

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 Summers 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 Benuolt 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 heir 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. Dorton."

Pauline had kept herself well under control, but she could not avoid an exclamation as Lord Summers put this point before her.
"That Mr. Dorton, 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 perpetuator 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 Dorton 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 Babette 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 lady student. At last she found what she sought. She passed on until she reached a quiet corner, and then beckoned Babette 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."
"Mademoiselle 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

... difference 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 'soothe' 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 creosote covered porch, and looking thier still by comparison with the gigantic elm 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 filled 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 woolen 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-

ton. He stood irresolute for a moment just inside the window, and then crossed the room to look more closely at his 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 sort 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 picket and wire fence 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. You can't 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 superstitious 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 FODDER-SHUCKS.
"Queer folks in the city," remarked Farmer Fodder-shucks. "They get everything charged at the stores, I guess—never think of payin' cash. W'y, I went into a big place last ter git Mandie 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 of 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.
Grasnit (angrily)—What! more money? If you keep on, you'll bankrupt me, then after I'm dead you will be a beggar.
Mrs. Grasnit (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.

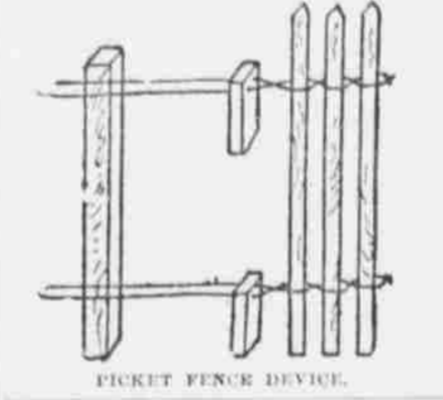
Verdict of Judge Lynch.
"How did the trial of the alleged horse thief end?" asked the stranger from the effete east.
"Oh, in the usual manner," replied the landlord of the Arizona village inn. "The defendant was left in suspense."

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.



FARM AND GARDEN
Picket Fence Device.
A simple effective plan for building a picket and wire fence without a machine is suggested by G. C. Schneider, of Ava, Mo. He says:
A device which will answer the purpose of a fence machine is made as follows: Take pieces of 2x4 a foot or so long, bore two small holes near the end of each, put the wires through these holes and fasten to post where you wish to begin. Then stretch your wire and staple to post some distance ahead, leaving the staples loose enough so the wire will slip when it is drawn tight. Let eight or ten feet of wire extend beyond the post and to these fasten heavy weights to keep the



wire tight. Put a picket between the wires and turn the blocks over as often as you wish to twist the wire between each picket; then put in another picket and twist the other way, etc. To preserve posts, mix pulverized charcoal in boiled linseed oil to the consistency of paint and apply with a brush.

Cost of Silage.
We have from time to time laid before our readers the cost of putting corn in the silo, says Farmers' Tribune. Some men are able to grow the corn at a cost of about 50 cents per ton of green matter. They are able to put it in the silo for another 50 cents, making the total cost of the silage in the silo approximately \$1 per ton. Sometimes the cost goes as high as \$1.50, sometimes even higher.

Sam Schilling, who is manager of Joel Pheasant's herd at Northfield, Minn., kept an accurate record of the cost of putting sixteen acres of corn in his silo last year and these figures were given before the Minnesota Buttermakers' Association this spring by Mr. Schilling. They are as follows:
16 acres corn at \$8.....\$128 00
Cost of cutting, \$1 per acre..... 16 00
Two men loading five days..... 15 00
Two men in silo..... 15 00
Four teams hauling five days..... 60 00
Engine five days and man..... 25 00
Fuel for engine..... 10 00
One man to feed machine..... 10 00

Cost of 200 tons silage.....\$285 00
Cost per ton of silage..... 1 42 1/2
The average yield per acre in this instance was 12.5 tons of green corn. The cost of the ensilage, including the raising, which was estimated at \$8 per acre, was a little high. Consulting the table, however, it will be seen that it required four teams hauling for five days to draw the corn to the silo per day. This means that the silage had to be drawn from some distance or more could have been hauled, but even at \$1.50 per ton silage is a very cheap food.

