

The Wife's Secret, OR A BITTER RECKONING

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME

CHAPTER XV .- (Continued.) Every nerve in Pauline's body was vibrating, and a sense of suffocation came over her. Had this man at last seen idea as to what it means?" the advertisement or been told of it? Perhaps, too, he had been to those dread- soon, and then we shall hear all about ful people, Daws & Raven, and obtain- it." ed from them the information that would ruin her. She turned to Jack eagerly.

"Don't see them, Jack!" she said, pleadingly. "They will keep you all the afternoon, and we are so comfortable."

Jack felt that his position was hardly pleasant. If they had asked for him he ought to go to them. But still he admitted that Pauline's objection was quite natural. He could understand her wish that he should not meet Ethel more

than was necessary.
"Very well," he acquiesced. "Not at home, Babette."

The Frenchwoman retraced her steps down the long gallery, with a look of deep disappointment on her face. She had expected so much from the appearance of these people. She had built on the abrupt termination of this hateful engagement through them, and now the chance was lost, utterly lost, just because she could not bring about the desired interview.

This disappointment, coming after her morning's failure at Daws' office, broke first time she began to believe that she must resign herself to the inevitablethat the marriage could not be prevented, and she must be satisfied with the poor revenge of depriving Pauline of her unlawful possessions. She clinched her teeth with defeated rage as she entered the boudoir.

"No, madame has not yet returned," she said, and held the door for them to pass out into the gallery.

But in that moment of her utter despair the tide turned and carried her on to speedy victory. She preceded Mr. and Miss Mallett until they reached the central hall, and then handed them over to the footman. She stood watching them as they re-entered the hired carringe. As they drove off some one plucked at her from behind. She turned round in surprise to meet Mrs. Perkins, whom she had passed in the corridor, outside the boudoir, superintending the arranging of fresh flowers in the window stand. The housekeeper's usually florid face was quite pale, and she jerked out her words in a curious, breathless way: "Who are those people you have just shown out?"

"Mr. and Miss Mallett."

"They are nothing of the kind! The gentleman is Sir Geoffrey Malling, Baronet, brother of Sir Paul and uncle to our present mistress, and the young lady is like enough to the family to be his

The Frenchwoman stood looking at her with a gigantic triumph in her face as she muttered:

"At last-at last!"

CHAPTER XVI.

"Will Mr. Mallett call on Messrs. Daws & Raven, at their offices, 16 Le man street, E. C., between 2 and 3 o'clock to-day? They have private information of the greatest value to impart to him."

Ethel leaned over her father's shoulder and read the telegram.

"What can it mean, papa? It's very mysterious. Shall you go? I wish you would take me with you. I shall be in such a state of excitement until you come back.'

"I could not think of taking you to s place I know nothing of, my dear. It might be inconvenient to have you with

"Why, papa, I believe you are excited and curious! It is the first time I ever

saw you so interested." "Yes, I am curious. It strikes me as odd that, after living an uneventful life

for the last twenty years, I should one day break my vow as to never revisiting Mallingford Park unless as its owner, and the next day receive this curious message. I dare say it is only a coincidence; but still it is strange and I can't help connecting the one event with the

Surely there was some strangely exhilarating quality in the atmosphere this morning, for Ethel went about her business in a brisker manner than she had lately. Her nerves were a little bit unstrung, too, for, when about 3 o'clock there came a very decided rat-a-tat-tat at the door, she was worked up to such a state of extreme expectation that she almost shrieked aloud. She ran to her usual post of observation, the stair head, and was surprised, pleased, sorry, disturbed, all in a moment, at the sight of Captain Pelling.

She was almost tempted to send him a message to the effect that she could not see him just then; but she had a horror of deception, and indeed she was really glad to see him again. A few seconds later she was shaking hands with him, and her shyness had completely van-

After the question as to sport there was an awkward little pause, and Ethel felt her heart quicken with dread. Shaking herself free from this feeling, she turned to her visitor.

"You have not asked why papa is not at home," she remarked, with a determination to avoid personal topics.

"To be sure! It is Saturday! I had forgotten! And why is he not at home?" I will show you why;" and she

fetched the telegram and gave it to him. "How mysterious! Quite like an event in a novel! Has Mr. Mallett any

"Not a bit! I'm expecting him home

"In which case I had better be off. It may be private family business, you know.

"I don't think papa would mind your knowing. He looks upon you as a sincere friend. You are the only one he has cultivated within my memory."

Poor Ethel! She had unwittingly brought down an avalanche upon her-

"You see, he has a treasure beyond price in his keeping, and he guards it jealously."

For a moment the drift of his remark did not strike her; she concluded he was alluding to the secret of her father's birth, which she had thought was known only to Lord Summers. She was surprised, that he should know the secret; but she said nothing, and quietly awaited an explanation.

