

The Wife's Secret, OR A BITTER RECKONING

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER V.—(Continued.)

Pauline had not much soul, and she did not really care much for music as music; but she liked the pleasant, soothing effect it had upon her. So she went to the opera two or three times a week and in the intervals whispered scandal, ate ices, drank coffee, or dozed gracefully behind the curtains of her box. This evening Mrs. Seton and she were scarcely settled in their seats before Lord Sammers begged admission.

The good-natured old gentleman looked rather worried, as he took the chair behind Pauline and exchanged civilities with both ladies.

"I have had a visit from Bannett this afternoon, Pauline," his lordship began. "The poor boy is terribly upset by your refusal."

"He will get over it."

"But, my dear girl, have you no heart at all? To my knowledge this is the seventh most satisfactory offer you have refused. I dare say you have had quite as many of which I have heard nothing I begin to think you are heartless."

"Perhaps you are right," she said, indifferently. "But you must allow there are two sides to the question. On the one hand, you ask why I do not marry. I answer your question by asking, on the other, 'Why should I marry?' I do not love these men who propose to me. I am my own mistress; I have everything I wish for—and I am happy as I am."

"There is the estate, you know, to think of. The succession lies between you and your cousin Ethel, the sweet-faced child I pointed out to you the other day. If you die unmarried, the estate will revert to her children at your death. Of course, there is nothing against that. But I am sensitive about the trust imposed on me by my old friend, Sir Paul. As I read it, his will lays the whole responsibility of this question of succession on my shoulders. In other words, he leaves me the power to pick and choose a fitting head for the House of Malling. Now, in the event of your not marrying, the next heir will be the offspring of this Ethel and her artist husband, Mr. Dornton."

Pauline had kept herself well under control, but she could not avoid an exclamation as Lord Sammers put this point before her.

"That Mr. Dornton, to whom you have been kind, is engaged to your cousin, you know. Well, he is a very nice young man—clever, well looking, nice manners and all that; but I don't think Sir Paul would have chosen him as the perpetrator of the Malling family."

"Why not?" The question was put quickly—almost, it seemed, in spite of herself.

"Well, it seems to me that the question answers itself. Who is he? What is he? Whence comes he? Who are his people? What were his father and grandfather? Of course he will make an excellent husband for poor little Ethel, for he is bound to come to the front."

"Do you know, whenever you talk of that child, I fancy you regard me as an interloper? I am sure your sympathies are with her."

"Not at all—not at all! You are too sensitive. I am glad to know that Geoffrey's child is not likely to suffer hardship. This Dornton seems a manly, honorable young fellow, and will take good care of that pretty little creature. I should not like to think that my old friend's daughter was fated to spend her life in copying from the old masters of the Kensington Museum, as she told me she does now."

It was well for his lordship's opinion of his ward's disposition that she was sitting with her face turned toward the stage during his kindly little speech. He was a shrewd old man, and had seen the hatred and malice in her eyes when he spoke of Ethel, his previous judgment of her character might have been considerably shaken.

The next day Miss Malling drove to the Kensington Museum, taking Babetta with her. It was a student's day, and the visitors made the round of the galleries in quietness, Pauline stopping in apparent interest by the side of every thing. At last she found what she sought. She passed on until she reached a quiet corner, and then beckoned Babetta to her side.

"You see that very young girl in the gray dress with her holland apron? That is the person whose address I want. Keep her in sight until she leaves; follow her home, get her address, and then go to some of the shops close by and find out her name."

"Madelonelle does not even know her name?"

"I know her real name, but not the one she is going by just now. Whatever you do, don't miss her."

Miss Malling returned to her carriage, feeling that she had accomplished a good afternoon's work.

CHAPTER VI.

"I'll not give way! If I stay away one day, I shall want to do it again, and then my copy will not be finished."

Ethel uttered this aloud, though she was alone, evidently with the idea that merely hearing the words would, perhaps, strengthen her waning resolution.

Poor child! Her head ached, and her eyes looked quite pathetic with the heavy circles round them; but she refused to pity herself, and resolutely plunged her head into a large basin of water, rubbed her hair half dry, and started for the museum.

