The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play

By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

SYNOPSIS.

Daniel Slade suddenly advances from a penniless miner to a millionaire. He is ambitious to become governor of the state. His simple, home-loving wife fails to rise to the new conditions. Slade meets Katherine, daughter of Senator Strickland, and sees in her all that Mary is not. Slade decides to separate from his wife and takes rooms at his club. His desertion of his wife and his constant attendance on Katherine Strickland causes public comment. Editor Merritt is won over to the support of Slade because he cannot otherwise supply the money for a European trip demanded by Mrs. Merritt. Katherine agrees to marry Slade when the latter gets a divorce. Boy Hayes, in love with Katherine, has a stormy session with the latter over her conduct toward Slade.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

She turned to him with a bitter laugh. "I'm through with you—and your insults," and she fled from the room.

Katherine did not go a moment too soon, for scarcely had the folding doors closed behind her when the door from the smoking-room swung open, and with noisy talk the few remaining members of the dinner party straggled in.

In her agitated condition, even Katherine would have found it difficult to regain her composure sufficiently to meet these men.

Ex-Governor Hibbard was in a particularly happy frame of mind. The senator's excellent viands and the senator's choice wines and the senator's Havanas had succeeded in making him feel well satisfied with the world in general and with Slade in particular. His round face was flushed and his string tie a trifle awry.

"Had a good time, senator," he said, removing his cigar, "but there were too many swallowtails here for me tonight. When I was governor of the state I never wore one. No, nor a plug hat, either."

"I never wore one, and I never will," seconded Colonel Smith, a typical long, lean, lanky westerner, with the inevitable western cut beard and hair a bit too long.

"Governor, you're right," and Strickland gave each man a resounding slap on the shoulder. "Colonel, stick to your guns. They're a nuisance. Now, boys, forget your homes and your trains. The others are all gone. Let us, the ringleaders, adjourn to the dining-room and over one of my punches—"

The governor patted his stomach tenderly. The mention of the senator's punch was all that was necessary to weaken his desire to catch a train.

"Ah! Strickland's punch! I'm with you."

"Now, gentlemen," interrupted Merritt in a business-like manner, "before we split up tonight it's understood we're all Slade men?"

"All Slade men!" was the unanimous shout from the colonel, the ex-Governor Hunt, pious old Pop Hart and Ingram.

"And we're preparing to cope with Slade's domestic trouble should it come up, and it will," went on Merritt.

"The devil, Strick!" broke in the colonel. "Can't it be patched up until after election?"

"No, gentlemen." The senator was unctuous but firm. "We must take Slade as we find him or—drop him. We're in the hands of a peculiar and dominant personality. We can't make these big fellows to order."

"What I can't understand," complained Hibbard, throwing the stub of his cigar into the fireplace, "is why they can't get on together."

"Take it from me, gentlemen, it's her fault," exclaimed Merritt, as much in favor of Slade as he had previously been opposed to him, now that Fannie was appeased with the money for her trip to Europe.

"She's preparing to desert him now," Strickland assured them. "It's irrevocable."

"Well, we can't blame him for being deserted," agreed Hibbard.

"You bet we can't! My wife deserted me," declared the colonel with an attempt at facetiousness, "and she didn't do it a day too soon, either. I've gone right ahead ever since."

"Now, then," went on the industrious Merritt, "three of us own papers. These are our points: Mrs. Slade is—er—er—a woman who has no sympathy with her husband—shuns public life—is never seen—refused even to see me. And no sympathy for him, don't forget that."

"Yep! Just like my wife," grunted the colonel.

"I don't see how the public can blame him," declared Hibbard.

"They can't," asserted Hart.

"Why, she's a semi-invalid," amended Strickland.

"My wife hasn't seen her out since she drove him out of the house five weeks ago," declared Hart.

