



The Wife's Secret, OR A BITTER RECKONING

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"You don't know what a strange place this world is, Miss Mallett," he began. "Your father loves you, and takes every care of you. You must therefore bear this in mind, and not be hard on the feelings of others who have not had your privileges. My wife—poor girl!—had no mother when I first met her, and was totally dependent on her father for society. It was a bad training for a young woman, for her father was a good-natured, careless fellow, always avoiding responsibility as long as was possible, and when at last compelled to show authority, making up by exaggerated harshness for his previous neglect."

"My wife was a high-spirited girl and could not submit to the alternate fits of indulgence and tyranny. She was about seventeen when I first met her, and her father's treatment was becoming unbearable. I became desperately sorry for her and suggested the only means in my power to help her, which was to make her my wife. It was a foolish proceeding, I know, but I was young then, and had not begun to look at life seriously, or I should have asked myself how her position would be bettered by being tied for life to a helpless penniless fellow, as I was then. Well, we were married—privately, of course—and for a few weeks thought we loved each other very dearly; then she had another fearful quarrel with her father and begged me to take her away to a home of her own. I was earning a beggarly pittance at that time. I explained my position to her, and advised her to wait until I had obtained a certain appointment, of which I was almost sure. She lost her temper, poor child, and vowed she's never come near me again. The very next day I was telegraphed for to England. I wrote to her, asking her to be patient for awhile, telling her that I would work hard and get a permanent post now that there was a necessity to work, and promising to come back shortly to take her from the cruelty to which she had to submit."

"On my arrival in England I found that an almost unknown uncle had left me a property amounting to nearly three thousand pounds a year. You can imagine how glad I was for my poor girl's sake. I made up my mind to surprise her and personally communicate the good news, so did not write. I got through the usual legal formalities as quickly as possible, and rushed back to Rome—only to find them gone! Some told me they had gone to one place, some to another, until I was utterly at a loss what to do. However, I traced them, after a month's search, to Naples, and then it was only to find that her father had died a few days previously and that she had disappeared no one knew whither."

"I did not know any of her people, so I was compelled to search single handed. For six months I went up and down like a restless spirit in search of peace. At last I found her—either her grave—for she had died; she had died in a convent, where she had been teaching English. By the help of a servant I obtained permission to see her grave. There was a plain stone with her name only, and the date of her death, which took place some few weeks prior to my visit. Poor child! I cannot convey to you how great a blow it was to me, and my grief was not lessened by the fact that she had died at enmity with me."

"We must hope she forgave you, although you did not see her," Ethel said quietly.

"Pelling did not answer, and there was silence for a time. It was a relief when Mr. Mallett spoke."

"She must have been of a most unforgetting disposition to resent your poverty so bitterly, and to nurse her hatred in her dying moments."

"I don't think she did that—indeed, the chances are that, in her poor little way, she was looking for me as anxiously as I was for her. It was one of those strange fatalities that human foresight seems utterly unable to prevent."

He rose and shook himself, as if wishing to put away the memories that had crowded upon him while speaking of the long-silent past.

"You will think me no end of a bore for annoying you with all this history; but, if you can imagine the relief it has been to me to speak of it, and you have any human kindness in your hearts, you will forgive me for the infliction. But my poor sketches? I have it! You must come down and spend a long day with me on Sunday. What do you say, Miss Mallett?"

Ethel looked perplexed. She had hoped against hope that Jack would return every Sunday since his departure, and went through a torment of expectation as the day wore on. This had taken place for the last three Sundays; but she went on hoping. Her father, recognizing the difficulty in which Ethel found herself, came to the rescue.

"If Ethel can arrange matters, it shall be as you wish. I can't say more; for it is not my affair, but hers."

"Thank you very much."

Ten minutes later the captain stood alone at the gate, watching the dog cart disappear down the road.

"So it's Ethel's affair," he said. "Well, I hope they'll come and bring Ethel's affair with them. I shall be better able to judge of my own chance after I have seen my rival."

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a day or two after Ethel's visit to Wimbledon that she sat reading a curious letter, which ran as follows: "Your lover cares for you no longer. His honor and his pity for you alone keep him to his given word. He makes light of you to others."

