

The Wife's Secret, OR A BITTER RECKONING

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Mallett did not get much sleep while awaiting Senor Castellán's return. His mind was too busy digesting what he had just heard. Putting two and two together, bearing in mind the fact that the senator's description of his beautiful customer tallied exactly with that given of the so-called Pauline Malling by Jack Dorton, and that the photograph taken by Castellán was afterward found in that lady's possession, his belief in the imposture was naturally strengthened, and his impatience to visit the grave and see for himself the evidence of his niece's death increased every moment. At last he heard the convent bell strike six, and, with a feeling of relief, he rose and went downstairs.

He found the senator waiting below, looking triumphant, but cautious. There were several loungers about, and Mr. Mallett and Castellán passed through the room and out of the house without exchanging a word.

But, once safely outside, the senator, who was brimming over with pleasant self-importance, rapidly unfolded the plans which the senator and he had concocted for Mr. Mallett's admittance to the convent burying ground.

"I shall point out the gate by which monsieur will enter; after that, the rest must depend on monsieur's sagacity and on the exactness with which he carries out my directions. The servant would have nothing to do with you directly; but she will arrange matters so that you can enter the cemetery by yourself and obtain a view of the tomb. But monsieur will envelop himself in my accomplice's cloak, and if he is seen from the chapel windows, they will conclude it is but one of the sisters crossing the graveyard to gather herbs from the garden which lies beyond."

Then followed a list of directions, to which Mr. Mallett paid the closest attention; and, as the old Spaniard concluded, they came within sight of the Convent of the Holy Assumption. A substantial stone wall eight feet high inclosed it on all sides, and on the east front were massive iron gates boarded high above the line of sight to shield the sacred precincts from the vulgar gaze. Further on, on the west side, was a very small wicket, almost hidden under the masses of ivy that hung half way to the ground. This door was the one used by the lay sisters when doing their errands, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vesper as Mr. Mallett reached this half hidden little gate, and, according to directions from Castellán—who was lurking among the bushes—she gave a low, quick, triple knock three times over, and then waited with his eyes on his watch until five minutes had passed.

The bells ceased ringing. This was the moment agreed on, and he pushed the door gently; it yielded, and the next moment he found himself in the dim light of a long, narrow passage.

He stooped and lifted a snuff colored garment that lay at his feet. It was a huge cloak, like a sister's. He wrapped himself in the capacious garment, carefully drawing the hood well over his head. Having taken off his boots, he went stealthily along the passage, across a large stone flagged entrance hall, and passed out of what he had been told was the main entrance into the inclosure beyond. He paused here a moment and looked about him attentively. In a line with him stood the chapel on the extreme right, the door of which was open; and he saw the backs of the sisters as they knelt at their devotions. He caught a gleam of gorgeous color as the clear evening light fell through the east window upon the vestments of the priests at the high altar, and a faint odor of incense crept out upon the air. He drew the hood still closer over his head and crossed the open space to the other side of the chapel. Here he had to pass a whole line of windows, and the profiles of the nuns were turned toward him. He shortened his stride and dropped his shoulders the better to perform the part he was assuming, and passed on without a glance to the right or to the left. As soon as the windows were passed he raised his head and looked round again. He was at the edge of the burying ground, and over in the extreme corner under the walls he saw the stone he had come in search of. He recognized it by the semi-circular top—there was not another like it in the inclosure—and his heart quickened a little as he picked his way across the graves.

The sunset sky had changed from crimson to saffron, from saffron to a clear, pale gray, and still the brown cloak stood motionless before the headstone in the far corner of the convent graveyard.

Mr. Mallett had received a shock that entirely banished his preconceived ideas; and over again; the more he pondered it the less he understood how it was that he had been deceived by fate into this fruitless journey.