Though her head still ached a good deal, the copy made fair progress, and there was no sign of neglect or hurry in the work, her t-robbling temples notwithstanding.

She always wore a hat with a rather large brim, when copying, to save her eyes from the light from above, and at the same time shut out most of the room and its occupants from her view, so that her attention was not so liable to wander from her work.

She was engaged on a difficult patch of shadow and she sighed as she realized

reference between her shadow and that of the old master. At that moment her father echoed the sigh; and followed it up by:

"Too solid—altogether too solid, my child!"

"I know it as well as you do, dad," she said, plaintively; "but how am I to alter it?"

"Suppose we leave the shadow for today, and go out into the sunshine for an hour or two?"

"Now, dad, don't tempt me to desert the post of duty. If you knew what a struggle I had with myself before I started this morning, how I longed to stay at home and 'coddle' instead of facing my work like a woman."

"Leave the painting for a few moments, dear; I want to introduce you to Captain Pelling. My daughter!"

Ethel plucked off her unbecoming head-gear as she turned to face the unknown visitor. She was greatly surprised at the introduction, her father having kept her in strict seclusion since she left school a year before.

"I taught Captain Pelling the rudiments of sketching before he went on an expedition to Central Africa three or four years ago, and he is so delighted with his own efforts that he wanted to carry me right away to Wimbledon at once, to see and praise them."

"That is scarcely a truthful statement, Miss Mallett," put in Captain Pelling with a smile. "I don't want praise, but judgment. The expedition I went out with is going to publish the result of our investigations, and they want some of my sketches to illustrate the work. When I saw Mr. Mallett in Piccadilly I thought, 'Here is the man who will tell me honestly if I dare to allow them to be published; and I pounced upon him. And now I have obtained two judges in the place of one. My trap is waiting outside, and I trust you will let me take you both down to my little box. My house-keeper will find us something to eat, and in the cool of the evening we can go quietly through my little pictures and arrange them together.'"

Ethel looked puzzled. Mr. Mallett could hardly conceal the surprise he felt at the adroit manner in which his late pupil had managed to include "the child," Ethel glanced at her rather worn but prettily made dove-colored gown and her bibbed holland apron.

"I am not in presentable order," she began.

"But you will see no one but the house-keeper and the present company. Show yourself superior to such considerations, Miss Mallett. It will be a positive favor to me, for they are hurrying the preparations forward, and I should not like to be the cause of delaying the publication of the book."

"Very well; I will come. But papa will tell you I am of no use in a case of this sort."

Ethel leaned back in the well-cushioned phaeton and listened lazily to the conversation between the two men, her father sharing the back seat with the groom.

Captain Pelling's horses traveled well and, the breeze blowing right in her face Ethel gradually lost the depressing pain in her head and began to feel interested in the places they were passing.

When at last the horses stopped at a tiny cottage, consisting of all appearances entirely of bay windows and creeper-covered porch, and looking tinsel still by comparison with the gigantic trees that surrounded it, she had a slight tinge of pink in her cheeks, and the dark rings had nearly disappeared from round her eyes.

A pleasant middle-aged woman came to the hall door, and Captain Pelling handed Ethel over to her at once.

"Give Miss Mallett a cup of especially good tea, Mrs. Crichton, and make her lie down until a quarter of an hour before dinner. Above all, don't let her talk; she has had a bad headache"—Ethel looked at him in mute surprise—"and it will return if she exerts herself before she dines."

Mr. Mallett looked amused; but the captain, supremely unconscious of having said or done anything unusual, led the way through the long, low hall and out at a glass door at the end.

"This way, miss," and Mrs. Crichton opened the door, through which she was followed by Ethel.

CHAPTER VII.

It was the loveliest room the young girl had ever seen. The walls were a subdued stone green, the curtains and general decorations were of the same color, artistically touched up here and there with gold. There was a soft old-looking Persian rug that covered the whole floor, except a few inches by the walls. The floor of the windows were bare, save for some exquisite specimens of skins which Ethel did not even know the names. Each of these windows was tastefully and luxuriously furnished. There were two very fine paintings on the walls, and the whole room was littered most picturesquely with valuable curiosities brought home by Captain Pelling.

