

MY POOR WIFE.

BY J. P. SMITH.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"I made cautious inquiries, and found to my surprise that my miserable identity was quite lost. I had no hint, uttered no name during my stay there, that would lead to discovery. I learned that the clothes I wore when taken up by the police were mere rags of the coarsest, most worthless kind, and a bit of soiled paper bearing the name 'Elizabeth Thompson' found in the pocket of the dress served as my certificate of baptism, and so Elizabeth Thompson I remained to all who met me during those seven years. When and how my clothes were changed and stolen, as they undoubtedly were, I don't remember. After three years I was discharged as cured, and, as I had shown some capability for nursing during an epidemic that visited the asylum, a nun who had charge of the Catholic ward offered to get me a place as attendant in a hospital, where I remained some time."

"And you never thought of me—never longed to see me, to know how I was?"

"She laughed bitterly, as she waved her eager interruption aside, with a gesture of pain."

"Never thought of you! Ah, you will never know how you filled my life, how I never understood what I felt—and I never knew you must believe me, and I knew the best thing for your happiness, your peace of mind, was to let you remain in that belief, and to struggle to keep away from you, to learn nothing about you; but, when nursing a patient whom I usually heard had lately been in domestic service in the neighborhood of Colworth, I could not resist the temptation of questioning her. From her I learned, Paul, that Mr. Dennis of Colworth was married to a Miss Stopped, with whom he had inherited a large fortune, that he was very happy and prosperous and the father of three beautiful children."

"This news allayed all my doubts, gave every lingering spark of hope and happiness from my future. I begged the reverend mother who had procured me the place in the hospital to accept me as a novice; but she hesitated for some time, knowing of the aint in my blood. However, after a couple of years, seeing no sign of a relapse, and getting a very favorable opinion of my case from the asylum doctors, I was received into the convent, and on application allowed to join the mission going to New Zealand."

"We were to have sailed next week, and as the time drew near a terrible restlessness came over me, a longing to intense to breathe the air you breathed once more, that I felt I could never be a useful and contented servant of Heaven unless my longing were gratified. I appealed to the reverend mother, and she with her usual goodness gave her consent. I arrived at dusk that—that blessed night, intending only to say a prayer for you and yours at the cross preserving my memory, and then steal away as I had done."

"At the station I saw your brother accidentally, believing him to be you—his features are wonderfully like what yours once were. I found to my utter bewilderment, and I think relief, that my love was dead—completely dead, that Edith's husband was nothing to me."

"I wandered out, pondering the meaning of this discovery, and saw you stretched across my grave. At the first sound of your voice, at the first glance into your worn altered face—ah, beloved, I knew that I was not free, and could never be, no matter what gulf divided us. I tried to give you as I thought—to leave you; but—but—"

CHAPTER XIX.

"She stopped a little hysterically; and she laid her hand on her lips. Presently she lifted it away, and said with eager eagerness—"

"But you loved her, Paul, sister-in-law or not; you never can explain that way. No; no; do not try! You wanted to marry her before you met me. I am sure of it. You loved her—you wanted to marry her once," she repeated monotonously.

"Yes, yes, I wanted to marry her once. Listen, listen to me Helen! I was a mere boy, home from an outfit station in India, where I never saw a woman's face. I was lonely and sad; she was kind and beautiful, and did everything in her power to fascinate and enslave me. How could I help falling in the trap? I left her in a state of melodramatic despair, which now know was only skin deep, though I believed at the time she had dealt me a life-wound."

"I met you; we were married and spent six months together abroad. Ah, Helen, I did not understand until long afterwards how happy those six months were, how thoroughly they had made you part of my life, the very essence of my content and happiness. For I was happy; but blind, unceasingly dolt that I was, I attributed my contented state of being to my own selfishness and generosity in marrying you, and accepted as my due your devotion to me. Well, well, I was punished, truly punished for it all. I had to linger over every day, every

hour of those six months with a yearning passion, a sickening remorse that left those lines you see on my face, and streaking my hair with gray before I had reached the prime of life."

"When we returned she came across my path again, and necessity compelled her to confide a secret to me. When I learned by it how shamefully she had been treated, I believed I had misjudged her cruelly, and was only eager to offer reparation in my power. I felt that no sacrifice or exertion I could make would atone for the irreparable wrong done her by one of my name, and—"

"Your brother Arthur, you mean; he had—"

"He had forced her—an ignorant thoughtless girl of sixteen—to marry him secretly when she was staying with an invalid aunt in London."