Ethel did not quite believe all this; but she believed enough of it was true to justify her in giving Jack an opportunity of freeing himself from his engagement. She decided that she would not worry her father, but would act for herself. Acting on this decision, she wrote:

"My Dear Jack—You have now been

away three weeks. As yet you do not say anything about returning, but, on the contrary, speak of your work as being likely to keep you for several weeks longer. In the three weeks of your absence you have written me four letters, and those have evidently been an unwellcome task. Do you guess what I am going to say? I wish I were sure you knew, that I might be saved the pain of writing the words. I think you have found out that you do not care for me in the way you thought you did, and your sense of honor alone is keeping you to the letter of your engagement to me. I have reasons of which you know nothing for believing this to be the case; so we have both made a mistake, and that, if you are willing, our engagement had better come to an end.

"Please don't think I blame you in any way; it was only one of those mistakes that everybody is liable to make."

"Ever your sincere friend,
"ETHEL MALLETT."

Poor Ethel! How she cried over that letter! How she hoped against hope that Jack might not be willing to end the engagement! How carefully she read the words through to be sure that she had not definitely settled the matter—that, in fact, she had done only what she intended—given Jack a chance of accepting his freedom if he wished for it!

Had the matter-of-fact little epistle arrived at a more favorable moment, had Jack had leisure to read between the lines and discover the wounded pride and self-respect that had dictated every word, his manhood might have asserted itself in Ethel's favor. As it was Jack read the letter impatiently at first, but as its meaning dawned upon him he turned back to the top of the leaf and read it again, assured himself of the unequivocal nature of the offer of freedom, thrust it into his pocket and went off whistling energetically to meet Miss Mallett at the station on her return from town.

Pauline saw at a glance that something had happened, and, knowing what she knew, guessed shrewdly what that something was. She had not been five minutes in Jack's society before she felt a subtle difference in his manner toward her.

"I am so glad to find you still here, Mr. Dornton," she said at luncheon, glancing at him bewitchingly between the leaves of a palm plant. "We were so afraid that you would not have been able to endure a fortnight of this terribly dull place. Weren't we, Mrs. Sefton?"

"You forget that Mr. Dornton has had a real occupation to make the dullness endurable. His life is not passed in killing time, as yours is, dear?"

"To be sure, I had forgotten to ask how the pictures have progressed."

"The view of the house from the woods is finished as far as I can finish it here. The rest of the work I must do in Newman street."

"That is where your studio is, is it not? I should like to see some of your completed pictures. Will you ask us up some day to look at them?"

"Any day you please. Say the day after to-morrow."

"I cannot go back to dusty London again so soon. I expect my first batch of visitors on that day, too. At last I shall be able to do something in the way of entertaining you, Mr. Dornton, and show my gratitude to you for enlivening our solitude in the past."

"You are too kind. But I have made arrangements for returning to town to-morrow."

"Nonsense. You speak of arrangements in such a serious way that one might imagine you had a wife and children; instead of which you are the enviable creature—a man without a tie."

She paused an instant, dreading his reply. He made none; but a dull red crept slowly up his face to the roots of his hair. She read this sign to suit herself, and went on:

"That being the case, as you have no one to claim your presence as a right, why not favor me with it as a pleasure? I should advise you to stay, Mr. Dornton. There are some really charming people coming on Thursday whom you should know."

Mrs. Sefton was the embodiment of discretion, a very model for lady-companions. She walked away, and Jack followed Miss Mallett to the picture gallery.

They were standing in front of the easel on which Jack had placed his painting of Mallettford House. It was a charming picture.

"You must do me a copy of this, Mr. Dornton," said Pauline, "as a memento of that first morning when I found you asleep in the wood."

"And awakened me!"

The words were simple enough, but Jack threw a great deal of expression into them, and his eyes conveyed a world of meaning. Mrs. Mallett flashed a glance at him as she asked:

"Did I wake you? It was quite unintentional on my part."

"And involuntary on mine."

Pauline, fearing that the conversation was getting beyond her control, turned quickly and caught up the first picture that came to her hand from the open portfolio.

As was to be expected, Jack had spent many of his spare hours during the last lonely fortnight in painting her portrait from memory; and it was this that she caught up in her nervous haste.