Why should his niece, Pauline Malling, have a picture of the grave of Pauline Pelling in her possession?—for he no longer doubted that the lady resigning at Mallingford Park was his niece, and concluded that this was the grave of some other person—presumably the wife of his friend, Captain Pelling. He remembered the captain's impressive little story of his unhappy marriage and its premature denouement; and Mr. Mallett had no doubt whatever that he was now standing by the grave of that gentleman's wife. Still the question kept repeating itself. Why should his niece—of the same Christian name, too—treasure up this picture of Mrs. Pelling's grave? He smiled to himself at the freak of fortune

and he was just in time to catch the 11 o'clock express for Waterloo. On arriving at his destination, Captain Pelling ran his eyes rapidly down the cab rank within the station, picked out the smartest looking horse, sprang into the cab, and called through the trap to the driver: "A seven-eighths if you reach Bishopsgate church by twenty minutes to 12."

The horse justified his good opinion, and the drive was accomplished in good time. The church doors were open, and a four-wheeled cab was waiting outside. He crept in very quietly, and walked up the aisle, not wishing to disturb the service, for he did not know what he was there for save to see the bride's face. He judged rightly that his future conduct was to be guided by that inspection.

The church was cold and gloomy this miserable morning, and a few persons were scattered here and there among the seats, attracted possibly more by curiosity than interest.

As Pelling advanced, he was struck by the subdued richness of the bride's costume, and he was not a little surprised at the absence of the usual attendants—for the old lady standing behind the bride evidently filled the office of pew opener. The bride and bridegroom were a fine couple, the man being quite six feet high, while the lady was also well proportioned.

Pelling went quietly along the chancel until he reached the end nearest to the altar, and then he waited for the bride to turn her face toward him. The clergyman's voice went on with the service: "Will you obey him and serve him in health, and, forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

Then, for the first time, she turned toward Pelling. Her expression was one of unmixed rapture, and she raised her eyes to the bridegroom's, and her lips were unclenched to speak the words "I will," when she became aware of Pelling's fixed stare of horror. His gaze attracted her involuntarily, and she looked instinctively over Jack's shoulder in his direction.

Jack, wondering what was the matter and fearing she was going to faint, prompted her with the short answer, "She did not speak, but continued to gaze over his shoulder at the man who had so unaccountably riveted her attention. Her under jaw dropped apomatically, her eyes became as fixed as those who was gazing into, and every vestige of life and color left her face.

The next thing Jack seemed to realize was that a gentleman wearing a light overcoat was speaking quietly to the astonished clergyman and suggesting that the lady should be taken to the vestry, as she was evidently very ill.

The scattered congregation looked at each other in wondering curiosity as the bride party disappeared. They lingered awhile until the old pew opener returned and begged them to depart, as she desired to close the church.

Pauline, with dull, dazed despair in her eyes, sat in the vestry, listening to, without understanding, the conversation of the three men grouped around her.

"I am extremely sorry," Pelling said, in answer to the clergyman's request for an explanation; "but it would have been criminal to allow the matter to go further, for the lady is my wife."

"Your wife?" echoed Jack, incredulously.

"Yes, sir, my wife!" Pelling replied, with the least touch of hauteur. "I have believed her to be dead for the last six years—in fact, I believed it so thoroughly that I should not have believed my eyes this morning if her own conduct had not betrayed her. It is possible that she thought I was dead, as I have been in Central Africa for several years; and I understand the expedition of which I was a member has been three or four times reported in the newspapers as completely exterminated."

"And how came you to present yourself so opportunely this morning?" asked the clergyman.

"That is more than I understand myself at present; but I think it is due to accidental discoveries made in Spain by a friend of mine who has gone hither on business of his own. How it happens that I have been led to believe in my wife's death all these years and never found out my mistake before I cannot understand."

"Miss Malling took her mother's name when she inherited the estate; perhaps that may explain matters," put in Jack.

"What estate?" asked Pelling sharply.

"It is all too long to discuss now," Jack answered; "but no doubt the change of name accounts for your ignorance of your wife's existence."

(To be continued.)

Must Have Pain.

"If a woman hasn't a bad, there's something wrong with her," remarked an observer of mankind. "She's in love, or out of it, or her liver is out of order."

"American girls are the greatest for taking up new cults. Now, an English girl settles down to doing one thing, and sticks to it, and nothing short of an earthquake or a dynamite explosion will turn her out of the way of it."