"Good! We'll use that," exclaimed Merritt, eagerly. "A semi-invalid—when she's ready to be moved she will be taken away at her own request. I'll publish it myself. I'll start the ball a-rolling. Why, gentlemen, the world ought to pity that man."

Hayes had stood the conversation as long as he could.

"Do you realize that you're attacking this woman unjustly?" he broke in, walking into the middle of the group.

"This is not at all true."

"You keep out of this game," warned Strickland.

"Well, boys, we're all agreed," declared Merritt. "It's one for all, then—"

"And all for one," added Hibbard, excitedly.

"Hip! Hip!" began Merritt, when the door opened and the butler announced:

"Mrs. Slade."

The hurrah that had been on each man's lips died a sudden death. They looked at each other in consternation.

"Mrs. Slade!" gasped Merritt. "Whew!"

The eyes turned toward the door saw a tiny, gray-garbed woman, with great, questioning brown eyes, hesitating in bewildered fashion as she found herself confronted by a roomful of men. Her gown with its tight basque and full skirt was dowdy and badly cut, in marked contrast to the fashionable, clinging gowns of the women who had graced the room a short time previous. Her white gloves were a fraction too short to meet her short sleeves, and left exposed thin arms and pointed elbows. But the tender face, with its sweetly expressive mouth, was unchanged. The lovely eyes were more appealing, as filled with wistful shyness, they gazed about the room.

"I'm afraid it's a little late for me to come," she managed to say, as the senator came up to her with outstretched hand.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," the senator assured her with an urbane smile. "Gentlemen, Mrs. Slade."

"Why, my dear madame," and Merritt greeted her effusively, "I'm glad to know that the reports to the senator have been exaggerated. Your health is now—er—"

"Oh, I never felt better in my life, sir," Mary declared, puzzled that he should ask such a question.

Hayes hastened to the little woman's side.

"Oh, Rob," she exclaimed, relieved to see a familiar face. As she turned to Hayes, Slade appeared at the smoking-room door, and as he recognized the dowdy little figure his eyes darkened and an angry scowl appeared on his face. Strickland saw the expression and hastened to urge the men to follow him into the dining-room.

CHAPTER VIII.

As the men filed out, Mary turned to meet her husband's angry eyes.

"Well, Dan, I'm here," and she looked pleadingly up into the uninviting face.

"I've given in," she went on. "It's been a struggle, but I'm here. Why, I've been thinking all this evening, while I was gettin' dressed, I'd give a dollar to see the look on your face when you saw me here, Dan, and know that you got your own way. Dan—I've—well—I've given in, father." And, turning to Rob with an expectant little smile, "Do I look all right, Rob?"

"I think you do," Hayes replied, gravely.

"Will you take Mrs. Slade home, Robert?" Slade broke in.

"It's very late," Hayes pleaded as he put his hand lovingly on the little woman's shoulder.

"Yes, I know it is," Mary agreed, still not realizing what a fiasco her first attempt to enter into social life was. "I've been outside for half an hour—just tryin' to make up my mind, but as long as you're here yet—why—"

"There aren't any other ladies present," Hayes tried to explain, "and I think perhaps—"

"You'd better go," Slade finished for him, but not in his conciliatory tone.

"But you don't understand," Mary objected. "He doesn't understand," she turned to Hayes in a perplexed way. "My being here tonight means I've given in," and she looked up searchingly into her husband's forbidding face. "I'm going out with you every night, all the time, whenever you want me, balls, parties, dinners, everything."

"Will you see Mrs. Slade to her carriage?" Slade turned to Bob, ignoring his wife's detaining hand.

"Yes, but," Mary began to object.

"It's necessary that I join these gentlemen," Slade informed her coldly. "Take her at once," he commanded Hayes.

Hayes started toward the door.

"Call me when you're ready, Mrs. Slade. I'll wait in the hall," and he disappeared.

Slade thrust his hands deep into his pockets and looked at his wife in a puzzled way. She was nervously pulling off her gloves and beginning to realize that her visit was, for some unexplained reason, scarcely the success she had planned it to be.

