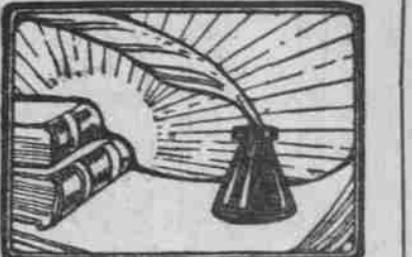


The Journal of A NEGLECTED WIFE

By Mabel Herbert Urner



CHAPTER VI

September 8th. **EVERYTHING** seems so strange since I came back. All my views of life seem altered. I cannot explain what I feel.

My thoughts are full of Edith Carrington. What will become of her? How will it end? What will be her future? Can I do nothing to help her? I am haunted by the thought that I said nothing that night—that I made an effort to influence her. And yet what could I have said? How cheap and futile any moralizing would have seemed! Before the great tragedies of life how powerless one feels! I can only wait, and hope that if she needs me she will let me know.

September 9th. I am filled with love and tenderness for Horace. In spite of all that I have suffered I know that he is a kind man—a good man. I think of Frank Carrington's fabled brutality, and then I think of my own husband's kindness and thoughtfulness, and am more content than I have been for months. From now on I am going to forget that there is another woman in his life, and to remember only that he is kind to me, and that he always will be.

September 11th. How my feelings and convictions change from day to day! A few days ago, influenced by the memory of Frank Carrington's cruelty, I thought I would be content with Horace's kindness. And now I am not content. I don't even understand how I could ever have thought I would be. Something happened today that brought back all my jealousy and bitterness against my husband's love. How could I ever think I would be satisfied with less?

September 12th. Ellen has broken a large cut-glass bowl. She just now brought it to me in tears. A year ago I would have been greatly distressed, but today I was not conscious of being even sorry. I simply didn't care. I only said mechanically, "You must be more careful, Ellen." The girl looked astonished, but infinitely relieved, and hurried away.

I didn't care. Somehow I feel that if everything we own were destroyed, still I would not care. Since this trouble has come into my life, of how little consequence any of our misfortunes seem! I look back with wonder on the things that used to worry me—the details of the house and servants. How trivial they seem now!

September 13th. Oh, I am so lonely, so desolate, so heart-sick! I have come to look upon Sunday afternoon with inexpressible dread. He is always away, and I am always alone. I know that I am alone during the week, but the loneliness of Sunday has a horror of its own. The very silence and desertion of the streets seem to add to it. I cannot see or read or plan about the house as I try to during the week. More than ever I am possessed by the thought that I am alone. Sometimes I force myself to go out for a walk, but the quiet streets and closed shops only add to my depression. The few people one sees are always in couples, sometimes they have children with them, happy in the prospect of a holiday. I think that is what I feel most—that Sunday is the day that the families and lovers together. Only I am alone.

September 14th. I have been looking at one of my old photographs, taken the year before I was married. It is a girlish picture in a simple low-necked gown with some flowers at my waist. It is the same picture that Horace carried with him all during our engagement. He had it cut down so it would fit in his breast-pocket, and even long after we were married he always kept it there. On the back is written in pencil the date I gave it to him—June 6, 1883. It is so faint now that it can hardly be read, and there are five words after the date that I cannot make out at all. What do they say? What had he written there? The last word looks like "love," but it is so vague I cannot be sure. I tried a magnifying glass, but even that could not make it clear. What are those words? I know it can make no difference now. Whatever the loving phrase he wrote there, it can have no meaning now. And yet I so long to know what it is.

September 15th. This evening, just as we finished dinner, Persia came into the dining-room, carrying one of her little kittens, and laid it at Horace's feet. In spite of all my care and petting, I think she has always been more fond of Horace than of me. And now she stood there looking up at him wistfully, proud of her kitten and wanting him to see it.

"Why, what have we here?" Horace laughed as he stooped over and picked it

up. The little thing lay mewing in his hand, while Persia rubbed happily back and forth against his chair.

I came over beside him and stroked the kitten. "Isn't it a dear little thing? It's so soft and warm and cuddlesome!"

