

The Wife's Secret, OR A BITTER RECKONING

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Mallett did not get much sleep. His waiting son, Castellan, slept. His mind was wandering about what he had just heard. Putting two and two together, bearing in mind the fact that the senior's description of his beautiful customer tallied exactly with that given of the so-called Pauline Malling by Jack Dorton, and that the photograph taken by Castellan was afterward found in that lady's possession, his belief in the imposture was naturally strengthened, and his impatience to visit the grave and see for himself the evidence of his niece's death increased every moment. At last he heard the convent bell strike and, with a feeling of relief, he rose and went downstairs.

He found the senior waiting below, looking triumphant, but cautious. There were several loungers about, and Mr. Mallett and Castellan passed through the room and out of the house without exchanging a word.

But, once safely outside, the senior, who was brimming over with pleasant self-importance, rapidly unfolded the plans which the servant and he had concocted for Mr. Mallett's admittance to the convent burying ground.

"I shall point out the gate by which monsieur will enter; after that, the rest must depend on monsieur's sagacity and on the exactness with which he carries out my directions. The servant would have nothing to do with you directly; but she will arrange matters so that you can enter the cemetery by yourself and obtain a view of the tomb. But monsieur will envelop himself in my accomplice's cloak, and if he is seen from the chapel windows, they will conclude it is but one of the sisters crossing the graveyard to gather herbs from the garden which lies beyond."

Then followed a list of directions, to which Mr. Mallett paid the closest attention; and, as the old Spaniard concluded, they came within sight of the Convent of the Holy Assumption. A substantial stone wall eight feet high enclosed it on all sides, and on the east front were massive iron gates, which stood high above the line of sight to shield the sacred precincts from the vulgar gaze.

Further on, on the west side, was a very small wicket, almost hidden under the masses of ivy that hung high over the ground. This door was the one used by the lay sisters when doing their errands, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

The bells were still ringing for vespers as Mr. Mallett reached this half-hidden little gate, and, according to his directions, he stepped into the narrow passage, and a covered way led from it into the main entrance hall. The main gate was never opened except for funerals of the village.

until he reached the end nearest to the altar, and then he waited for the bride to turn her face toward him. The clergyman's voice went on with the service: "With those who obey him and serve him love, honor and keep him in sickness and in health, and forsaking all other, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live!"

Then, for the first time, she turned toward Pelling. Her expression was one of unmitigated rapture as she raised her eyes to the bridegroom's, and her lips were unloosed to speak the words "I will."

"I notice you never wear a watch with your evening clothes." "No; I never have both out at the same time."—Grit.

Emeline—Well, this world's a stage. Elizabeth—Yes; and the scenery is so much more satisfactory than the cast. —Brooklyn Life.

"At last," exclaimed Darwin, "I have discovered the missing link!" And reaching under the bureau he drew forth the other cut-button.—Chicago News.

It Depends—"Papa, what's a man who runs an auto called?" "It depends on whether he is being called by his employer or by the man he has just misled."

Caller—Your daughter, I am told, stands at the head of her class in ancient languages. Mrs. Lansing—Yes, Julie is quite a latitudinarian.—Chicago Tribune.

Yes, 'Tis True.—Adams—Do you believe it is a sign of good luck to find a horseshoe on the road? Johnson—Of course; it is a sign of good luck for some blacksmith.

"When a man stabs in bragging about how honest he is," said Uncle Eben, "it allus kind o' sounds to me like he was 'poloizin' foh not being 'no' so."—Washington Star.

Considerate—"Why is that picture turned toward the wall?" "O, that is a haying scene; and we have to hide it whenever Uncle Thomas visits us, because he is a hay fever sufferer."

Vicar's Daughter—Well, Mrs. Mulligan, did you go to church on Monday to see my sister married? Mrs. Mulligan—No, miss; I don't take no interest in weddin's—I've been to one!

Hard To Get At—"My lord, there is honor among thieves." The justice looked at him severely. "There is gold in sea-water," he replied. "But it cannot be extracted in profitable quantities."

Hoskins—I don't object so much to Fanny kissing her dog, but I prefer her to kiss me before and not after. Wilkins—I know; but don't you suppose the dog has his preference, too?—Boston Transcript.

Little Maggie (who has company)—We've been playing garden party, mamma. Mamma—Indeed! And did you behave nicely? Little Maggie—Oh, I didn't have to behave. I was the hostess.—New Yorker.

