

The Wife's Secret, OR A BITTER RECKONING

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEM

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)
"So you have been a rich woman, Pauline," he said, turning to her kindly. He did not know yet how far this estrangement had been intentional on her part, and he would give her the benefit of the doubt. "I, too, have fallen on prosperous times. Now, what are you going to do? Shall I see you home? Or shall I call on you to-morrow, when you will be quieter and calmer? Or will you come and look at my little place now?"

Then, for the first time, Pauline raised her head; and again Jack saw the expression of the carved tigers' heads as she answered her husband.
"I will not accompany you anywhere; I would sooner kill myself—for I hate you!"

The shocked clergyman would have spoken; but Pelling stopped him courteously but firmly.
"Yes must pardon me; but this is my affair, as you must acknowledge, and mine only." Then turning to the raging woman, he went on: "In those circumstances further discussion would be useless," and only Jack, who was watching him closely, guessed what wonderful self-control he was exerting to keep himself from exposing and upbraiding the woman to whom he spoke. "I will give you the address of my solicitor, and all future communications must be made through him." He wrote the address on a leaf of his pocketbook, tore it out, and placed it on the table beside her. "And now, Mrs. Pelling, may I see you to your cab?"

She rose and drew herself up defiantly, and then swept from the room; and Pelling followed her in polite attendance. He returned in a few seconds.
"And now, Mr. Dornton," he said, "if you will favor me with your company, I shall be glad to give and receive explanations."

After wishing the clergyman "Good morning," the two men jumped into the cab which brought Pelling from the station, and drove to a hotel. They talked on indifferent subjects until they were in possession of a private room, and the waiter had finally retired, after receiving orders for luncheon in half an hour. Then Pelling turned to Jack and began:

"It seems to me that you and I are fated to cross each other's paths, Mr. Dornton. I have heard you spoken of pretty often lately by a Mr. Mallett, a particular friend of mine."

"Indeed?" said Jack, uncomfortably, not relishing this sudden and intentional introduction of the Malletts' name; for, since his conversation with Lord Summers, Jack felt proud that even the name of his own share in the rupture with Ethel. He thought, too, that Mr. Pelling would not have heard much to his credit from that source.
"I see what you are thinking," Pelling observed; "but you are wrong. Mr. Mallett has spoken of you to me only as a promising man in your profession. The other matter that is in your mind I took the liberty of finding out for myself. Now, I have a proposition to make to you."

CHAPTER XXII.
Pelling paused and looked attentively at the young man. He knew there was not much generosity in giving Ethel up, as he could not marry her himself during the lifetime of his wife, and, having plenty of true malice, he did not mean to make any show of the miserable pain that was gnawing at his heart; but he felt he should like to know what sort of man this was whose path he intended to smooth for him as far as lay in his power; and, while he thought of this, the memory of Ethel's face, pained and sorrowful as he saw it when she made to him her confession of love for this Dornton came suddenly before him, and he knew that the greatest kindness he could do her would be to restore her lover. Presently he said, abruptly:

"You have nearly broken Ethel's heart."
Jack flushed furiously, and half rose from his chair. Pelling motioned to him to keep calm.
"I asked you to be patient with me," he reminded Jack. "My motive should excuse me to you. The pith of the whole matter is this—the engagement between you and Ethel broken off in consequence of your infatuation for my wife, or had you consented to care for her before you met Pauline? As man to man, I ask you for a truthful answer."

"I can't for the life of me understand by what right," began Jack, hotly.
"For heaven's sake, don't waste time in splitting straws when so much is at stake!" Pelling said, impetuously. "You can't understand my right to interfere? I will explain. I love Ethel Mallett as I never loved, never shall love, never believed it possible to love; and until this morning I had the hope of making her my wife some day, when she had had time to forget you. I think my love for her gives me the right to do what I can to secure her happiness; and I believe her happiness rests with you. I can't have her myself, or I do not think I could be unselfish enough to give her up. I might, but I don't think it. Now to return to our point—was your infatuation for my wife the only cause of the estrangement between you two?"