Ethel looked round her with a sense of supreme delight. Mrs. Crichton mistook the look, and apologized for the general untidiness of the room.

"You see, miss, Captain Pelling took the house only three weeks ago. He don't allow Martha or me to touch his wonderful curiosities, so I am obliged to put up with this dreadful state of things. You will find this couch more comfortable for a rest than either of those small ones. If you will allow me, I will throw this light wooden shawl over your feet. Let me raise your pillow the least bit. There"—after carefully arranging it, "that is more comfortable. I will bring the tea in a few minutes."

How good the tea was, and how enjoyable the great quietness and peace seemed to Ethel after the distracting roar and rattle of the London streets!

Captain Pelling came through the window by-and-by and was surprised to see Ethel lying there. He had expected Mrs. Crichton would take her to her own sanc-

tum. He stood irresolute for a moment just inside the window, and then crossed the room to look more closely at this pretty young guest.

"She's as pretty as a picture, and as good as gold, if I know anything about physiognomy. She has a trouble of some sort, poor little child! I should like to kiss those tears away. I wonder what she's worrying about. Perhaps Mallett is hard up; he seems a careless soft of a fellow. I'll see if I can't help them a bit in that direction, anyway."

This was a genuine red-letter day for Ethel. She was so intensely interested in the Captain's description of his travels that for the time she was drawn out of herself and her own affairs. Mr. Mallett, too, was heartily pleased. And Pelling was equally satisfied with his guests. When the evening was over, he was surprised to find how well he had talked, and he felt convinced that successful conversation as often depends on the quality of the listener as of the talker.

There was not much progress made in the ostensible purpose of the visit, seeing that the "little sketches"—which turned out to be rather good specimens of their class—led the way to so much description that they looked only at some half dozen before they came to one that created a diversion which lasted until they started for home.

The Captain had been holding forth on the pluck and fidelity of a native servant at whose portrait they were looking, when Ethel said:

"I wonder you did not persuade him to come to England with you. Your relatives would have worshipped him in their gratitude for having saved your life so often."

"I have not one relative in the world, Miss Mallett," answered the Captain gravely.

Ethel's glance was full of sympathy. "I beg your pardon," she put in hastily; "I am sorry I made the remark."

"Don't be sorry. I'm very glad. I often long to talk a little about myself. It is to believe what an awful feeling it is to know that there is not one person in the world who is sufficiently interested in you to care for your private concerns."

"Decidedly unpleasant," murmured Mr. Mallett.

"You'll hardly believe, Mallett, that this is the most domesticated evening I've spent for the last six years. Jolly hard, when you consider that I am naturally fond of home and all that kind of thing! I was just getting weary of the loneliness of this place, but your being here to-night has changed the whole aspect of affairs. It looks so homelike to see you sitting there as if you belonged to the place, Miss Mallett. To-morrow night I shall fancy I see you still there, and be reconciled for a time at least."

"You should marry—best recipe in the world for loneliness!" Mr. Mallett observed, laughingly.

"Tried it, and found it a failure!"

"Eh?" Mr. Mallett sat upright and stared into his host's face. "I beg your pardon, Pelling, if I have said anything unpleasant."

"Not at all—in fact, if I shouldn't bore you so horribly as to prevent your ever taking compassion on me again, I should like to tell you about my marriage. Sometimes I think it must all have been a dream, it seems so unreal."

He sat for a moment gazing absently into the garden, which was beginning to look dim and shadowy in the summer twilight, as if he were calling up the past from its gloomy depths. Ethel felt a shiver of superstitions awe pass over her, and the movement seemed to bring back the captain from the momentary reverie into which he had fallen.

(To be continued.)

Farmer Foddershucks.

"Queer folks in the city," remarked Farmer Foddershucks. "They get everything charged at the stores, I guess—never think o' payin' cash. W'y, I went inter a big place ter git Mandy some caliker last week an' I laid down a \$5 bill ter pay for it. Th' clerk give one look at it an' yelled out, all excited: 'Cash! An' I swan if a hull flock o' kids didn't come a-runnin' to see it.'—Cleveland Leader.

Not Loaded.

