## MY POOR WIFE.

\*

BY J. P. SMITH.

CHAPTER VIII.-(Continued.) By degrees it began to pleasantly the sense of irritation at being duped that had at first pursued me wore away until I forgot its very existence. Helen made me comfortable, and her happy smiling face and gradually im-

proving looks brought me a feeling of self-approbation that I thoroughly enjoyed and that certainly smoothed my temper, so sorely tried during my first unfortunate love affair. I accepted her attention, her cheerful devotion as my due, now and then rewarding her with a kind word or a loving caress. "Clever child!" I remember murmur-

ing one day, when, erratically putting forth my hand, it alighted on the elgar case and the newspaper for which I had been wishing. "How do you always guess?"

"Love teaches me, I suppose," she replied, with a rosy smile. "You remember I had a great quantity of that article in stock when you appeared, and you asked me for all I had in a lump, Paul."

How much love she received from me in return I did not try to find out, never troubling myself with sentimental analysis of the kind after my marriage until we returned to Colworth, and I found Edith still unwedded and unwon, more beautiful than ever, the hand of friendship gracefully outstretched to my wife and little glances of semi-sarcastic, semiwistful reproach for me whenever our eyes met unobserved.

CHAPTER IX.

This evening, when Edith had called upon my wife was the first time she had ever suggested or seemed to wish for a private interview, and the chrcumstance disturbed and excited me more than I liked. When at last, after a long delay, she came down the walk, I rose instinctively to meet her, and tried to give to the interview as cold and business-like a tone as I could command. "What must you think of me, Paul?"

she began impulsively. "But I had no resource left to me but to ask you to meet me here. You-you are the only friend-look about me as anxiously as I can-to whom I dare turn for plty and help in a great danger that threatens me, to whom I dare trust a secret that weighs-oh, so heavily!-upon my life. You once here, on this spot, told me you loved me dearly-that-that love is, of course, dead now; but to its memoryhow dear and precious to me, you will never know!-I now appeal when I implore you to share my secret and give me the help without which I shall sink. Ah, you will pity and forgive me when you know all! Hear me, dear Paul, friend of my youth, I beseech you!"

Prudence, loyalty to poor Helen, who believed in me so implicitly, distrust of myself, twenty other considerations urged me to refuse her request; but her little hot hands were grasping mine, her lovely blue eyes full of entreaty fixed upon my face. I had bent my head, she whispered her secret into my ear. It was a secret that startled and pained me, more than I could have believed possible, that filled me with indignation and pity, made me promise her my most devoted unconditional allegiance, and, kneeling by her side, beg forgivenness for my harsh judgment and cruel words to her a year before. Poor, poor child, if I only could have guessed!

Up and down the walk I paced for fully ten minutes battling with my wrath and agitation, until her anxious face recalled me to the necessity for prompt and cautious action; and taking my place beside her we talked together for fully half an hour in earnest whispers and discussed the most available measures for averting the threatened danger. When we rose to part at last, she laid her hand on my arm with a piteous gesture.

"I have trusted you; you will not betray me? You will give me your solemn word of honor to tell no one, not even your wife, for she does not like me?"

"What an idea!" I burst out impulsively. "How could you imagine such a thing, Edie? Why, she is always praising you, admiring your beauty, your grace, your cleverness, wondering how I escaped falling in

love with-" I stopped abruptly, coloring furlously, whilst a lovely wave of carmine brightened her cheek. After a painfully conscious pause, during which we did not dare look at one another, she said softly, withdrawing her hand, which I had been unwittingly hold-

"You will find I'm right; she does not like me, Paul, indeed."

"Why, Edle?" "How should I know?"-twisting her rings slowly round and looking down. "I-I have tried to be nice to her, to make a friend of her; but it's of no use, she will never like me, I'm sure I can't guess why-can you, Paul?"-with a swift upward glance into my uneasy face.

Of course I knew then she was and always had been an unblemished angel, an innocent and shamefully infured girl, that she had never wilful-

ly meant to make sport of my affections or of any other man's. But, dawn upon me that I was getting some lacking this knowledge, I must conreturn for the great sacrifice I had fess that glance and that appeal in the certainly made in marrying her, and circumstances would have savored to me of coquetry-of a spirited and dangerous kind. Poor child, how little I understood her-how coarse and merciless had been my judgment!