Horace laughed. "Yes, I should say it was all that. And it seems a pretty sleek, well-fed little beggar. Are the rest of your family like this? Persia or have you brought out the best as a sample?"

"Oh, Persia takes excellent care of them all. When she isn't feeding them she's polishing them, and often I find her doing both."

"As I leaned over to pet the kitten, which was now clinging fast to Horace's sleeve, I whispered, as I scooped her up, 'Persia, I wish you were a kitten. I had been for days. Just the touch of his coat, of his hand, as for an instant our met against the kitten's soft fur, made my pulses throb. I felt the warm color rush to my face and forced myself to draw back, lest I yield to the wild longing to sit down into his arms.'

I walked over to the window as though to adjust the shades. When I turned again Horace was putting the kitten carefully on the floor. Persia hovered over it for a moment, licking its little face so ardently that it tumbled over, then she picked it up and carried it away.

It was only a trivial incident, but it seemed to have brought us a little nearer each other. Later I went down to the basement, where Persia has her family.

September 17th. Today I held in my hand one of her letters. And I had not the courage to open it. It was not honor. I shall not deceive myself by that. I do not think I ever thought of that. It was fear, sheer fear. The certainty—the proof—of his infidelity that I felt that letter held, would be more horrible than the uncertainty, the possibility of some other explanation, that at times I still cling to. The letter came about 3 o'clock. It was a special delivery. The maid by mistake brought it to me.

"Why, this is for Mr. Kennedy," I said, and was handing it back to her, when a faint perfume reached me, soft and subtle, the perfume I knew so well.

"Never mind, Ellen, I will take it to Mr. Kennedy myself."

When the maid had gone, I took the letter to my room and locked the door. My hands trembled so I could hardly hold it. The envelope was an ordinary one, and the address was typewritten. But when I held it to the light, I saw the paper inside was tinted note-paper, with an engraved monogram or crest.

I don't know how long I held it before I took it up to my husband. He was in the library. There must have been something strange in my face, for he arose at once and came toward me. "Why, Mary, what is the matter?"

"I saw the letter in my hand. Without answering I laid it on the table and left the room. A few moments later I heard the front door open and close. Without a word of explanation to me—

he had obeyed her summons. He had left me to think what I chose.

September 18th. She had purposely used a plain typewritten envelope—on my account. Had he warned her to do that? Since that letter came yesterday, I have been able

to think of but one thing—the hideous possibilities of their attitude toward me. For the first time I realized that they must have talked about me. They must have discussed ways of meeting or writing so I would not know. That my husband should talk of me to another woman! I have been dragged through the very mire of shame and ignominy.

September 19th. How do they talk about me? What do they say? Does he speak of me as "my wife" or as "Mrs. Kennedy"? What does he tell her? Does he say that we

have grown apart—that I no longer care? Does she question him about me? Does he allow that? And does he answer her questions? How intensely curious his wife! For two nights I have lain awake torturing myself with the thought of all the intimate, personal things she might ask him. She may even know of my suffering and exult in her triumph; or does she pity me? Oh, what must I do—what can I do? If there is a God how can such things be?



YOU HAVE ALWAYS THOUGHT MY MARRIAGE A HAPPY ONE, HAVEN'T YOU?

Edith Carrington was here today. She stayed only a few hours, returning to Boston on the evening train. I did not know she was coming—she had not written or telegraphed—and I was out when she came. At first she explained nervously that she had come over to do some shopping, and we talked for some time in a strained way. Then she said abruptly: "Mary, I didn't come to shop. I came to talk to you. I thought it might help me—did before."

"Nothing has happened?" I felt my heart sink with the old sickening sense of dread.

"Nothing definite, but I'm so worried and unhappy. Oh, I don't know what to do!"

I waited. I had no heart to question her.

"You know you said things couldn't go on this way indefinitely. I suppose in my heart I had some wild hope that they could, but I know now they cannot. I live in continual fear of some exposure—some crisis. And the most horrible part of all is that I feel whatever happens I will have to go through it alone. It is that sense of standing so alone that terrifies me."