"But you just suggest to an American girl that some new physical exercise will give her a plump neck, or reduce her hips or any other old thing, and she will be nothing else for—well, until the novelty wears off or something else turns up."

"Just now it's boxing. Every boxing master in town is rushed to death with applications for instruction from girls. Boxing, you know, is warranted to do the impossible; consequently they all want it."

"But, then, after all, I suppose it's just that variety and unexpectedness about the girls over here which makes them so attractive. You never know where they're going to break out next."

Size of Atlantic Waves.

The size of the Atlantic waves has been carefully measured for the Washington hydrographic bureau. In height the waves usually average about 30 feet, but in rough weather they attain from 40 to 48 feet. During storms they are often from 500 to 600 feet long, and last 10 or 15 seconds, while the longest yet known measured half a mile and did not spend itself for 28 seconds.

Cultivate health and thus radiate strength and courage.

that some one of the group, as, for example, "Red Cap," has stolen it.

"Red Cap" is now asked by the questioner, "Red Cap, did you steal the cardinal's hat?" He also must pass on the charge, saying, "No, it was 'White Cap' or any other color, if he omits to do so or names a color not included among the players, he must pay forfeit."

Meanwhile the questioner becomes indignant at the numerous denials and proceeds to extort confession by torture, rapping with his cane the fingers of those whom he addresses. If he succeeds in obliging any child to confess, the latter must pay forfeit.

At last "My man John" owns the theft, produces the hat, and the game is begun again until a sufficient number of forfeits have been collected.

A Bit of Cat History.

A great many years ago the people of Egypt, who had many idols, worshipped the cat, among others. They thought she was like the moon, because she was more active at night, and because her eyes changed like the moon, which is sometimes full and at other times only a light crescent, or, as we say, half moon. So they made an idol with a cat's head and named it Pasht. The same time they gave to the moon, for the word means the face of the moon. The word has been changed to "Pus" and "Puss," and has come at last to be "Puss," the name the most of us give to the cat. Puss and Pussy cat are pet names for kitty anywhere now. But few think of the name as given to her thousands of years ago and of the people who then bowed down and prayed to her.

LIFE WOULD BE TOO LONG.

Awkward Results of Universal Longevity Are Prophesied.

Suppose a man 50 years old, making a good income from his business, were to decide to live until he was 100 and not to retire until he was 90.

The first consequence would be that he would have the opportunity of making much more money than if he died at 70; next, that his children would have to wait much longer for it. Now, supposing him to have attained the age of 90, the more money he takes out of his business the less there will be for others to take.

His three sons, junior partners in the same firm, aged 65 downward, and his nine grandsons, aged 40 downward, will find very little to take out of the business between them. The business, in fact, would not "go round."

Even more distressing would be the case of the family in which there was no business out of which an income could be obtained. The old baronet, aged 100, would still be living at the family seat, enjoying the income he had inherited. His son, wearing out to 80, and possibly still a great trial to his parents, would be eking out a precarious existence on very little more than he was allowed at Oxford, and for his part quite unable to make his sons any allowance at all, much less to tip his great-grandsons when they went back after the holidays to the rate-provided schools.

The sons and grandsons would have to go into business? But into what business could they go?

Possibly it might be found necessary to compel a person attaining the age of 70 to give up his money and his estate to his son and to live on a small pension allowed him out of the wealth he had inherited or acquired; or possibly there might be a rule that a man on attaining the age of 40 might claim complete control of his father's money and estate, providing that he undertook to house his parents and grandparents and to make them a small allowance.

But even then not all the inconveniences and uncertainties would be ended. Even if a man undertook at the age of 40 all those obligations and had housed, say, a parent, a couple of grandparents and possibly two or three great-grandparents in a number of £150 cottages on the family estate, and were making them allowances suitable to their respective ages, it would yet be almost beyond his power to prevent them from reasserting their own desires to do so. A man's father, still in the prime of life at 70, might decide to set up in business afresh, in competition against the old business he had just relinquished to his son; he might even, with his more mature experience, cut out the old firm altogether, and then all the difficulties and inconveniences would begin over again.—London Spectator.