Maybelle—Clarence and Jack quarreled about me!

Estelle—How exciting! What did they do?

Maybelle—Oh, it was awful! I came into the room and they were waving pistols at each other.

Estelle—Pistols? Mercy! Were they loaded?

Maybelle—Not a bit—they were as sober as could be!—Cleveland Leader.

Fully Qualified.

Grasput (angrily)—What! more money? If you keep on, you'll bankrupt me, then after I'm dead you will be a beggar.

Mrs. Grasput (calmly)—Oh, well, I'll be a great deal better off than some poor women who never had any experience in that line.

Those Heartless Creditors.

"No I can't afford to work for \$5,000 a year."

"Can't! And why not?"

"Because it would be too good a thing for my creditors. They'd take it all away from me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Verdict of Judge Lynch.

"How did the trial of the alleged horse thief end?" asked the stranger from the effete east.

"Oh, in the usual manner," replied the landlord of the Arizona village inn. "The defendant was left in suspense."

In Hard Luck.

The Judge—Have you anything to offer the court before sentence is passed on you?

The Prisoner—No, your honor; I had \$13, but my lawyer appropriated it.

Gives Them a Raise.

Edna—I don't see Mabel at the club since she got the automobile. Does she miss her friends?

Ida—Not if they happen to be crossing the street when she comes past.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

CORPORATIONS AND POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

By Mayor Dunne of Chicago.

Sinister and selfish interests are all prevalent in the political life of the republic. Evidences of graft and corruption are about us on every hand. Public officials with alarming frequency are found whose careers are bespiced with the taint of debauchery. Look well into the character of the man you vote for. Look well to the principles that he advocates.

In my judgment, three-quarters of the political corruption now existing in this country can be laid at the doors of corporations and men who have been seeking to obtain from the public exclusive rights and privileges in the shape of private monopolies of public property, and this is the reason why I for one have been strenuously advocating the placing of such public utilities in public hands and thus removing from the sphere of politics the opportunity and temptation for such public corruption.

Place the control of interstate railroads, telegraphs, long distance telephones, express companies and utilities of like character in the hands of the Federal Government and place street car, gas, interurban telephones and light companies in the hands of the municipal authorities and three-quarters of the incentive to graft and corruption in this country will be abolished.

The operation and management of such utilities in public or private hands are necessarily a monopoly. In private hands it becomes a private monopoly, and a private monopoly is never benevolent. The aim of a private monopoly is to make money, and as long as human nature remains as it is the desire to make money has no limitations. A private monopoly will give the cheapest possible service at the greatest possible price. A public monopoly, on the other hand, has different aims and objects. Its sole aim is to satisfy the community, and the community is best satisfied by the highest efficiency of service at the least possible cost.

EARLY MARRIAGE AN AID TO SUCCESS.

By G. R. Clarke.

"If I have been successful," said a man whose swift rise to power in the last few years has astonished the world, "it is because I have never had any fires to fight in the rear," which brief utterance implies an untold tribute to the woman who never failed to hold one end of the fort against the invaders of peace.

When Mrs. Charles M. Schwab started out a few years ago to provide summer vacations for 5,000 children in New York her husband not only provided the funds but he was heart and soul with her in the enterprise. They entered into it together, hand in hand, as they had often done that way in reality in childhood days. Schwab was married when he was 22. Before he began his meteoric business life he had asked the tall, sweet-faced girl who had been his playmate and schoolmate to be his wife. Before leaving his native town he had tried his fortune as a grocery clerk, but he could only make \$2.50 a week. It was with the encouragement of the girl he loved that he concluded to seek a wider sphere of influence. Ever since they were married his wife has watched carefully his business progress, and, although she has not kept up with him in technical knowledge, she has frequently given him valuable advice.

Of other great financiers who have married early, one of the most prominent is Thomas Lawson. In 1878 he married Miss Goodwillie. Those who remember only the spectacular features of the famous "Mrs. Thomas W. Lawson plunk" incident have missed the romantic devotion to his

RUNS A PEPPERMINT FARM.

This Michigan Girl Also Successfully Handles Acres of Other Products.

