

Wife's Secret, OR A BITTER RECKONING

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

Pauline made an effort-to look unlike berself; but hers was an individuality not easily hidden under a large plaid traveling wrap and a plain black bonner At any rate, Mr. Daws was pot deceived by them, and guessed who his visitor was the moment she was

shown into his dusty little private office. He remained standing silent and mo to Dornton's good nature, and is sent in the hall porter, for some unknown reationless, with his bright, beadlike eyes all good faith, to 'the Malletts, old son, was not at his post, and an inexperienced footman informed Mr. Mailett watching her from under his heavy brows friends of mine, as he would say in deuntil she felt almost hysterical.

"I have come with reference to an advertisement in this morning's Times," she "I believe you inserted it?" She looked incredulous for moment, then said: "Then, if you did not, you know who did, and you will favor

me with their address." What for?" "I wish to see thom."

"Why!" Pauline drew herself up proudly, for she was getting irritted, as she answered. "I think that is my busi-

"Not at all! It is ours." "You will surely not refuse to let me have the address of the person who put that notice in this morning's Times, when teli you that I came on Sir Geoffrey's behalf. I am, in fact, a relative of his. It says it is for Sir Geoffrey's 'decided Miss Malling had used this information

advantage." But how?" "That's my client's business. Lawyers never reveal their clients' affairs." "But, if you will neither tell me your

the advantage is?" "Send him here himself."

"He can't come. He is very fll," she told the lawyer. "Then we must wait until he's well."

"You will absoultely tell nobody but himself what this wonderful advantage

Pauline rose from her chair, and they looked steadily at each other for a few one who would remember me as Geoffrey seconds. She gathered her energies for Malling, and there would be quite a little her last effort. She placed her hand on sensation over my reappearance; but this the table between them, and leaned for invitation entitles us to call on Miss Mall ward slightly. What is your price for the address

passed through his mind before he answered: "You have shown your fear by the offer of a bribe; and heaven save Frenchwoman if I betray her, for you will certainly murder her!" Then

he spoke: "The information you ask for is price-

"I can give more than you think, per-haps. One hundred pounds!" A pause. "Two hundred—three hundred—four hundred-five!"

"I have answered; it is priceless." She looked for one instant as if she would spring on him and tear the secret turned without another word, went the cab which had been waiting for her.

person had accidentally found out certain facts of her past life which she had was once more in her own room, wrapped in a warm dressing gown, and with leisure to think, she began to see that there was something more than the mere greed of gain prompting her unknown ad-

This fighting in the dark was alarming If she only knew from what quarter to expect the attack she might be able to make some sort of resistance; as it was, there was nothing to be done but sit down and calmly await the onslaught.

On one point only could she make up her mind-she must hurry on her marriage. Let her once be Jack's wife, and, no matter what phantoms should rise from the past to threaten her, she would at least be sure of his love; for she would love him so dearly, she would be so gentle, so winning, that he would not be able to withhold his love from her. even though he should grieve to find her other than he had thought.

And so that evening she got Jack's consent that they should be married a fortnight hence, on the 18th of September, the day after she reached her twenty-fifth year.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ethel was certainly very courageous. She was also strong, young and healthy, and had an unusual amount of self-pride, all of which kept her from giving way under the load of grief that came upon her after Jack's faithless behavior. But she felt her sorrow none the less deeply. and hid it from her father's sight.

Captain Pelling had been away nearly Ethel was feeling the daily monotony of ed by unheeded. her life very irksome as she once more

set about making her father's coffee. There were letters on the table, but she did not feel particularly curious about them. As she placed the coffee pot on the table the writing on the envelope next to her own plate caught her eyes. The blood rushed to her face, and, with nervous haste she picked up the envelope and opened it. She read the invitation card, and the flush fade slowly, leaving an expression of sorrowful contempt on

her face. "Poor Jack!" she sighed, "I wonder If he thinks a few civilities of this kind will make amends for his conduct in the Daws & Raven had not yet discovered past? Does he imagine he can repay me Sir Geoffrey's address. Only five days for the loss of his love by holding out remained to the date of the wedding she the hand of friendly patronage? Can had aworn to frustrate. he believe it would give me pleasure to threw the card from her with an impatleat sigh. "How contemptibly foolish it do as he wishes about it.

toward him to say, "Good morning." Then she held his envelope behind her she had followed from the Museum to playfully, saying: "A thousand guesses, her home, and whose name she had disover the big wall map of the world. covered from the neighboring trades peo"Looking for trouble?"

Miss Malling herself, for a ball."