"In God's name, what did you come here for, Mary?" Slade finally demanded.

"What did I come here for?" she repeated blankly. "What did I come here for? Why, to please you. I thought you'd be glad. I just can't stand it with you living out of the house, Dan. Lord, I haven't slept a wink since you left. Aren't you missing me?" and her voice trembled just the least bit.

"Oh, Dan. It's all over now, ain't it, our tiff?" she began eagerly, catching his arm impulsively and pressing her face against his coatsleeve, kissing the unresponsive broadcloth again and again. "We're making up; we'll go home together. It'll all be different after this, and I'll see you at the breakfast table mornings now," she finished joyfully.

"Dan," she began again, "I don't believe you've had a decent cup of coffee since you left home. I'd like to make you a cup now, myself," and she looked reflectively around the senator's library as if she thought there might possibly be some opportunity to brew a cup of coffee right then and there.

"Come on home, father," she urged, calling him by the name of the old, old days, when they had both dreamed of little ones in their home, and patting his arm lovingly, tenderly. "Mad at me yet?" she questioned.

Slade winced under the gentle touch of her hand on his arm, and found it necessary to turn away from the face that was so sweet and penitent.

"No," he stammered, "I'm not mad at you, only this is no place to talk about our troubles."

"Well, we'll go along home," she suggested.

"No, I can't come now. You'd better let Rob take you home," and he started for the door.

Mary started after him, clutching at his arm.

"I've got to know what the matter is now—I must—I must," she declared vehemently.

"Very well, Mary, as far as my plans go, I've arranged my life differently."

"Differently? Differently? Haven't I given in?"

"It's too late now. I'm sorry to say this, but you force me."

"Wait a minute, Dan." She drew a long breath, as if nerving herself for an ordeal. "You're going to say something dreadful. Before you begin I want to say that I'll do anything to get things back just the same as they were before—anything. There's nothing you could ask me I won't do—nothing! There! Now! Now go on," and she sank weakly into a chair.

"Look here," Slade was cruelly abrupt. "This separation is permanent. Nothing's going to change it."

"Separation?" She gave him a blank, amazed stare. "Why, Dan, who's talking about separation? We can't be separated."

"We can be—we are. When I left you that night it was for good and all, Mary. We can't get along together and I've made up my mind to it. It's settled."

"You mean to say you haven't missed yer home? You haven't wanted me to give in? You mean what's happened is for the best?"

"Yes," he answered icily.

Mary gazed at him in bewilderment. "You're not the man I talked to five weeks ago. I don't know you. It must be the people about you—or it's—"

Like a flash the possibility of another woman came into her mind. But she dismissed it as quickly as it had come. She would not insult him—or herself—or their love by such a suggestion.

"I am another man from the one you married," Slade agreed, "but you wouldn't see it."

"Is it my fault that I married a man who's turned into somebody else?" Mary argued, fighting, fighting for her life, her happiness—for him. "I married you, Dan. I married a poor young fellow who was hard worked and I helped him along. We started fair, Dan, but this ain't fair," lapsing more and more into poor grammar and dialect as her excitement rose. "You got beyond me, but it was because I worked and saved the pennies for you, while you went out and got helped and learned. Cooking didn't learn me. I didn't even know I was behind the times or unsatisfactory until one day you—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KINDLY WORD MEANS MUCH

World Would Be Happier and Better If Approbation Were More Freely Expressed.

It is often told that Eugene Field one day wandered into a basement restaurant, sat down at a table, put his chin in his hands and gazed moodily into space, relates the Youth's Companion. A waiter came up to him, and after the manner of his kind enumerated the long list of dishes that were ready to be served.

"No, no," said Field, dejectedly, "I require none of those things. All I want is some sliced oranges and a few kind words."