"Ah!" said Bragg, with a view to making Miss Brightly jealous. "I was alone for a quite a while last evening with one whom I admire very much." "Ah!" replied Miss Brightly, "alone, were you?"—Catholic Standard.

"Yes," said the bride of a week. "Jack tells me everything he knows and I tell him everything I know." "Indeed!" rejoined the ex-bride. "The silence when you two are together must be oppressive."—Home Chat.

A Hasty Remark—Now, Tommy, I want you to be good while I am out." "I'll be good for a nickel," was Tommy's modest offer. "Tommy," said the mother, "I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

Rigid Devotion to Duty—"What possible comfort can you take," asked his wife, "in sitting on the pier and fishing all day for half a dozen little ring perch?" "I have the comfort of knowing," replied Mr. Kydoodle, sternly, "that I am standing out against the infamous beef trust!"

Marmaduke—Before we were married she used to say "by-by" so sweetly when I went down the steps. Montmorency—And what does she say now? Marmaduke—Oh, just the same thing. "Buy, buy." Montmorency—Ah, I see! She exercises a different spell over you.—Washington Life.

"What sort of breakfast food do you like, Mr. Newcome?" asked Mrs. Starrvorn on his first morning in her house. "Well, ma'am," replied the new boarder, "I wouldn't mind some tenderloin steak, a couple o' poached eggs on toast, lamb chops, hot muffins, coffee and cantaloup."—Philadelphia Press.

"We don't want no 'Bim'-machines," said Mr. Erastus Pingley, emphatically. "Den automobiles is bad enough." "Do you think 'Bim'-machines will be worse than automobiles?" "Yass, I does. When you is hit by an automobile dar you is; but when you is hit by a 'Bim'-machine you ain't throo yit. You has a long, hard drop comin'."—Seltzers.

The musical-instrument seller had succeeded at last in working off a cheap fiddle on a customer at four times its value. "Where shall I send it?" he inquired. "To 914 — street. My flat is on the third floor." The fiddle-dealer's face fell. He had moved with his family the day before to the flat on the second floor of No. 914 — street, on a three years' agreement.—The Wasp.

Feathering His Nest. The following marriage notice was clipped from a Boston paper more than half a century ago, and is kept in an old wallet with other clippings, all yellow with age.

Married in Boston, May 22, 1850, by Rev. Mr. Stow, Mr. Z. T. Taylor to Miss Mary Parrot, both of Boston. Among all birds that fly or swim, There's but one of any use To a tailor in his business, And that one is a goose.

But there's a Taylor who has pressed His own suit very nice With a Parrot that we hope will prove A Bird of Paradise.

Diagnosis Probably Correct. "They say," remarked the Sunapee philosopher, "that skin diseases is spreadin' among them New York life insurance companies."

Brides are so important that it would not surprise one of them if the world stopped going around on her wedding day to get a better chance to oiserve her.

Willing to Double Up. "You are certainly a most singular girl," said the young man. "Well," she replied, "it's not my fault, I assure you."



Good Old Nurse.—Mrs. Callahan—Moike! Moike! Wek up; ut's toime 't take y' Incomnia medicine.

"I notice you never wear a watch with your evening clothes." "No; I never have both out at the same time."—Grit.

Emeline—Well, this world's a stage. Elizabeth—Yes; and the scenery is so much more satisfactory than the cast. —Brooklyn Life.

"At last," exclaimed Darwin, "I have discovered the missing link!" And reaching under the bureau he drew forth the other cut-button.—Chicago News.

It Depends—"Papa, what's a man who runs an auto called?" "It depends on whether he is being called by his employer or by the man he has just misled."

Caller—Your daughter, I am told, stands at the head of her class in ancient languages. Mrs. Lansing—Yes, Julie is quite a latitudinarian.—Chicago Tribune.

Yes, 'Tis True.—Adams—Do you believe it is a sign of good luck to find a horseshoe on the road? Johnson—Of course; it is a sign of good luck for some blacksmith.

"When a man stabs in braggin' about how honest he is," said Uncle Eben, "it allus kind o' sounds to me like he was 'poloizin' foh not being 'no' so."—Washington Star.

Considerate—"Why is that picture turned toward the wall?" "O, that is a haying scene; and we have to hide it whenever Uncle Thomas visits us, because he is a hay fever sufferer."

Vicar's Daughter—Well, Mrs. Mulligan, did you go to church on Monday to see my sister married? Mrs. Mulligan—No, miss; I don't take no interest in weddin's—I've been to one!

Hard To Get At—"My lord, there is honor among thieves." The justice looked at him severely. "There is gold in sea-water," he replied. "But it cannot be extracted in profitable quantities."

Hoskins—I don't object so much to Fanny kissing her dog, but I prefer her to kiss me before and not after. Wilkins—I know; but don't you suppose the dog has his preference, too?—Boston Transcript.

Little Maggie (who has company)—We've been playing garden party, mamma. Mamma—Indeed! And did you behave nicely? Little Maggie—Oh, I didn't have to behave. I was the hostess.—New Yorker.

"Ah!" said Bragg, with a view to making Miss Brightly jealous. "I was alone for a quite a while last evening with one whom I admire very much." "Ah!" replied Miss Brightly, "alone, were you?"—Catholic Standard.

"Yes," said the bride of a week. "Jack tells me everything he knows and I tell him everything I know." "Indeed!" rejoined the ex-bride. "The silence when you two are together must be oppressive."—Home Chat.

A Hasty Remark—Now, Tommy, I want you to be good while I am out." "I'll be good for a nickel," was Tommy's modest offer. "Tommy," said the mother, "I want you to remember that you cannot be a son of mine unless you are good for nothing."

Rigid Devotion to Duty—"What possible comfort can you take," asked his wife, "in sitting on the pier and fishing all day for half a dozen little ring perch?" "I have the comfort of knowing," replied Mr. Kydoodle, sternly, "that I am standing out against the infamous beef trust!"

Marmaduke—Before we were married she used to say "by-by" so sweetly when I went down the steps. Montmorency—And what does she say now? Marmaduke—Oh, just the same thing. "Buy, buy." Montmorency—Ah, I see! She exercises a different spell over you.—Washington Life.

"What sort of breakfast food do you like, Mr. Newcome?" asked Mrs. Starrvorn on his first morning in her house. "Well, ma'am," replied the new boarder, "I wouldn't mind some tenderloin steak, a couple o' poached eggs on toast, lamb chops, hot muffins, coffee and cantaloup."—Philadelphia Press.

"We don't want no 'Bim'-machines," said Mr. Erastus Pingley, emphatically. "Den automobiles is bad enough." "Do you think 'Bim'-machines will be worse than automobiles?" "Yass, I does. When you is hit by an automobile dar you is; but when you is hit by a 'Bim'-machine you ain't throo yit. You has a long, hard drop comin'."—Seltzers.

The musical-instrument seller had succeeded at last in working off a cheap fiddle on a customer at four times its value. "Where shall I send it?" he inquired. "To 914 — street. My flat is on the third floor." The fiddle-dealer's face fell. He had moved with his family the day before to the flat on the second floor of No. 914 — street, on a three years' agreement.—The Wasp.

Feathering His Nest. The following marriage notice was clipped from a Boston paper more than half a century ago, and is kept in an old wallet with other clippings, all yellow with age.

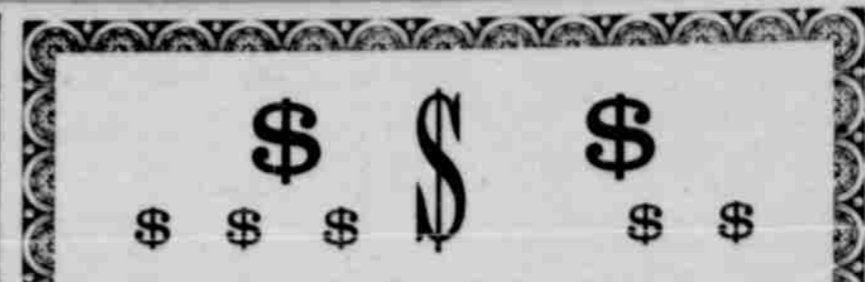
Married in Boston, May 22, 1850, by Rev. Mr. Stow, Mr. Z. T. Taylor to Miss Mary Parrot, both of Boston. Among all birds that fly or swim, There's but one of any use To a tailor in his business, And that one is a goose.

But there's a Taylor who has pressed His own suit very nice With a Parrot that we hope will prove A Bird of Paradise.

Diagnosis Probably Correct. "They say," remarked the Sunapee philosopher, "that skin diseases is spreadin' among them New York life insurance companies."

Brides are so important that it would not surprise one of them if the world stopped going around on her wedding day to get a better chance to oiserve her.

Willing to Double Up. "You are certainly a most singular girl," said the young man. "Well," she replied, "it's not my fault, I assure you."



J. W. SHUTE, BANKER.

T. P. GOODIN, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER

I am prepared to furnish plans and estimates on any kind of a building in Washington County. Phone 28x4, or address

R. F. D. I. T. P. GOODIN, Hillsboro, Or.

Going East? Listen:

When you reach Ogden you can go aboard a through Standard or Tourist Pullman, running via Rock Island System by way of the Scenic Route through Colorado, thence to Kansas City, St. Louis or Chicago.

Rock Island Tourist sleepers seem "like home" in their completely comfortable and restful atmosphere. They are as neat as wax, are manned by Pullman conductors and porters and in addition to this, they are in charge of a Rock Island excursion manager.

The Rock Island has three Eastern gateways—Chicago, Kansas City and St. Louis. Direct connection in Union Stations at all three, for all important points in Eastern and Southern states.

Send for folder "Across the Continent in a Tourist Sleeping Car," and ask all the questions you like.

Rock Island System

A. H. McDONALD, General Agent, Rock Island System, 140 Third Street, Portland, Ore.

THE XXTH CENTURY SEWING MACHINE

New Model **SINGER** Just Out

Have You Seen It? Have You Tried It?

¶ The highest type of FAMILY SEWING MACHINE—the embodiment of SIMPLICITY and UTILITY—the ACME of CONVENIENCE.

¶ ABSOLUTELY THE LIGHTEST-RUNNING LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE.

¶ It only needs a mere touch of the treadle to start the machine. The use of ball-bearings, the superior design and mechanical excellence of construction throughout, all combine to make its continuous operation a pleasure—it runs so smoothly.

¶ The new BOBBIN EJECTOR is a marvel of ingenuity. No more annoyance—no trouble. A simple pressure of the finger on ejector instantly LIFTS THE BOBBIN within easy reach.

¶ Of its many valuable and unique features, The AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER commands notice. It is a veritable boon. Raising the presser-foot automatically releases the thread tension and allows the work to be FREELY WITHDRAWN—no breaking of needles possible. Depressing it instantly restores correct tension.

¶ The ATTACHMENTS furnished with this machine are so conveniently arranged in the center locking drawer—A SEPARATE PLACE FOR EACH—as to be easily accessible. There is a full set, comprising the latest and best designs.

402 Washington Street, - Portland.
Stores at 354 Morrison " "
402 Williams Avenue, " "
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

Farmers Feed Stable

Our new feed shed, located on main street opposite Benson's Machine Shop, is now open for business. We assure you that every accommodation possible will be done for our patrons; with prices as follows. Saddle horse, 5c, Rigs 10c.

Lackey & Payne.
Hillsboro, Oregon

30 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c.

Any one sending a sketch and description will quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Send for a copy at once. Munn & Co. receive special notices, without charge.

Scientific American.

A handsome illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms: 5c a copy, 4 months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York.
 Western Office: 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Busy Medicus for Busy People.

Brings Quick Health and Refreshed Vigor.

A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Sluggish Bowels, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in Nuggets form. 25 cents a tin. Genuine made by HOLLISTER'S DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.

GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

HERE'S A BARGAIN.

Nine-Room Cottage, Good Barn and 2 1/2 Acres of Land for Sale.

A nine-room cottage, close in, including bath and wash rooms. The house has three porches, stone pillars under it, good wood house, saw-dust lined, fruit house, good barn with wagon and buggy sheds, grain bins, haymow and room for four horses, together with two and one-half acres of land within two blocks of the business part of the city. Clear title given. Price \$2,000, one half down, balance in convenient payments. Call on or address this office.

R. F. D. Envelopes.

R. F. D. envelopes printed at The Independent office at 75c per 100. Every patron of these routes should have a supply with the address and number of box printed thereon.

For Sale—Nearly new Wheeler & Wilson No. 9 sewing machine, use very little and in good in every respect as new. Reason for selling: Wish to buy a cabinet machine of the same make. Inquire at this office.

Grocery for Sale.

Having other business interests which I wish to engage in, I have for sale my store in Hillsboro.

J. A. MESSINGER.

First class line of Boys and Men's heavy work shoes. Will stand all kinds of wear and tear.

J. C. Greer.

A Fearful Fate.

It is a fearful fate to have to endure the terrible torture of Piles. "I can truthfully say," writes Harry Colson, of Massoville, Ia., "that for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Prurulent Piles, Bucklen's Arnica Salve, is the best cure made." Also best for cuts, burns and injuries. 25c at all druggists.