

**The Wife's Secret,
OR A BITTER RECKONING**
By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER XIII.

Pauline made an effort to look unlike herself, but here was an individuality not easily hidden under a large plaid traveling wrap and a plain black bonnet and veil. At any rate, Mr. Daws was not 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 motionless, with his bright, headlike eyes watching her from under his heavy brows until she felt almost hysterical.

"I have come with reference to an advertisement in this morning's Times," she began. "I believe you inserted it?"

"No," she looked incredulous for a 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 them."

"Why?"

"Pauline drew herself up proudly, as she was getting irritated, and she answered, "I think that is my business."

"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 I tell you that I came on Sir Geoffrey's behalf?"

"That's my client's business. Lawyers never reveal their clients' affairs."

"But, if you will neither tell me yourself nor give me your client's address, how can I find out for Sir Geoffrey what the advantage is?"

"Send him here himself."

"He can't come. He is very ill," she told the lawyer.

"Then we must wait until he's well."

"You will absolutely tell nobody but himself what this wonderful advantage is?"

"No one."

Pauline rose from her chair, and they looked steadily at each other for a few seconds. She gathered her energies for her last effort. She placed her hand on the table between them, and leaned forward slightly.

"What is your price for the address I want?"

"Daws' eyes glittered. Two thoughts passed through his mind before he answered: "You have shown your fear by the offer of a bribe; and I have saved the Frenchman my money. He is my client."

"The information you ask for is priceless."

"I can give more than that, perhaps. One hundred pounds?"

"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 from him; then came the sudden look of one beaten and baffled, and she turned without another word, went down the rickety stairs, and re-entered the cab which had been waiting for her.

Pauline had counted confidently on making a bargain with Messrs. Daws & Haven. She believed that some unknown person had accidentally found out certain facts of her past life which she had pressing reasons for keeping secret, and she thought she had only to offer them a good price for their silence and the matter would end there. Now that she 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 adversary.

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 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 Pellings had been away nearly a week on a visit to an old friend, and Ethel was feeling the daily monotony of 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 eye. 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 faded 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 past? Does he imagine he can repay me for the loss of his love by holding out the hand of friendly patronage? Can he believe it would give me pleasure to spend an evening in watching his attentions to his handsome hostess?"

She threw the card from her with an impatient sigh. "How contemptuously foolish it is of me to care so much to see all this time! Perhaps dad would like to after his old home again; and, as it does not really matter much whether I go or not, I will do as he wishes about it."

She heard her father's step on the stairs she turned as brightly as usual toward him to say, "Good morning!" Then she held his envelope before her playfully, saying: "A thousand guesses, and you will not guess where this letter is from, papa?"

"I shall not make one—tell me."

"It is an invitation to Mallingford for the seventeenth of this month—from Miss Mallett herself, for a ball."

"A ball!" he repeated. "Why in the world should Miss Mallett invite me to a ball?"

He looked at the envelope curiously, and then said: "It is addressed

aprag up in her heart that this elderly aristocrat and his pretty daughter had come to Mallingford to help on her part of preventing Miss Mallett's marriage.

Babette was soon deposited at Mallingford House. She made herself presentable, and went down to Miss Mallett's boudoir on the ground floor on the pretense of discussing her morning's purchases with her mistress, but really with the determination to hang about the neighborhood of the reception room, and witness—if possible, overhear—the interview between Miss Mallett and these Malletts.

The windows of the boudoir overlooked the street of the principal drive. When Babette reached the room it was empty. She stretched herself to watch for the arrival of the fly from the village. She saw it come up the long avenue and stop at the main entrance. Then she went to the hall and busied herself looking for a letter in a jewelry case, as if the numerous keys lying about. The hall porter, for some unknown reason, was not at his post, and an inexperienced footman informed Mr. Mallett that Miss Mallett was not at home. Babette, thinking she saw the chance of help from these people gradually slipping away, came forward boldly.

"Are you sure you are right in denying Miss Mallett to this gentleman, Philip?" she asked, in a low voice. "I think you have made a mistake. If you will follow me, mademoiselle, I will see Miss Mallett has returned from her drive."