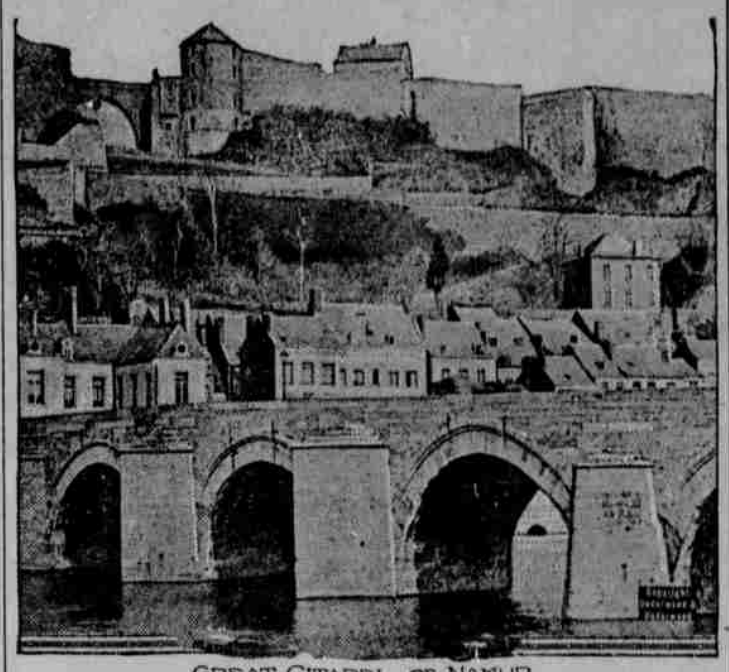
Whether or not the incident be true, it is suggestive. Unquestionably, deeds weigh far more than words, and yet it is almost tragic to think how much happier and better this struggling world would become if kind words were more often heard. We all, every day, come in contact with those who are in Eugene Field's state of mind. They are in our own homes; mothers and fathers and children. They are behind counters of stores; they are employes on trains; they are servants in kitchens; they are everywhere, and their name is legion. A word of appreciation would brighten the whole day and would make it easier for them to keep on trying.

He Didn't Know It.

Counsel for the Defense (to client, who has been dozing during the verdict)—Wake up and get out. You're acquitted!

The Accused—Lor' lummel Wot! Not guilty?—Sidney Bulletin.

NAMUR THE STRONG



GREAT CITADEL OF NAMUR

DID the bones of Gaul, Goth and Teuton, the hosts of the Cimmerii, the legions of Rome and all others who have battled about the walls of "Namur the Strong," thrill at the familiar tread of marching men, the sound of trumpets and the shouting above them?

One wonders.

Namur was the strongest place in all Transalpine Gaul when stormed by Caesar in 57 B. C., writes E. E. Bowles. He tells us that it was the capital of the Aduatuci in Gallia Belgica, and after that day he "overcame the Nervii," the inhabitants abandoned all other strongholds and centered on that place for a last stand.

Who first fortified that precipitous hill at the confluence of the Sambre and the Meuse is not known definitely, but, back of the Caesars, the history of western Europe is lacking in details. We know, however, that as early as 700 B. C. the Bolg, or Belg, a tribe of the Cimmerii, from over near the Black sea, began migrating into western Europe and locating in that country we know now as Belgium. Caesar says that the town we know as Namur was the strongest place in all Gallia Belgica; hence, it was probably that tribe of Belg that fortified it several hundred years before Caesar.

Fought For Many Times.