The most extraordinary farmer in Michigan is Miss Mary Clark, of Galien, who conducts a peppermint farm, as well as taking after a tract of land planted with other products common to Michigan. At 16 she bought forty acres adjoining her widowed mother's farm, and, tenants proving unprofitable, she took the entire management, and with the exception of ditching and fencing, did all the work on eighty acres. She is a practical farmer, has made a study of the chemistry of the soil, and thoroughly understands the rotation of crops. She cuts and rakes twenty tons of hay; milks ten cows night and morning, and once a week sends half a ton of milk eight miles to the creamery, where her checks average \$50 a month. She nets \$25 a month on a couple of hundred hens; her porkers bring fancy prices, besides supplying her table with fresh meat and sugar cured hams and bacon, and every year she has two thoroughbred colts for sale. Angora cats are her pride and diversion, for she owns the choicest strains in America. A fine orchard of apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes and smaller fruit adds materially to her income.

Miss Clark keeps her lawn like cut velvet. The stones banking the flower beds and outlining the driveways are as white as alabaster from her frequent applications of lime. Flowers border the grain fields and blossom among the vegetables.

Last fall she planted four acres of peppermint and recently she harvested her crop, employing a large number of girls and women at \$1 per day and their dinners to do the work.

WHAT TO DO IN A STORM.

Suggestions to Those Who Shrink from Thunder and Lightning.

So many persons, especially women, are frightened at severe thunderstorms that the following instructions telling one what to do in such cases, furnished by J. Warren Smith, director of one of the government weather bureaus, will be acceptable. He says: "Thunderstorms occur when there is a very rapid condensation of moisture in a rising current of air or a rapid condensation due to the cooling of an

wife which was its chief inspiration. For four years before this particular carnation became famous Lawson was the purchaser of all that were grown, with the thought only of giving a constant and unique pleasure to his wife, who was then an invalid. Upon her recovery she used it largely in dinner table decorations in their several homes until out of compliment to her it was exhibited under her name. After it had won prizes large sums of money were offered for a bulb from the plant, until Lawson, in his characteristic manner, bought up the whole growth at the cost of \$30,000.

MEN WHO TRY NEW JOBS.

By W. S. Beard.

The popular idea that the man who dabbles in many kinds of work before settling down to the work that is to be his life vocation is worthless is hardly applicable to things as they are. Most men nowadays try many kinds of work before striking the line that is to be theirs for life. If you are the average American citizen, you have changed your occupation more than once. Leaving the rural district, where a man is a farmer or nothing, out of the case, the average man changes his occupation something like three times before he finds the work that he sticks to.

Employment agencies of the better class are frequently in a position to see the number of times a man may change work before finding something which he stays at permanently. Often they are the medium of effecting the changes. Some men have a penchant of changing from one line of work to the other in a manner that passes all belief, but the majority of men who work in a city are only sincerely anxious to find the work wherein they can labor to the best advantage.

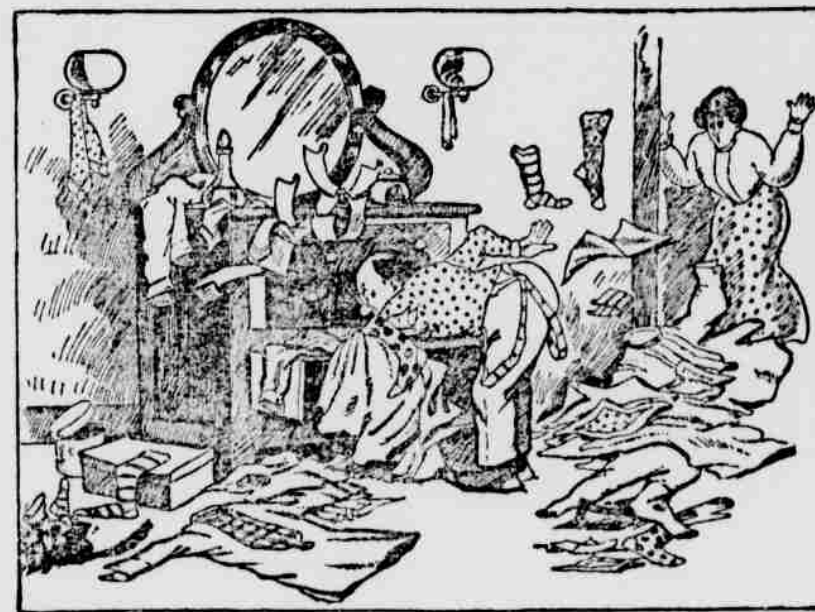
Even professional men have to change their profession sometimes before striking the one that just suits them. But so long as a man eventually settles down into the right career it does not matter how many changes he makes in getting to it. In fact, he is all the better for it, his knowledge of life is broader, and this will help him no matter what line he settles into. One has only to look about and see that there are a whole lot of misfits who would be the better off for making a shift or two.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND LABOR.