"Of sixteen!" she exclaimed eagerly. "You mean that she—she was your brother's wife before I left you—all—that time she was with us, your brother's wife?"

"Yes, yes. At first the excitement and adventure had pleased her, but later on, when she came to know Arthur's true character and mode of his life—how he had squandered his fortune, was shunned by honest men and respectable women—when her uncle, who had heard some rumor of a childish attachment between the pair, informed her that, if she exchanged another word with Arthur, he would not only alter his will and leave her penniless, but would expel her from his home, her complacency changed to a state of misery and almost unbearable suspense, which by degrees taught her to hate the cause of her selfish terror, and made his existence a positive nightmare to her."

"At last, after a stormy interview Arthur consented to emigrate to Australia, pledging his word to remain there until the General should die, and Edith's inheritance be quite safe."

"He sailed, but after a time tiring of Colonial life, broke his solemn promise, and a month after our arrival at Colworth he turned up at Southampton, and Edith in her terror of discovery confided her secret to me, implored me to help her and induce my brother to return to Australia at once."

"I promised to help her by every means in my power, wrote at once to my brother, begging him to leave; but he refused point blank until he had had at least one interview with his wife, whom, with all his faults, I believe he truly loved, as his conduct within the last seven years has amply proved. Seeing he was not to be shaken, we arranged that the meeting should take place at Colworth, where there would be less chance of detection. It was in vain. I begged Edith to let you share the secret; she was inflexible on that point. Her motive for that reserve at the time I thought trivial and unreasonable; but I have since fathomed the terrible overweening vanity and heartlessness of the woman, and can now understand it perfectly. She was jealous of you, my darling; that I should have so quickly recovered from her wanton attack was a stab her vanity resented bitterly; she saw more clearly than I could see myself—dull fool!—how thoroughly happy I was, how dear you were to me; and so she set about, with a thousand nameless, almost intangible wiles and artifices, to wreck the happiness of a man who was sheltering and protecting her, fighting to preserve her fortune and honor. With broken, half-stifled hints and insinuations, she gave me to understand that I would have been her choice had I spoken long ago, before my brother—tried by every means in power to wean me from your influence, to force on me the fact that I had made a tremendous sacrifice in marrying you, that my chivalrous and tender bearing towards you awoke in her feelings that made her own wretched fate almost unbearable, and at the same time, I presume, from what I've heard, that you, my poor darling, did not escape her—"

"To meet her husband—yes?"

"She told me—not at once, you know, but by degrees—it took three days, Paul—that you—you had loved her passionately for years, that you had proposed to her a few days before you met me, that, even after her first refusal, you had followed her about London, trying to make her change her mind, and that, failing that, you—you had rushed back to Ireland in wrath and despair, and—and married me—"

"She told you that—the jade?"

"Not boldly, as I tell you now, but with little hints and jokes, half laughing sighs that were almost worse."

"My poor brother! Well, my darling, the end came. You followed us that night, and saw the meeting between husband and wife."

"Paul, Paul! You mean it was not you I saw holding her in your arms, imploring her to fly?"

"No it was Arthur. We were more alike then than now, love, and I had lent him my big gray ulster, for he complained of the cold. The—the mistake was natural; but, oh, how awful in its consequences to you and me!"

MAKE-BELIEVE MAN.

TRIES TO LIVE THE LIFE HE READ ABOUT IN NOVELS.

Some Inconsistent Points—His "Yacht" Carries Several Other People, and Even in His "Study" There Seems to Be No Privacy.