Goth, Hun, Teuton, Visigoth, Gaul, Saxon, Norseman, Briton, Roman, Frank, Burgundian, have died by hundreds and thousands within bowshot of its walls. Down the ages wars have rolled about the foot of that hill, and, compared with its sieges, it has been taken only a few times. Caesar took it nearly two thousand years ago after several of his legions had been crushed by the charging Belgians. The dukes of Burgundy were obliged to discipline its inhabitants several times between 1450 and 1500; it suffered during the civil wars in France along about 1550. Don John of Austria died in his camp before it in 1578. Louis XIV of France sat down before it with an army of 80,000 men in 1692. A correspondent wrote at the time: "The place was taken after a few days' resistance, a parley having been beat by the drummer who never discovered (told) who ordered him to do so." The French strengthened its fortifications, but the place was captured by the Dutch and English under William of Orange in 1695, after a desperate siege. Marshal Boufflers, the French commandant, was permitted to march out with the honors of war, drums beating and flags flying. He rode at the head of 4,690 men, all that was left of the garrison of 15,000.

Namur was again taken by the French in 1701, but was restored to Austria, but in 1746 the French captured it again after a continuous bombardment of seven days and nights. At that time it had a garrison of 7,000 Austrians, many of whom were killed by the blowing up of two powder magazines. In 1784 Joseph II of Austria destroyed the ancient fortifications. In 1792 the French took it again, evacuated it in 1793, retook it in 1794, again fortified it and held it until after Waterloo, when it was delivered to the allies. It was again fortified in 1817, under the inspection of the duke of Wellington, but in 1866 the fortifications were razed. Since that time Belgium has constructed modern forts.

The original fortifications consisted of a glacis, counterscarp, a deep ditch across the base of the triangle of land formed by the two rivers, and double walls of great thickness. In addition, there were outworks, ravelins, half-moons, etc. The citadel or castle was on the summit of the hill, an unusually strong fortress, protected by double walls with bastions. These comprised the fortifications at a time when battering-rams, catapults, onazers, and other forms of ballistae were used, and when scaling ladders and battle axes were used in an escalade while the defenders tossed melted lead, boiling water, stones, beams, grenades, etc., on the besiegers.

Desperate Siege of 1695.

The siege of Namur in 1695 was one of the most desperate of those times, the French garrison refusing to surrender until it had lost two-thirds of its men. The city having been invested on July 3, seven days were passed in raising the lines of circumvallation and running trenches toward the walls, by which the besieging force could be protected while raising batteries. These were not completed until the 18th. Those two weeks were occupied in beating off sallies from the French garrison and in bringing up the "great guns."

"On that day (July 18)," says a correspondent of that period, "the king of Great Britain, seeing the trenches were carried within fusil-shot of the palisaded entrenchments, which the French possessed upon the hill before St. Nicholas' gate and the Iron gate, which hindered the besiegers from carrying on any further their design of forcing the town, ordered those entrenchments to be stormed that evening an hour before sunset. The combat was very bloody, obstinate and hot, the French were driven back with a loss of 300 slain and 1,300 wounded."

The siege was pressed continuously with fierce attacks and equally fierce defenses. The chronicler continues:

Breach Made in the Walls.

"At five o'clock on the morning of the 30th the besiegers attacked the great entrenchments of the old wall between the Sambre and the Meuse, which held out, though the assailants were masters of the Abbey of Salsines, seated within the entrenchments. But, being assailed both in front and flank with an extraordinary bravery, the French were driven as far as the counterscarp of the Coehorn fort. The besiegers pursued them as far as the Devil's house, where the French had several cannon loaded with cartouches and 900 men laid flat upon their bellies, so that the besiegers were no sooner within reach of the guns but the enemy let fly after a most dismal manner. The assailants made themselves masters of the counterscarp of the fort, but not being able to maintain their ground, retired in good order. On the same day a mine was sprung at St. Nicholas' gate which overturned a good part of the waterstop into the moat of the city; the next day the cannon roared all day long to widen the breach.

"On August 1 they battered the works and the breach that had been made at St. Nicholas' gate, from whence they flung a great many bombs that did a great deal of spoils. At seven in the evening of the 2d the covertway and and the demi-bastion that lies on the right hand of the gate, where a breach was made. Three times the assailants were repulsed, but for all that they lodged themselves upon the counterscarp and carried on their work as far as Fort William and the Devil's house. Everything was ready, and the general assault ordered for August 3, but Marshal Boufflers, unwilling to stand the hazard, ordered a parley to be beaten, and commissioners were appointed on each side to confer about the capitulation of the city."