"But surely, Edith—"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say—that he should stand with me and protect and shield me. And of course he would in every material way; but still I would be alone. How can I explain it so you will understand? If I say that I feel he is drawing away from me, that will give an impression that is much too strong, and will make you wholly misjudge him. He isn't drawing away from me in any tangible way. It is all so subtle I don't know how to put it into words. I only know that the more I cling to him—the more I show my need of him—the farther away he seems."

"You mean he—doesn't love you as he did?"

"In some ways I think he loves me more. But I feel that he doesn't want the responsibility of my future. And when I show that I am clinging to him, too much, in some subtle way I feel that he is drawing back. It is nothing tangible that he says or does, but still I have that feeling, and it hurts—it hurts!"

"And that is where I have paid. Had I

not gone to him that night, or had I let him take me home as he wanted to, I could have secured my divorce, and he would have been eager to marry me. But that night I was desperate; I had no thought of the future. And now—now I feel that everything is different. He would hesitate to marry you now because of this?"

"No, I don't mean quite that. That is such a ghastly way of putting it. But if he married me now it would be because he felt he owed it to me, and not because he wanted me to be his wife for pleasure. He would never admit that, but I know! He would never admit, either, that he does not love me in quite the same way, and yet I feel that he does not. He has done nothing to make me say this; in every way he is as delicate and chivalrous and tender with me as ever was, and yet I know deep in his heart it is not the same—and it never can be."

"Oh, there is something insidious, corrosive, about a love like this to a woman like me. I pay for every moment of our happiness with hours of scorching shame. And I cannot understand it. For never knew I feel that it is right—that I have every right to live my life as I choose. As for any sense of disloyalty to Frank, I have none," scornfully. "Oh, no, I have feelings about that, and yet I have a feeling here—she pressed her clenched hands against her breast—"that I cannot crush out."

"Edith, if you feel that, you must end it. Can't you see the price you are paying is too great?"

"Oh, I know—I know—but I have grown to love him a thousand times more than I did. The very bond which brings this sense of degradation has made me love him more. All the years of my marriage have been so happy, I never knew until he taught me what love could mean, and now, now—I cannot give him up. It would kill me!"

Again I stood baffled, helpless. What could I say? What could I do? Sadly I watched her leave, knowing it would be useless to ask her to stay. And when she had gone I was filled with that same sense of failure, of loss, of opportunity, that had haunted me when I returned from Boston.

September 20th. "The more I cling to him, the more I show my need of him, the farther away he seems. . . . In some subtle way I feel that he is drawing back." Those words of Edith Carrington's have been haunting me all day. I feel that in them are held most of the tragedies of women's lives.

September 20th. A cynically clever man once told me that to every one some sort of "prop" was necessary. The strongest, he said, was religion; the others were love, work, whisky. His, he said, was love; that was the "prop" that he relied on. Women, he was claiming, first tried love; when that failed they turned either to religion or drink.

"Perhaps they do; but does either give them healing for a broken heart?"

Broke Oregon Laws in Humanity's Interest

Capturing Young Fawn and Making Pets of Them



Mrs. WRIGHT Feeding the Baby



AFTER ONE YEAR IT HAD TO BE GIVEN FREEDOM



SEARCHING FOR TOBACCO.



HEARS HIS MASTER'S VOICE CALLING HIM FROM THE HOUSE THE BUNCH FARM



GRANT BUNCH, SHERIFF AND DEER HAVING A TIME

BY J. W. TOLLMAN
COQUILLE CITY, Or., July 24.—(Special)—A rather unusual situation, in which an offender has invoked the "unwritten law" as an excuse for violating the statutes, is found in a case here. A logger of the name of Strong is the offender. He is charged with having a spotted fawn in his possession, which is considered a serious offense in this section, and one the officers are very vigorous in prosecuting.

