



The Wife's Secret, OR A BITTER RECKONING

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER IX. For some reason Pauline Malling was in a very irritable state of mind.

Miss Malling raised her eyes from her contemplation of the carpet and looked in dignified surprise at the young Frenchwoman.

"What in heaven's name is the matter with you, Babette? Pray don't let me have any weeping and wailing. If there is one thing I hate more than another, it is a crying woman."

"Pardon, mademoiselle; the grief overcame me in spite of myself. I did not intend to speak; but, as you have noticed my sorrow, I will make bold to tell you what I have a little to say."

"After dressing Miss Malling and making the dressing room tidy, Babette passed through the picture gallery on her way to Mrs. Perkins' parlor for her usual cup of tea."

"So you think the world is made for your pleasure? You are too high a lady to trouble yourself with your servants' affairs; but perhaps they will trouble themselves with yours, madame! I have seen you flinch and shrivel up strangely sometimes."

"The mistress was full of loving messages and promises, and the poor girl's heart felt very heavy as she put it into the bag."

"The address of that pretty demoiselle that I followed home from the museum, by her orders! Why, there is something in this! Why, if she was known to Monsieur Dornton, does she not ask him, instead of setting me to follow her like a policeman? I shall have that to find out!"

"Something in the voice, some subtle touch of sympathy, struck Babette's quick ear. She turned so sharply that Mrs. Perkins had not time to conceal the black border she held in her hand."

"My Dear Ethel—I should not have had the courage to do as you have done; but perhaps you are right—indeed you always are. For the future will you allow me to consider myself 'JOHN DORNTON'?"

continue, in which case I should have sent the letter to him and asked for an explanation.

"No Ethel went bravely about her home duties, though her very lips were white with the restraint she was putting on her feelings."

"The fact was Captain Pelling was disappointed. He had expected a letter either from Ethel or Mr. Mallett that morning, to settle their visit on the morrow."

"Even if they do not care to come," he had said, "they might have been civil enough to send some conventional excuse."

After awhile it occurred to him that perhaps the Malletts had written, and that the letter had miscarried—and he felt somewhat relieved at the bare idea.

Notwithstanding a short notice, the phatton was ready a minute before the appointed time, looking perfect in every detail.

"From Geoffrey Mallett, Buckingham street, Bloomsbury, to Captain Pelling, The Wigwam, Wimbledon. Shall be with you at 2 o'clock to-morrow. Get sketches in inspection order."

And the man of thirty felt a lad again in his light-heartedness, as he sent his handsome bags along the road.

Jack's love-making went on swimmingly during the lovely summer weather, and among the beauties of Mallingford, there must be little stepmother, the only one, and in accordance with Pauline's wishes, their engagement was kept strictly private.

"That is so," observed Babette, with a disappointed air. She reflected for a few moments, and a flash of intelligence crossed her face as she asked, "And if mademoiselle had married against the wishes of M. Dornton, or without his consent, she would have lost the whole estate?"

"To be sure! It must have been a great blow to him when he found himself robbed of everything by his brother's injustice. What did he do? Where did he go?"

blow. How glorious that would be! Her face glowed with savage satisfaction at the bare thought of so complete a revenge.

As the door closed behind the maid Babette resumed her promenade, and came to a sudden stop as her eyes rested on the key left in the lock of a small bronze box.

"Not to-day, mademoiselle." "Provoking!" She took it up in her hands and shook it. Yes, the keys are inside. Babette, I wish you not to leave these rooms to-night until I come up to bed.

"Very good, mademoiselle." Babette stood with her hands held tightly over her heart, listening to the rustle of the silk skirts along the gallery and down the stairs.

"(To be continued.) SHE LOSES BABIES. Woman Makes a Regular Trade of Abandoning Infants.

There are many ways of getting a living in this city, some persons even working for it, but the most amazing of them all was partly unfolded in the Tombs court recently, when it was alleged there was a "losing" establishment.

For a long time the managers of children societies have been convinced that the "losing" of babies has been conducted systematically and they will be both surprised and pleased if the present case does not develop the fact that "losing" is only an incident.

Of course, every one has heard of the man who wouldn't sell his twins for \$1,000,000, but wouldn't give 10 cents for another pair, but the idea that women would enter into schemes of disposing of inconvenient infants was so revolting that the societies were long in taking any action.

The rush crowd simply parted and passed by on either side until the employee found in the basket one of the prettiest babies any one had seen for a long time.

"It wasn't much to go on, but Howe had ideas of his own, and asked the precinct commander if he might go to work on it. Of course, the case properly belonged to the headquarters staff, but all detectives don't wear plain clothes, so Howe was told to go ahead and be careful to make no blunders."

Following up the faintly defined name on the babe's clothing, the policeman arrested Mrs. Marie Varico and Mrs. Antoinette Tonella, of 35 Madison street. Magistrate Walsh heard the case and was so amazed at first that he might not have taken any action had it not been that the two women got to quarrelling in court, each one accusing the other of abandoning the infant.

"That woman stole my baby," said Mrs. Varico. "I did not," retorted Mrs. Tonella. "You know you gave the child to me to take to a woman in Mott street who makes a business of disposing of babies."

A POPULAR STREET BARON. How "Tom" Lowry Has Won Hearts of Twin Cities' Trolley Patrons.

Mr. Dalrymple of Scotland, who came over here a little while ago to tell Mayor Dunne of Chicago how to bring about municipal ownership, and who finished by advising him not to try—Mr. Dalrymple said that the traction system of the Twin Cities was the best in the United States.

Now, to all intents and purposes, "Tom" Lowry is the Twin City Rapid Transit Company, and he is also the most important part of the Soo road. He also owns much real estate and all the important newspapers.

He went into the street car business in the 70's and it prospered a good many years, as everything else was prospering. By the late 80's he was regarded by everybody as the richest man in the thriving town.

It was just at the end of the 80's that the change was made from horse power to electricity. Then in '90 came the short sharp panic, caused by the failure of Baring Bros., and at that time the boom in Minneapolis came to an abrupt end.

It was hard enough for everybody, but it was almost the end of Tom Lowry, for the weight of every broken scheme and every blasted hope fell back at last on his shoulders.

That has a curiously improbable sound after the men, the measures and the atmosphere we have been talking of a little way back, but it is literally true. The banks that held his paper renewed it as often as if full due, and a certain banker to whom I talked about it said:

"Oh, yes; you could have broken up any board of directors in Minneapolis by proposing to sue Tom Lowry."

After all has been said about the horns of the world's greatest horned animal, there are positively none that equal in impressiveness the gigantic mass that crowns the head of a really big Alaskan moose, says Scribner.

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"To be sure! It must have been a great blow to him when he found himself robbed of everything by his brother's injustice. What did he do? Where did he go?"

"I have heard that she never knew she was her uncle's heiress until after her father's death. What is more likely than that she should have married out there in Italy—married some poor idiot who was caught by her pretty face? And then, when my lady suddenly finds that she is a rich woman, she is tired of this poor fool, and runs away and enjoys her life by herself. I believe I have found the dark spot in my fine lady's life! It is as I think, I can take from her her beloved fiancé and her riches at once."



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