Castle Held Out Another Month.

The capitulation, it must be understood, did not carry with it the surrender of the castle or citadel on the hill—they did things differntly in those days. Section VIII of the Articles of Capitulation reads:

"Two days shall be granted to the garrison of the town to retire into the castle with their families and effects, during which time no hostilities shall be committed by either party on the side of the town or the castle. To prevent all disorder, the besieged shall forthwith give up the posts at the entrance of the Iron gate, and may place a guard jointly with the allies at the gate of the enclosure."

The siege of the castle began on August 5, and did not surrender until September 2. After bombarding the castle with 166 pieces of cannon and 60 mortars for about thirty days, the allies assaulted with 10,000 men, but were repulsed after four hours' combat. They drew off and began preparing for a renewal of the attack next day, but Marshal Boufflers "beat a parley" and surrendered on the 3d. On the 5th of September the French garrison marched out, with drums beating and colors flying, 4,690 men, gaunt and worn, all that was left of 15,000 that were in garrison when the siege began two months before.

Such was the longest siege ever sustained by Namur, July 3 to September 3, 1695.

ON THE FUNNY SIDE

SELLING TURKEYS IN TEXAS

Butcher Makes Customers Believe Rival Is Unfair In Selling Fowl With Legs Cut Off.

Speaking of the unsophisticated the other night, Congressman Robert L. Henry of Texas related how a young wife went to a butcher shop to buy a turkey.

The price named for the bird, the congressman said, was 26 cents a pound, whereat the young wife hesitated.

"Isn't 26 cents rather high?" she timidly queried. "If I remember rightly, the price across the way is 23 cents."

"With the feet on, I suppose," was the quick response of the butcher.

"No," hesitatingly returned the customer, "I think the feet were cut off."

"That's just what I thought!" was the confident declaration of the butcher, as he began to wrap up the bird. "When we sell a turkey, madam, we sell feet and all!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Rapid Thinker.

"Dableigh seems to have an answer ready for everybody."

"I'm sorry to say he had one ready for me this morning."

"What was it?"

"I asked him if he would lend me a five-spot and he answered 'No' before I could tell him how necessary it was for me to have it."

Consolation.

"So you don't care for those fancy bred dogs?"

"Oh, I suppose they're not so bad as they might be," replied the weary looking man. "I'm glad we don't have dinosaurs and pterodactyls nowadays. My wife would be sure to want one of them for a pet."

Laid In a Supply.

Newedd—This milk is much better than what we've been having.

Mrs. Newedd—Yes, dear, I got it from a new man. He guaranteed that it was perfectly pure, so I bought enough to last a couple of weeks.—Boston Evening Transcript.

When Money Fails.

"And can I have the captain's cabin?" demanded the very rich gentleman.

"Not exactly," replied the booking clerk. "I can give you a chicken coop or a nice place in the coal bunkers."

And the other passengers smiled.

An Arbitrary Proceeding.

"Pa, what does it mean to be called to the colors?"

"In autocratic countries, son, it means much the same thing as your mother telling you to do something you don't want to do and threatening to dust your jacket if you don't."

THAT'S WHY.

Mother—Willie, why will you persist in telling such fibs?

Willie—Well, dad says that's the only way to git along wid you.

A Misunderstanding.

"Will you give me your name, please?" asked the young lady who was making a list of those present.

"Excuse me," said he between blushes, "but I will have to plead that this is not leap year."—The Pathfinder.

Nothing to Fuss About.

"I've been a model husband for six months."

"That's a fine record."

"And my poor wife finds life so dull she's about to die of ennui."

His Mistake.

"I think that chap would like to buy my place. I've been cracking up the value in great shape."

"Why, you fool, that's our new tax assessor!"—Judge.