"Oh, Mr. Dornton!" she exclaimed, in rapturous tones. Even her vanity was satisfied, and she blushed genuinely at the lovely picture Jack had made of her.

"I am sorry you found it. You will perhaps think it gross presumption; if so, I can destroy it. I can't wish it undone, for it has given me so many pleasant hours."

"Presumption? No, indeed! I feel astonished at the truthfulness and the flattery you have managed to combine in the picture."

After that there was an awkward pause. Pauline half wished to hear Jack say that he loved her, and she half dread-

ed it, for she had not yet made up her mind as to how she would answer him. Her wish was fulfilled sooner than she anticipated.

Jack showed her his sketches one after another, and they were discussed, criticised and replaced. As he put the last one back into the portfolio he turned and addressed her abruptly. With such impetuous force did his words flow that she was compelled to listen to the end.

"With regard to my staying here, Miss Mallett, I did not care to discuss the matter further before Mrs. Sefton at luncheon; but I must do so now."

He drew a deep breath, and elinched his hand firmly on the back of a chair.

"I cannot—I dare not stay here without telling you the truth; for, if I allow my feelings to become any stronger than they are, and meet disappointment in the end, I'm afraid I shall not be responsible for my actions. Miss Mallett, I love you—madly. While I am telling you this I know the chances are that you will presently turn your back and say, as you leave me, 'Please quit my house at once; yet I now tell you, because I cannot stay in your presence with safety another hour unless you give me some hope. I have loved you from the moment I woke and saw you that morning in the wood. You will say that is not very long; to me it is a lifetime. I never lived until that moment. I shall never live again if you send me away.'"

His face was very pale when he ceased speaking. Pauline stood near him, the color coming and going in her cheeks, her eyes fixed on his face; but she said never a word. When he spoke again his words came slowly, hesitatingly, and his voice had a stifled sound, as if choked with despair.

"You have no answer for me; but you do not tell me to leave you! It cannot be that, Pauline; heart of my heart, queen of my soul, you love me!"

His last words died away to a whisper of intense rapture; and, as Pauline felt his arms encircle her, his kisses on her lips, she forgot all the shadows that lurked in the past, forgot all the questionable means she had employed to attain this end. She only knew that she loved him with all the force of her nature, that she was loved in return; and for the moment there was in her heart as supreme a joy as was ever felt by a woman.

(To be continued.)

CAR WHEELS AND CURVES.

Scientific American Answers Questions Regarding Them.

One of the questions from correspondents that comes to this office with persistent reiteration is that of the possibility of one or the other of the pair of wheels on a railroad axle, in passing around the curve, slipping on the rail over which it is rolling, while the other wheel does not slip on its rail, says the Scientific American.

Although we have frequently explained how this condition is possible, the question is one that evidently continues to puzzle a great many people—in which respect it is first cousin to that other much-debated fact, that the portion of the periphery of a rolling cart-wheel that is near the ground is moving more slowly with relation to the earth than is the rest of the periphery. In the case of the two wheels on any axle of a railroad or trolley car that is passing around a curve it is evident that in a given length, say 100 feet of the curve, measured on a line lying centrally between the two rails, the inner rail will be shorter than the outer rail, and this for the reason that it is struck to a radius that is about four and three-quarters feet shorter.

Now, when a pair of wheels passes around the curve it follows that, because of the difference in length of the two rails, either the inner wheel must slip backward on the inner rail or the outer wheel slip forward on the outer rail, for the two wheels, being fixed on the same axle, move at the same peripheral speed over different lengths of rail in the same time.

It is probable that the excessive wear of the rails on curves is due chiefly to the slipping of the wheels. Not long ago some remarkable facts on rail wear on curves were brought out in the course of a paper read before the New England Street Railway Club by the roadmaster of the Boston elevated road. The road is exceedingly crooked, over 40 per cent of the line consisting of curves, many of which are very sharp. There are eighteen of less than 100-foot radius and sixteen others with a radius of less than 150 feet. On the sharpest curve, which is of only 82-foot radius and where it is claimed that the traffic is heavier than that on any other steam or heavy electric railroad, the life of ordinary steel rails averages only forty-four days, the head of the rail wearing down from 0.60 to 0.77 of an inch in that time. The great inconvenience caused by the constantly recurring repairs led the company to experiment with hardened steel rails and when some nickel steel rails were put in on the curves the wear was reduced to 0.53 of an inch in 204 days. A manganese steel rail is now being used with good results and the wear of these is only about 23 per cent as rapid as that of the nickel steel rail and about 6 per cent as rapid as that of the carbon steel rails.

