

# The Wife's Secret, OR A BITTER RECKONING

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)  
She began methodically to remove every article singly, placing them neatly in a heap on the table, after reading or looking at them. Then she turned to the other side, going through it in the same way, and reached the bottom without discovering anything more than is usually to be found in a lady's desk. With a disapproving air, she began to replace the articles, when Miss Mallingford's address book fell from her shaking hand on to the floor.

She stooped to pick it up as it lay open; and, in doing so, she saw the edge of a photograph peeping from the pocket in the cover. She took it out hurriedly, scattering, she said, some dead pressed violets on to the table. She shuddered when she raised the tissue paper, for it was the photograph of a grave.

She went to the dressing table, where the candles were still burning, to read the name of the photographer at the back of the card. The printing was in a language she did not understand; but she guessed it must be Spanish. She turned to the picture again, and in the strong light she could almost make out part of the inscription on the plain headstone. The first name, she was sure, began with the letter "P." In order to assist her, she procured Miss Mallingford's magnifying glass, and, with the aid of that, she spelled out the name, or as much of it as she could see. "P-a-u-l-i-n-e" she could clearly trace; then came a blot, followed by "l-i-n-g, d-i-e-d M-a-y 18—" The remainder of the inscription was undistinguishable.

"I never expected this! The grave of Pauline Mallingford! Then who is my mistress? An adventuress—a usurper! And I shall have a hand in detroning her!" She wiped the perspiration from her white, quivering face, placed the photograph in her dress, and locked the desk.

CHAPTER XI.  
Jack was by no means heartless, and his conscience pricked him more often than was pleasant with regard to Ethel Mallett. He wondered a little if she had really come to care for him, if she had found a success to him, or if she had alone had led her to offer him his freedom. She had sent him back the little ring he put on her finger when they were so happy together, and, with a strange inconsistency, he carried it about with him continually.

Just about this time Jack began to think that he ought to call in Buckingham street, if only to show his gratitude for Mr. Mallett's many past kindnesses, for the old gentleman had often been able and always willing to do Jack a good turn in past days. Once convinced that he ought to do a thing, Jack did it.

The morrow would be the first of September, and the house was full of people who had been invited to enjoy the abundant sport Mallingford offered. A number of such young men were lounging about the corridors and billiard room all day, who talked of nothing but the probable weather on the morrow, the chances for and against good sport, and the respective merits of their own and other men's guns.

There was general astonishment and various were the surmises as to what it could mean. Jack, glancing at Pauline, was surprised to see her agitated and white to the lips. She motioned to him not to notice it, and fought determinedly with her emotion. The others were too much absorbed by their curiosity to take much heed, and she bore herself as usual until breakfast was finished.

"Will you help Mrs. Sefton and me to finish filling in the cards for the seventeenth?" she asked Jack, as she left the breakfast room.

Jack promised to join them in the parlour in a quarter of an hour. He did not like to think of Pauline's look. He was a poor struggling artist, who had hitherto lived by the exercise of his unaided talent, and Pauline was a rich, high-born woman, his superior in most things he could count in his hands; yet he would not make her his wife if he did not believe her life to be spotless and without flaw. This was the idea that haunted him as he recalled her look at the breakfast table. If ever a woman's face looked so solemnly aroused, fear, his friend's had done so when Bertha Collins read that advertisement in the Times. He went back to the breakfast room before he joined Pauline, read the advertisement again, and copied the address into his note book.

He wondered what had brought about so great a change. He felt a foreboding that this was the little cloud in their sky that would darken the whole heavens. "As last!" he exclaimed, as he threw down his pen. "You have been a good boy," Pauline said, with a smile. "We could not have finished this to-day without your help." "So I shall lose him, after all, if I can not satisfactorily explain this morning's fright!" she reflected, alone in her dressing room. "He will not allow a secret between us. What can I do? If I concoct a lie to account for it, there may be an advertisement in tomorrow's paper that will expose it. Who can want to find Geoffrey Mallingford after allowing me undisputed possession for the last six years? If they find him, they will tell all, and he will claim his inheritance; they cannot want him for anything else. I must discover how much they know, or how can I fight them? I can't trust another; I must do it myself," and, with these thoughts running through her mind, she crossed to the bell, which Babette promptly answered. "Babette, I want to run up to London this afternoon, and I don't want the whole house to know about it."