The alarm clock br-r-r-ed in harsh, strident accents through the darkened room, replacing the snore of him who slept the sleep of the just—and the open-mouthed combined—says the New York Evening Journal. He tumbled out of bed and groped mechanically for his slippers through the early morning gloom, without losing a moment in the mutual procrastination of weaker mortals "twixt lingering snug in bed for another five minutes or shivering out of it immediately. He set about taking his cold "tub" with the cheerful alacrity of a man with a keen day's sport before him. Later on he picked up a brace of brushes and dashed off a duet on his head "with considerable spirit and verve." (See familiar quotation from any musical criticism.) Then "his man" came in with his well-brushed clothes and laid them on a chair, but did not "silently withdraw," as gentlemen's gentlemen always do in high-life novels, because his "man" was named Bridget and in addition to being the Make-Believe-Man's man she was cook, maid-of-all-work, janitor-baiter and a few other trifles. Instead of silently withdrawing she stood there with arms akimbo and said: "Will ye be aitin' wau egg or two eggs this mornin'?" A shade of pain passed across the face of the Make-Believe-Man, it was so hard to preserve his cherished illusion in the face of such crudeness. He decided in favor of two eggs and, it now being 6 a. m., he selected a tie that would look well on the links at 4 in the afternoon. A trivial detail of five hours' work hung between the selection of the sporting tie and the sport, but the Make-Believe-Man made it a rule never to dwell on unpleasant things. He always dressed for his country club at 6 a. m. and arrived between 4 and 5 p. m. He slipped his coffee while "his man" called in from the kitchen: "Thim blue pants need pressing and the milkman says he won't wait another day," but the M. B. man did not hear; he was rereading the Van Bibber stories for the tenth time. "His yacht" was waiting for him at the foot of Fulton street, Brooklyn. It amused him to hand a few coins to a man sitting in a little cage-like box and follow two or three impossible-looking people through a ferryhouse—it was all a mere whim of a man of leisure. The

cab of "his yacht" was a bit stuffy and he went fore and stood in the rain. His carriage was waiting for him at the New York side. He entered it and in an idle moment gave the man a nickel. The man pulled a strap; something rang—how funny it all was! He finally arrived at "his study." It was noisy and seemed to be the study of quite a number of others, but the Make-Believe-Man did not seem to mind. He removed his cuffs and put them on the top of his desk—he preferred them to any other desk ornament, even to a bust of Shakespeare. Later in the day he invited a lady of quality to dine with him at 7—he would be back from the links by that time—she could meet him at the restaurant—it was so jolly, this playing the bohemian. After dinner he escorted the Lady of Quality home. She lived off Bleeker street—but so many of the old families did. When the Make-Believe-Man had turned the key of his apartment he took up a hand glass and minutely examined his face. There were lines about the eyes, but the lines were as smiling as a woman's. "Which shall it be tomorrow?" said the Make-Believe-Man, "hunting or golf?" Then he sighed and began to hunt for his slippers.

Lynching Made Expensive. Ohio is the first state to try a preventive of lynching, which has often been suggested, namely, the plan of making the county in which a lynching occurs liable for damages to the heirs of the victim. About two years ago such a law was enacted in Ohio, just after several lynchings had occurred in that state. It was argued that this law would tend to discourage the resort to lynch law by its action upon the pocket nerve of a community, but it had not been passed long when a mob in Northern Ohio swung up a man. His next of kin entered suit against the county where the crime occurred, and was awarded \$5,000 damages. The county's counsel appealed the case to the supreme court on the ground that the act under which the verdict was returned was unconstitutional. This question was argued elaborately on both sides, and the court has decided that the anti-lynching law is constitutional. It is probable that other states will adopt the Ohio method of making lynchings expensive.—Atlanta Journal.

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AFRAID OF THE GLASS EYE. Japanese Coolies Would Not Serve the Owner of It.

A year or two ago an artist from San Francisco who wore a glass eye came to Yokohama and established himself in a little bungalow on the outskirts of the city, says the Yorkville Yeoman. The weather was extremely warm, and before the stranger had become settled he was besieged by a number of coolies who wanted to get the job of fanning him at night. The artist looked over the applicants and finally selected an old man who brought excellent recommendations from his last employer. When it was time to retire the artist took out his glass eye, laid it on the stand at his bedside and went to bed. The old man picked up his fan and the San Francisco man was soon asleep. He slept peacefully for an hour or two, when he was awakened by a chorus of buzzing insects about his head. He looked about him and found that the man whom he had hired to fan him was gone. The next morning when he went in search of another coolie he was amazed to discover that no one would work for him. He was looked upon as a wizard and worker of miracles with whom it was unsafe to be alone. The old man had gone among his friends and told how the Californian had taken out his eye at night and laid it on a stand in order that he might watch his servant at night and see that he kept his fan in motion. The old coolie's story created such excitement that the San Francisco man was never able to get another Japanese to fan him after that.

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MAN'S DISLIKE OF COSMETICS.