Jack was greatly impressed, as he understood now why Pelling spoke with so much effort, and he felt touched by his devotion. Added to this was the feeling of shame that had oppressed him ever since his talk with Lord Summers.
"Come—you needn't mind confessing your weakness to me," Pelling went on, encouragingly. "Bless you, man, I know how Pauline can twist any man round her finger if she likes to try! I suppose she was smitten with you, and spread her nets to snare you, and you, not seeing the snare, found yourself enamored of her without knowing how it happened. And I dare say, if the truth were known, when the first mad burst was over, and you thought out

things quietly, you would have given a good deal never to have seen her at all, and wished you had behaved differently to Miss Mallett.
Jack jumped up, his face beaming, and wrung Pelling's hand.
"I could not say it myself, but that is really just how it has been with me. I am not good at expressing my feelings; but I know you are behaving very well to me—much better than I deserve—and I thank you. And now what do you wish me to do?"

"Go right away for a few months. Write to me now and again, and I will take care that Miss Mallett hears whatever is likely to be of use to you. Give her time to forget the indignity you have put on her and her love. I shall be on hand in the character of a benevolent patriarch, and the moment I see signs favorable to our plot I will bring about a meeting. The rest will lie with yourself."
"How can I thank you?"
"You owe me no thanks. Relieve your mind on that point. What I am doing I do out of my sincere wish for Miss Mallett's happiness. If you really think you owe me anything pay it in kindness to your wife after you are married. Here is luncheon. We will talk by and by of your immediate plans."

When they had finished luncheon, and Jack had left, Pelling laid down on the hard horsehair sofa, with his hands under his head, gazing steadfastly at the ceiling; and it was not until the evening, when the waiter came to light the gas, that he was roused from his deep reverie. He then pulled himself together, went out into the wretched night.
When Pauline left her husband at the church door she knew that her scheming had been futile, and that she could never again show her face at Mallingford; but it was not that which caused her the agony of mind she was suffering.

She had lost Jack. The one pure, unselfish cup of joy she had longed to taste had been snatched from her lips at the moment of raising. She was stunned with despair.
She paced up and down the platform at Charing Cross station, watching for Babette and concocting plans for obtaining what ready money she could before the grand denouement came. She knew her jewels must be worth at least five thousand pounds, and, though some of them were heirlooms, and others had been bought with money obtained by her dishonesty, she would not scruple to apply them to her personal use. Then she would draw at once two thousand from her bankers. She would go and do this personally lest they might scruple to pay so large a sum on a check. And so she laid her miserable plans, refusing to listen for one moment to the prompting of her better nature, which would even now suggest her return to the husband whose only sin had been his poverty.

CHAPTER XXIII.
Notwithstanding all Pelling's efforts, the story soon got into the newspapers, and, it being the dull season, was seized upon with avidity by the gossip purveyors. It was "dished" and "redished" day after day, with numberless distortions, exaggerations and additions. One society journal had it that the beautiful Miss Mallett, of Mallingford Park, in Exburyshire, had attempted to poison her husband, to whom she had been secretly married only a month or two, in order to become the wife of a celebrated R. A., with whom she had fallen deeply in love; while another declared that the husband presented himself at the altar with pistols, and, dragging his would-be successor outside the sacred edifice, insisted upon a duel there and then, and wounded him dangerously in the shoulder, and that the unfortunate man now lay in a most critical condition, while the husband had carried off his reluctant bride, a veritable prisoner, on board his yacht, for a twelve-month's cruise in the Pacific.
At last Pelling, annoyed beyond measure at these absurd stories, decided to lay bare the truth. With the assistance of his lawyer, he drew up a concise statement of the real facts, giving his own and Pauline's name in full, but suppressing Jack's. He carefully conveyed the idea that Pauline believed him to be dead, and gave the circumstance to her change of name as sufficient to account for his not having discovered her existence since his return from Africa. This he sent to two of the daily newspapers, and, thus divested of all mystery, the story lost its charm, and no longer afforded any interest.
Pelling sent one of these newspapers, with his own letter specially distinguished, to Ethel by post, and the next morning he called in Buckingham street to make matters clearer.
Ethel's frank candor once more overcame the difficulties of the situation; she stood at the top of the stairs with her hands outstretched and her face bright with friendly interest.
"I have been longing to see you," she began, warmly, as they entered the room; "we have both so much that is wonderful to tell each other!"
She looked at him steadfastly as he stood in the light from the window, and what she saw in his face quickened her pulse with a sudden pity, but she would not give way to the impulse that urged her to console him. She went on, a little hurriedly at first:
"I can see that your pleasant news is in some way mixed up with painful thoughts; so, as mine is altogether pleasant, I shall speak first. To begin—papa came home last night, and he has brought the most wonderful news; it is like a fairy tale! I don't suppose you know yet that your wife is my cousin?—Captain Pelling started at the words—"I knew you would be greatly pleased. My father is not really Mr. Mallett—his true name is Sir Geoffrey Malling, and he is your wife's uncle. In some extraordinary