"I've never done her any harm that I know of, I'm sure; and people don't as a rule find it so very hard to like me, Paul," she added, with a childish wistful sigh.

"They don't, heaven knows they don't!" I muttered, moving hastily away.

"Good-by, Paul-good-by, brother, I may call you that?" she whispered, laying her hand on my arm, detaining "Oh, if you had not gone away -if you had not left me-left me-"

"Hush, hush!" I broke in thickly, covering her hot hand with kisses. 'We-we must not think of these things now, Edie." Half way across the lawn I met my

wife strolling languidly towards me. "Where have you been?" she asked, with a slight frown. "I have been looking for you everywhere-round by the paddock, stables, garden."

"Not around by the cedar walk, my love." "Oh, you were there?"

"Yes; smoking a couple of cigars for the last hour or so since I left the drawing-room." "Then you must have met Miss Stop-

ford going home; she left me nearly an hour ago." "Miss Stopford-Edie? Let me

see. Yes, of course I met her! What a lovely evening it is! Suppose we take a turn by the river before dinner?" I suggested hastily; and, she assenting, we turned towards the wood that bordered my property south and west, watered by the briskest, clearest trout stream in Yorkshire, fringed with fern, forget-me-not and mosscovered boulders, against which the water fretted musically, and breaking into bubbling cascades drowning the voice of wood pigeon, blackbird, and thrush that haunted the hazel thicket through which Helen was dutifully breaking a way for me.

"What a hurry it is in this evening-worse than ever!" she remarked, when we stood arm in arm by the water. "You stupid, stupid little stream to be in such a fume to reach that foul, smoky town! Don't you feel you're well off, hemmed in by these fragrant banks, serenaded by thrush and blackbird, bedded with sparkling pebbles?

About a mile further down the little Col, swelled by some tributary streams of baser origin, lost its crystal identity and, after being mercilessly scourged and threshed by the spokes of mighty machinery, passed through the manuacturing town of Shorton and, flowing eastward in a porter-colored flood, emptied itself into the German ocean.

"Yes," I assented, languidly throwing myself upon the grass and lighting a cigar. "It does seem in a confounded hurry; look, Nell, at that beech leaf, what a rate it's traveling at, by Jove!" "I wonder if it will reach the sea

tonight-heigho!" mused Helen, who never could look at the fairest streak of fresh water without longing for salt.

"Reach the sea tonight-that leaf! You silly girl! Nell. would you like to hear a story?"

"Yes, if it's a pretty one."

"It's all in a mino, key, like most true tales. Sit down beside me and I'll begin. Once upon a time there lived up in that red house where you and I, I trust, my dear, will grow gray together. a young lady named Cecily Dennys."

"Oh, it's a family legend?" "Yes; Miss Cecily was my greatgrand-aunt, and a famous beauty in her time. I have a miniature of her somewhere, I must show it to you. She had a score or so of lovers and sultors of all ages and degrees, among them some of the most eligible bachelors in the county. The eldest son of the duke, a most gallant and poiished gentleman, proposed to her; but she would have no one but young Ronald Hernshaw of the Grange belowthat stone house among the trees, where we called the other day-a man whom her parents and friends most sensibly disapproved of, for young Ronald had an evil reputation, and .ad squandered a large slice of the property after he came of age.

CHAPTER X.

"Cecily, however, would listen to no advice, and after a couple of years' stormy engagement the marriage day was fixed, the guests invited, and one evening the poor girl was trying on her wedding dress that had come from London, when her mother came in and tlod her to take it off at once, for her worthless lover had the morning before privately married a famous actress, with whom he had been acquainted some short time. Cecily, to all appearance, took it quietly enough. put her dres out of sight and then asked to be left to bear her sorrow alone. In a few days she appeared again in the family circle, much the same as usual, and her mother was York World. congratulating herself on the issue of

the bride and bridegroom to the Grange, one bright June evening, just like this, she put on her wedding dress and vell, slipped down to the river unperceived and flung herself in, hoping, I dare say, that the flood would carry her fair body to the sea as gracefully, and, smoothly as that

leaf you-" "Well-well-and it didn't?" interrupted my wife.

"It carried her as far as the Red Mill below the second bridge, wherepoor, foolish wench!-she and all her bridal finery were ground to pieces."