Agree.

"But I thought you told me this was such a congenial country," said the man who had just moved out in the suburbs.

"And it is," replied the suave agent.

"Why, it is full of malaria!"

"And that is why I think it is so congenial. You see everybody is always shaking."

Natural Deduction.

Gruff Patient—Are you quite sure you understand your business, sir?

Physician—Well, I've been practicing medicine for fifteen years and not one of my patients has ever complained.

Gruff Patient—Huh! Probably not. Dead men tell no tales.



FARMS AND FARMERS

Winter Homes for Turkeys.

While the idea of the turkey is to roost high, this privilege cannot always be accorded if a structure is to be provided for the birds in which to roost. If they are to roost in the trees, then they may choose their own limb. It is a good plan to make the turkey house low, but placing the roosts as high as possible without bumping the birds up against the roof. The ventilation in such a house must largely be provided from the bottom, and this is done by having a row of windows



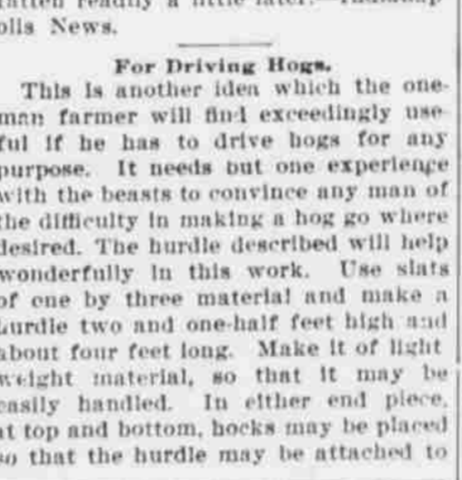
WINTER TURKEY HOUSE.

not over eighteen inches high at the bottom, so arranged that they may be lifted up to permit a current of air to enter.

These windows will also light the floor of the house, and a larger window may be placed on the opposite side, but higher up, in order properly to light the house. The turkeys will be anxious to get out of the house early in the morning to roam, so after they have gone to roost sprinkle a little grain in the chaff on the floor to keep them busy in the morning until they are let out. Turkeys on the range must be well fed during the period they are under cover, particularly at this time of year when the feeding on the range is poor, and when it is essential to keep them in good shape and able to fatten readily a little later.—Indianapolis News.

For Driving Hogs.

This is another idea which the one-man farmer will find exceedingly useful if he has to drive hogs for any purpose. It needs not one experience with the beasts to convince any man of the difficulty in making a hog go where desired. The hurdle described will help wonderfully in this work. Use slats of one by three material and make a hurdle two and one-half feet high and about four feet long. Make it of light weight material, so that it may be easily handled. In either end piece, at top and bottom, hooks may be placed so that the hurdle may be attached to



HURDLE FOR DRIVING HOGS.

posts if required at any time. Then make handles to make it convenient in manipulating it. One should be on the center upright near the top and one on either side of the upright in about the middle. These handles are made by fashioning a strip of wood large enough to get hold of, and then nailing it on to a block and through the hurdle material. Made light, in the manner described, one can drive a number of hogs with ease and also ward off the quarrelsome boar if a member of the herd. In the illustration the small cut at the left shows the completed handle and the one at the right the manner of fashioning the bolt through the block of wood, and the end of the nail or screw going through the slat.

World's Milk Production.