Strong walked into Sheriff Gage's office a few days ago and announced that he came to give himself up. Upon being asked on what charge, he replied that he was guilty of having a spotted fawn in his possession, and proceeded to relate the circumstances of the capture, resulting in Sheriff Gage heartily commending him for his action and assuring him that

there would be no arrest or prosecution. Strong's story is about as follows:

He is employed by the lumber firm of Smith & Powers, who have one of their logging camps near here. One evening after the men had ceased work for the day, Strong with a companion heard a plaintive bleat behind them. They turned and saw a few-weeks-old fawn coming toward them, bleating at each step, emaciated and almost starved, suggesting as it walked, and without presenting a pitiable spectacle. The sympathies of the loggers were aroused at the sight, and throwing caution to the winds, so far as the law was concerned, they took the little animal and brought it to town. Mrs. Wright, an acquaintance of the men, secured a bear bottle and the largest rubber nipple immediately available. She then filled the bottle and adjusted the suction apparatus, with the result that the fawn took hold with alacrity and drank its fill. This method is still being

kept up, but already the little animal has entirely recovered from his near-starvation and is accounted one of the prettiest spotted fawns ever seen here. As soon

as it is large enough to provide a sustenance for itself it will be given its freedom in the same forest where its mother roamed.

A few days after the occurrence at the logging camp the fawn's mate was found lying in the wood dead, evidently having succumbed to starvation. The carcass of its mother was also found with a bullet through her heart, the victim of some law-violator.

This, however, is not the first experience of the kind known in Coos County. Hunters frequently relate stories of meeting deer in the brakes and being surprised by having the feet-footed animals come up to them and lick their hands. Not one instance has been known where the nimrod was hard of heart enough to shoot.

Editor's Note.—The accompanying pictures were made by the author. One of the pictures here shown was taken of a deer one year after it had been given its freedom. There is no intimation of fear in its attitude.

Cesar Rodney's Ride.
"Saddle the black! My country shall be free!"
What's alicy miles? The ride's for liberty."
Stern Caesar Rodney, with his heart aglow,
Spoke those brave words and rode for weal or woe.
No drooping spirit his, but one to dare,
The trust, bravest son of Delaware.

To the Colonial Congress, from his state,
He had been chosen as a delegate.
But burdened with the land's defense,
And being a warrior of the colonies,
He was recruiting soldiers far away,
A double duty's dangerous delay.

To him had come the news of import dread,
That roused the patriotic blood which knew
no fear:
How eighty miles away in Penn's fair town,
The Continental Congress, sitting down,
To mold the Nation, needed one man's vote,
To turn the scale and ring out Freedom's note.

A bound to saddle and hurried flight;
A rush of hoofs-beats on the silent night;
The dim stars lighted his determined face
And toaming stallion's steady headlong pace.
Forward, brave rider, God watches your
And a Nation owes you Independence day.

O'er echoing bridges and by dreaming rills,
Past dewy meadows and frost-slicked hills,
Past ghostly houses creaking from the hill,
And sleeping hamlets lying calm and still,
On, like a meteor through the Summer
night,
Spurred Caesar Rodney in his whirlwind
flight.

The hours of darkness rolled themselves
away:
That pale 'y'm rider faster sped than they,
For every league of ground he passed he
leaved a broken fetter of colonial law.
With restless impetus that wearied not,
On through the midnight swept the patriot.

The stars grew pale, the morn dawned
bright and fair:
The rising mist dispersed in entry air;
And still upon the road, the winding road,
The dust cloud showed where Caesar Rodney
rode:
Yet twenty miles away the city lay,
Would Freedom speed him on to win the day.

Hot was the air in Independence Hall,
Where our young Nation framed her
fool.
A tremor passed along the waiting crowd—
A murmured terror spoke not aloud;
For unborn Liberty behind dimly
The fastures, man to man, in the crowd,
O, for one voice to shout a ringing note!
One more true patriot to cast his vote!
The States are called, and scarcely men
Draw breath.

The noisy clamor strikes to hush of death,
For lack of one more champion of the sword,
Can this great Declaration fail to earth?

The crush about the Goorway aways and
stirs,
As dust enraptured, and with whisp and
spurs,
Tearing his bridge to the waiting crowd,
Enters a rider, just as called aloud,
"Here! Caesar Rodney's name with freedom's
pride!"

O! Let his name resound through all the
earth!
His was the vote that gave our Nation
While still Columbia no despot fears,
Let us be true to the old flag and
Speak Caesar Rodney's name with freedom's
pride.
And give the tribute due his striving ride.
—Frederick Myron Colby,
From "The Glassmate"