way, which papa will explain, the whole of the Mallingford property comes to him in the event of Pauline's marrying under twenty-five without her guardian's consent; so, you see, we are going to be very great people. I believe my mother was not so well born as papa, and the late baronet was so angry when he heard of the marriage that he disinherited papa, who at once changed his name and worked hard to keep his wife. I hope you are not angry with us because we are going to take away your wife's wealth. Of course that is only nonsense! I know you are not angry; I've heard you say often how glad you would have been to share what you have with her."

Ethel paused. Pelling did not speak, and she felt a little anxious. She had unintentionally stumbled upon the subject; but she knew it could not be avoided between them, so she screwed up her courage and went on:
"Perhaps I should not say what I am going to say; but no real harm can come from straightforwardness. We have been such good friends in the past that we need not stay to pick and choose our words to each other, need we? I want to congratulate you on the recovery of your wife; but there is something in your face that checks me. Will you tell me all about it?"

"I can't tell you all about it," he said. "I only know that my wife refused to have anything to do with me, and that she is now in Paris."
"If I were you I should go to Paris, too."
"I suppose I ought—in fact, I know I ought—and I have tried to make up my mind to go; but I cannot."
For an instant he dropped his head upon his hand, and a great rush of pity set Ethel's heart beating oddly. He pulled himself together with an impatient exclamation.
"What a bore you must think me!" he said, quickly. "Let us drop the subject. If I ever find you can help me in any way, I will come as soon as I can. As things are now, the less said the better. And so you are to possess the wealth which Pauline has forfeited? I am very glad—very, very glad—on all accounts but one."
"And that is?"
"It will make Dornton's task harder."

The blood rushed over Ethel's face in a quick flush, and it left again as quickly.
"I don't know what you mean," she said.
"I mean that Dornton was beguiled by my unhappy wife into doing as he did, that he was not master of his own actions, and that he would give a very great deal to be assured of your entire forgiveness. He has loved you all through his mad folly. He told me so himself on the very day of the wedding, before he could have known anything of the change in your worldly affairs; so, when you think of him in the future, you must not believe he was governed by mercenary considerations."
"Thank you for your kind defense of him," she responded, rising as her father entered the room. "I will remember to do as you say; and she turned gayly to the door. "And now let me introduce you to Sir Geoffrey Malling of Mallingford Park."

A few weeks later Ethel and her father were settled at Mallingford. All the necessary legal formalities had been gone through, and the county families had called upon Sir Geoffrey and his daughter. Lord Summers had suggested that the baronet should have a public reception; but Sir Geoffrey had sternly and emphatically opposed any such demonstration. So father and daughter had come down and been met at the railway station by the family carriage, and had gone quietly to their respective rooms, after shaking hands with a few of the old servants whom Sir Geoffrey remembered in his brother's time, and had eaten their first dinner at Mallingford as if they had but just returned from a short visit. (To be continued.)

Population of the Philippines.
The density of population in the Philippines is 67 per square mile. The inhabitants are usually found on or near the coast, except in the island of Luzon, where about half the people live in the two rich valleys in the interior. Only one-seventh of the civilized population live inland, but the wild peoples are confined almost entirely to the interior. In the archipelago there are 13,400 barrios or villages, with an average population of 500 inhabitants. The average size of the barrio varies widely in different provinces. A number of adjacent barrios form a pueblo or municipal unit, and thus there is practically no rural population. Three-fifths of the population live in villages of less than 1,000 inhabitants and 4 per cent in towns of over 5,000. There are four towns with a population exceeding 10,000 each, and 25 with a population exceeding 5,000. Manila is the only incorporated city in the islands, and its inhabitants number 219,928.