A Rope Seven Miles Long.

Glasgow, Scotland, is the proud possessor of the biggest rope that was ever made for hauling purposes. Strangers view it as one of the "sights" of the city.

Manufactured to haul cars through one of the subways, the rope is seven miles long, four and five-eighths inches in circumference, and weighs nearly sixty tons. It has been made in one unjointed and unspliced length of patent crucible steel.

The rope forms a complete circle around Glasgow, crossing the Clyde in its course, and is intended to run at a speed of fifteen miles an hour.

Knew Her Grammar.

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"Number, please?" said "central."

"Singular," she answered, surprised at the question, but proud that she knew something of the rudiments of grammar.



The Cross Patch.

Once on a time there was a witch, Who wasn't poor and wasn't rich; She wasn't handsome, that I know, For one day when I saw her go A-riding past I said: "Oh, dear! How can a person look so queer!" Her back was crooked as the moon, And as she went I heard her croon A silly song that seemed to say: "The children are all good to-day, To-morrow maybe I will throw My cross patch cloak o'er Jane and Joe, And while they whine, 'Mamma, mamma, I'll chuckle to myself, 'Ha, ha, ha!' And folks will say, 'That horrid Jane Is at her tantrums now again.' And other folks will say they know They can't do anything with Joe. Then, lest some wise ones guess my trick, I'll puzzle them by being quick, I'll snatch the patch from Jane and Joe, To cast it over Clem and Chlo. The friends in wonder then will say, 'Our Jenny is real good to-day, Or 'Joseph seems a different boy; He really is his mother's joy.' But little Chlo and Clem beware; Their naughtiness is past compare." Now, boys and girls who would escape This witch's ugly cross patch cape Must get the fairy Laughing Fun To stay close by and never run. Then when the witch with dark disguise Approaches she, in great surprise, Will find her cloak too small by half To cover boys and girls who laugh. —Washington Star.

Lessons in Manners.

A well-known lawyer is telling a good story about himself, and his efforts to correct the manners of his office boy. One morning, not long ago, relates the Brooklyn Citizen, the young autocrat of the office blew into the office and, tossing his cap at a hook, exclaimed: "Say, Mr. Blank, there's a ball game down at the park to-day and I am going down."

Now the attorney is not a hard-hearted man, and was willing the boy should go, but thought he would teach him a little lesson in good manners. "Jimmie," he said kindly, "that isn't the way to ask a favor. Now, you come over here and sit down and I'll show you how to do it." The boy took the office chair and his employed picked up his cap and stepped outside. He then opened the door softly and, holding the cap in his hand, said quietly to the small boy in the big chair: "Please, sir, there is a ball game at the park to-day. If you can spare me I would like to get away for the afternoon." In a flash the boy responded: "Why, certainly, Jimmie, and here is 50 cents to pay your way in."

There are no more lessons in manners in that office.

Electro Magnet.

The familiar horseshoe magnet is made of highly tempered steel and magnetized so that one end is a north pole, the other a south, or perhaps more commonly known as a negative and a positive. Once magnetized it is always magnetic unless the power is drawn from it by exposure to intense heat. An electro-magnet, however, is made from any scrap of soft iron, from a piece of ordinary telegraph wire to a gigantic iron shaft. When a current of electricity passes through an insulated wire coiled about a soft iron object such as a nail, a bolt, or a rod, that object becomes a magnet as long as a current of electricity is passing through the coils of wire or helix. A coil of wire in the form of a spiral spring has a stronger field than a straight wire carrying the same current, for each turn or convolution adds its magnetic field to that of the other turns; and by having the center of the coil of iron, which is a magnetic body, the strength of the magnetism is greatly increased.—St. Nicholas.



Teacher—I suppose you know, Willie, that in keeping you after school I punish myself as well as you.

Willie—Yes, m'm; that's why I don't mind it.—Chicago Daily News.

Cardinal's Hat Game.

