

MY POOR WIFE.

BY J. P. SMITH.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"My dear boy, wait a moment, just a moment," pleaded my uncle, his hand grasping my arm. "We will give you all the particulars we have gleaned. Don't—don't be afraid. Unfortunately up to the present we—we have no reliable clue to your wife's whereabouts more than the letter has probably given you; but we hope—"

"There's her hat—the hat she always wears in the garden; it looks all wet and muddy—she must have dropped it in the grass. Give it to me—give it to me! Flinlay, what on earth have you jingling there? It—it looks—"

"I don't know what it is; do you recognize it, Mr. Dennys?" he answered, holding up a block of bruised metal from which hung a light rusted chain entangled in a rag of blue ribbon.

"That rubbish?—no. At first in the shade there I thought it looked not unlike a steel girde and chateleine my wife wears—one that I bought her at the Palais Royal last spring. I—I don't know what put it into my head. Give me the hat. Where was it found? Answer me, answer me! Are you all struck dumb?"

Then they told me, two or three of them taking up one another nervously, that the hat was picked up the morning before by the children of the Grange lodge in a bed of rushes down the river; that the chain and mass of metal had been found twisted round the big wheel of the Red Mill, and that it was recognized by Carter, my wife's maid, as part of the chateleine she undoubtedly wore the day she disappeared.

"You—you wish me to understand that my wife went down the river under the mill machinery like the girl long ago? You—you want me to believe that? Great heavens!"

"My dear boy—no, no. As long as there is no further confirmation, of course we—we must hope for the best; but—but you see, unfortunately the night was dark, and the river unusually swollen; it is so dangerous down by that broken bridge, so easy to miss one's footing in the—the—I say, catch him, catch him! Oh, poor fellow, he's falling!"

I saw their faces crowding round me, the room seemed to heave convulsively, and then I remembered nothing more for many weeks.

CHAPTER XVI.

One cold gusty evening in October, seven years after the pen had fallen from Paul Dennys' hand, two women, wearing the garb of the good Sisters of Nazareth, wended their way across the little country churchyard of Colworth and stood silently before a white marble cross bearing the following inscription—

"Sacred to the memory of Helen, the beloved wife of Paul Dennys of Colworth, who died 22nd of July, 187—, aged 19."

"It stood a few yards away from the huge stone monument under which generations of Dennyses slept, the reeds and rushes from the river, flowing close by, rustling mournfully around it, making the spot so dismal and ghostly that the elder sister, a woman of a vigorous and unimaginative disposition, shuddered involuntarily and exclaimed half-pettishly to her silent companion—

"Well, sister, is our journey at an end? Is this the spot we have traveled over two hundred miles to visit?"

"Yes, I wanted to know if this Helen Dennys was buried here, and I find she is. I am ready to go back now, Sister Agatha, when you wish." She stooped to pick a spray of ivy growing round the cross, held it in her hand irresolutely for a moment, then flung it into the river and moved heavily away.

"No; wait a moment and rest yourself—you look quite exhausted. Don't sit on the grass, child; do you wish to get your death of cold? Sit here on the slab beside me," cried Sister Agatha, laying a motherly hand on her companion's shoulder.

She obeyed, tossing back her heavy crape veil, and lifted a wan listless face to the low murky sky.

"Poor Helen!" she sighed presently, with a weak laugh. "They haven't given her a very dry bed, have they? They might have moved her a little farther, even though it were only her memory mouldering there."

Sister Agatha made no reply, but read aloud the inscription, commenting softly, aged nineteen. That was young to bid good-by to earthly happiness. Was this Helen a relation—any one you loved—Sister Clothilde?"

"I knew her all her life; though she died young in years, she was old in sorrow."

"And yet she was beloved?"

"So the stone says—so the stone says. Oh, sister, sister," burst out the young nun, with a sudden, bitter cry, "of all the lies, uttered or recorded in this world of lies, there are none—none, I say—so shameful, so barefaced as those that defile the graveyards of our land!"

"Hush, hush, my dear sister!" reproved the elder, in a shocked voice. "Pray, pray compose yourself—you do not know what you are saying; how unbecoming—"

"Let me speak, let me speak now. It will do me good, and I will be silent after that for the rest of my life! Let me tell you the story of the 'beloved' wife who lies here; it will do me good."