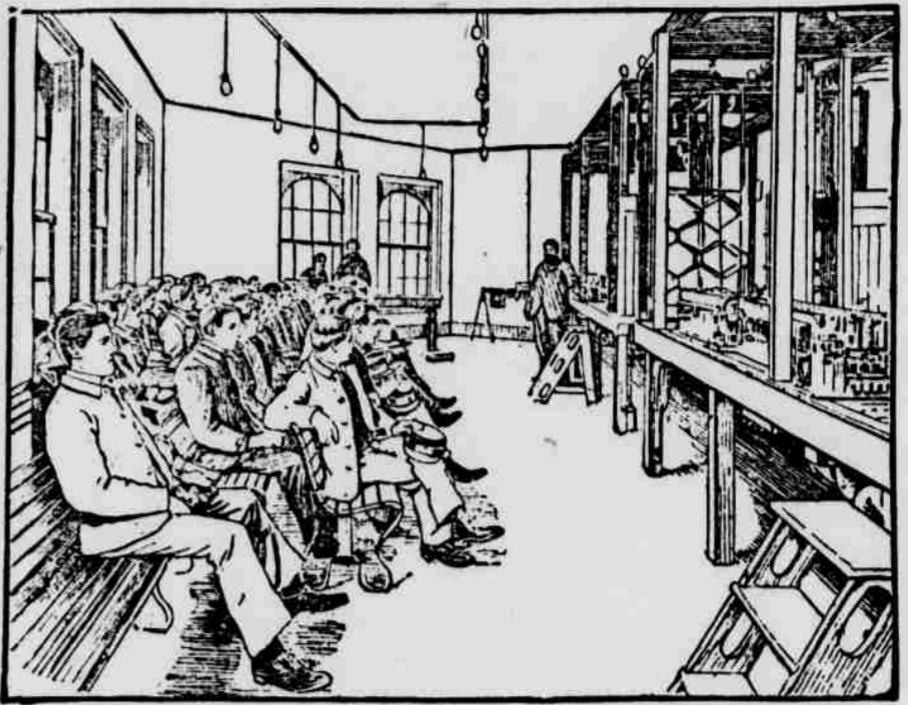
Bored There.
"Didn't you used to board with us up to Mrs. Gaddy's?" asked the thin-necked man.
"Yes," replied Brightman, curiously.
"Why, don't you board there still?"
"Because I was."—Philadelphia Press.

He Waited No Longer.
"You may refuse me now," said the persistent suitor, "but I can wait. All things come to him who waits."
"Yes," replied the dear girl, "and I guess the first thing will be father; I hear him on the stairs."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Progress.
"How are you coming on with your new system of weather prediction?"
"Well," answered the prophet cheerily; "I can always get the kind of weather all right, but I haven't quite succeeded in hitting the dates exactly."—Washington Star.

Said at the Breakfast Table.
"Explorers say there's something awful in the silence of the polar regions."
"Well, why don't they take their wives along?"—Atlanta Constitution.

LABOR TRAINING SCHOOL.



Although less than twenty years have passed since it was first proved in Richmond, Va., that there were commercial possibilities in the overhead trolley, the profession of electric railroading has already become so well established that all sorts of young men are getting into it. It is again reported this fall from several districts of the Middle West that male school-teachers can hardly be secured because the young fellows who formerly taught in the rural schools are now all in service as conductors or motormen. From the country towns in the East, too, there is all the time going on an exodus among the most capable men to the offices of the transportation companies in the cities. Such are the opportunities which the extension of urban and interurban lines have made that even women in some cases, as recently in Indianapolis, have attempted to qualify as conductors, and though in this instance they proved unsuccessful, nobody dares to predict that five or fifteen years hence the patrons of some American road may not be handing over their nickels to uniformed conductors in petticoats.

A large proportion, certainly, of those who thus join the ranks do so with the expectation of rising from the car platform to the higher paid positions of responsibility. Although the wages paid employes by the electric roads are good for the class of work, the opportunities for advancement are what are especially attracting a superior class of men. Thousands, undoubtedly by the example of street railway kings of to-day, who only a few years ago occupied humble positions at small wages.

A large percentage comes from the country. It has indeed been the experience of the elevated management that the lads from the smaller places are apt to pass very creditable physical examinations and to develop into high-grade employes.
Remarkable diversity as to former occupations exists among the men whom the visitor to Boston notes as polite conductors or motormen in well-cut uniforms. Many, of course, report simply that they have all their lives been farming or helping their parents on the farm, but among the hundreds of new ones taken on each year are to be found the names of men who must have been through stirring adventures before they undertook the useful task of collecting nickels. From the United States army and navy there is noticeable a regular drift to the service of the Boston company. Several score of former soldiers or sailors pass their examinations every year and enter the industrial ranks under the leadership of that veteran of the Spanish war, Major General William A. Baueroff, president of the elevated company.