"A ball!" he repeated. "Why in the world should Miss Malling invite me to a ball?" He looked at the envelope curiously, and then said: "It is addressed with those letters, and a wild hope of an acre of wheat.

o 'G. Mallett, Esq.,' and in Jack Dornton's writing! Oh, I begin to understand!" he went on, in a voice of genu-

scribing us. "Who is Summers, papa?" "Lord Summers is your cousin's guar-

"Of course-I remember-the kindlooking old man we met at the Exhibi-

"Yes. I've been in constant dread ever since that unfortunate meeting that he would seek me out and try to do some Miss Malling has returned from her \$5 bill. thing for me. That was why I was so drive." annoyed when you told him you copied in the galleries: I thought he might pounce on you and worm our address out of you."

Do you think he would tell Miss Malling about my copying at the galleries, papa?" "No doubt of it; he is an inveterate

Ethel had a sudden conviction that to obtain their address, if Lord Summers had not, and believed she had at last found out to whom she was indebted for her anonymous letter. This beself nor give me your client's address, lief did not increase her desire to go to how can I find out for Sir Geoffrey what Mallingford; but she held to her resolulief did not increase her desire to go to tion to leave the decision in her father's

> "Do you want to go to the ball?" asked.

don't want to go, dad."

"I don't care about the ball, either; but I should like you to see the old place, If we were to go to the ball ! should most likely run up against some ing, in any case. Send an acceptance, my dear; we can follow it up by an ex-cuse on the morning of the 17th. In the meautime we will run down one day and leave our cards and take a look round just as ordinary strangers, and no one will think we are anything else."

Ethel was glad the question was settled in this way, for she, too, wished to see the old house that should in justice have been her father's. Mr. Malett opened the other letter and threw it across to

"Read it out, Ethel. It's from Pelling. I've talked so much that I've no time to

Ethel read the letter, which ran as follows: "My Dear Mallett-I send some birds

from him; then there came the sullen by to-night's train; hope they will arrive Seas," was put in command of the look of one beaten and baffled, and she all right. I am tired of this place, but President in 1814. The vessel was can't get away under the promised fortdown the rickety stairs, and re-entered night. My old friend has taken a wife before, and carried forty-four guns. since I last saw him. Said wife has three eisters at present staying with her; the treaty of peace with England was Pauline had counted confidently on and, as they are all of the genus 'bluemaking a bargain with Messrs. Daws & stocking, my life has been a burden to already concluded, but telegraphs bemaking a bargain with Messrs. Daws & stocking, my life has been a ourden to ing things of the far future, the news feet of lovers and husbands and the cellent, but just the least bit monotonous The house is full of pleasant peoplepressing reasons for keeping secret, and and yet I miss your society more than I she thought she had only to offer them could have thought possible; and I am a good price for their silence and the really anxious to get back to our work. matter would end there. Now that she Tell Miss Mallett not to forget her prom-

> "What promise was that?" Mr. Mallett asked.

unless-" Ethel blushed slightly. "Never mind; finish the letter to your

self, my dear, for I must be off directly." After seeing her father off and finishing the letter, Ethel did not feel altogether happy. She was afraid Captain Pelling had set too high a value on her words, and she tried to recall exactly what she had said when he had called to say good-by. What had really occurred was this. When Ethel put her hand into

Pelling's he held it while he said: "I wish I could flatter myself by be lieving you would miss me a little while I am away, Miss Mallett; but perhaps it would be a welcome miss, for I know I'm a terrible bore sometimes.

He looked so wistful that Ethel felt quite a thrill of sympathy for him, and, on the impulse of the moment, respond-

"I'm sure I shall miss you, and I shall be glad to see you back again."

And Pelling had left her with a face so glorified with delight that she had feared and wondered continually what such glorification might mean, and had alternately blamed herself for her impulsive words, and him for his misinter-

pretation of them. Pauline was rather staggered a couple of days later when she received affirma-tive replies from Mr. and Miss Mallett; but she was in such a whirl of exciteweek on a visit to an old friend, and as a visit from her uncle and cousin pass- himself.

It was now the 8th of September, and she was to be married on the 18th. Babette was the only member of the household who had been taken into her mis tress' confidence with regard to her approaching marriage, and the vivacious French woman was delighted at the prospect of going up to town every day between then and the 18th, to see after the piles of new finery indispensable at

The 13th of September had come, and

She had been to town to get some spend an evening in watching his attentions to his handsome hostess?" She interview the lawyers, and was now relace for her mistress, and incidentally to turning dispiritedly to Mallingford. At the station, as she was about entering is of me to care so much after all this a conveyance, she heard some one betime! Perhaps dad would like to see his hind her asking for a fly to go to Mall old home again; and, as it does not really ingford Park. She turned to look at the matter much whether I go or not, I will inquirer, and for a moment stood staring at a tall, well-bred looking man, evi-As she heard her father's step on the dently on the wrong side of fifty, with stairs she turned as brightly as usual a sweet-faced girl of eighteen on his arm. She recognised the girl as the young lady ple by her mistress' orders about two "It is an invitation to Mallingford posting a letter to this young lady for the seventeenth of this month—from her mistress, and next she recalled hav-

sprang up in her heart that this elderly LOST \$5 AND A SWEETHEART. aristocrat and his pretty daughter had come to Mallingford to help on her pur-pose of preventing Miss Malling's mar-