Pelling was slightly disconcerted by her unexpected silence and her inquiring gaze. He felt that he had committed himself in some way, and honestly regretted that he had been so indiscreet, down her spirit altogether, and for the but he felt that he had gone too far to recede, and therefore went on reckless

'Mr. Mallett is well aware that if a man meets you often he must learn to love you."

He stopped abruptly after this, and noticed the quick flush that overspread her face; then, impelled by an irresistible impulse, he continued:

"I know I ought not to say this to you without first speaking to Mr. Mallett; but he has been so kind to me that I have allowed myself to hope he would not object to me as a son-in-law, beyoud the one great objection that applies to every one-I should rob him of you. Yet I would not even do that entirely. He should have his own rooms in our home, and he could be with us as often and as long as he liked. I would make both so happy, if you would let me! I would cherish you so tenderly and take such care of you that an anxious thought should never come near you, and the trouble in your face which cannot help seeing sometimes should die from sheer inanition."

He paused, while Ethel sat quite still, her hands pressed closely together in her lap, the flush still burning in her cheek. He yearned to take her into his arms and hold her there; but, reading distress in her burning cheeks and averted eyes, he determined not to press for

an answer to-day.
"I'm afraid I've worried and distressed you. I'm very sorry. I won't trouble you about it any more just now. Try to think the best you can of what I have said, and let us go on for a time as we have been, good friends." He He rose from his seat, and held out his hand to her.

Ethel was touched more than she thought was possible by the unselfishness of his words. He had made no allusion to his own feelings or sufferings, yet she knew the suspense he would undergo if matters were left as they stood then. She resolved to tell him everything, and let him decide.

"Don't go for a few minutes, please, she besought him, nervously. "I have something I ought to tell you. I have

loved some one else very dearly." He looked gravely and pityingly at the pretty flushed face; but there were no signs of surprise as he answered:

"I guessed as much. You must forgive me for having played the spy; but I loved you so dearly from the first moment I saw you that I could not help watching you, and I found it out. know that whoever is to blame for the breaking off of this previous engagement, it is not you; and, in spite of the fact of your having promised in the past to be the wife of another, I am longing to hear you repeat that promise to me. If you can bring yourself to do it, I will try my best to deserve my great happiness by my devotion to you.

Again the thought rose in Ethel's heart, "If I had only known this man before I knew Jack!" All that she could find words to say was: "How good you are!

"Nay, I am afraid there is no great goodness in me; but I would try to be all goodness to you. Will you let me try?

Should she confess that she still suffered from the pangs or slighted love? There was a short struggle in her mind between pride and honesty. The latter prevailed, and she rose from her seat, and crossed to the fireplace. She held the mantelboard firmly by one hand, and then, regarding him steadily, she said, without a pause or tremor:

"You do not understand what it is I want you to know. It is only very lately that my engagement with some one else was broken off-so lately, indeed, that I have not recovered from it. I wish you to bear this in mind-that I am still sorry about it. At the same time I know you have done me a great honor, for I think you are true and honorable, and I believe that if I had time to leave this sad memory behind me I could honestly accept you, and bring not only my gratitude, but my love to our home; as things are just now I -eel it

would not be right to say simply I would be your wife without letting you know how it is with me,

Poor Ethel! Her heart was laid bare now, and she trembled violently. Pelling came over to her and warmly took both her hands in his. "My pearl among women!" he ex-claimed. "My pure, truthful, little love!"

Her hands trembled in his firm clasp, as he led her to her father's armchair and went down upon his knees, still holding her hands tightly.

"Now, listen to me, my darling, and when I say anything of which you disapprove, stop me. I shall see your father and explain everything to him; I shall claim the privilege of doing what I can to make your life a little brighter and pleasanter in the present. I shall not talk of love to you in any way but I shall let you see a good deal of me in one shape or another. I will give you plenty of time to get over your present sorrow, and I shall not look upon you as my affianced in the meantime; but one day, a few months hence, I shall come again and ask the same question that I have asked to-day, and you shall answer me as truthfully as you have done to-day, and then the matter shall be settled one way or the other."

Ethel, blushing, made no reply; and the captain, leaning forward, his face all aglow with feeling, kissed her with a gentle, lingering kiss.

Heaven bless and keep you, my dar

With these words ringing in her oars, Ethel watched the captain as he hastened from the room.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mr. Mallett, in evident impatience. valked up and down the confined space between Daws' office table and the door. Daws had refused to say anything in the absence of the lady for whom he was acting, and whom he expected momentarily.

The door opened behind him; and, turning round, he saw Babette breathless and flushed, unceremoniously enter a dusky red as the thought that he had trigue against his niece passed through his mind.