Those, too, who have been good servants of Uncle Sam are likely to continue to be good soldiers. They find in their new occupation opportunities for advancement which are impossible in army and navy, for there exists in it no impassable barrier between commissioned and non-commissioned officers. The most efficient men may go right from the bottom to the top, as indeed every division superintendent of the road has.

If men from the government service turn up often at the elevated company's famous training school in the Sullivan square terminal, hardly less frequently do people from callings which would not seem exactly to prepare for street railroading present papers of application and recommendations. School-teachers and superintendents, weary of the deadening grind of the schoolroom, have lately been appearing in considerable numbers. They know that in the chosen vocation the same devotion that was shown in teaching will eventually reward them much better. College students, too, enter the service, some for a few months in the summer and others—those of the type that the company most approves—for permanent work.

It would be hard to say just how many ex-clergyman are taking up nickels instead of presenting contribution boxes on the lines running in and out of the New England metropolises. There is, at any rate, a considerable number of them. Some are men who became discouraged in the disheartening task of maintaining a congregation in a town of diminishing population and lessening regard for religious traditions, and they turn to the conductor's calling as one which gives outdoor life, exercise of intelligent and abundant opportunity to practice the Christian virtues. Occasionally a minister takes the examinations because he has some throat trouble which prevents his go-

ing on with his preaching.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Tithe-Collector.
When any one, even the minister, attempted an argument with Miss Marie Higgins, he was pretty sure to find himself worsted in the end.
The minister objected at times to the firm manner in which Miss Higgins placed his duty before him at every opportunity, although he had a great respect for her character.

"I can't see my way to preaching a sermon on tithes just yet," he said, meekly, one day, when Miss Higgins had been making him a long call. "The people haven't much money, you know, Miss Higgins, and they can't divide up other things very well. Even you couldn't, always. Suppose, for instance, you should go home and find your hens had laid fifteen eggs, how would you manage to give a tenth of them to the Lord?"
"I should come back and take you and your wife home to tea with me," said Miss Higgins, with a grin. "And I guess when I'd made a scramble of six of those eggs and set you two down to it, the Lord would get His tithe fast enough."

QUEER STORIES

Chicago has a noble, if somewhat odorous, waterway, called Bubbly Creek. The stockyards discharge into it. It has been discovered that the famous stream will burn. Says a local paper: "That this historic section of the city's commercial waterway can bubble and does bubble, and that it can exude smells compared to which a rendering plant is as a fragrant morn in budding June, and does so exude, has long been a matter of local history, if not pride. But that the famed old swimming pool can be converted into kinetic heat energy by the mere application of a match has remained for the Weekly Health Bulletin to disclose." It is now proposed to set the river on fire!

The Japanese are making great strides in the art of advertising. The agents of the government tobacco monopoly offering their wares in Manchuria declare that their cigarette "administers life," "supports the spirits"; "this cigarette of government manufacture is sweet and of good quality, famous, once tried always to be liked"; "will cause the smoker to feel as if in a dream like unto the Mountain Woo-Shan."

A case has been reported in Germany which suggests the curative value of fear. The subject, an old woman, had been bedridden on account of paralysis for ten years. Last August a tempest burst in the region where she lived. Hall destroyed the vineyards. A gale shook the houses. Premature darkness settling down caused general terror. The old paralytic, influenced by fear, leaped from her bed. There has been no relapse, and she may be set down, perhaps, as the only case of cure by tempest.

Dr. Daniel Murphy, the Roman Catholic archbishop of Tasmania, who recently celebrated his ninety-first birthday and the diamond jubilee of his episcopate, once made a jest that amused the late Pope Leo. At the close of a farewell audience in the early '80s the Pope said: "Well, brother, I suppose this is the last time we shall meet in this world." But in the early '90s Dr. Murphy turned up again at the Vatican, reminded Pope Leo of his pessimistic prophecy, and added: "So you see you are not infallible after all."