Loading Corn Fodder.
Loading corn fodder may not be very hard work to the small farmer, but when one has the product of many acres to load it becomes a formidable operation. The work can be much more easily done if the following device is used: Make a loader by using a two-inch plank ten feet long with cleats of inch stuff nailed on one side at short intervals. At one end nail a cleat on the under side, which will be three inches wider than the board on each side. The small ropes to this cleat



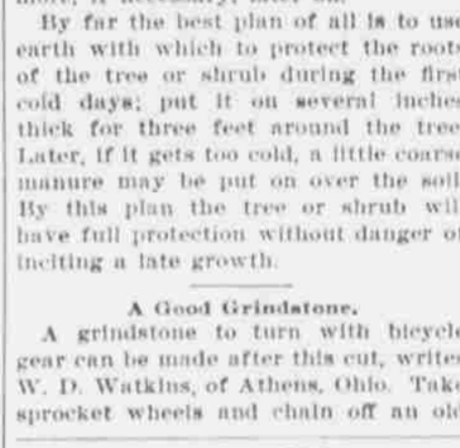
and with them fasten the rack to the back part of the wagon rack, the lower end of the plank-rack resting on the ground.
This makes a stepladder up which it is easy to walk and if strongly made a man can readily carry up it all he can get his arm around. With this plan one man can do the work of loading a wagon easily without spending the time necessary to bind the bundles. The illustration shows how easily the ladder can be made.—Indianapolis News.

Crops Without Irrigation.
The most widespread movement in the history of the country for the development of irrigated lands in the West is in progress this spring. Hundreds of thousands of acres are being brought under cultivation as the result of government and other irrigation projects, but aside from this a plan far greater in its scope has been started for the successful use of farm lands without water.

Good Outside Paint.
A substitute for white oil paint may be made as follows: Four quarts of skim milk, 1 pound of fresh slacked lime, 12 ounces of linseed oil, 4 ounces of white Bergundy pitch, 6 pounds of Spanish white, to be mixed as follows: The lime to be slacked in an iron vessel in the open air by pouring water upon it a little at a time until it is dissolved into a fine dry powder. Put the lime into a wooden bucket or keg and mix it in about one-quarter of the milk; the oil in which the pitch must be previously dissolved over a slow fire and cooled, to be added a little at a time, then the rest of the milk, and afterwards the Spanish white. Mix thoroughly and strain through a common wire milk strainer and it will be ready for use. This quantity is sufficient for more than fifty square yards, two coats. By adding a very small quantity of lampblack first dissolved in milk and thoroughly mixed a very handsome lead color can be obtained. If stone color is desired, after mixing in the lampblack add a small quantity of yellow ochre and Venetian red separately, first dissolved in milk. While using, stir frequently to keep it in solution.

Fall Mulching of Trees.
If it is thought necessary to apply mulch around the base of trees or shrubs as a winter protection care must be used not to do the work too soon, particularly if anything in the nature of a fertilizer is used, such as coarse stable manure, for there is always danger of inciting renewed growth in the tree, just as it is beginning to go to sleep for the winter, and this growth, being extremely tender, will be killed by the first cold weather, probably with much injury to the tree. A better plan is to apply the mulch until the ground freezes, applying more, if necessary, later on.
By far the best plan of all is to use earth with which to protect the roots of the tree or shrub during the first cold days; put it on several inches thick for three feet around the tree. Later, if it gets too cold, a little coarse manure may be put on over the soil. By this plan the tree or shrub will have full protection without danger of inciting a late growth.

A Good Grindstone.
A grindstone to turn with bicycle gear can be made after this cut, writes W. D. Watkins, of Athens, Ohio. Take sprocket wheels and chain off an old



Grinding Corn for Swine.
We believe in feeding swine so that they will have something to keep them busy as well as for the best results to be obtained from the grain, so we feed the corn whole and usually on the cob until it gets hard and flinty, when it is either shelled and soaked a little to soften it or soaked on the cob. All other grains are ground because it has been demonstrated that the smaller grains go through the animals and do them but little good. Carrying out the plan of keeping the swine busy, we always have something for them to chew on—cornstalks, squares of sod, apples, potatoes and other vegetables, and we do not see that they take on fat any slower because of this plan of feeding. Pure water is given them in clean troughs twice a day during the winter and we know they thrive better for having it.—Exchange.

Cottonseed as Fertilizer.
Cottonseed meal is used quite extensively in some sections of the country as a fertilizer. A good grade meal will carry about 6.8 per cent nitrogen, 2.9 per cent phosphoric acid and 1.8 per cent potash. Based upon the valuations that will be used by New England experiment stations in 1905 for computing the value of commercial fertilizers, a meal analyzing as above will be worth about \$29 a ton as a fertilizer. Notwithstanding its high value when used directly in this way it will usually be found more economical to use it as a food for stock and to apply the resulting manure to the land. When used thus, from eighty to ninety-five per cent of the nitrogen and phosphoric acid and practically all the potash will be contained in the manure.