"Very well, my dear, if it will ease your mind, I will listen," she answered soothingly, looking at her companion with keen anxious glance.

"It's not a long story, and a common-place one enough. She—that Helen—lived up in the red house the chimneys of which you can see smoking among the trees, and she believed herself beloved as that cross asserts she was; but in a very short time she found out her mistake—found out her husband had only married her out of pique and disappointment—that he loved another woman fairer than she. Her rival came to stay in the house with her; the wife was tried, tortured, maddened to despair, and one day she disappeared from her home, leaving a letter saying she had gone never to return. No trace was found of her, but after a few days sufficient evidence was had to lead her husband to believe that she had been drowned in that river flowing there under the wall, and her body ground to pieces in some mill machinery half a mile further down."

"What a horrible story! Poor soul—poor soul! Was it proved to be accidental or—otherwise?"

"That no one will know until the day all things will be made known. They have not judged her harshly here; let not us do otherwise."

"And the husband, sister?"

"He—the story says—went raving about the country seeking her, at first, as if he had lost the treasure of his life, and, five months after her death, married her rival."

"Five months?"

"Five months. They live very happily together now surrounded with their children. That's the whole story, and it ends in the orthodox style with a happy marriage, you see. Now let us go, or we shall miss our train."

With a glance toward the chimneys, Sister Agatha put her arm within her companion's, and they walked quickly and silently through the long wet grass, over the old bridge above the mill, to the station half a mile away. When they arrived there the up train was slowly moving away from the platform, and to their dismayed inquiries the station-master informed them there would not be another until 1.15. It was then only half-past seven. Four dreary hours stretched before them, to be got rid of—how? Sister Agatha, who had been up the three preceding nights nursing the sick, and who had a week of hard work before her, prior to her departure for New Zealand, where she, her companion, and three other nuns were going to found a convent, lost no time in making up her mind how to dispose of the time before them. Seating herself in a retired corner of the waiting-room, she fell into a heavy sleep, after having urged her companion to follow her example.

Clothilde tried to do so, but it was in vain, sleep would not come. Visions of past days, past happiness, hope, and sorrow floated before her—voices she had loved before she left the world sounded in her ears.

When the last train from town arrived, the quiet station became a scene of bustle and excitement—porters, guards, passengers flitted hurriedly by, doors were slammed; but Sister Agatha slept placidly through it all, and her companion drawing her thick veil over her hideous funnel-shaped bonnet, shrank farther into her corner. Two or three travelers invaded the room for a moment, then hurried out, and the train slowly moved on. Clothilde had just pushed aside her stifling veil, when the door opened again, and a plump ungloved hand, sparkling with diamonds, thrust two children hastily in, a gay, vibrating voice, that sent the blood rushing to the nun's white face, calling out—

"Children, stay there until nurse comes to fetch you; don't attempt to leave this room. Percy, take care of your sister, do you hear?"

"Don't be afraid, Clissy, I'll take care of you," said the boy, a beautiful child of about five with golden curls falling over his face. "The room is dark, but—"

"Who are you? What's your name? Tell me quick—quick—I must know!" The little fellow started back, threw his arm around his sister, as she stared awe-struck into the white face and burning eyes of a woman in a long black cloak towering over him, a woman he had never seen before, yet whom he knew perfectly on the moment—the white witch of Carving Knife Cave who sucked the blood of crying children, that nurse told them about when they were naughty.

"I am Percy Edward Stopford Dennys of Colworth, and this is my sister Edith Cicely Stopford Dennys, and—oh," quavered the child, his hands clasped entreatingly, "if you will let us off this time, we will never—never be naughty again, never stick pins into Reggie, or get out of our coats in the night, or—"

"Hush—hush! I am not going to touch you. Go away—away into that corner near the door. Don't speak to me—don't look at me again, and you are safe. Go—go!"

They went; and Helen Dennys, who was supposed to have been drowned seven years ago, sank back into her seat and covered her face with her hands in a passion of despair and stormy revolt, almost as fierce as that which swept her the morning she tried to take her husband's life.