By John W. Noble.

The Department of Commerce and Labor does not have power to enforce its own conclusions even if it is expected to formulate them on all subjects within its jurisdiction of investigation. Where this power should be placed is a question affecting the whole field of controversy now agitated by the question relating to transportation, monopolies, illegal combinations, even as to the vital controversies about tariff, reciprocity and the health and vigor of both our foreign and domestic commerce. It, however, seems beyond doubt that the Legislature has power to fix rates for transportation by common carrier, and that it can be exercised by a board of commissioners authorized for the purpose by legislative act and within the limit of not destroying the property and business so regulated that legislative power is effective and final, that the judiciary can annul illegal combinations to prevent competition in trade, and that the Supreme Court of the United States as to interstate or international commerce can and will act to set aside corporate action creating or even tending to create monopoly or contravening the anti-trust statutes.

It may be relied on as certain that, where the power exists to eradicate such evil and the public intelligence is alert to support the executive, that power will be exerted until the evil is abandoned.



"Where in thunder did I put that winter underwear of mine?"

upper layer of air. It is held by most scientists that the lightning flash is an oscillatory discharge, repeated frequently and from between cloud and cloud or between cloud and earth. The distance of the flash in miles is approximately equal to one-fifth of the number of seconds between the flash and the thunder. The number of people killed by lightning each year in the United States averages about 300, the greater loss of life being in July. Small articles of metal do not have the power to attract lightning, but one should not stand under trees during thunderstorms, in the doorways of barns, near open windows or doors, close to cattle or horses, or near chimneys and fireplaces. There is very little reason, however, for alarm during a thunderstorm or for making efforts to insulate one's self by getting into feather beds, etc. If you are in the vicinity of a person who has just been struck by lightning, no matter if he appears dead, go to work at once to try to restore respiration and consciousness. No matter which method of artificial respiration is used, keep it up for at least an hour, and in the meantime maintain the heat of the body by hot flannels, bottles of hot water, warm clothing taken from bystanders, etc. Firmly and energetically rub the limbs upward so as to force the blood to the heart and brain. When swallowing is established a teaspoonful of warm water, wine, diluted whisky or brandy, or warm coffee should be given. Sleep should be encouraged. Send for a physician at once. Lightning frequently causes a

temporary paralysis of the respiratory organs and the heartbeat, which, if let alone, will deepen into death, but which, treated as suggested, will often result in recovery."

The Acme of Pessimism.

Secretary of War Taft, at a dinner in Washington, referred with a snarl to a certain pessimistic Senator.

"He is always awaiting the fall of some unforeseen evil," said Secretary Taft. "He can never see the bright side. He is an incorrigible a pessimist as old Elisha Howard of Zoar."

"I was born in Ohio and in my boyhood I saw Elisha now and then. His farm was near Zoar. It was a large and prosperous farm, but Elisha would never have admitted such a thing. He was always grumbling and groaning. The corners of his mouth continually hung down."

"I remember once there came a banner year for the Ohio farmers. The wheat crop had never been so fine and good, and prices had never been so high. Elisha's wheat surpassed all others, and it was known that he had marketed it skillfully. Nevertheless, when a neighbor asked him one day how he made out with it he whined: "Well, I didn't get as much for it as I expected, and I didn't expect I would."

When some women pass along the streets they have this look on their faces: "Now I'll bet that man wants to flirt with me!"

The farmer never writes when he can go and talk, and the farmer is wiser than you think.