"Oh, what a horrible story!" cried Helen, with a shudder. "Poor Cecily! I-I hope she was dead before she reached the machinery."

"History does not say, but I presume she was. Her idea was poetical enough, and would have been very effective but for the interference of fate in her case. You know the river passes under the Grange terrace, where every fine evening in summer it was Master Ronald's habit to sit drinking and smoking far into the night, and Cecily meant to float down, shrouded in her wedding veil, like blaine of old, under her faithless lover's eyes."

"Then he saw her," broke in my wife eagerly-"he must have seen her, Paul; for you know the Grange is about half a mile above the mill. Don't spoil the story by saying he was not there when she passed!"

"I'm afraid, my dear, I shall have to spoil it by a most disenchanting denovement, if you want the truth and nothing but the truth. However, if you wish, I'll turn the story." "No, no; keep to the text."

"Well, the text is, that when Miss Cecily passed Henshaw unfortunately had just opened his third bottle and his sight in consequence was a trifle misty; he just turned to his wife, who, report said clung to the decanters almost as devotedly as her lord, and hiccoughed drowsily-

"'I say, Betty, there goes another car-case of Thompson's. That is fofourth sheep he's lost this season by er-flood-unlucky beggar!' - to which Mistress Betty nodded acquiescence with closed eyes. The body of the young lady was carried unchecked to the mill, where, next morning, there was not enough of her found to fill even a corner of the coffin her afflicted relatives laid in the family vault, not enough to fashion the faintest outline of a ghost wherein to haunt the Grange and hurry Mr. Hernshaw to remorseful self-destruction."

"Then he lived?" "Lived-rather! Lived to marry two other wives and die at the patriarchal age of ninety-three."

"It had no effect on him-the poor girl's awful death?"

"Oh, dear, yes; it had a certain effect! He left the Grange the day after the funeral, had a fortnight's heavy spree in London, which seemed to have steadied his nerves and drowned his remorse, for before the end of the month he was home again, as hale as ever and indulging in his

"How could a woman love and die for such a-a-man-he must have been half an animal!" muttered Helen, her eyes gleaming.

"That's the very remark my poor father used to make when telling me the story. Old Ronald was alive, you know, when he was a boy, and my father has often remarked to me that of all the hideous bloated disreputable looking old boys he had ever seen Hernshaw of the Grange was the worst, and that if poor Cecily could have looked on her lover in his latter days she would have bitterly rued the fatal plunge that robbed her perhaps of a happy useful life and a quiet deathbed surrounded by her children's faces."

(To be Continued.)

CHOATE'S CAREER AS LAWYER

There is one notable feature of Rufus Choate's career as a lawyer that his distinguished nephew omitted to dwell upon in his oration, doubtless for reasons of propriety. This was his insidious power over a jury, which was something that the jurors themselves never quite understood. This power was well illustrated by the remark of a hard-headed old farmer who was one of a jury that gave five verdicts in succession for Choate's clients once upon a time. "I understand, sir, that you are a relative of Lawyer Choate," said this juror subsequently to one of Choate's nephews, "and I want to tell you that I was not swayed or influenced in the least by his flights of fancy, but I consider him a very lucky lawyer, for there was not one of those cases that came before us where he wasn't on the right side."

Revenue.

Clearly it was advisable to go to war. 'But how about revenue?" ventured the courtly Sir Godfrey. "Revenue?" repeated the queen, lightly. "I have but to stamp my foot and abundant revenue will be forthcoming!" It will be observed that in those days there was no stamping of bank checks, vaccination certificates or chewing gum, to say nothing of cigarettes and keg

Hard on Jones.

They met in a cafe. "Ever take anything?" queried Smith. "Oh, yes, occasionally," replied Jones with the happy air usually worn by a man who accepts an invitation. "Well," pursued Smith, as he tossed off a cocktail while Jones looked on, "you ought to quit it. It's a bad habit, and will be the death of you. So long."-New

Doe't drop insinuating remarks. bigger man may pick them up.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"THE SHUT IN" LAST SUN-DAY'S SUBJECT.

From Genesis vit. 16. as Follows: "The Lord Shigt Him In"-Address to a Class of Persons Perhaps Not Before Addressed in a Sermon.

