

The Wife's Secret, OR A BITTER RECKONING

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was Sir Geoffrey's first dinner party, and Ethel felt just a little nervous as she received the guests. Captain Pelling was watching her in the pauses of his chat with Bertha Collins. He caught her eye presently and smiled at her reassuringly, for she had confided to him her dread of the awful occasion.

"You are an old friend of theirs, are you not?" Bertha was saying to the captain. "We all think Miss Malling quite charming. I took her from the first; but, do you know, she is not easy to get on with. Of course she is all one could wish as a hostess; but it is impossible to gush with her. She has a way of sifting all one says and showing up anything that is absurd without certainly in the least intending to give offense. You would hardly believe it, I dare say, but I have adopted the habit of trying to talk seriously when she is listening."

"I think that is the greatest compliment you could pay her. Will you adopt the same practice with me?"

"I should not dare," she replied, with mock gravity. "If I were to get a reputation for seriousness I should probably die an old maid. Men always prefer frivolous talkers for their wives. There is the dinner bell. Are you to take me down?"

Later in the evening Miss Collins dropped into a quiet corner and discussed the things with the utmost freedom with an intimate friend whom she had not seen since the end of the season. She was describing the breaking up of the party when Pauline's intended marriage had been discovered.

"Now tell me—could there be anything more ridiculous than her running away from her own house and marrying, or trying to marry, a man secretly, when there was no one to prevent her doing it openly? My dear, you should have seen our faces when Mrs. Sefton read us the note she had left behind, as we dropped in, one after another, to lunch. At first everybody looked very surprised, and then the absurdity of the whole proceeding struck us. Why could she not have been married properly? No one could have objected to her marrying that good-looking artist if she chose to do so."

"Was she very much 'gone' on him?"

"Awfully! It must have been a terrible blow to her when her husband turned up."

"Rather! Isn't it odd, his being here?"

"I don't think so. He was very good to Sir Geoffrey when he was in less affluent circumstances, I believe."

"Things seem a bit mixed. From what I could make out, he had believed himself a widower, just as she had thought herself a widow, until they met in the church. Don't you think it probable that, while he was under the impression that his wife was dead, he may have had a liking for Miss Malling?"

"I believe you are right," Bertha replied, energetically. "For I saw him looking at her before dinner with his heart in his eyes."

"It is certainly very strange that he should have fallen in love with the girl who was being kept out of her right position by his own wife! It looks like the finger of Fate, doesn't it—though which way the finger is pointing I can't see."

As the guests, one after another, took their departure, Ethel felt her burden lightening. Her sister had been an unequalled success; but she was none the less glad to have it over. Lord Sumners stayed behind, talking earnestly with Sir Geoffrey.

"I admit I was disappointed when I heard that she had taken the family jewels with her," he said, in allusion to Pauline. "I'm afraid she has inherited some of her father's want of principle. The Lufthans were never particularly distinguished for honesty. What do you mean to do about it, Geoffrey?"

"Nothing openly. I am in communication with her waiting maid, who had promised to let me know if there is any idea on Pauline's part of selling them, and I shall, unknown to her, become the purchaser."

"An excellent idea and a very generous one. By the bye, as things have turned out, how fortunate it is that the engagement between our charming Ethel and young Dornon was—"

He stopped suddenly as Ethel and Pelling came back from bidding farewell to Miss Collins. They both caught the drift of his words, and Ethel glanced at Pelling's face; but it was calmly unconscious. "Thinking off the top of his head," he said.

"If you are not too tired, I want to show you a delightful style of type page that I came across this morning. I thought you might elaborate the idea for your 'Central Africa.' It is on this table somewhere."

"I am afraid my share of 'Central Africa' will not be anything to be proud of," he replied with a smile.

"That is nonsense, and you know it, Captain Pelling! I have made up my mind that your sketches are to be the principal attraction of the book. It is really unkind of you to make light of your work after all our interest in it."

"That is just it," he returned, laughing. "I have become so accustomed to working in company that I find I can't move a step by myself."

"You would not be offended at anything I should say for your good?"

"Go on," he said, and waited with knitted brows for what she had to say.

Ethel, in her short life, had often had unpleasant tasks to perform, but never one so unpleasant as this.

"Out of your own mouth shall you be judged," she began, smiling at him to hide the trembling of her lips. "You say you have become so used to working in company that you cannot move a step by yourself; but I say you must take the one useful step by yourself that will secure you good company to work in for the rest of your life. Go to Paris at once, seek out your wife, and give her the protection of your presence. She will

Little Lessons in Patriotism

The Count de Rochambeau had been a gallant soldier of France long before he was assigned by the French government to aid the cause of the American revolutionists. He had fought at the siege of Maestricht; he had led his regiment to the assault of Fort St. Philippe, at Minorca; he had led in the capture of Fort Mifflin. Always a soldier, he was heart and soul in sympathy with the struggle of the Americans against the heavy odds of the British army.



DE ROCHAMBEAU.

On his way to America after his embarkation at Brest he was attacked by a British fleet off Bermuda, but drove back the attackers. Immediately after landing in Rhode Island, Rochambeau set about the construction of fortifications that prevented Sir Henry Clinton and Admiral Arbuthnot from making an attack that they had planned.

He sent his own son back to France to negotiate for the transmission of more troops and supplies. He had the same interest in the cause of the revolutionists that the American generals had.

The work of De Rochambeau in the war did much to hasten the lagging end. The concerted plan of campaign that terminated in Yorktown was largely aided by the efficacy of the Frenchman. The assaults made by De Rochambeau and St. Simon against his stronghold convinced Cornwallis of the futility of his defense and led to his surrender.

THE DEMOCRATIC LEADER.

Striking Personality of John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi.

One of the most interesting men of the country to-day and a most brilliant figure in the political arena is

John Sharp Williams, who represents the Eighth District of Mississippi in the House of Congress. Representative Williams, in his capacity as the leader of the Democrats on the floor of Congress, has achieved a national reputation. That he won a signal victory by bringing order out of chaos among the Democratic representatives goes without saying.

The Democratic leader was born July 30, 1854, at Memphis, Tenn., his mother having died, and his father, who was colonel of the Twenty-seventh Tennessee Volunteers, Confederate States Army, being killed at Shiloh, and Memphis, being threatened with capture by the Federal army, his family removed to his mother's family homestead in Yazoo County, Miss. There the future leader received his education at private schools, the Kentucky Military Institute, near Frankfort, Ky., the University of the South, at Sawnee, Tenn., the University of Virginia, in Baden, Germany. Subsequently Congressman Williams studied law under Prof. Minor and Southall at the University of Virginia, and in the office of Harris, McKisick & Turley in Memphis. In 1877 he received a license to practice in the courts of law and chancery of Shelby County, Tenn. In December, 1878, he removed to Yazoo City, Miss., where he engaged in the practice of his profession and the varied pursuits of a cotton planter. He was named as a delegate to the Chicago convention which named Cleveland and Stevenson. He was elected to the Fifty-third Congress and has been re-elected to every Congress since, sometimes without opposition.

Williams' methods as a leader are interesting to study. He is persuasive, not domineering. He has a winning manner and he seems to be seeking help and light from one at the very time he is bringing a person around to his views. Congressmen who go into his little room in the library wing determined to let Williams know that they will put up with no nonsense go out pleased and flattered and inclined to help him out. On the rare occasions when it is necessary for him to show his authority the iron hand comes out of the velvet glove and the insurgent knows what has happened without having anyone tell him.

Williams is not an impressive man to look at; in fact, he is homely in face and careless in dress. A tangled mass of matted hair falls down a point not far from his eyes. A straggling mustache covers a mouth of generous size and irregular outline. His manners are as easy and unpretentious as an old shoe.

He would not be a rich man in New York, but he is in Mississippi. He is a lawyer and a planter, whose father left him a fortune. He does not look, however, as if he had a dollar, and all the advice of his friends cannot make him spruce up.

Williams has a remarkable voice. It is somewhat nasal and rather incisive, but his command of it is as perfect as that of a musician over a musical instrument.

He plays on it like a violin; it sweeps from high to low, from loud to soft, in perfect tune with the modulations of his theme. He need hardly speak above a whisper to attract the close and strained attention of the whole House in a moment.

His command of sarcasm is, it is generally agreed, unequalled in the House. It is not of the bitter sort, but Williams' exposes of the weak points of the enemy's armor in such a way that the enemy laughs, though ruefully, while he writhes.

