

MY POOR WIFE.

BY J. P. SMITH.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

By degrees it began to pleasantly dawn upon me that I was getting some return for the great sacrifice I had certainly made in marrying her, and 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 improving 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 murmuring one day, when, erratically putting forth my hand, it alighted on the cigar case and the newspaper for which I had been wishing. "How do you always guess?"

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 circumstance 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 pity 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 memory—how 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 forgiveness 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 ideal!" 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 furiously, 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 holding—

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

"Why, Edie?"

"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 injured girl, that she had never wilful-

ly meant to make sport of my affections or of any other man's. But, lacking this knowledge, I must confess that glance and that appeal in the 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 me. "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 Stopford 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 moss-covered 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 thickets 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 thrashed by the spokes of mighty machinery, passed through the manufacturing 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; for Jove!"

"I wonder if it will reach the sea tonight—height!" 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 minor 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 Denny."

"Oh, it's a family legend?"

"Yes; Miss Cecily was my great-grand-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 suitors 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 polished gentleman, proposed to her; but she would have no one but young Ronald Henshaw of the Grange below—that 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 had 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 told 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, but her dress 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 congratulating herself on the issue of events.

"About a week after the return of

the bride and bridegroom to the Grange, one bright June evening, just like this, she put on her wedding dress and veil, slipped down to the river unperceived and hung 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, where—poor, 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 Elaine 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, 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 decenterers almost as devotedly as her lord, and hiccupped drowsily—

"I say, Betty, there goes another car—case of Thompson's. That is fourth 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. Henshaw 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 usual pastimes."

"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 disgusting looking old boys he had ever seen Henshaw 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."

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 pliers.

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 York World.

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

LESS COLONY TROOPS NOT MORE THAN 30,000 TO GO TO CUBA.

With 7,000 Troops in Porto Rico, 20,000 in the Philippines, 30,000 of a 75,000 Army Will Be Left for the Home Garrison.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—In spite of orders embracing as many as 85,000 men, it is not believed there will ever be stationed in Cuba more than 30,000 United States troops, including the troops now at Santiago, Manzanillo and Holguin. Besides these troops there has been sent to Cuba only the Eighth cavalry, which has formally taken possession of Neuvas and Puerto Principe, evacuated November 2.

The evacuation of other points, it is thought, will be equally informal and uneventful, unless it be that of Havana, which will be given up to American troops January 1, with some ceremony. There is no need for all the troops now in Santiago, according to information received from the commanding general there, and the military program as to sending more troops has gone forward slowly and with indecision.

A recent canvass of the situation convinces the authorities that there will not be needed on the island more than 20,000 United States troops. These will be used in connection with Cuban troops, which will form a part of each United States regiment. As to Porto Rico there will not be stationed on that island more than 7,000 United States troops. In the Philippines, it is believed that 20,000 men will be equal to all emergencies. It is thought that if the regular army is swelled to 75,000 there will be enough men left in this country for station and frontier duty. Secretary Alger's recommendation for 100,000 men will most probably result only in 75,000 men for the regular establishment.

From three to five regiments will probably be added to the cavalry, but 75,000 men will, in the end, be the grand total of the regular army, and a much more moderate display of military force on the islands will be made than that which has been talked of recently before congress.

The name of General Wade does not come forward as prominently as formerly in connection with the governor generalship of Cuba. Indeed, it seems doubtful if there will be any governor general. The island will be policed, in connection with the Cuban troops, by detachments of United States troops, and if it be found practicable to appoint a governor general of Cuba, the names of General Brooke and General Merritt are mentioned now as greater probabilities than that of General Wade. It is believed that General Wade, after his long stay in Cuba, should have a respite from the dangers of the climate and the wearing effects of his work in Havana. The chief indication is one of careful preparation of camps in Cuba for small detachments of United States troops.

Secretary Alger has approved the regulations for the army transport service prepared by the Ludlow board. By these regulations an army transport service is organized as a special branch of the quartermaster's department. Subject to the supervision of the quartermaster general, the service will be conducted by its own officers. New York and San Francisco are to be the home ports for the Atlantic and Pacific traffic respectively.

TSAI CHI MAY KILL ANYONE.

The Right Granted to a Chinese Prince by the Dowager Empress. PORT TOWNSEND, Wash., Nov. 29.—Steamer advices from China say that considerable excitement prevails in Peking among the Manchus faction over the action of the empress dowager in bestowing upon T sai Chi, Prince of Tuan, and Prince Tsai Lien, a sword called the "Shang Fand," which carries with it the right to behead any person regardless of rank or dignity without first asking permission from the throne. This is to guard against sudden signs of treachery. Although the Shang Fand sword has been an institution of the country ever since the earliest Chinese history, it has only been bestowed once before during the present dynasty, when the Mongol General Si Shang was appointed by the late Emperor Hsien Feng, special generalissimo of the imperial forces acting against the Tiping rebels.