Babette's eyes flashed with a quick glance of intelligence; but her lids drooped instantly, and she answered, meekly: "Certainly, mademoiselle."

"If the people see the brougham leaving the house, it will set them wondering; so I want you to run down to the village during luncheon and bring back one of the public fairs from the inn there. Tell Mr. Geoffrey that he may find me in fact, you can come back in it; and let it be there by a quarter past three."

"Very good, mademoiselle."

Babette's face gleamed with merriment behind Pauline's back as she left the room.

"So you think you have only to go to Messieurs Daws & Rayne and show your pretty face, and maybe a ten-pound note or so, and they will tell you all about the person who sent them that advertisement! But you do not owe it a Frenchwoman simply, my good friend! Mr. Daws is quite prepared to receive you with politeness, and to tell you that he really knows nothing more than that his client, whom he is not at liberty to name, is anxious to obtain the address of the present Mr. Geoffrey."

"I shall lie down for the whole afternoon; my head is aching so dreadfully. What will you do with yourself, Jack? A wet day is such a terrible infliction in a country house!"

"I shall work. It's a week to-day since I touched a brush; it will be a grand opportunity. I should advise your taking a good rest while you can get it. Jack responded to a matter of fact tone.

Pauline set her teeth in her underlip and left him, her mind racked with anxiety and fear.

"At all cost I must be in a position to tell him something that will not be contradicted by the lawyer. I wish I could know people now before to-night."

(To be continued.)

REFORM THAT WAS TOO THOROUGH

Old Lady Colburn was giving her granddaughter some good advice, the week before her wedding. "Now it's every fine for you to have these plans for making John over—if he needs 'em," said the old lady. "He may have some ideas about reforming a few little habits of yours, my dear—but you don't want to go too far, either of you, and you want to be pretty careful what you say."

"When I was a girl, somebody told me the story of a young woman who made the young man she married promise her he would have nothing to do with smoking. Well, that was all right enough, but he'd never been an intemperate smoker, and he missed the little soothing he'd been accustomed to get from his pipe once in a while."

"But if ever she saw him looking at it she'd remind him, 'You promised me never to have anything to do with pipes or smoking when we were married!'"

"Then one day the kitchen stove acted like all possessed—filled the room full of smoke. She said she thought the stovepipe needed cleaning; but he—was kind of stubborn, same as most men are at times—he just sat there and said, 'I promised you when we were married never to have anything to do with pipes or smoking, and this comes under both heads!'"

"And she had to go for the stove man herself, though he was a real considerate man, most ways, her husband was. You just bear in mind that little circumstance when you're making John over."

Merely for Illustration.

A school teacher who has not a very good memory, says that she sometimes forgets, from Friday to Monday, what some delinquent, whose punishment holds over, has actually done. It may be that the child's mother has been sent for, to talk about the matter, and then the wife is plain. The teacher summons the little culprit, and says to her severely, "Now, tell your mother exactly what happened." The child, fearful of correction, tells, and the teacher's memory is refreshed.

A certain officer, when his men were at rifle practice, became exasperated at their clumsiness.

"Here," he said to one of them, "give me your gun."

He shot at the target, but the ball went wide. The men grinned.

"There," said the officer to the man who had lent him the gun, "that's the way you shoot."

Then he tried again, with the same ill result. But he was undaunted.

"And that," he remarked to another man, "is the way you shoot."

In a third attempt the ball hit the bull's-eye. "And that," he concluded, calmly, "is the way I shoot."

Common Sight.

"Let us wait and see the lady contortionist," said the bachelor in the side show.

"Wouldn't interest me," replied the benedict. "I see one at home every day."

"At home?"

"Yes; my wife has one of those blouses that button at the back."

## PENSIONS FOR THE AGED.

Ex-Secretary Vanderlip Urges Corporations to Make Provision.