Babette was soon deposited at Mailingford House. She made herself presentable, and went down to Miss Malling's boudoir on the ground floor on the pretense of discussing her morning's pur-chases with her mistress, but really with the determination to hang about the neighborhood of the reception rooms, and Mallatts.

a long stretch of the principal drive. When Babette reached the room it was empty. She placed herself to watch for the arrival of the fly from the village. ine relief, as he took the card from the envelope. "I feared for the moment that Summers had been doing a kindness, as he calls it, and persuaded Pauline Mall-he calls it, and persuaded Pauline Malling to invite her poor relatives to her ing for an imaginary missing shawl ball. But this civility is evidently due among the numberless wraps lying about. that Miss Malling was not at home. Babette, thinking she saw the chance of away, came forward boldly.

think you have made a mistake. If you stroyed the envelope, and there, tucked will follow me, monsieur, I will see if sway in one corner, he had found the

off to the picture gallery. As she ex-pected, she found Jack and Miss Malling in the deep recess of a window at the far end. She announced: "Mr. and Miss Mallett in your bou-

doir, mademoiselle!" with an effort.

I happened to be in the hall, and I thought I heard the gentleman ask for Monsieur Dornton; so I offered to see

if he was in. (To be continued.)

THE CAPTURED "PRESIDENT."

****************** A paragraph from one of the English papers remarks on the unusual I asked. sight of Sir Charles Beresford's flag that the chief of the Mediterranean daysquadron had taken command of his

of the War of 1812. Admiral Decatur, the "idol of the wept afresh. American Service," the "Bayard of the built in New York some twenty years had not reached American shores, and

hostilities were still kept up. One dark night Decatur tried to steal out of Long Island Sound without the knowledge of the British lurking about. By a mistake of the pounded for two hours before the tide so badly strained that the numiral de-

At daylight three or four English vessels were sighted, which immediately gave chase. The Endymion, bearing fifty guns, caught up with the crippled ship, and for hours a severe cannonading was carried on. Decatur, seeing that it was impossible to outstrip the British vessels, decided on a

of the country. What! Let such a most virulent cases of lovesickness are ship go for nothing?"

The answer was a hearty cheer. But

The President was taken to England, be forthwith restored. where it is still used as a traininggallantly.

Similarity. "They call these 'dog days,' " remarked the man with the wilted collar

and paim-leaf fan. "Any particular breed of dog?" spoke up the warm-weather wit. "Yes, I should say 'greyhound.' "

"Why 80?"

"They are so long." All Trouble.

"May I ask what you are looking for?" said the clerk in the ticket office. "I am looking for trouble," replied the man who was running his finger you get a chance at a ride in a new auto."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Yes, sir, I am hunting up Russia." more when planted in bananas than in any other variety of food production. The product of an acre of han-

Typewriter's Mistake Led &c Tragedy of Errors. "I'm in a terrible fix," sobbed the top-floor girl, according to the New

York Press, "and don't know what I shall do about it." "What's the trouble?" asked her

sympathetic friend. "It's all about Howard, and-oh dear, it's awful. I discovered the other witness—if possible, overhear—the inter-view between Miss Malling and these handed me when I was at my writing banded me when I was at my writing desk, and instead of at once putting The windows of the boudoir overlooked it away in a safe place, I stuck it into an envelope and left it there. Later I wrote several letters, and when I again remembered the \$5 bill it was

I had just written. All those letters, except one, were business letters. The exception was to Howard Strong. I immediately wrote to every one of my correspondents and explained what I had done and asked them to examine help from these people gradually slipping the envelope for a trace of the \$5. Howard Strong is the only one that "Are you sure you are right in denying Miss Malling to this gentleman. Philip?" she asked, in a low voice. "I stroyed the envelope, and there, tucked

"Naturally I felt pretty good over She took them to the boudoir, stood that outcome of my mistake, but the for a moment in thought, and then flew next morning, when the second chapter began to unroll, I didn't feel quite so comfortable. I found then, in the top envelope of a bunch that I had previously overlooked, that \$5 bill.