His Soap and Water Theory Ruins Most Complexions Than the Powder Put.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the Woman's Home Companion discusses "Man's Limitations" when he attempts to discourse on the secrets of beauty. She says: "To the average man the word 'cosmetics' has the effect of a red rag shaken in the face of a bull. Yet the word does not mean paint or pigment. Trace it back and you will find it signifies a preparation to restore harmony. This is the age of specialists. In days gone by whatever evil befell the human body the family physician was expected to relieve. Now we have the dentist, the surgeon, the oculist, the oculist, the oculist, and still others skilled in the treatment of scalp and skin. A good complexion is the background of a woman's beauty. Nature's most beautiful grouping of feature is ruined if the background loses its tone. It becomes seamed or spotted. To avoid such disaster with the flight of years requires knowledge and patience. There are specialists in this line who are just as expert as the dentist or the oculist. No man is indignant or disgusted if his wife consults the dentist. He does not tell her that a cheerful disposition will preserve her teeth. Yet the complexion feels that ravages of indigestion, time and inheritance quite as much as the teeth or eyes, and needs quite as skillful treatment. Yet the majority of ladies must keep their methods a secret because of the intolerance and unreason of man upon this subject. If a woman goes abroad with visible rouge on her cheeks, powder on her nose, or pencil-marks under her eyes, a man has a right to utter a protest and voice his disgust. But he never stops at that. He immediately proceeds to air his ancient theories about a cheerful disposition and soap and water as the only cosmetic proper for a respectable woman to use. Meantime the deadly scented soap-cake has ravaged more complexions than any pigment on the market."

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Charles Meryon—born in 1821—was brought up to the navy, going first in 1837 to the naval school at Brest, says Pall Mall Gazette. As a youth, he sailed round the world. He touched at Athens; touched at the then savage coasts of New Zealand; made sketches, a few of which, in days when most of his greater work was done, he used as material for some of his etchings. Art even then occupied him, and deeply interested as he soon got to be in it, he seems to have had a notion that it was less dignified than the profession of the navy, and after awhile he chose deliberately the less dignified—because it was the less dignified. He would have us believe so, at any rate; he wished his father to believe so. And in 1845, having served creditably and become a lieutenant, he resigned his commission. A painter he could not be. The gods, who had given him, even in his youth, a poetic vision and a firmness of hand, had denied him the true sight of color; and I remember seeing hanging up in the salon of M. Burty, who knew him, a large, impressive pastel of a ship cleaving her way through wide, deep waters, and the sea was red and the sunset sky was green, for Meryon was color blind. He would have to be an engraver. He entered the workroom of one M. Bery, to whom in after times, as his wont was, he engraved some verses of his writing—appreciative verses, sincere and unfinished—"a toi, Bery, mon maitre." The etchings of Zeeman, the Dutchman, gave him the desire to etch. He copied with freedom and interest several of Zeeman's neat little plates, and addressed him with praises, on another little copper, like the one to Bery—"a Zeeman, peintre des matelots."

AFRAID OF THE GLASS EYE. Japanese Coolies Would Not Serve the Owner of It.

A year or two ago an artist from San Francisco who wore a glass eye came to Yokohama and established himself in a little bungalow on the outskirts of the city, says the Yorkville Yeoman. The weather was extremely warm, and before the stranger had become settled he was besieged by a number of coolies who wanted to get the job of fanning him at night. The artist looked over the applicants and finally selected an old man who brought excellent recommendations from his last employer. When it was time to retire the artist took out his glass eye, laid it on the stand at his bedside and went to bed. The old man picked up his fan and the San Francisco man was soon asleep. He slept peacefully for an hour or two, when he was awakened by a chorus of buzzing insects about his head. He looked about him and found that the man whom he had hired to fan him was gone. The next morning when he went in search of another coolie he was amazed to discover that no one would work for him. He was looked upon as a wizard and worker of miracles with whom it was unsafe to be alone. The old man had gone among his friends and told how the Californian had taken out his eye at night and laid it on a stand in order that he might watch his servant at night and see that he kept his fan in motion. The old coolie's story created such excitement that the San Francisco man was never able to get another Japanese to fan him after that.

Pessimist—I tell you the world is going to the devil. Optimist—Well, I see you are going the way of the world.

Grabbing All the Honors. "I like an energetic fellow," said the society young man, "but when I think of Brown, who went to war and got discharged in time to come home while war heroes were still in demand, and then got back on the football team, I can't help saying he is a bit of a hog."—Indianapolis Journal.

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