Letter's Milk Trust.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Nov. 29.—It is stated that John Le Feber of North Greenfield, a suburb of this city, is working in connection with the milk trust with which Joseph Letter and the Koo-Chappell company of Chicago are said to be connected. Le Feber owns a large dairy at Waukesha and is now engaged on a scheme to control the entire shipment of milk from this section to Chicago. The plan of the trust is to control all shipments of milk from different sections of the country to Chicago and thereby establish a uniform price to consumers in that city.

Americans Pay Respect to Blanco.

HAVANA, Nov. 29.—There is a report in circulation here that word has been received of the death of General Maximino Gomez, on Friday night, but it is not credited in Cuban circles.

In accordance with arrangements, General Wade, Admiral Sampson, Colonel Couch, Captain Hart, their aides, attaches, all in gala uniform, and an interpreter, called upon General Blanco at the palace at 10 o'clock yesterday morning to attend a formal farewell on his resignation of the captain generalship, and in anticipation of his early departure from the island.

Children for Food.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 29.—Mrs. Maria King of Hayti, a passenger on the steamer Navajo, declares she was compelled to leave Hayti by the cannibalistic tendencies of the natives of the island.

She tells a disconnected story of her reasons for leaving Hayti and claims that under the present government of that island young children are not safe. She tells of mysterious disappearance of many children, who are killed and eaten.

JOHN COLLINS ON TRIAL.

Opening Day of the Sensational Topoka Murder Trial.

TOPKA, Kan., Nov. 29.—John Henry Collins walked into the Shawnee county district court room at 8:30 this morning to be put on trial on the charge of having murdered his father, J. S. Collins. He wore a black worsted suit with high standing collar and heavy black satin cravat. His gold eyeglasses carefully set, his hair faultlessly arranged and his shoes shining with fresh polish made him appear more like a man of fashion than an accused offender at the bar.

Collins walked behind Sheriff Cook, modestly bowing to friends who spoke to him as he passed into the crowded court room. He took a seat facing the judge with A. A. Godard, his principal attorney, at his side. Godard showed him some letters which he read with interest before Charles Hayden, the associate counsel for the defense, arrived and took a seat next to Collins. There was nothing in the young man's appearance to indicate to those who saw him in May, when he was first charged with his father's murder, that he was changed in the least. Men in ordinary business life change more in five months than Collins has in the time he has been in jail. He listened intently while the court disposed of a few motions.

At 9:13 o'clock Judge Hazen read: "State vs. John H. Collins," and asked if the state was ready for trial. County Attorney Jetmore said he was, but asked permission to indorse on the information some new names and correct others. The court consented, the defense taking exceptions. Jetmore then read the following names of new witnesses: William Wiedeman, J. J. Strickler, Louis Tefft, William Bromelick, J. G. Gibbs, Roy Harper, Sol Marks, Abe Levy, Herbert Bullene, A. N. Baldwin, Silas Rain, J. D. Smith. Nearly all of these witnesses are Lawrence merchants.

Attorney Charles Hayden, for Collins, addressing the court, said: "The defendant objects to proceeding with the trial for the reason that he has not been furnished with a copy of the information with the names of all the witnesses indorsed thereon."

Answering questions by the court, Hayden said Collins had been furnished with a copy of the information, but new names had been indorsed since. Judge Hazen overruled the objection and asked Hayden if he waived arraignment.

"We do not waive arraignment," Hayden replied. County Attorney Jetmore read the information charging Collins with murdering his father by shooting him with a double barreled shotgun.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" Judge Hazen asked. Collins rose from his seat, stood perfectly erect, faced the court and without a tremor in his voice, which rang out clear and strong through the silent court room, said slowly: "I am not guilty."

The court room crowd, a large one, but not so large as that which attended the preliminary hearing, probably because of the bad weather and icy streets had watched Collins intently. His face showed no emotion. The reading of the charge had not produced any apparent effect. To the buzz of conversation which followed, he seemed impervious. He smiled a few minutes later when the first twelve names of possible jurors were called.

Hayden's examination of veniremen was very close. He asked every man particularly whether he had an opinion as to whether J. S. Collins was murdered or had committed suicide. He dwelt particularly on the suicide feature, indicating that suicide will be an important part of the defense.

BIG KANSAS CITY FIRE.

The Robert Keith Furniture Company Goes Up in Smoke.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 29.—Fire started in the Robert Keith Furniture and Carpet company's building, southwest corner of Eleventh street and Grand avenue, at 4:59 o'clock this morning, and three hours later the sixth and seventh stories of the enormous building were in ruins and the remaining five stories and basement, with their valuable stock, were drenched with water.