"But I am fortunate to find you here still! I feared you would depart before my arrival."

Mr. Mallett bowed slightly, and wait-

ed for her to go on.
"Ah, I see!" cried the woman—"you are of the Malling family"-he winced "and you have amazement in your heart that I, a mean domestic, should dare to make an appointment with you! But you will have more amazement when I tell you why I do this. Do you know your niece, Miss Maling, very

Mr. Mallett drew himself up proudly. "I came here to receive information, not to answer questions. If you have brought me here thinking that I should help in any scheme against my niece, you are mistaken. If you have any news to impart which concerns me, I will listen; if not, I will wish you good kinds of lawyers-those who stay in afternoon.

He took his hat from the table and turned to the door.

"But one moment! I have news to tell you-news that concerns yourself very dearly. What would you do if I were to tell you that this woman who calls herself your niece is no niece at all, that the whole estate is of right yours, that your niece is dead and buried?"

She watched him keenly; but beyond putting his hand suddenly on the back of a chair near him, he gave no sign of surprise.

"I should say that you labored under a mistake.'

"I am going to show you something that will put you right on to the straight track leading to this woman's downfall and your restoration to what has been yours ever since your brother's death-Mallingford Park."

Mr. Mallett drew a deep breath, and then asked, laconically:

"And your price?" Babette felt that there was a gleam in the eyes watching her from behind the table, and, she looked at Daws instinctively. He mistook the look to mean, "You name the price," and he said, immediately:

"One year's rent roll." "In other words, between eleven and

twelve thousand pounds?" interrogated Mr. Mallett. Daws nodded his head affirmatively.

"The affair, so far as I am concerned, s ended." Babette glared for an instant at the lawyer and muttered, "You vampire!"

Then turning to Mr. Mallett, she said, in her best manner, "He is mistaken, monsieur; the price arranged between us was five thousand pounds on the day you take possession."

"To be conferred by deed of gift con-ditionally beforehand," put in the lawyer.

"Very good. I accept those terms on the understanding that the lady in question is proved to be an utter stranger

"You will sign the undertaking before you see our proof," Daws said, raising the lid of his desk as he spoke, and producing a ready-prepared document. "We must have a disinterested witness to the signature, if you please. Joe Blake, come here!"

A wretched lad sneaked from the outer office into the room, watched Mr. Mallett sign, put his own name to the paper, and then shuffled out again.

"Now we can proceed to business," "The next move is chuckled Daws. yours, Ma'mselle Lestrange. It is plain to be seen that the whole thing is distasteful to Mr. Mallett. He is a man of refinement, and this companionship on an equality with people so immeasurably his inferiors grates most disagreeably on his sense of the fitness of things."

(To be continued.)

ES THAT DO NOT HEAL

Whenever a sore or ulcer does not heal, no matter on what part of the body it may be, it is because of a poisoned condition of the blood. This poison may be the remains of some constitutional trouble; the effect of a long spell of sickness, which has left this vital stream polluted and weak, or because the natural refuse matter of the body, which should pass off through the channels of nature, has been left in the system and absorbed into the circulation. It does not matter how the poison became intrenched in the blood, the fact that the sore is there and does not heal is evidence of a deep, underlying cause. There is nothing that causes more discomfort, worry and anxiety than a festering, discharging old sore that resists treatment. The very sight of it is abhorrent and suggests pollution and disease; besides the time and attention required to keep it clean and free from other infection. As it lingers, slowly eating deeper into the surrounding flesh, the sufferer grows morbidly anxious, fearing it may be cancerous. Some

of those afflicted with an old sore or ulcer know how useless it is to expect a cure from salves, powders, lo-tions and other external treatment. Through the use of these they have seen the place begin to heal and scab over, and were congratulating themselves that they would soon be rid of the detestable thing, when a fresh supply of poison from the blood

I have had a crippled foot all my life, which compelled me to use a brace. By some unaccountable means this brace caused a bad Ulcer on my leg, about six years ago. I had good medical attention, but the Ulcer got worse. I was induced to try S. S. S., and am glad to say it cured me entirely, and I am convinced that it saved my leg for me. I have, therefore, great faith in S. S. S. and gladly recommend it to all needing a reliable blood medicine.