A handy word much misused in phenomena. The London Globe once heard a man, explaining its meaning to a friend. He did it as follows: "Now, if you see a cow in a meadow," he said, dialectically, "that's not a phinomeena. It's a pretty animal and what not, but it ain't a phinomeena. And if you see a thistle in a meadow, that ain't a phinomeena. Nor if you see a lark in the meadow, that ain't a phinomeena. It's a pretty bird and what not, but it ain't a phinomeena. But if you were to see that cow sitting on that thistle and slinging like that lark, that would be a phinomeena." His friend said, yes, he saw now.

Not a Comfortable Seat.
Coakey—He is now, they say, upon the very pinnacle of success and prosperity, and yet he isn't happy.
Jokeley—Well, that's not altogether surprising. Did you ever sit on a pinnacle of any sort?—Philadelphia Press.

PEN PICTURE OF ROOT.

A Washington Correspondent Describes Great Lawyer-Statesman.
A Washington correspondent who has studied Secretary Root impartially and thoroughly presents this pen picture of him:

Root is not a popular idol. He probably never will be. He lacks human magnetism. He is cold, stern, calculating, hard, astute, deliberate, conservative, reticent. None of these adjectives are to be found in the description of a popular idol such as Mr. Roosevelt. What other men have done in the possession of other qualities Mr. Root will do by sheer force of intellect, concentration, devotion to public duty and remarkable constructive and executive ability. His will be a conquest of brains and ability, if conquest it proves to be.

Take a close view of him here at Washington and learn the method and manner of the man. You cannot study him in the social atmosphere, in the atmosphere of club or popular resort. You must have some business that is his business, business that will bring you in contact with him in his work, for he does nothing now but work. This is literal. Ask the messengers of the State Department, who used to go home at 4 o'clock every



ELIHU ROOT.

afternoon and are now found at their places at 7 o'clock in front of the closed doors of their chief. Ask his secretary, who nightly carries a big leather portmanteau of papers to his hotel and who never leaves his room until within an hour of the change of days. Ask the night watchman about the State, War and Navy Building when, in the 20 or more years of their service, have they paced the halls of the big granite structure to meet face to face a Secretary of State hurrying from his work to the evening meal.

To the State Department he has brought all of the wonderful resources of his great mind. The State Department is his client, and as such has taken the place of the millionaire clients he had in Gotham.

Step by step in days of work from 9 o'clock each morning until 7 o'clock each evening, he is familiarizing himself with the case of the State Department. In time he will have mastered it to his satisfaction. Then he will go before the committees of the Congress to plead it. Already some of the remedies he wants applied are known. He will watch his case with jealous care and answer with unanswerable arguments every urging against what he wants. To this task he will bring all of his wonderful natural ability, all of the training of the foremost lawyer of the country and perhaps of the world, and all of the training he has had as a public man who deals with men and affairs.

In New York City in the 14 months Root was out of public life and in the interim between his occupancy of the place as War Minister and Foreign Minister he built up a law practice which was approaching the \$300,000 per annum mark—measured by the returns received. This practice was second, perhaps, in remunerative returns to that of no other man. William Nelson Cromwell got the largest single fee for any one case—the Panama Canal Company of France sale to the United States, \$1,000,000—and it is said that Mr. Root, who was the greatest organizer of trusts or legal adviser of the organizers of trusts, made as high as \$200,000 in a single year, but it was a "boom" year for the combination of independent enterprises.

Mr. Root gave up all the brilliant prospects for financial advantage and comes to Washington only reasonably rich. He comes because of the opportunity of impressing his personality on the history of the country to which he gives of his talents. He comes back because of a patriotic duty and a belief that when called men of his parts should give the best they have to the republic.

America's Largest Land Owner.
William Cornell Green is known as "the largest landowner in America." His holdings in Arizona and in the State of Sonora, Mexico, amount to about 2,000,000 acres, including some of the most valuable copper-producing land on the continent. It was while raising cattle in Arizona that he became interested in some mines which Senator Clark, of Montana, and other big copper men refused to purchase. The properties turned out to be enormously rich, and now Green is many times a millionaire.

Sure Cure for Vanity.
"Did you see my picture in this morning's paper?" asked the public man.
"No," said the wit, shrieking with laughter. "What were you cured of? Ha, ha!"
"Of vanity, after I saw the picture," answered the other, sadly.—Cleveland Leader.