Frank A. Vanderlip, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, advocated in a recent address the establishment by large corporations of pension funds for old employees. In discussing the matter Mr. Vanderlip referred to the great changes which have been going on in industrial life during the past 25 years. "There have been tendencies," he said, "toward specialization and concentration. There has been a wonderful application of mechanical aids. We have been working toward production on a vast scale. This has created an industrial army, the rank and file of which tend more and more toward becoming automatic wheels in the great industrial organization. The new industrial order has made a new social order. There is today no such thing as industrial independence possible for a workman. He must work with others. He must become subject to regulations in connection with his fellows."

"So long as the individual can actively fill his place in this new order of affairs his condition shows great improvement in many respects. The moment he gets out of harmony with the whirl of the industrial machine, however; the moment that sickness overtakes him and accident injures him or old age reduces his power to keep in step with the industrial march, his condition is likely to become incomparably more unfortunate than would have been the case under similar circumstances in earlier times.

"With the exception of the United States, all the great powers of the civ-



FRANK A. VANDERLIP.

lized world pension their civil servants. The full working out of the merit system in civil service can never be accomplished, I believe, until we recognize the principal of a civil pension for superannuated government employees. There is no other important nation which has not recognized that principle.

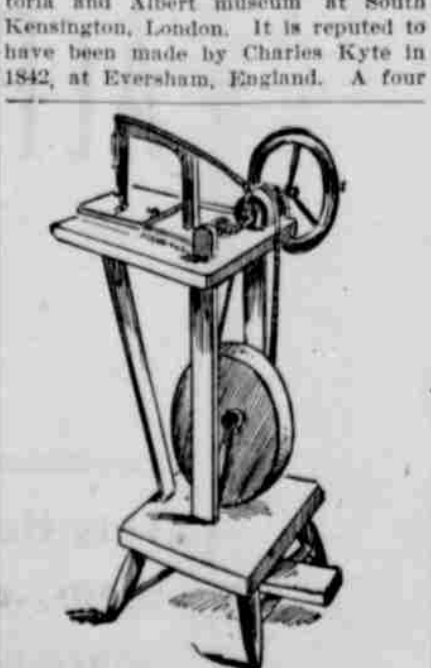
"In an inquiry reaching nearly 2,000 corporations replies show that 70 have adopted some plan for retiring and providing for employees during old age. Without a single exception these corporations which have adopted such a plan expressed the opinion, after having had an opportunity to note its effects, that it was a wise business practice. As a rule these American corporations which have adopted the old age pension system have treated the matter in the light of deferred wages, the corporation bearing the entire expense of the pension requirements.

"If I were to attempt to summarize the reasons why institutions in the United States are beginning to adopt old age pension schemes I would say that they embrace such considerations as these: The pension attaches the employe to the service and thus decreases the liability to strike. It makes more certain a continuance of efficient men in the lines of work which they are perfectly familiar. Of quite as much importance is the fact that a pension system enables employes to dispense with the elderly and inefficient and thus give constant encouragement to good effort on the part of younger men hoping for promotion. It operates especially as an incentive to men between the ages of 40 and 50 when they have acquired the experience and skill which makes them especially valuable and prevents their being tempted away by slightly increased wages for a temporary period.

FIRST SEWING MACHINE

Reputed to have been Made by Charles Kyrle in England.

The cut is from a photograph of the first sewing machine ever invented, now in the loan collection at the Victoria and Albert museum at South Kensington, London. It is reputed to have been made by Charles Kyrle in 1842, at Eversham, England. A four



THE FIRST SEWING MACHINE.

legged stool supports the table on which the machine is carried. The treadle acts upon a crank axle, carrying a wooden fly wheel. The machine is exceedingly simple in construction, and the results obtained could not have been especially cheering. Still the contrivance will make a lock stitch, and there is even an attempt at a tension arrangement.

When a man is chaperoned, he is really being shadowed.

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Arrives Detroit	12:30 p. m.	
NO 4 FROM DETROIT	Leaves Detroit	1:30 p. m.
Arrives Albany	6:30 p. m.	
NO 5 FOR YAGUINA	Leaves Corvallis	6:30 a. m.
Arrives Albany	7:10 a. m.	
NO 6 FOR CORVALLIS	Leaves Albany	2:40 p. m.
Arrives Corvallis	3:20 p. m.	
NO 7 FOR ALBANY	Leaves Corvallis	6:00 p. m.
Arrives Albany	6:40 p. m.	
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