"It is no use for anybody to try to Pauline sprang from her chair and imagine how I felt, because it can't stood glaring at Babette as if she were be done. I spent fully two hours puza messenger from another world. The zling over Howard's motive in sending words "Sir Geoffrey" rose to her lips, me the money. Finally I came to the dividuality was not known to any one conclusion that he must have conbut herself, and she checked the name strued my letter as an ingenious way of asking for a loan, and he had fortham not at home," she told her with responded in the same round-"I left word to that effect." about fashion, I wrote Howard a about fashion. I wrote Howard a "Yes, so they said, mademoiselle; but stinging letter. I claimed that by putting such a construction on my letter he had insulted me. Of course I re-

turned the \$5. "About two hours after I had mailed that letter chapter No. 3 began. Ellen Fariss and I use that writing desk in partnership. It was Ellen's turn at the desk. The first thing I knew she was upsetting things in general looking for a particular envelope. "'What kind of an envelope was it

"'One of those plain white ones, flying from the President, a training- she said. 'It was right on top of this ship lying on the Thames, as a sign bunch. I stuck a \$5 bill in it yester-

"At that point in Ellen's explanation fleet. To the American, the interest- I collapsed. It was her money that I ing part of this statement lies not in had returned to Howard, and I had to the display of the flag, but in the ves- take the last \$5 I had in the world to sel from which it files. The President settle with her. I haven't heard from is an old United States frigate, the Howard, and I have not had the courcapture of which by the British form- age to write again. I said in my last ed one of the most picturesque events letter that all was over between us, and apparently it is." And the girl

HOW LOVE MAY BE CURED.

Mild Malady, Like Measles of Tonstittis, Say Scientists.

Henceforth the "detrimental" should cease to be a terror to mothers and chaperons. Henceforth should the green-eyed monster lie quelled at the don Ladies' Pictorial. For a means has been discovered by which love can be measured, reduced, cured and gensquadron, which was known to be Unromantic as it may sound, unpoeterally treated, like any other malady, pilot the ship ran into a sand-bar, and sider it and fatal though it may be to lifted it off. Then it was found to be the popularity of the novel, the fact must still be faced that science has recided to turn back to New York, but a disease, the symptoms, progress and effects of which can be studied like

those of the measles or influenza. The scientist has not spared the heart in his researches; he has been no respecter even of the grand passion and in continental and transatiantic laboratories he has been at work or machines and schemes now perfected, bold stroke. His plan was suddenly we are told, by means of which the and escape in it.

"My lads," he cried, "that ship is coming up with us! As our ship won't sail we'll so sheed and the results studied. But all this would be of little use if not turned to some practical account and it will sail we'll so sheed and the results studied. But all this would be of little use if not turned to some practical account and it will sail, we'll go aboard theirs, every man therefore, as we say, ease the burden and boy of us, and carry it back to of mothers to learn that great Vien-New York. All that I ask is that you nese, German, French and American follow me. This is the favorite ship specialists are now agreed that the

curable. 'If there is an undesirable lover in a clever move by Captain Hope saved the case he can be erased from his the Endymion. The other frigates victim's mind rather more easily than came up, and although Decatur's fire an attack of tonsilitis could be cured. had virtually disabled the Endymion, If madame is grieving over an old he could do nothing now but surren-love affair, monsieur, her husband, has der. One fifth of his crew was killed only to call in the specialist, and the ment by this time that so small a peril or wounded, and he was badly injured malady will be at an end. If silly lads as a visit from her uncle and cousin pass- himself. The President, with its crew, was some heartless maid; if sillier maidens taken to Bermuda. Decatur's sword are growing pale over men who do not was returned to him, and every civili- want their affections, they have only ty was shown to the prisoners by their to undergo a course of hypnotic treatment and their reason and hearts will

It all sounds very simple and seems ship. It was spoken of by British au- to suggest a kind of resolution of rothorities as a model of naval architec, mance, but somehow one seems to ture, and its construction recommend- fancy that there is more danger, after ed to ship builders. The old ship's all, in Cupid's arrows than the lovecrew has long since passed away, and measuring machine of the modern selits very existence is almost forgotten entist is equal to coping with. If it to Babette's great discomfiture Messrs. by the nation for which it fought so has really come to pass that heartbreaks can be arranged to order like cheap tours, then how, one may reasonably ask, are the poor novelist, the still more to be pitled poet and the hapless dramatist to get a living in the coming by and by?

No Call for Fussiness. "Yes, Mr. Chaffy asked me to go for

a ride in his new autymoble to-mor-"Why, you ain't never been inter-

dooced to 'im, have you?" "No, I ain't. But there's no use fussin' over a little thing like that when

The Difference of Years. "I don't see why it should surprise ou to finds that I love you," said the elderly gallant.

"But, really, Mr. Oldbeau," replied the fair girl, "I always thought yo were an old woman hater." anas is 183 times as great as that "Ah! but I am not a young woma hater."-Philadelphia Press.

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