CHAPTER XVII.

Presently the door opened again, and a portly nurse, laden with a gorgeously-clad baby, waddled in, speedily followed by the owner of the gay voice and begemmed fingers, namely, Mrs. Dennys of Colworth, a stately well-conditioned lady, on whose lovely blooming face not the faintest trace of shame, remorse, regret lingered—a face that was the embodiment of supreme self-satisfaction and unshadowed prosperity. Helen looked into it long and deeply with hungry eyes, then turned to the wall, when a shower of hot tears dimmed her sight.

"I tell you, Halpin, the box is somewhere in the station; the porter distinctly saw it being lifted out of the last train, and I won't leave the station until it is found. I really never met such a helpless and stupid woman as you; it is unbearable!" cried Mrs. Dennys angrily, stamping her foot.

"Hullo, Hullo, wife, what's the storm about?" interposed a man's voice. "Is half your nursery missing, or what?"

"My bonnet-box from Elsie's is missing, Mr. Dennys, and I am telling Halpin that I won't leave the station until it is forthcoming; I'll not have the history of my emerald bracelet repeated."

Mr. Dennys made a half-soothing, half-bantering reply; at the same time, seizing his little girl, he perched her on his shoulder. The child clung to him fearfully, her eyes fixed upon the dark figure, which nobody seemed to notice.

Helen's lips moved in incoherent terrific prayer, her hands pressed to her eyes.

"Help me, help me, O Heaven!" she prayed. "Oh, do not desert me after seven years' struggle, don't let my sacrifice be all in vain! I have suffered, I have struggled! Oh, for pity's sake help me now, or I—I ruin—ruin him I love! Paul, Paul, if you love your wife, your children, your happy home, go—go quick, before my strength leaves me, before I look at you—before I look at you again."

She leaned forward rocking herself to and fro in the fever of temptation, moaning feebly, until some one touched her upraised arm, and her hand fell instinctively. Edith's husband was standing beside her, speaking to her.

"I beg your pardon, madam, there is a parcel under your seat. Would you allow me to see if it is the one we are looking for. No, it is not; thanks. I am sorry for disturbing you."

He moved away, not a gleam of recognition in his face, and she looked after him dumbly, her hands lying on her lap.

At first she could not see him plainly for a red mist shrouded her eyes; but it passed away, and he stood clear before her, a man in the prime of life; stalwart and shapely, with a handsome sunny face as insouciant, free from remorse and care as Edith's own, a man whom the world used well, who had obeyed her last request in the spirit as well as the letter. Changed; oh, so little changed since the summer days long ago, when she watched him die on her lips, the tumult in her—her god among men—a little fuller in the body and redder in face, but otherwise unchanged, unchanged!

(To be Continued.)

WHEN TOLSTOI WRITES A BOOK

Count Leo Tolstoi is such an original author that it is not in the least surprising that his modus operandi when writing a book is equally so. As soon as he has decided what the plot of a new novel is to be he makes a rough sketch of the whole, leaving out details, using for the purpose quarto paper of the commonest description, probably from motives of economy, as his handwriting is so large that he uses an enormous amount of paper for very little work; this he gives to his wife or one of his daughters to rewrite and reduce to something like neatness. As soon as the first manuscript is ready he works up the plot and fills in some of the details, writing his own comments and ideas, for future alteration, on the margin.

From the first copy a second and third are made, each in the same way. If there is any part with which Count Tolstoi is very much dissatisfied, he will take the trouble to write and rewrite it as many as eight or nine times, sooner than pass anything with which he is not quite pleased; he very seldom succeeds at once in describing any very remarkable scene, and when any great difficulty presents itself he adopts the highly original way of getting over it and collecting his ideas by playing a game of "Patience."

Critical as he is about his own work, Count Tolstoi meets with still sharper criticism from his wife and family, and as he places great reliance on their judgment and good taste in all things relating to literature, as soon as a new novel is completed he reads it over to them, in order that they may suggest such alterations as they think advisable; some of which suggestions he acts upon. When the proofsheets are sent in their correction absorbs his whole time and attention, and it is said that no living author gives his publisher so much trouble, owing to the numberless alterations he insists upon.