Cosmogony has no more interesting chapter than the one which speaks of that catastrophe of the ages, the submersion of our world in time of Noah, the first ship carpenter. Many of the nations who never gaw a Bible have a flood story—Egyptian flood story; Grecian flood story, of which Ducalion was the Noah: Hawaiian flood story; New Zealand flood story; Chinese flood story; American Indian flood story-all of which accounts agree in the immersion of the continents under universal rains, and that there was a ship floating, with a select few of the human family and with specimens of zoological and ornithological and reptilian worlds, although I could have wished that these last had been shut out of the ark and drowned.

All of these flood stories represent the ship thus affout as finally stranded on a mountain top. Hugh Miller, in his Testimony of the Rocks, thinks that all these flood stories were infirm traditions of the Biblical account, and I believe him. The worst thing about that great freshet was that it struck Noah's Great Eastern from above and beneath. The seas broke the chain of shells and crystal and rolled over the land, and the heavens opened their clouds for falling columns of water, which roared and thundered on the roof of the great ship for a month and ten days. There was one door to the ship, but there were three parts to that door, one part for each of the three stories. The Bible account says nothing about parts of the door belonging to two of the stories, and I do not know on which floor Noah and his family voyaged, but my text tells us that the part of the door of that particular floor on which Noah stayed was closed after he had entered. "The Lord shut him in." So there are many people now in the world who are as thoroughly shut in-some by sickness, some by old age, some by special duties that will not allow them to go forth, some surrounded by deluges of misfortune and trouble, and for them my sympathies are aroused, and this sermon, which I hope may do good to others, is more especially intended for them. Today I address the shutin. "The Lord shut them in."

Notice, first of all, who closed the door so that they could not get out. Noah did not do it, nor his son Shem, nor did Ham, nor did Japheth, nor did either of the four married women who were on shipboard; nor did desperadoes who had scoffed at the idea of peril, which Noah had been preaching, close that door; they had turned their backs on the ark and had in disgust gone away. I will tell you how it wa done. A hand was stretched down from heaven to close that door. It was a divine hand as well as a kind hand. "The Lord shut them in."

And the same kind and sympathetic Being has shut you in, my reader or my hearer. You thought it was an accident, ascribable to the carelessness or misdoings of others, or a mere "happen so," No! no! God had gracious design for your betterment, for the cultivation of your patience, for the strengthening of your faith, for the advantage you might gain by seclusion, for your eternal salvation. He put you in a schoolroom, where you could learn, in six months or a year, more than you could have learned anywhere else in a lifetime. He turned the lattice or pulled down the blinds of the sickroom, or put your swollen foot on an ottoman, or held you amid the pillows of a couch which you could not leave, for some reason that you may not now understand, but which he has promised be will explain to you satisfactorily, if not in this world, then in the world to come, for he has said, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter!"

The world has no statistics as to the number of invalids. The physicians know something about it, and the apothecaries and the pastors, but who can tell us the number of blind eyes, and deaf ears, and diseased lungs, and congested livers, and jangled nerves, and neuralgic temples, and rheumatic feet, or how many took no food this morning because they had no appetite to eat, or digestive organs to assimilate, or have lungs so delicate they cannot go forth when the wind is in the east, or there is a fog rising from the river, or there is a dampness on the ground or pavement because of the frost coming out? It would be easy to count the people who every day go through a street, or the number of passengers carried by a railroad company in a year, or the number of those who cross the ocean in ships; but who can give us the statistics of the great multitudes who are shut in? I call the attention of all such to their superior opportunities

of doing good. Those of us who are well and can see clearly, and hear distinctly, and partake of food of all sorts and questions of digestion never occur to us. and we can wade the snowbanks and take an equinox in our faces, and endure the thermometer at zero, and every breath of air is a tonic and a stimulus, and sound sleep meets us within five minutes after our head touches the pillow, do not make so much of an impression when we talk about the coasolations of religion. The world says right away, "I guess ural spirits for religion. What does

on his way to business he called to cheerful and hopeful, and that you had not one word of complaint, and asked all about everybody, and rejoiced in the success of your business friends, although your own business had almost come to a standstill through your absence from store or office or shop, and that you sent your love to all your old friends, and told them that if you did not meet them again in this world, you hoped to meet them in dominions seraphic, with a quiet word of advice from you to the man who carried the message about the importance of his not neglecting his own soul, but through Christ seeking something better than this world could give him-why, all the business men in the counting-room say, "Good! Now, that is religion!" And the clerks get hold of the story, and talk it over so that the weigher and cooper and hackman, standing on the doorstep. say: "That is splendid! Now, that is what I call religion!"