It is estimated that the total weight of cows' milk produced in the world is 23,400,000 hundredweight, distributed as follows: United States, 4,100,000 hundredweight, Russia 3,500,000; Germany 3,000,000, France 2,000,000, England 2,000,000, Austria 1,700,000, Italy 1,450,000, Canada 1,300,000, Holland 1,200,000, Sweden and Norway 800,000, Switzerland 700,000, Denmark 600,000, Belgium 600,000, Australia 550,000, Spain 500,000 and Portugal 500,000. The production of milk in Europe is 18,450,000 hundredweight from 45,000,000 cows. The number of milk cows in the world is 63,800,000—15,940,000 in the United States and 10,000,000 in Russia. There are only six head of horned cattle in Spain to each 2½ acres of cultivated land, while in France there are thirty-four and in England fifty-six. This shows the poor condition of cattle breeding in Spain, and explains the constant increase in the price of butcher's meat for public consumption.

Husking Corn.

By far the most serious task in raising corn is the matter of husking it in the field. Up to date no practical machine adapted to this purpose has appeared. Many have been tried, but they usually fall short in some important particular. None of them has become popular, and a fortune awaits the man who perfects a thoroughly practical corn husker, which will be as successful relatively as the modern husker is for corn fodder, says Orange Judd Farmer. When corn is to be husked direct from the standing crop, it should be allowed to mature quite thoroughly, particularly if it is of a variety with large ears and large cobs, containing a high percentage of moisture. This must be determined by examination. Some seasons husking begins the latter part of September, while in others it is not safe to begin husking until the middle or end of October. The time will also depend largely upon the variety. Early maturing kinds have small cobs, and they can be husked much earlier than late-maturing and large-ear varieties. Corn when first placed in the crib contains 13 to 35 or 40 per cent of moisture. A common practice in the great corn States is to start through the field marking a "down" row. Husk two rows to the left of the wagon and the one row that is under it. Go around a good-sized "land" in this manner. The next time through the field and every succeeding time thereafter have the team straddle the last husked row next the corn that has not been husked. This will prevent the necessity of picking up a down row each time, and will enable the husker to do his work. The ordinary wagon box will hold from twenty-five to thirty bushels. When the corn is exceptionally good, a skillful husker will be able to more than fill one wagon box in half a day. The capacity of a box may be increased by putting on additional sideboards. On the right side of the wagon box it is desirable to place one or two extra boards to act as bump boards. The husker will not need to use so much care in throwing in his work. A good husker so gauges the distance from the row in the wagon box that it is not necessary for him to look where he throws his ear.

Fertilizing the Garden.

There is no better way to fertilize the garden than to haul fresh manure from the stables and spread over the surface during the winter. Contrary to the common belief, there is never a time when manure is so rich in plant food as the day it is made, and the sooner after that it can be got to the place where it is to be used, the more value it will add to the soil. It is almost impossible to put too much manure on a garden. We would not hesitate to put it a foot thick on the surface, for it will leach only so much more plant-food into the soil, and by plowing time next spring will be settled down until it can easily be plowed under to furnish humus for the betterment of the physical condition of the soil. Wood ashes makes an excellent fertilizer for the garden, but it should be saved and applied on top of the soil after it is plowed in the spring, as potash is one of the plant-foods that may be washed too deeply into the soil to be reached by the roots of garden plants, many of which are shallow-rooted.

Fattening Steers.

The old method of cramming corn into a steer regardless of whether or not he digests it, depending on hogs to pick up the undigested corn, is a poor as well as an old method. To put on good flesh and to put it on fast a steer should digest thoroughly all the food that he takes into his stomach. The food should be prepared carefully in order that perfect digestion should take place. Let's corn and more ensilage foods should be used in finishing a steer for the market, for the old idea that corn is the only food that will finish a steer properly is demonstrated to be a mistake one by experiment stations conducted by responsible men selected by the government.

Exhibiting Fruits at Fairs.

One of the handsomest and most attractive exhibits of fruit we have ever seen was that shown by Lucas County at the Ohio State fair. The fruits, which comprised practically the whole list of those available at that season, were neatly arranged on a large table about twenty feet square and in such a manner that the combination of varieties and colors at once attracted attention and prompted comment on the beauty of the products. Too frequently color on exhibition tables is overlooked.—Exchange.

Land that Should Be Drained.

It is estimated that there are about one hundred million acres now unproductive which can be reclaimed through dikes and drains. This land would have a productive capacity equal to four times that of the State of Illinois and would considerably exceed the productive area which can be reclaimed by irrigation.