She took them to the boudoir, stood for a moment in thought, and then flew off to the picture gallery. As she expected, she found Jack and Miss Mallett in the deep recess of a window at the far end. She approached them with a look of surprise.

"Mr. and Miss Mallett in your boudoir, mademoiselle?"

Pauline sprang from her chair and stood glaring at Babette as if she were a messenger from another world. The words "Mr. and Miss Mallett" rose to her lips, but she remembered in time that his individuality was not known to any one but herself, and she checked the same with an effort.

"I am not at home," she told her maid. "I left word to that effect."

"Yes, so they said, mademoiselle; but I happened to be in the hall, and I thought I heard the gentleman ask for Monsieur Daws; 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 sight of Sir Charles Beresford's flag flying from the President, a training ship lying on the Thames, as a sign that the chief of the Mediterranean squadron had taken command of his feet. To the American, the interesting part of this statement lies not in the display of the flag, but in the vessel from which it flies. The President is an old United States frigate, the capture of which by the British formed one of the most picturesque events of the War of 1812.

Admiral Decatur, the "idol of the American Service," the "Bayard of the Seas," was put in command of the President in 1814. The vessel was built in New York some twenty years before, and carried forty-two guns. When the admiral took it in charge, the treaty of peace with England was already concluded, but telegraphs brought news of the fall of Napoleon, and hostilities were still kept up.

One dark night Decatur tried to steal out of Long Island Sound without the knowledge of the British squadron, which was known to be lurking about. By a mistake of the pilot the ship ran into a sand-bar, and plounded for two hours before the tide lifted it off. Then it was found to be so badly strained that the admiral decided to turn back to New York, but a fierce gale drove it out to sea.

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 bold stroke. His plan was suddenly to turn about, board the Endymion, and escape in it.

"My lads!" he cried, "that ship is coming up with us! As our ship won't sail, we'll go aboard theirs, every man and boy of us, and carry it back to New York. All that I ask is that you follow me. This is the favorite ship of the country. What! Let such a ship go for nothing?"

The answer was a hearty cheer. But a clever move by Captain Hope saved the Endymion. The other frigates came up, and although Decatur's fire had virtually disabled the Endymion, he could do nothing now but surrender. One-fifth of his crew was killed or wounded, and he was badly injured himself.

The President, with its crew, was taken to Bermuda. Decatur's sword was returned to him, and every citizen was shown to the prisoners by their captors.

The President was taken to England, where it is still used as a training ship. It was spoken of by British authorities as a model of naval architecture, and its construction recommended to ship builders. The old ship's crew has long since passed away, and its very existence is almost forgotten by the nation for which it fought so gallantly.

Similarly, "They call these 'dog days,'" remarked the man with the wilted collar and palm-leaf fan.

"Any particular breed of dog?" spoke up the warm-weather wit.

"Why, I should say 'greyhound.'"

"Yes, so?"

"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 ruffling his finger over the big wall map of the world.

"Looking for trouble?"

"Yes, sir, I am hunting up Russia."

Acres for acres, land is said to yield more when planted in bananas than in any other variety of food production. The product of an acre of bananas is 183 times as great as that of an acre of wheat.

O.R.&N.
OREGON SHORT LINE
AND **UNION PACIFIC**
Three Trains to the East Daily

70 HOURS PORTLAND TO CHICAGO 70
No change of cars

DEPART FOR	TIME SCHEDULES FROM PORTLAND, OR.	ARRIVE FROM
Chicago	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	5:25 p. m.
Portland	Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and East.	7:15 a. m.
St. Paul	St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago and East.	8:00 a. m.

Ocean and River Schedule
For San Francisco—Every five days at 8 p. m. For Astoria, Hay Point and North Beach—daily (except Sunday) at 8:30 p. m. Saturdays at 10:00 p. m. Daily service (subject to permitting on the Willamette and Yamhill rivers).

For further information ask or write your nearest ticket agent, or
A. L. Craig
General Passenger Agent,
The Oregon Railway & Navigation Co., Portland, Oregon.