Owing to the impossibility of ascertaining the value of the salvage, no exact statement of the loss can be given, but a loss of \$125,000 on the stock and \$40,000 on the building are regarded as conservative. The loss on the stock may turn out to be heavier. Robert Keith, president of the company, said at 9 o'clock that there was between \$200,000 and \$210,000 worth of stock in the store, on which there was an insurance of \$185,000. The estimates of salvage run from 20 to 50 per cent.

No one knows exactly how the fire started, but the cause is supposed to have been wiring which furnished the electrical power to run sewing machines on the west side of the sixth floor.

The fire coming just at the opening of the holiday trade was doubly severe but the store will reopen at once.

Children for Food.

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WELL KNOWN PRIEST DIES.

Trouble Now Likely to Emerge Over Disposition of His Property.

On Thursday, November 24, Rev. Father Eugene Cusson, dean of Nebraska City and pastor of St. Mary's Catholic church at that place, died at his home of bright's disease, aged fifty-six years. The deceased was born in Montreal, Canada. He came to Nebraska City in 1879. He is said to have left an estate valued at \$100,000.

Rumors are that there may be trouble in the disposition of the estate. The estate is quite a large one and it is reported that wills have been made, some of which bequeath the estate to relatives and others give a bulk of it to the church and religious institutions. Upon the death of the priest, Bishop Bonacum asked for his papers, but this was refused by Alphonse Cusson, nephew of the deceased. The papers were placed in one of the bank vaults, and this was claimed to be in accordance with the wishes of Father Cusson. After a time the courts will probably be called upon to make proper disposal of the papers and the estate.

Brakes Failed.

An extra freight, loaded principally with coal, ran into the rear of a passenger train at Broken Bow. The brakeman and fireman jumped before the train struck, but Engineer Grump remained at his post and crawled out of the cab window after the engine stopped. Head brakeman Charles Turney broke his right leg in jumping. No one was in the rear of the sleeper and no one was killed. The tender and several of the coal cars were badly smashed. The engineer says the wreck was caused by the air brakes failing to work.

Killed Himself.

A man named Schroeder, who has been a Colfax county charge for a year or more, committed suicide at Schuyler by hanging himself. He was found by Mr. Lambert in one of the buildings on the fair grounds half a mile from town. Schroeder, or Scotty, as he was better known, has been a hard drinker for many years. Sheriff McLeod brought the body to the city and left it at Undertaker Charstliff's where an inquest will be held.

Chicken Show.

The Saunders county poultry association will hold its first annual exhibition in Wahoo December 6 to 10. Jos. Manners is president and David Larson, secretary. Extensive preparations are being made for a fine exhibition and considering the large number of fine birds in Saunders and adjacent counties, it can be made the most extensive local show in the state this year. This association has been in existence three years.

Knocked Down.

While hastening to secure the services of an undertaker to conduct the funeral of his daughter, who had died during the night, Geo. Rutekin, aged seventy-five years, of Omaha, was knocked down and severely injured at Twenty-fourth and Leavenworth by a motor car. He was rolled along for half a block before the car could be stopped. He was taken to the Presbyterian hospital.

Dies Enroute.

A child died on the east bound Rock Island train a few stations west of Lincoln. It was the eleven-month-old son of Mrs. Effie Lannon, who is on her way from San Francisco to Middleville, Mich. The remains were taken to Lincoln and to Heston's undertaking rooms. The mother will resume her sad journey taking the body of her boy to Middleville, which was her home prior to two years ago.

Requests Dan Case.

Daniel Lewis has sued the Omaha Street Railway company for \$10,000. He says he was a passenger on a car bound for Albright from South Omaha and was ordered to leave the car by the motorman. While doing so he says the motorman started the car suddenly and he was thrown to the ground, sustaining a fracture of the left hip and other injuries.

Heart Failed.

Judge George W. Helst, for many years a leading attorney and politician of western Nebraska, died at his home at Sidney of bright's disease and heart failure. He was register of the United States land office at the time of his death. He leaves a widow and one son, who will take his remains to his old home in New York state for burial.

Gets Money.

At Omaha Mrs. Hannah Sansbury has settled out of court for \$1,500 her \$25,000 damage suit against the exposition association for personal injuries. She claims to have been injured by the slamming of one of the big doors of one of the main buildings at the exposition.

Medal Shot.

The sporting fraternity of Osceola have been having a high time lately, and none more than the Osceola gun club. The members have just held their annual shoot. Each year they shoot for a gold medal and this time Dr. L. M. Shaw proved to be the best shot and wears the pretty medal.

Heavily Fined.

Julius Bolfiski, a man who has figured at Madison conspicuously in newspaper notoriety for the past few years, was up before Judge Bates to answer to the charge of assault and battery upon his wife. Bolfiski beat his wife, in a brutal manner, and Judge Bates assessed a fine of \$100.