Cost of Filling Silos.

The cost of filling silos was estimated by the Illinois Station from records obtained from nineteen farms in various parts of the State and the figures showed a range of forty to seventy-six cents per ton, the average being fifty-six cents.



PULSE of the PRESS

Our Audubon societies have now succeeded in getting every sort of bird pretty well protected except the stork.—New York Evening Mail.

Notice a list of deeds John D. Rockefeller has done in a year. A list of individuals would be more to the point.—New York Evening Telegram.

The only returning Russian general who has had a triumph at St. Petersburg unfortunately achieved it by getting killed.—New York Evening Mail.

A California paper says bad water kills as many people as bad whisky. Maybe it does, but we don't have to buy it at 75 cents a pint.—Ronceverte (W. Va.) News.

Senator Depew says it is not wise for corporations to contribute funds to political campaigns; indeed, it's quite otherwise if it gets found out.—Houston Chronicle.

If Mr. Rockefeller can convince the coal barons that there are things better than "mere money getting" he will have done the country a real service.—Chicago News.

It begins to look as if Secretary Taft didn't sit upon that Chinese boycott long enough while in Hongkong to accomplish its complete collapse.—Detroit Journal.

Some men are born infamous, some gradually lose their reputations and some have their reputations taken away from them by committees of investigation.—Houston Chronicle.

If it is true that W. T. Stead says it is every husband's duty to whip his wife once in a while, evidently another term in jail for W. T. Stead might be wholesome.—Buffalo Courier.

Hereafter the Beef Trust is to pay for the inspection tags which have been costing the government \$70,000 a year. Rather, the beef consumers are to pay for them.—Atlanta Constitution.

Miguel Gomez insists that Uncle Sam ought to take a hand in the Cuban situation. It looks as if Uncle Sam would get tired filling the job of wet nurse after a while.—Birmingham News.

China's determination to get her railroads out of the hands of the foreigners may be due to Wu Ting-fang's observations of the part our railroads play in the government.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Three burglars in New York claim to have robbed 400 homes. It's a great record, but it looks dim beside the record of three insurance companies, who have touched about 4,000,000 homes.—Montreal Star.

The denial from Secretary Taft that he is on the outs with Chairman Shonts is welcome news. Another change in that official family is the one thing the government cannot afford at this time.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Pat Crowe now admits that he intended to kidnap John D. Rockefeller and hold him for a \$2,000,000 ransom. Pat Crowe talks like a man who does not know the Rockefellers.—New York Evening Telegraph.

When one observes how Stoessel, alive, is disgraced by his government, and Ko-tradenko, dead, is honored, one may be excused for surmising that good Russians must be like good Indians.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Always learning something, Mr. McCurdy now informs us that a mutual insurance company is an eleemosynary institution, which fact is inferentially set forth in its circulars.—New York Evening Telegraph.

The Pennsylvanians who used odious libel laws to gag the newspapers have awakened the people of Philadelphia so wide awake that it is plain they will never again sleep without one eye open.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

One of the life insurance presidents who was authorized to fix his own salary drew the line at \$400 a day, Sundays included. This moderation is tempered with the idea of a frequent raise.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Supreme Court of Kansas has gravely decided that a pool table is a billiard table. This is one of the most notable decisions since George E. Cole, then State Auditor, held that there were 30 days in February.—Kansas City Star.

Mark Twain's opinion that the peace of Portsmouth "is entitled to rank as the most conspicuous disaster in political history" marks Mark Twain as the most conspicuous Dick Deadeye in the United States.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

Hon. William E. Chandler feels pretty sure that neither this session nor next session will bring forth any rate-regulating legislation to which the railroad companies and the \$13,000,000 behind them seriously object.—Hartford Courant.

Mrs. Russell Sage has donated \$75,000 for a public school building at Sag Harbor. A few more of such offensive performances and Uncle Russell will be coming in for some hot shot from the anti-wealth agitators.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

That New York man really ought not to feel proud of his record of 400 burglaries in the last two years, with loot of nearly \$1,000,000. Look at the Equitable Life Assurance Society; it has more than 600,000 policy holders.—Minneapolis Star.