Corvallis & Eastern Railroad.

TIME CARD NO. 29.

NO. 2 FOR YAGUINA	LEAVES ALBANY	ARRIVES ALBANY
12:45 p. m.	1:45 p. m.	2:45 p. m.
3:45 p. m.	4:45 p. m.	5:45 p. m.
6:45 p. m.	7:45 p. m.	8:45 p. m.
9:45 p. m.	10:45 p. m.	11:45 p. m.

HOW LOVE MAY BE CURED.
Mild Malady, Like Menes or Tonallitis, Say Scientists.

Henceforth the "detrimental" should cease to be a terror to mothers and chaperons. Henceforth should the green-eyed monster be quelled at the feet of lovers and husbands and the loveless be made whole, says the London Ladies' Pictorial. For a means has been discovered by which love can be measured, reduced, cured and generally treated, like any other malady. Unromantic as it may sound, unpoetical as it may seem, unscientific as it may be, the fact must still be faced that science has reduced love to the level of an ordinary disease, the symptoms, progress and effects of which can be studied like those of the measles or influenza.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS
WITH **Dr. King's New Discovery**
FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND COLDS
Price 50c & \$4.00 Free Trial.

Best and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

IT'S THE "North Coast Limited."
via Yellowstone Park Line.
PULLMAN STANDARD SLEEPERS.
Electric Lights in Every Berth.
PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPERS.
Electric Lights.Dining Car, Night and Day
Electric Lights
Day Coaches
Electric Lights
Observation Car
Electric Lights, Electric Fans, Barber Shop, Bath, Library, Numerous Other Comforts.
3--Daily Transcontinental Trains--3
The Ticket Office at Portland is at 255 Morrison Street, Corner of Third
A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.

Cate & Son, New Meat Market,
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF FRESH AND CURED MEATS Poultry and Game.
Cash paid for all kinds of Country Produce and Butcher's Stuff.
Hop Supplies a Specialty.

The DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILROAD

The Most Delightful Way Across the Continent. Through Salt Lake City, Glenwood Springs, Leadville, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver.
A Daylight Ride Through Nature's Art Gallery. Passing Castle Gate, Canon of the Grand, Tennessee Pass, Marshall Pass and the Royal Gorge.
3 Trains Daily Between Ogden and Denver 3
EQUIPMENT and SERVICE SECOND TO NONE
SEEK NO FURTHER, BETTER CAN'T BE FOUND
For detailed information, address
W. C. McBRIDE, General Agent.
134 Third Street Portland, Oregon

"The Milwaukee."
THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE
Chicago-Portland Special
The most luxurious train in the world. Pullman sleeping cars, dining car, buffet smoking and library car (barber and bath). Less than three days Portland to Chicago.
Two Through Trains
to Chicago daily from Portland through to Chicago via the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Co., Oregon Short Line, Union Pacific R. R. and Chicago and North-Western Ry., over The Only Double-Track Railway between The Missouri River and Chicago.
Daily excursions in Pullman tourist sleeping cars from Portland through to Chicago without change.
R. E. BUTCHER, Gen'l Agt., Pac. Coast, Portland, Ore., 223 Third Street, San Francisco, Cal., Gen'l Agt., Chicago & North-Western Ry.
Her tales Dans, Svensk og Norsk. Hier wird deuth gesprochen.
H. S. Rowe, General Agent, Portland, Oregon. 134 Third Street, corner Alder.

IT'S THE "North Coast Limited."
via Yellowstone Park Line.
PULLMAN STANDARD SLEEPERS.
Electric Lights in Every Berth.
PULLMAN TOURIST SLEEPERS.
Electric Lights.
Dining Car, Night and Day
Electric Lights
Day Coaches
Electric Lights
Observation Car
Electric Lights, Electric Fans, Barber Shop, Bath, Library, Numerous Other Comforts.
3--Daily Transcontinental Trains--3
The Ticket Office at Portland is at 255 Morrison Street, Corner of Third
A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent, Portland, Ore.