Champagne was first made by monks in the seventeenth century.

"How did you get your overcoat away from your uncle?" "Spouted my bicycle." "Didn't you get your bicycle out of pawn in the spring by hocking your overcoat?" "Certainly. It takes an astute financier to get the most out of his assets."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Harry—Say, old man, I'm in a horrible fix. Fred—What's up? Harry—I've gone and got engaged to two girls. How the dickens am I going to get out of it? Fred—Oh, that's easy enough. Just contrive to get them together, so that they can compare notes.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THEY WANT TO TELL

These Grateful Women Who Have Been Helped by Mrs. Pinkham.

Women who have suffered severely and been relieved of their ills by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine are constantly urging publication of their statements for the benefit of other women. Here are two such letters:

Mrs. LAZZE BEVERLY, 233 Merrimac St., Lowell, Mass., writes:

"It affords me great pleasure to tell all suffering women of the benefit I have received from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for what she has done for me. My trouble was ulceration of the womb. I was under the doctor's care. Upon examination he found fifteen very large ulcers, but he failed to do me good. I took several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also used the Sanative Wash, and am cured. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine saved my life, and I would recommend it to all suffering women."

Mrs. AMOS THOMBLEY, Ellenburgh Ctr., N. Y., writes:

"I took cold at the time my baby was born, causing me to have milk legs, and was sick in bed for eight weeks. Doctors did me no good. I surely thought I would die. I was also troubled with falling of the womb. I could not eat, had faint spells as often as tea times a day. One day a lady came to see me and told me of the benefit she had derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, and advised me to try it. I did so, and had taken only half a bottle before I was able to sit in a chair. After taking three bottles I could do my own work. I am now in perfect health."

It will be usually found that the minister who has the reputation of making good prayers, makes short prayers.

No Friction.

"The relations between the passenger departments of the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio railroads," said D. B. Martin, manager passenger traffic of the B. & O., "are not strained nor is there a rate war in progress, as has been stated in several recent newspaper paragraphs. While, of course, we do not like the new feature introduced by the Pennsylvania railroad, considering the aggressive action of our own line and all other circumstances in connection with the passenger situation at this time, we are not in a position to find much fault."

A catalogue of 300 gifts, suitable to every taste and condition, mailed on inquiry. Prizes given for saving Diamond "C" Soap wrappers. Address: Cudahy Soap Works, South Omaha, Neb.

Every man on the streets today wore a new muffler or a new tie. It is the cross that old tramp of Santa Claus marks on the front gate of every man he visits.

FITS Permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Sent for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A woman is so grateful that she lets her Christmas gifts stay "spread out" a week, to show them to the friends, the milk boy, etc., who happens to call.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

The man who spent the summer constructing air castles is now trying to borrow heat for the air.

Mrs. Winstons' Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

We often wonder if the Prince of Wales doesn't feel that his life is being thrown away.

Am delighted with DR. SETH AINSWORTH'S COUGH KILLER. It cures every time. Rev. J. E. Cornish, Waynesville, Ill. 25c a bottle.

A laughing fit attacked Miss Sallie Hollins of San Joaquin, Tex., and for three days she laughed hysterically, with only brief intermissions. Local physicians failed to cure her, and her father decided to take her to Galveston for treatment. As they were crossing the San Joaquin river the boat capsized, and the sudden plunge cured the girl.

Why isn't it genuine cream to call some servants "help"?

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 15c and 25c per package.

Sold by all grocers. Tastes like Coffee. Looks like Coffee. Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

Crimsonbeak—Let me see; didn't they send a New York man down to see about cleaning the streets of Havana? Yeast—Yes; I believe they did. "Well, it wouldn't be a bad idea if they sent men up from Havana, just now to see about cleaning the streets of New York."—Yonkers Statesman.

The British museum contains the complete manuscripts of Pope's translations of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." Much of the copy is written on the backs of letters, and among them are epistles from Steele, Addison, Rowe, Young and other celebrities.

A toper in Colby, Kans., was a very forgetful man. He came home tight the other night, stumbled into bed, and on the following morning he and his wife were found dead. It is believed, as the room was full of gas, that the toper had turned it on and forgot to light it.

