat; and I paid three dollars for it yesterday."

"Charlie, may I put it in the fire?" I asked with a faltering voice. "It would soothe me inexpressibly to see it burn."

"Certainly, my dear; cook it in any way you please," he said, with such gravity that for a moment I stood there, alternately crying and laughing, making what Charlie called a pleasant little diversity. Then I carried the hat into the wash-room, and poured cold water upon it. When I returned Charlie had taken his place at the table; and I had just dished up the meat, and

Charlie had taken his first mouthful, when the bell rang.

"I declare to the tocsin!" cried Charlie; and when he said that I knew that something unusual had happened.

"What is it, my dear?" I asked with a face of dismay.

"I invited Inglehart to dinner; and, upon my word, I forgot it till this minute."

Words cannot express what I looked at that precise juncture. Charlie shook his head with a long-drawn sigh. For physical support he leaned hard upon his knife and fork, and his eyes wandered helplessly.

The door-bell rang again.

"My dear Elsa, your servants are not well trained," he said at last lugubriously, rising.

"My dear Charlie, you are the most provoking man I ever knew. Six potatoes, no pudding, and company for dinner!"

"Couldn't you manipulate that custard? He'd never know," said Charlie in a voice, that, angry as I was, set me to laughing.

"Hush! Go to the door, and stay up stairs in the parlor till I call you; and I religiously