It is a good thing to preach on a

Sunday morning, the people assembled

in most respectable attire and seated on soft cushions, the preacher standing in neatly upholstered pulpit, surrounded by personal friends, and after an inspiring hymn has been sung, and that sermon, if preached in faith, will do good; but the most effective sermon is preached by one seated in dressing-gown, in an armchair into which the invalid has with much care been lifted, the surrounding shelves filled with medicine bottles, some to produce sleep, some for the relief of sudden paroxysm, some for stimulant, some for tonic, some for anodyne, and some for febrifuge, the pale preacher quoting promises of the gospel, telling of the glories of a sympathetic Christ, assuring the one or two or three persons who hear it of the mighty reinforcements of religion. You say that to such a sermon there are only one or two to three hearers. Aye! But the visitor calling at that room, then closing the door softly and going away, tells the story, and the whole neighborhood hears it, and it will take all eternity to realize the grand and uplifting influence of that sermon about God and the soul, though preached to an audience of only one man or one woman. The Lord has ordained all such invalids for a style of usefulness which athletics and men of two hundred healthy avoirdupois cannot affect, It was not an enemy that fastened you in that one room or sent you on crutches, the longest journey you have made for many weeks being from bed to sofa and from sofa to looking-glass, where you are shocked at the pallor of your own cheek and the pinchedness of your features; then back again from mirror to sofa and sofa to bed, with a long sigh, saying, "How good it feels to get back again to my old place on the pillow!" Remember who kept a record of all the weary days and all the sleepless nights of your exile from the world. Oh, weary man! Oh, feeble woman! It was the Lord who shut you in. Do you remember that some of the noblest and best of men have been prisoners? Ezekiel a prisoner, Jeremiah a prisoner, Paul a prisoner, St. John a prisoner, John Bunyan a prisoner. Though human hate seemed to have all to do with them, really the Lord shut them in.

. . . Do you forget when, in childhood, you danced and skipped because you were so full of life you had not patience to walk, and in after years you climbed the mountains of Switzerland, putting your alpenstock high up on glaciers which few others ever dared, and jumped long reaches in competition, and after a walk of ten miles you came in jocund as the morning? Oh, you shut-ins! Thank God for a vivid memory of the times when you were free as the chamois on the rocks, as the eagle going straight for the sun. When the rain pounded the roof of the ark the eight voyagers on that craft did not forget the time when it gaily pattered in a summer shower, and when the door of the ark shut to keep out the tempest, they did not forget the time when the door of their home in Armenia was closed to keep out the spring rains which came to fill the cups of lily and honeysuckle and make all the trees of the wood clap their hands.

Notice, also, that there was a limit to the shut-in experience of those ancient mariners. I suppose the forty days of the descending and uprising floods, and the 150 days before the passengers could go ashore must have seemed to those eight people in the big boat like a small eternity. "Rain, rain, rain!" said the wife of Noah. "Will it never stop?" For forty mornings they looked out and saw not one patch of blue sky. Floating around amid the peaks of mountains, Shem, and Ham, and Japheth had to hush the fears of their wives lest they should dash against the projecting rocks. But after awhile it cleared off. Sunshine, glorious sunshine! The ascending mists were folded up into clouds, which instead of darkening the sky only ornamented it. these worn passengers clapped their hands and rejoiced that the storm was over, and I think if God could stop a storm as that, he could stop any storm in your lifetime experience. If He can control a vulture in mid-sky, he can the rainbow on the cloud and the deluge of your misfortunes will dry up. that man mistakes buoyancy of nat- I preach the doctrine of limitation, relief and disenthraliment. At just the he know about it? He has never been right time the pain will cease, the will tell you: The Lord shut her in

tried." But when one goes out and bondage will drop, the imprisoned will reports to the world that that morning | be liberated, the fires will go out, the body and mind and soul will be free. see you and found you, after being Patience! An old English proverb rekept in your room for two months, ferring to long-continued invalidies, says, "A creaking gate hangs long on its hinges," and this may be a protracted case of valetudinarianism; but you will have taken the last bitter drop, you will have suffered the last misinterpretation, you will feel the gnawing of the last hunger, you will have fainted the last time from exhaustion, you will have felt the cut of the last lancet, you will have wept under the last loneliness. The last week of the Noachian deluge came, the last day. the last hour, the last moment. The beating of the rain on the roof ceased, and the dashing of the billows on the side of the ship quieted, and peacefully as a yacht moves out over quiet Lake Cayuga, Como or Luzerne, the ark, with its illustrious passengers and important freight, glided to its mountain wharfage.

> Meanwhile you have all divine and angelic sympathy in your infirmities. That Satan thoroughly understood poor human nature was evidenced when, in plotting to make Job do wrong, the great master of evil, after having failed in every other way to overthrow the good man, proposed physical distress, and then the boils came which made him swear right out. The mightlest test of character is physical suffering. Critics are impatient at the way Thomas Carlyle scolded at everything. His seventy years of dyspepsia were enough to make any man scold. When you see people out of patience and irascible and lachrymose, inquire into the case, and before you get through with the exploration your hypercriticism will turn to pity, and to the divine and angelic sympathy will be added your own. The clouds of your indignation, which were full of thunderbolts, will begin to rain tears of pity.

By a strange Providence, for which shall be forever grateful, circumstances with which I think you are all familiar, I have admission through the newspaper press, week by week, to tens of thousands of God's dear children, who cannot enter church on the Sabbath and hear their excellent pastors, because of the age of the sufferers, or their illness, or the lameness of foot, or their incapacity to stay in one posttion an hour and a half, or their poverties, or their troubles of some sort will not let them go out of doors, and to them as much as to those who hear me I preach this sermon, as I preach many of my sermons, the invisible audience always vaster than the visible, some of them tossed on wilder seas than those that tossed the eight members of Noah's family, and instead of forty days of storm and five months o being shut in, as they were, it has been with these invalids five years of "shutin," or ten years of "shut-in," or twenit is that appointed the day, when, ty years of "shut-in." Oh, comforting for the first time in many years, you God! Help me to comfort them! Give could not go to business, and who has me two hands full of salve for their wounds. When we were three hundred miles out at sea, a hurricane struck us, and the life-boats were dashed from the davits and all the lights in the cabin were put out by the rolling of the ship and the water which through the broken skylights had poured in. Captain Andrews entered and said to the men on duty, "Why don't you light up and make things brighter, for we are going to outride this storm? Passengers, cheer up! Cheer up!" And he struck a match and began to light the burners. He could not silence either the wind or the waves, but by the striking of that match, accompanied by encouraging words, we were all helped.

And as I now find many in hurri-

canes of trouble, though I cannot quiet

the storm, I can strike a match to light up the darkness, and I strike a match: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." I strike another match: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I strike another match: "We have a great High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and he was in all points tempted like as we are." Are you old? One breath of heaven will make you everlastingly young again. Have you aches and pains? They insure Christ's presence and sympathy through the darkest December nights, which are the longest nights of the year. Are you bereft? Here is a resurrected Christ, whose voice is full of resurrectionary power. Are you lonely? All the angels of heaven are ready to swoop into your companionship. Here is the Christ of Mary and Martha when they had lost Lazarus, and of David when he had lost his son, and of Abraham when he had lost Sarah, and of your father and mother when in time of old age they parted at the gates of the tomb. When last I was in Savannah, Georgia, at the close of the Sabbath morning service, I was asked to go and see a Christian woman. for many years an invalid. I went. I had not in all that beautiful city of splendid men and gracious women seen a face brighter than hers. Reaching her bedside, I put out my hand, but she could not shake hands, for her hand was palsied. I said to her, "How long have you been down on this bed?" She smiled and made no answer, for her As they looked out of the windows tongue had been palsled; but those standing around said, "Fifteen years." I said to her, "Have you been able to keep your courage up all that time?" She gave me a very little motion of her head in affirmative, for her who body was paralytic. The sermon I had stop a summer bat that files in at your preached that morning had no power window. At the right time he will put on others compared with the power that silent sermon had on me. What was the secret of her conquest over pain and privation and incapacity to move? Shall I tell you the secret? I