The children being seated in a circle, a child who does not take part in the game whispers to each of the rest a name representing some color, as "red cap," "blue cap," "yellow cap," etc.

Two players are exempted, one of whom is called "My man John," and one represents the cardinal. The latter now leaves the room, first placing in the hands of "John" a little billet of wood, bidding him take care of the cardinal's hat, which at the same time he declares to be of some particular color, as green. "John" conceals this somewhere in the room.

The child who went out then enters, armed with a cane, and demands the cardinal's hat. "John" pretends to have forgotten all about it and asks, "V hat color was it—green?" and so on until he guesses the color.

Being thus reminded, he declares

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

It is better to have both feet in the grave than one in the pit.

Many men are fit for their own Heaven.

The more words the less of the Word.

Good living does not make the good life.

There is no salvation in isolation.

Sublime aims have substantial targets.

Without some facts faith is mere fancy.

Provocation is the parent of patience.

Life from Christ give likeness to Christ.

Double dealing ends in divided dividends.

The exclusive church excludes Christ.

Our seeking always secures His sending.

With some people faith depends on their feet.

As soon as a nation becomes heartless its case is hopeless.

Codfish culture is never complete until conscience is killed.

Every time you put out any new life some old leaves drop off.

Slander is bad breath; its evidence applies only to its source.

The Bible is a time-table, but it is by no means a ticket to Heaven.

The house of character cannot be constructed out of negative virtues.

No quantity of prayer-meeting trading-stamps will purchase paradise.

If you want to make a rich man understand you must touch his pocket-book.

The only way God can feed some of our hearts is by starving our bank account.

Doubtless the devil thinks he will be able to enter Heaven as soon as he can play a harp.

The recording angel knows what you say when the neighbor's dog gets busy about 2 a. m.

The only reason some men won't go to church is because they are not invited into the pulpit.

Some people hide the Word in their hearts so effectively that they never know where to find it.

The people who are too lazy to prepare always have a lot to say about the way the prizes are distributed.

Humility is a virtue that seems to take so much time for its cultivation.

The sermon is always a failure when the preacher depends on inspiration to make up what he lacked in endeavor.

A few preachers are trying to get goods for nothing all the week and then preaching on the sins of gambling on Sunday.

ENERGETIC MRS. KIPLING.

As a Girl She Helped Scrub Floor of Improved Church.

When Mrs. Rudyard Kipling was a young girl, she went out to Colorado with her brother, Waldert Balestier, and lived with him at Salida, then a mountain railroad town in the earlier and rougher stages of its history. Living in the same town was a Mr. Thayer, who was connected with the management of the Denver and Rio Grande Road. His wife, Mrs. Emma Homan Thayer, has published a number of books, of which "Wild Flowers of the Rockies" and "Wild Flowers of the Pacific Coast" are best known, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Their daughter, Miss Thayer, and Miss Balestier, became great friends, and Mrs. Thayer used to tell in later years how the two girls secured the first Episcopal service in Salida. They wrote to the late Bishop Spaulding in Denver, who replied to them that if they would secure a place for the service he would send a clergyman. The girls canvassed the town, but the only place they could find that was suitable was a room back of a saloon.

They rented this room, wrote the bishop, posted notices and did everything to insure a good service. Late the Saturday afternoon before the important Sunday, Mrs. Thayer went down to the room. It had been charmingly decorated with mountain wild flowers, an organ moved in and everything prepared for the service. But, alas! the woman who had promised to scrub the floor had failed them, and such labor was almost impossible to get in the camp. So Miss Thayer and Miss Balestier, with rags and pails of hot water secured from the saloon-keeper's wife, went down on their knees and scrubbed the floor.

Through their efforts an Episcopal church was later established in Salida, and Miss Thayer married its clergyman, the Rev. J. Wallace Ohl.

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"Number, please?" said "central."

"Singular," she answered, surprised at the question, but proud that she knew something of the rudiments of grammar.

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Teacher—I suppose you know, Willie, that in keeping you after school I punish myself as well as you.

Willie—Yes, m'm; that's why I don't mind it.—Chicago Daily News.

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