## The Governor's Lady A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

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CHAPTER X-Continued.

Katherine qualled before this sudden outburst. Then the hope of influencing the woman to divorce her husband spurred her on and she re-

"Yes, there is."

"Is she-" Mary was unprepared for the admission in spite of all she had said. Her voice broke- "Is she

"Yes," came from Katherine. Even at that moment it occurred to her that the situation was unparalleledthis wife asking her-"the other wom-

"Many years' difference in our ages?"

"I think so."

"Is she pretty?"

"People say she is."

Mary experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling.

"I don't believe it," she cried, refusing to believe what was not pleas-ant to believe. "Dan Slade wouldn't. You're mistaken."

As Katherine made no reply, she went on. "But you seem to be sure?" "I'm certain," answered Katherine, evenly and without emotion.

"Do you know her?" The lace at Katherine's throat fluttered with her rapid breathing.

"I-yes, slightly."

"Why, Dan Slade have another woman in my old place! So that's it?" as Katherine remained silent. "I'm much obliged. I'll keep my word. He can have his divorce any way he wants it. She can have him and his name and his money," her voice became shill. "Here, I'll give you something to give him," and she darted into the adjoining bedroom. "It will remind her of something she hasn't got-his youth! His youth! His youth! See?" and she thrust before Katherine's eyes the picture of Dan Slade when they were first married, the picture she had always worn. "That's the way he looked when he was young. Tell her she can keep it." And she forced the brooch into Katherine's reluctant fingers. "She can see what she's missed! Well, I'm done with it-and with both of them. There!" and weak from her frenzied outburst, she sank into a chair. There was intense silence for a moment. Katherine stood as if petrified. Mary sat with brooding eyes, thinking. She was the first to speak. at the sobbing girl and as she did so trying hard to be brave.

"Well, there's one comfort. It ain't as though I had any children. Who'd ever have thought we would have come to this-here in this house. If I had had a baby, here's where it would have been born-and that's the real reason I stick to this house-it

ain't spunk.

"We were both very young," she talked meditatively, more to herself than to Katherine. "I was awfully happy. I couldn't wish you any better, dear," and she turned impulsively to the girl, who sat amazed, breathlessly watching her, "than hoping to have a child by some young man you cared for. There's no happiness like it. But one day there was an accident in the mine and they came and told me he was hurt-and I thought, p'raps, he was dead-and-my sudden fear for him robbed us of our little child and me of all the hope of ever-Her voice broke with the agony of all childless good women since the beginning of time.

"See-in there," she pointed through the open door into the next room, "in the bureau drawer-the one by the window-there's all the little things I got ready years and years ago," her voice quivered piteously. "And now I'm old and there's another womana younger," the tears were streaming down her cheeks now and Katherine's heart ached in sympathy with her. The girl's throat was dry and her eyes blinded by tears as she repeated over and over again to her accusing conscience: "I didn't know. I didn't

know." "If we'd only had children," Mary sobbed, losing herself in complete collapse. "Nothing counts but children. They're all we get out of marriage when we're old. If we'd only had children, he couldn't have left me like this," her shoulders shook.

Katherine started to her feet, unable longer to bear the sight of the woman's suffering.

"Don't cry, Mrs. Slade, don't cry,"

she pleaded,

"My God!" Mary exclaimed. "How am I a-goin' to live out my life! I can't. I can't. I'm used to him, and now he's going to have another woman mear him." There was renunciation and anguish and anger to her out burst. "And I've lived with him all these years. I can't help lovin' him,' she sobbed.

Katherine watched her, aghast at the vision of a love such as she had never before realized. The hot tears filled her eyes and her lips trembled. Unable to fight any longer, she stretched out her hand and touched the older woman gently, almost rever-

"Oh, please please don't cry like that," she begged. "I can't stand it. Oh, please don't," and suddenly her emotions swept away her controlher remembrance of why she had come-of everything but this slender, sobbing little woman. She flung her arms around Mary, burying her face on her shoulder. The woman in her rose up and rebelled at what she had been about to do. Love, not of the world, mastered the worldly in her, as the tears overflowed.

"Mrs. Slade, you fight," she sobbed, breathlessly. "Never mind what! You fight! He loves you best after all. I've seen that. Don't you give in! You'll get him back. She's an outand-out bad, heartless, selfish creature. She's bad-bad, stifling every good, honest impulse for money-money! You're right to hate it. It is a dirty thing. If he were poor she wouldn't look at him. Don't you mind and don't you cry, Mrs. Slade. You fight-fight them-all." and she loosened her arms and sank sobbing and heartbroken, into a chair, throwing her head on her outstretched arms in a perfect abandon of repentance and grief.

For a few moments the two women sobbed brokenly. Mary was the first

There, there," she cried, patting Katherine tenderly on the shoulder, "don't you cry for me."

Suddenly Hayes appeared in the doorway. He looked first at Mary, then at Katherine. Katherine, her face still buried, her sobs still uncontrolled, had not heard him open the door. One sight of the two women was enough to convince him that in the encounter the stronger had been defeated and that the gentle little woman whom he loved had come off the victor.