Bristol, Va.-Tenn. W. J. CATE.

would cause the inflammation and old discharge to return and the sore would be as bad or worse than before. Sores that do not heal are not due to outside causes; if they were, external treatment would cure them. They are kept open because the blood is steeped in poison, which finds an outlet through these places. While young people, and even children, sometimes suffer with non-healing sores, those most usually afflicted are persons past middle life. Often, with them, a wart or mole on the face inflames and begins to ulcerate from a little rough handling; or a deep, offensive ulcer develops from a slight cut or bruise. Their vital energies and powers of resistance have grown less, and circulation weaker, and perhaps some taint in the blood, which was held in check by their stronger constitutions of early

life, shows itself. It is well to be suspicious of any sore that does not heal readily, because the same germ that produces Cancer is back of every old sore and only needs to be left in the circulation to produce this fatal disease. There is only one way to cure these old sores and uleers, and that is to get every

particle of the poison out of the blood. For this purpose nothing equals S. S. S. It goes down to the very bottom of the trouble, cleanses the blood the room. He recognized her at once as and makes a permanent cure. S. S. S. enriches and freshens the circulation the maid he had seen at Mallingford so that it carries new, strong blood to the diseased parts and allows the place Park on the previous day, and he turned to heal naturally. When this is done the discharge ceases, the sore scabs over and fills in with healthy flesh, and the skin regains its natural color. been entrapped into some backstair in- Book on Sores and ulcers and any medical advice desired will be furnished without charge. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Lawyers

I have seen something of legal practice on both sides of the Atlantic, and my opinion is that our profession would gain immenely by combining the two branches pretty much as they are combined in the United States and Canada, says a writer in the London Saturday Review. It is obvious that the solicitors would profit by such an agreement. They would have the right of audience in an courts and the opportunity to qualify themselves for promotion to the bench.

In America the young lawyer goes into an office, where he makes his merit known by steady attention to business. There will always be two their offices, dealing directly with clients and attending to matters of routine, and those who advise on points of law and argue cases in court. These two orders of men are clearly work together as partners to the great going out of the beaten track. advantage of the client.

Never Smiled Again.

those funny things?" asked the inquisitive female of the lokesmith.

"With a typewriter, madam," answered the so-much-per-yard grin producer.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the i. f. "Don't sort of copying apparatus."

Infrequent Occasions.

"You must try to love your papa as much as he loves you," said the vis-

"Oh, I love him more," replied Tommy.

"Indeed? Doesn't your papa love you very much? "Not much. He says he only loves

me when I'm good."-Philadelphia

Mystery of the Pug Dog. It's awfully hard to understand how pug dogs can like the sort of people that like them .- Cleveland Leader.

Help!Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for sixty years.

"About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following an attack of measles. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigo. I did so, and as a result I now have a beautiful head of hair."— Mrs. W. J. BROWN, Menom-onee Falls. Wis.

ade by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Ma SARSAPARILLA.

A NOVEL ADVERTISEMENT.

It Appeared in a Recent Issue of a London Newspaper.

A HOPELESSLY INCOMPETENT FOOL. with no qualifications, social or intellectual, totally devoid of knowledge on any conceivable subject, thoroughly indolent and untrustworthy, is desirous of obtaining a remunerative post in any capacity. Address I. F. 3, Maclise road, West Kenderstein

The sublime candor of the above advertisement which appeared in a recent issue of the London Times has caused some amusement and attracted a great deal of attention among business men, says the London Express.

Many declared that "I. F." was a practical joker; others that he had a definite object in view when he made himself out to be a fool.

That this latter solution was the correct one an Express representative learned yesterday from "I. F." himself. His object, he said, was to atdistiguished in America, but they tract the attention of employers by

> "I. F.," who is about 27 years old, is rather more akert and intelligent than the average man with an ordinary public school education, and his face is a particularly honest one.

"I thought if I said exactly the opposite to what most people in search of a billet insert in the newspapers," he said, "I might stand a good chance of hearing from employers tired of you know, I imagined you used some superiative virtues, and I have not been disappointed.

"I have this morning received two genuine offers and appointments for interviews from the heads of good firms and a large number of letters and post cards from practical jokers. It was inevitable, of course, that three or four of the writers should have advised me to apply at once to the war office, 'where I would be sure of a billet.'

"I have been schoolmastering seven years, and although I have a small billet now, I wish to better myself."

Not Built For Two.

When Michael Burke joined his brother James in this country, the money he brought over, added to Jame's savings, enabled them to go nto the ice business. In course of time their custom increased, and tt became necessary for them to have an office. In this James soon installed a nice roll-top desk. "The one desk will do for the two

of us," he explained, the day it was set us. "And here are two keys; one for you, Micky, and one for me."

Michael accepted the key, but seemed to be studying the desk. "That's all right," he said. "But

Art Note.

where is my keyhole?"

draw.-Cleveland Leader.

Mrs. Syllie-My husband takes a deep interest in art.

Mrs. Older-You surprise me. Mrs. Syllie-Well, it was a surprise to me. But I heard him telling Jack Rownder last night that it was a good

thing to study your hand before you

PISO'S CURE FOR Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Use in time, Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION