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Looking in the Future.
Mrs. Bacon—I see by this paper that Alexander Wilkinshaw of London uses his arm as a genealogical tree. It has been tattooed with dates. In addition to his own and his wife's birth dates and the record of their marriage he has the same and date of the birth of each of his children.

Mr. Bacon—If Alexander should happen to lose his wife and go courting again it might be embarrassing for him to have his family around the girl so much of the time.—Yonkers Statesman.

Merciful Rabbit Trapping.
It is confidently stated that the shocking cruelties of the steel trap in common use for catching rabbits can readily and cheaply be prevented by twisting a few turns of copper or brass wire closely around each jaw, below the teeth, where the spring flies up, so as to insure the teeth being always fixed a full quarter of an inch open when the trap is sprung. Rabbits are thus caught with equal ease, and when taken out of the traps are found uninjured. To complete their purpose, the traps must be placed far down in the holes and be regularly visited early and late. These modified traps are most successful, with advantages relative to food, while dogs, cats and birds derive proportionate freedom from suffering when trapped by mistake.

Given Bad Name in Europe.
It is impossible to carry through American "deals" in Europe because of the disclosures reported from life insurance investigating bodies, according to Fred W. Upham, president of the board of review, who has returned to Chicago from a six weeks' trip abroad. The mere mention of an American project causes European capitalists to hold up their hands in horror, according to Mr. Upham.

"We here at home can scarcely realize the black eye the American commercial and financial name has received in Europe through the life insurance scandals in the last six months," he said. "Practically all the American news printed in London and Paris papers relates to the insurance scandals. I was told by European men of affairs that American enterprise would require years to recover from the damage."

"President Roosevelt's name is a household word in all parts of Europe, and over there they wonder if he will be permitted to return to private life."

P. N. U. No. 2-06

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

RAILROAD RUNS A LOTTERY.

Scheme Tried in Mexico to Keep Conductors Honest.

George W. Hibbard, who recently resigned as general passenger agent of the Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic Railroad to take a similar position with the national lines of Mexico, writes of a novel method adopted by one of the street car companies in the City of Mexico to protect itself from loss through the dishonesty of its employees, says a dispatch to the Chicago Chronicle. Mr. Hibbard says that it is estimated the company has been losing \$1,000 a day by reason of the failure of the conductors to turn in all the money collected. The plan now to be experimented with to stop the practice is a lottery ticket scheme.

The feature which is of greatest interest to the public is that duplicate numbers of the ticket or checks issued by the conductors to passengers are to be placed in a lottery to be drawn under government supervision at the end of each month. The holders of the fortunate numbers are awarded cash prizes which range in value from \$2.50 to \$100. Tickets in the drawing are given free to passengers, the only stipulation being that they shall preserve them until the end of the month. Notices to this effect have been posted in the cars and in addition the company is distributing a pamphlet printed in Spanish, French and English, describing the operation of the scheme.

Mr. Hibbard says that it is quite certain all passengers will insist upon getting from the conductors a ticket representing the amount of the fare paid. Many patrons of the tramways are providing themselves with small card cases in which to preserve their tickets, and it is expected that the business of the company will show a considerable increase as a result of the general desire to secure all the chances possible.

The greater part of the patronage of the cars comes from people of the poorer classes and those of moderate means. It is, therefore, quite probable that the larger number of prizes, which are 209 in number, will be distributed each month among people to whom the money will come as a real benefaction.

Sleeping Customs in New Guinea.
In New Guinea parents send their daughters to bed in a little house at the top of a tree every night, and, when the girls have gone up, the ladder is removed, so that there is no coming down till the parents allow it. Elopements under these circumstances must be difficult, and parents no doubt sleep the sounder for knowing that their girls are unable to take their walks abroad until their elders see fit for them to do so.

Degrees of Kicks.
"Let me tell you something, Sam," said the overseer; "the blow of a whale's tail is the strongest animal force in the world; the kick of a giraffe is second, and the stroke of a lion's paw the third."
"Oh, well, I s'pose, boss, by de time dey gets down to de kick of a mule dey'd have us believe it is just a gentle lub tap."



The Wife's Secret, OR A BITTER RECKONING

By CHARLOTTE M. BRAEM

CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Mallett did not get much sleep while awaiting Senor Castellan's return. His mind was too busy digesting 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 Dornton, 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 six, 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 inclosed it on all sides, and on the east front were massive iron gates boarded 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 half way to 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 directions from Castellan—who was lurking among the brushwood—he gave a low, quick, triple knock three times over, and then waited with his eyes on his watch until five minutes had passed.

The bells ceased ringing. This was the moment agreed on, and he pushed the door gently; it yielded, and the next moment he found himself in the dim light of a long, narrow passage.

He stooped and lifted a snuff colored garment that lay at his feet. It was a huge cloak, like a sister's. He wrapped himself in the capacious garment, carefully drawing the hood well over his head. Having taken off his boots, he went stealthily along the passage, across a large stone flagged entrance hall, and passed out of what he had been told was the main entrance into the inclosure beyond. He paused here a moment and looked about him attentively. In a line with him stood the chapel on the extreme right, the door of which was open; and he saw the backs of the sisters as they knelt at their devotions. He caught a gleam of gorgeous color as the clear evening light fell through the east window upon the vestments of the priests at the high altar, and a faint odor of incense crept out upon the air. He drew the hood still closer over his beard and crossed the open space to the other side of the chapel. Here he had to pass a whole line of windows, and the profiles of the nuns were turned toward him. He soon shortened his stride and drooped his shoulders the better to perform the part he was assuming, and passed on without a glance to the right or to the left. As soon as the windows were passed he raised his head and looked round again. He was at the edge of the burying ground, and over in the extreme corner under the walls he saw the stone he had come in search of. He recognized it by the semi-circular top—there was not another like it in the inclosure—and his heart quickened a little as he picked his way across the graves.

The sunset sky had changed from crimson to saffron, from saffron to a clear pearly gray, and still the brown cloak stood motionless before the headstone in the far corner of the convent graveyard.

Mr. Mallett had received a shock that entirely banished his preconceived ideas; and the new beliefs that crowded upon him were so conflicting and confusing that for a time he was overwhelmed with perplexity.

"Pauline Pelling. Died May 29, 18—."
He read the simple inscription over and over again; the more he pondered it the less he understood how it was that he had been decoyed by fate into this fruitless journey.

Why should his niece, Pauline Malling, have a picture of the grave of Pauline Pelling in her possession?—for he no longer doubted that the lady reigning at Mallingford Park was his niece, and concluded that this was the grave of some other person—presumably the wife of his friend, Captain Pelling. He remembered the captain's impressive little story of his unhappy marriage and its premature denouement; and Mr. Mallett had no doubt whatever that he was now standing by the grave of that gentleman's wife. Still the question kept repeating itself: Why should his niece—of the same Christian name, too—treasure up this picture of Mrs. Pelling's grave? He smiled to himself at the freak of fortune that ordained the obliteration of just the first two letters of the surname, and wondered at the insignificance of the trifle that had drawn him from England on such a wild goose chase!

The servant, to all appearance busy over her stowage in the kitchen, was working herself into a fever of fright. She expected the exhortation to finish directly, and then the sisters would wander all about the grounds, and her mysterious visitor would be discovered. She quaked with fear as the consequences of her conduct presented themselves to her imagination. She had seen the brown cloak slip noiselessly past the half closed kitchen door a quarter of an hour before; but she was sure it had not yet gone back.

At last, unable to bear the anxiety any longer, she decided that she must at all risks go and warn the man away before harm came of his dilatoriness. Catching up a basket, and muttering a few words about gleaning to the other busy sisters, she started for the graveyard. She hurried along, keeping well out of sight of the sisters at their devotions, until she reached the corner.

"Come away at once! You will be discovered!"
Mr. Mallett was startled for a moment.

"You are the woman who helped Castellan to admit me?"
"Yes; but for pity's sake come away now, or we shall all be ruined!"

There was no mistaking the terror in the poor woman's face; and he started at once. They walked quickly over the grass; but for all his hurry, Mr. Mallett managed to ask two questions and get two replies before they reached the small door by which he had entered.

"What sort of a person was that Pauline Pelling, who lies buried there?" he asked.

"She was a mere babe, only three months old. She was born in the hospital of this town, long since abandoned."
"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Mallett, gazing at her in blank astonishment.

The woman was hurrying him along the narrow passage, for every moment now might lead to discovery.

"And its mother?" he gasped.

"Was the beautiful fair lady for whom Senor Castellan took the view of the grave just before she set out for England?"
And before Mr. Mallett had recovered from his last surprise he found himself outside the door, with his boots on the path beside him, his brain in a whirl of conflicting thoughts.

"Pelling has by some means jumped to the conclusion, or been led to it intentionally, perhaps, that his wife died in this convent and is buried here, while in truth it is his child's grave, and his wife is still living; and, according to the present aspect of affairs, Pelling's wife and Pauline Malling are evidently one! And she, Pauline Malling, or Pelling, or whatever she is, is going to be married to Dornton to-morrow morning, and she has one husband still living! I wonder if she knows that he is still alive? After all, if this turns out true—and it looks very like it—I shall resume my rightful position at Mallingford, for this girl has disobeyed the clause in Paul's will about marrying without Summers' consent. And that provides the motive for her conduct. She knows, if her husband found her, she would be compelled to resign the estate. Well, she has played a successful game so far; it is my inning now."

And that evening Mr. Mallett, who had not been across a horse for nearly twenty years, rode the twelve miles of execrable road that lay between Villa Silencio and Bassilla, and prepared and delivered personally several telegrams to be dispatched directly the office opened in the morning.

CHAPTER XXI.

The eighteenth of September was a damp, comfortless morning, and Mallingford Park looked particularly desolate. The sky was of a dull gray, and the rain drizzled steadily all the day through.

Babette was busy in Miss Malling's dressing room. It was half past nine o'clock, and she had just returned from seeing her mistress off by train. None of the guests were astir yet, and the house was unusually silent, as it was likely to be for some hours. The ball of the previous night had been exceedingly spirited, and was not concluded until nearly 6 o'clock, so that the visitors would not be likely to be astir very early.

Babette was to join her mistress at Charing Cross station with the luggage at half past 2, and, though her mind was full of tormenting doubts as to the day's events, she went about her business as methodically as though nothing un-

usual had happened. Tenderly and carefully she folded up the elaborate gown of cream-colored satin, with its draperies of thick costly lace, and its superb bouquets of deep crimson blossoms, in which Miss Malling delighted the eyes of her admirers at the ball. Very circumspectly she placed the magnificent diamonds and rubies, with which her mistress had adorned her shapely throat and arms, in their cases, and then packed them in a small oaken box with steel clamps. Then she went round the room with her keys and locked and strapped the traveling trunks one after another. That done, she sat down to wait, she knew not for what.

Captain Pelling received a telegram at a quarter to 11 that morning which filled him with surprise and curiosity. It ran:

"At all risks get to Bishopegate church in time to see a wedding fixed for this morning, and obtain a good view of the bride's face."

The telegram had been dispatched from Bassilla, and he remembered the name as that of the nearest railway station to the convent where he had found his wife's grave. Without knowing why, he felt that he must obey the telegram, and he was just in time to catch the 11 o'clock express for Waterloo. On arriving at his destination, Captain Pelling ran his eyes rapidly down the cab rank within the station, picked out the smartest looking horse, sprang into the cab, and called through the trap to the driver:

"A sovereign if you reach Bishopegate church by twenty minutes to 12!"
The horse justified his good opinion, and the drive was accomplished in good time. The church doors were open, and a four-wheeled cab was waiting outside. He crept in very quietly, and walked up the aisle, not wishing to disturb the service, for he did not know what he was there for save to see the bride's face. He judged rightly that his future conduct was to be guided by that inspection.

The church was cold and gloomy this miserable morning, and a few persons were scattered here and there among the seats, attracted possibly more by curiosity than interest.

As Pelling advanced, he was struck by the subdued richness of the bride's costume, and he was not a little surprised at the absence of the usual attendants—for the old lady standing behind the bride evidently filled the office of pew opener. The bride and bridegroom were a fine couple, the man being quite six feet high, while the lady was also well proportioned.

Pelling went quietly along the chancel 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: "Wilt thou 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 unmixt rapture as she raised her eyes to the bridegroom's, and her lips were unclosed to speak the words "I will," when she became aware of Pelling's fixed stare of horror. His gaze attracted her involuntarily, and she looked instinctively over Jack's shoulder in his direction.

Jack, wondering what was the matter and fearing she was going to faint, prompted her with the short answer. She did not speak, but continued to gaze over his shoulder at the man who had so unaccountably riveted her attention. Her under jaw dropped spasmodically, her eyes became as fixed as those she was gazing into, and every vestige of life and color left her face.

The next thing Jack seemed to realize was that a gentleman wearing a light overcoat was speaking quietly to the astonished clergyman and suggesting that the lady should be taken to the vestry, as she was evidently very ill.

The scattered congregation looked at each other in wondering curiosity as the bridal party disappeared. They lingered awhile until the old pew opener returned and begged them to depart, as she desired to close the church.

Pauline, with dull, dazed despair in her eyes, sat in the vestry, listening to, without understanding, the conversation of the three men grouped around her.

"I am extremely sorry," Pelling said, in answer to the clergyman's request for an explanation; "but it would have been criminal to allow the matter to go further, for the lady is my wife."

"Your wife?" echoed Jack, incredulously.

"Yes, sir, my wife!" Pelling replied, with the least touch of hauteur. "I have believed her to be dead for the last six years—in fact, I believed it so thoroughly that I should not have believed my eyes this morning if her own conduct had not betrayed her. It is possible that she thought I was dead, as I have been in Central Africa for several years; and I understand the expedition of which I was a member has been three or four times reported in the newspapers as completely exterminated."

"And how came you to present yourself so opportunely this morning?" asked the clergyman.

"That is more than I understand myself at present; but I think it is due to accidental discoveries made in Spain by a friend of mine who has gone hither on business of his own. How it happens that I have been led to believe in my wife's death all these years and never found out my mistake before I cannot understand."

"Mis Malling took her mother's name when she inherited the estate; perhaps that may explain matters," put in Jack.

"What estate?" asked Pelling sharply.

"It is all too long to discuss now," Jack answered; "but no doubt the change of name accounts for your ignorance of your wife's existence."
(To be continued.)

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