Though a Southerner, Williams is exempt from the prejudices of his section. One of his striking speeches was that in which he defended Gen. Sherman from the charge of violating the laws of war in the march to the sea. It was a remarkable address and was listened to with breathless attention by the crowded House. One of his sentences was this:

"As an American citizen, as the son of a rebel soldier, as a man who is intensely Southern, although he is intensely Southern, I want the world to know that when civilized men were fighting civilized men, upon the American continent—one of them in behalf of the cause of the preservation of the Union, as he understood it, and the other in behalf of the cause of local independence, as he understood it—the watchword was chivalry and fair fight."

The Virtues of the Onion.—As a matter of fact onions are really sweeteners of the breath after the local effects have passed away. Onions correct stomach disorders and carry off the accumulated poisons of the system. They provide a blood purifier that all may freely use. Eaten raw, an onion will often check a cold in the head. One small onion eaten every night before retiring is a well known prescription for numerous affections of the head and is highly recommended for sleeplessness.

Influenza and Grippe.—When influenza was epidemic throughout Europe many factory workmen contracted the disease and died. At one factory, however, the disease did not appear. Investigation showed that oil of turpentine was used in metal working. The oil became warm and evaporated and inhaling the air laden with it seemed to act as a germicide. Since then oil of turpentine has been always evaporated in that factory upon a stove and not a case of influenza has ever occurred. This preventive measure may be successfully employed in dwellings.

Home-Made Cough Cure.—Procure one cake of dried mullein leaves from the drug store. It is about two inches square and three-fourths of an inch thick. Break it up and put on to steep in a quart of water. Simmer an hour or more, strain carefully and add three tablespoonfuls of pine tar. Steep for an hour and strain again, keeping always a quart of the solution in the vessel. Add three cups of good sugar. Simmer again, adding water as needed. There should be a quart when done and it is a thin syrup. Begin with a tablespoonful dose three times a day and increase somewhat if needed.

A Great Schoolmaster.—"He managed to make the boys feel that it was a terrible thing to lose his respect," writes a former pupil of Dr. George Moberly, for many years headmaster of the Winchester School, England. His personality was inspiring and impressive. In "Six Great Schoolmasters" the author says that Dr. Moberly would occasionally use his powers of ridicule and sarcasm to an extent that seems scarcely fair.

He had been much annoyed by letters from the mother of one of the boys, begging him to see personally to all sorts of small matters connected with her son's health. Dr. Moberly determined to put a stop to this, so one day in public, before a whole class, he said to the boy:

"B., I have heard from your mother, saying that you are to wear flannel next your skin and to masticate your food. See that you do it."

It is possible to imagine the agonized letter which went home by the next post, begging that no more such letters should reach the doctor.

A boy once brought to Dr. Moberly a letter from his mother, asking for leave out. The boy had been smoking, and the letter smelled strongly of the forbidden weed.

"Johnson," said Dr. Moberly, "does your mother smoke? Don't let me catch you doing it!"

His Natural Bent.

Fond Father.—If that boy of mine has any particular bent, I can't find it.

Philosopher.—What experiments have you made to find out?

"Very thorough ones. I gave him a toy printing press, a steam engine, a box of paints, a chest of tools and a lot of other things carefully selected to find out whether his tastes were literary, mechanical, artistic, commercial or what, and I know no more than I did before."

"What did he do with them?"

"Smashed them all up."

"Ah, I see! He is to be a furniture mover."—New York Weekly.

Sailors' Earrings.

"Sailors don't wear earrings as they used to," said a ship chandler. "In the past I had a jewelry case and sold earrings of all kinds. Lately I did away with it, for there is now no money in sailors' earrings at all."

"But there used to be. Every sailor had his ears pierced, and was as proud of his earrings as a lady. For some varieties I got as high as \$50 a pair."

"A sailor would never wear precious stones, like diamonds or pearls, in his ears. The only stone he would wear was agate. That was a funny fact, wasn't it?"

Decidedly Angelle.

Winks—Cracky! What a pretty typewriter you have!

Jinks—Pretty! She's angelle. Why, man, when that girls taps off an ordinary business letter on that dusty old machine in my office you'd think you were listening to a symphony from Beethoven.—New York Weekly.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Neuralgia in the Face.—For pain in the face and teeth take two teaspoonfuls of flour, the same quantity of grated ginger and mix them well together with sufficient alcohol to make a thin paste. Spread this on a linen cloth and apply it on the part affected on going to bed, wrapping a piece of flannel over all and it will afford relief.

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