Corn and Oil Meal for Hogs.
Hogs fed on corn and linseed-oil meal at the Missouri station ate more feed, made greater increase in weight, with a smaller amount both of food and of digestible nutriment, and at less expense than with any other grain ration tested in the dry lot feeding experiments, the balanced ration of corn and oil meal being the most efficient and profitable of the rations tested. The quality of the pork produced was unsurpassed, and the tendency of these feeds to make real growth, as well as fat, was greater than that of any other ration tested. One pound of oil meal replaced from 8.85 to 7.1 pounds of corn, according as it was fed with five or twenty pounds of corn. Bone meal fed with whole corn effected a marked saving in the grain requirements per pound of gain.



President Roosevelt is mapping out a lot of work to occupy the attention of Congress when it next assembles. Questions that are of great moment to the business world and the public in general are to be placed squarely before the legislators for action. The President's attitude on the railway rate question has not been modified since he first directed attention to the manifest evil that has grown up under the insidious system of rebates. Mr. Roosevelt strikes the keynote when he says the highways must be kept open to all on equal terms. The abuses of the private car line and private side switch system must be stopped, the President says. There is little doubt that the majority of the people echo his sentiments in this regard. If the President has his way, power to revise and regulate rates will be invested in the Interstate Commerce Commission. Another measure of great importance that will be recommended by the President is a bill to prevent bribery and other forms of corruption in Federal elections. State courts have showed in a lamentable number of instances that they are not beyond the baneful influence of ward leaders, and attempts to punish violators of the sanctity of the ballot box have ignominiously failed. The absolute purification of politics probably will ever remain an illusive dream, but there is little doubt that a Federal statute, asking the trial of offenders against the ballot out of the control of State courts, would be a long step forward in a commendable effort to free the ballot box of fraud. Federal control of insurance is another question that will be discussed in the President's message. The disclosures that are being made in the investigation in New York have aroused a storm of indignant protest from policy holders who demand that their interests shall be protected and safeguarded by Federal control.

The new Anglo-Japanese treaty differs from the earlier treaty in several important particulars. It runs for a period of ten years; it embodies a recognition on the part of Great Britain of the paramount political, military and economic interests of Japan in Korea, and on the part of Japan of the right of Great Britain to take such measures as she may find necessary for safeguarding her Indian possessions; it applies the principle of "the open door" for the commerce of all nations to Korea; and, most important of all, it pledges each power to come to the assistance of the other in war, not merely when its ally is attacked by two powers, as in the earlier treaty, but when it is involved in any war in defense of its territorial rights or special interests "in the regions of eastern Asia and India."

The folly of maintaining custom houses to serve the interests of politicians is clearly outlined by James R. Reynolds, second assistant of the United States treasury, who says that of the 157 custom ports in our country 111 do not pay expenses. Crisfield, Md., received \$22.70 in customs last year and \$2,700 was paid out for salaries. Beaufort, N. C., took in \$1.55 in revenues and the salaries paid to gather this tiny sum were about \$1,500. All told, these 111 offices, where the receipts fall behind the expenses, cost the government nearly \$300,000 every year.

Surgeon General R. M. O'Reilly of the army has submitted an exhaustive annual report on health conditions to Secretary Taft. The report says that the enlisted strength of the army, as shown upon the monthly sick report, was 58,740, and on the returns of the military secretary 60,139, and calculations are made up on the latter figures. There were 79,586 "admissions to the sick report" during the year, 303 deaths from all causes and 1,377 discharges for disability. The figures, Dr. O'Reilly says, show a steady and progressive improvement in the health of the army.

When the Civil War closed the Union army had an enrollment of a little more than a million. In June of this year the report of the Commissioner of Pensions showed more than six hundred and eighty thousand survivors on the pension rolls. There are probably many veterans who do not appear on the pension rolls, so that the number of survivors is remarkably large. Certainly the sentimental cartoon which the newspapers print each Memorial day of the "thin blue line" and decimated ranks does not represent the facts.

Because of the loss of submarine boats in Europe, the Secretary of the Navy has ordered that no American submarine be allowed to go down unless accompanied by a convoy equipped with hoisting apparatus for use in case of accident. Every mother whose son goes aboard a submarine vessel will be glad that this order has been issued. And when the President went down in the Plunger at Oyster Bay in August, the nation rejoiced that the convoy was at hand.