Mary stood looking from Hayes to Katherine in bewildered perplexity. Suddenly her eyes lighted with a thought. She began to read her answer in Bob's eyes, but he turned to avoid her glance. She looked again



'There, There, Don't You Cry for Me."

Katherine was the woman her husband was planning to marry. She opened her mouth as if to speak, and turned questioningly again to Bob. But Hayes could not meet her Suddenly Mary pointed an accusing finger at Katherine's bowed head. "She! Oh-h!" she gasped.

Katherine, unconscious of the revelation that had just taken place, was still sobbing bitterly, but with sweeter tears than she had shed for many, many years. The sight of the girl's misery called for all the treasures of love and sympathy in Mary's nature, sweetened by long years of forgiving and self-sacrifice.

"There, there, there," she crooned, as she patted Katherine's head. Overcome with an emotion she could not control. Katherine clasped her arms about her comforter and wept softly and quietly on her breast.

wn eyes, came up to her.

"Katherine!" he exclaimed. "Oh, Bob, I'm so ashamed," Katherine confessed as she got to her feet and stumbled into his arms, crying out for forgiveness and the love she had so cruelly and so thoughtlessly

"I understand, I understand." Bob was very gentle and forgiving as he

took her in his arms. "I love you, Bob," she sobbed. "I don't care who hears me say it. don't care. I love you."

"Come," he said, leading her ten-derly toward the door. "We'll talk It over on the way home."

CHAPTER XI.

Before Bob could open the door it was pushed in from the outside, and as Katherine looked up, she looked straight into the eyes of Dan Slade. For a moment the room was electric with the intensity of the situation. Then the girl lifted her head proudly and met Slade's eyes again. In them he saw a light he had never seen there before, a light of soft tenderness and deep joy, a look that made his heart start as he realized what he had lost.

"Good morning, Mr. Slade," she said coldly as Bob led her out into the summer sunshine and to life and

As Slade, hat in hand, stood gazing at his wife, Mary realized that for the first time in all their married life she had the advantage. For once the roles of the humble and the domineering were reversed. There was a long pause, awkward only for Slade, for Mary was quite at case. He coughed several times, and then, in a manner he thought quite appropri-

"What did that girl come here for -Miss-er-

"Oh-forgotten her name?" came from Mary, mockingly. "Miss Strickland came just for a visit." "Well, what did she want?" Slade

demanded. "She came to find out what I meant to do." There was a world of irony in Mary's tone.

"What has that got to do with her? don't approve of a woman coming into my house to find out what you-I don't like it! It's a bit of impudence. What else did she have to say? Did she-er-"

"She's not a very confidential girl," returned Mary, evasively.

"I see. So she and Robert have made up?" Slade considered this rather a master stroke. By continuing such questions he might get at the real state of affairs.

"Well, well-I'll have to do something for them." Slade was paternally patronizing, but he did not deceive Mary.

"Your business out here today must be very urgent. What is it?"

Slade tried frantically to find a reason for his visit. When he had left that Mary knew everything. This was upon him. town it was for the one reason of trying to bully Mary into leaving the cottage and agreeing to a divorce. burst would have been With the complexion of matters so changed, he was at a complete loss to explain his visit. He was irritated and annoyed. He was not used if I may, good and strong." to having the tables so completely turned on him. More than that, the little cottage never looked more inviting. As a matter of fact, Slade had often found the demands of his new life considerable of a nuisance, and as a whiff of the savory lamb stew came to his nostrils, a memory of the peace and contentment of the old life flashed through his mind. Nothing at the club had been especially tasty of late. More than that,

Bob. too surprised to believe his the drive down had given him as OF POETRY AND POKER

'Cooking a stew, Mary?" he asked rather abruptly and inconsequen-

"Just one of my old stews," Mary's voice was indifferent. She was thoroughly disgusted with her husband,



Looked Straight Into the Eyes of Dan

now that she knew just what he had planned to do. Jealousy and outraged pride were in her heart. This man, for whom she had worked and whose very faults and failings she had loved, had been deliberately planning to thrust her aside for a woman who had enjoyed only the sweets of life, a woman whose youth and beauty and social position put Mary completely out of the contest. The very thought was salt in her wounded heart.

"I'll stay to dinner, if I may," announced Slade, removing his gloves and laying aside his coat.

"Certainly. Take your old chair, if you like." There was none of the enthusiasm that might have been in Mary's voice if he had come earlier in the day. She was formally, painstakingly polite. "You can talk over your business while we eat." Slade watched his wife from under

lowered lids as he ate. He feared calm, constrained atmosphere was more baffling than an emotional out-

"Why did you come, Dan?" Mary was rather enjoying his discomfiture. "Oh, yes, I-I'll take my coffee now,

Mary dropped in two lumps and the right amount of cream, more from long habit than any desire to please him.

"I came out here to- Do you know I rather like my dinner at noon hour. like we used to have it here. Aren't you eating?"

"Oh, yes, I'll eat," replied Mary, "but you haven't told me why you came out."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



SAVAGES KIND TO ANIMALS | them men make of sheep and cattle

French Scientist Cites Astonishing Examples Noted Among Primitive Tribes.

If there were no cruelty to animals there certainly could be no cruelty to humans. Elisee Reclus, the French scientist, instances astonishing examples among savage tribes in South America and in Africa, of primitive humanity and the animals making common cause in their life and labors

The llama, which carries enormous men. burdens over the Andes, would lie down in wrath and refuse to rise should his master strike or abuse him; it is only caresses and encouragement that lead him over impossible deserts and roadways.

The horse of the Bedouin Arab sleeps in his tent with his children. In civilization men train horses by bit, whip and spur and then complain that affection. To feed the better upon for.

artificial creatures, incapable of selfsupport in the freedom of nature.

Reclus insists that in many respects the domestication of animals, as we practise it today, produces a veritable moral backsliding, for far from having improved them we have deformed, degraded and corrrupted them.

An Outrage.

-Pa-The nerve of this geek! Here's a Chinese who says that he doesn't like the American women because they are so much like the American

Ma-The idea! He ought to be lynched! That's a positive insult to American womanhood.

Headed in the Right Direction. The young man caught smoking a eigarette in a powder mill said he was looking for a place where he could rest without being annoyed. If they'd left him alone a few minutes longer they have no brains, initiative or real he'd have found what he was looking

IMPORTANT SUBJECTS DWELT ON IN THIS NARRATIVE.

Razor Finally Supplanted the Muse When Full House That Looked So Good Tock Back Seat for Four Queens.

When the fourth queen came into E Hillary's hand on the draw, and the sun was just about to appear after an all-night session, and one other man in the party, whom he called "Pardner," showed a disposition to be aggressive in the betting, Mr. Hillary thought the time had come to break up the game, so he bet every dollar that he could muster for the attack.

"Pardner" had entered this excit ing period of the game with three jacks in his hand, and he drew two cards. To him were delivered a pair of tens.

"Heigh-ho," said "Pardner" with par donable exhilaration. "Heigh-ho, the sun is upeth, and jocund morn standeth tiptoe on you misty mountain top."

He was feeling poetical, and what ever Hillary bet, "Pardner" would recite a bit of appropriate verse, and increase the sum.

Every one else in the game dropped out for the time. The pot was piled in the center of the ring. In paper, silver, and gold it represented \$33, rather a large sum for that neighbor hood, for it was in a bridge builders' camp on the San Gabriel river.

"I'll shoot my last five," said Hil-

"The roses are red, the violets are blue, here's my five and I'll see you," was the refrain with which the "Pardner" deposited his last "jitney" in the pile, and the time for a showdown

"Pardner" did it with much ceremoney. He quoted a bit, chortled a bit, and sang a merry lilt as he revealed his hand, the hand he thought was magic with its three jacks and two tens.

Crisply and with businesslike precision, Mr. Hillary laid down his cards.

"Pardner" looked. Only three queens he saw, and then a five-spot and then, by the black skill of the man who invented cards, he saw another queen.

Mr. Hillary dragged in the pot. 'Pardner" dragged out his razor. Then started proceedings that were not marked with poetry from "Pardner" or triumph from Hillary. Hillary was in the lead, freighted with wealth which he was jamming into his pockets as he fled. "Pardner" was close behind.

But a dollar bill spilled from the pocket, Hillary stopped just a second too long to recover it, and "Pardner"

At the receiving hospital, several hours later, Mr. Hillary had more than twenty inches of cuts treated by the surgeons, and he made a complaint to the police regarding his assailant, whom he knew only as "Pardner," the man who quoted poetry.-Los Angeles

Not From West Indies.

Times.

Some time ago the teacher of a public school was instructing a class in geography, and when it came time to hand out a few questions she turned first to Willie Smith.

"Willie," said she, "can you tell me what is one of the principal products of the West Indies?"

"No, ma'am," frankly answered Willie, after a moment's hesitation.

"Just think a bit," encouragingly returned the teacher; "where does the sugar come from that you use at your house?"

"Sometimes from the store," answered Willie, "and sometimes we borrow it from the next door neighbor."-Philadelphia Telegraph.

Musicians Want Good Streets.

The Musicians' union is appealing to the Philadelphia council for the repair of the highways, on the ground that holes in the pavement were extremely dangerous to the members engaged to march through the streets at the head of parades. The appeal describes divers injuries to the band members, because of falling into the slightest holes, or by having a musical instrument jammed into them, or being compelled to watch such places, and be unable to render the same volume of music."-Ohio State Journal.

Power of Ideal.

No one can cherish an ideal, and devote himself to its realization from year to year, and strive and struggle and make sacrifices for its attainment, without undergoing a certain gracious transformation, of which the highest powers must be aware and men can hardly miss .- John White Chadwick.

Good Reasons.

"Why did you throw up that job I got you as collector for Jones?" "Why, hang it I owed money to about all the men he sent me to dun."