A Double Crop of Apples.

On a Long Island farm is an apple tree which bore two crops of fruit the past year, and the farmers are taking unusual interest in this peculiarity of nature. Just as much interest is being shown in Hoadley's Stomach Bitters, which cures dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation and blood disorders when other remedies fail to benefit.

Wonderful marksmanship is displayed by a young man of Austin, Tex., named Petreusky. One of his feats is to toss a brick in the air, and with a rifle shot break it in two; then, before they drop to the ground, he breaks each of the two pieces in the same manner.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH CURE. Send for circulars, free.

E. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There is the usually panicky feeling among the women because they received presents Christmas from some one to whom they gave nothing. There is little that causes a woman more distress than this.

Scap that's all soap—Diamond "C" Soap.

The poor man must go out and weather the storm, while the rich man can stay at home and storm at the weather.

Revising the Patent Law.

The commissioners appointed to revise the laws relating to patents, trademarks and commercial names had a final meeting November 22.

Prominent members of the Patent Law association (among them ex-Commissioner Doolittle and ex-Chief Clerk Rogers) expressed themselves in favor of abolishing the Caveat system. We have advised our clients for 20 years to file incomplete applications in lieu of Caveats, and were the pioneers of such practice, and upon appeal won a decision in favor of the practice.

In the list of United States Patents issued this week are the following for which we prepared the applications: To S. H. Plumberg of Leland, Iowa, for an adjustable wagon and hay rack. To W. Z. Marsh of Brooks, Iowa, for vehicle axle, lubricator and sand band combined. To B. C. Armstrong of Burlington for the simplest and most practical vacuum tongue support known to us. To J. F. Hand of Des Moines for an apparatus for purifying water. Consultation and advice free to inventors.

THOMAS G. ORWIG & CO., Solicitors of Patents. Des Moines, Dec. 17, 1898.

Don't think a floating debt is necessarily a light one.

I shall recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption far and wide.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1898.

A girl is usually willing to strike a match if a man has money to burn.

Two Old Crutches will often tell a tale of long suffering from LUMBAGO, and how they were thrown away by use of St. Jacobs Oil. It says, "GET OUT!" and the pain goes.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY SAPOLIO 'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

CATARRH CURED AS IF BY MAGIC. EVERY MAN AND WOMAN SHOULD READ.

Lives of suffering and misery from this repulsive disease turned into health and happiness through the use of Richard's Catarrh Expellant.

After years of special study and practice in diseases of the Mucus Membrane, and especially of catarrhal troubles, we have at last developed a treatment that will positively and permanently cure Catarrhal Diseases in whatever form they may be. After fully demonstrating the merits of this treatment in a private practice of over five years, and successfully treating and curing the most obstinate cases, we challenge the world for a case of Catarrh or Catarrhal Disease our CATARRH EXPELLANT will not cure.

RICHARD'S CATARRH EXPELLANT Will cure you just as sure as water will quench thirst. Write to-day for testimonials and valuable instructive paper on these diseases. SENT FREE. Address THE C. H. RICHARDS CO., OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

Mrs. Smarte says her husband is the worst man that ever was to go shopping. He's almost sure to get swindled every time. "Why," she says, "it was only 'lother day that he bought a flute, and when it came home, if you'll believe it, 'twas full of holes."—Boston Transcript.

"That youngest boy of yours does not seem to be a credit to you," said the white man to Uncle Mose. "No, sah," said Uncle Mose. "He is the wustest chile I has. He is mighty bad. He's de white sheep of de family, sah."—Boston Journal.

Keep Coughing. We know of nothing better to clear the lining of your throat and lungs. It is better than wet feet to cause bronchitis and pneumonia. Only keep it up long enough and you will succeed in reducing your weight, losing your appetite, bringing on a slow fever and making everything exactly right for the germs of consumption. Stop coughing and you will get well. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cures coughs of every kind. An ordinary cough disappears in a single night. The racking coughs of bronchitis are soon completely mastered. And, if not too far along, the coughs of consumption are completely cured. Ask your druggist for one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster. It will aid the action of the Cherry Pectoral. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medicine, advise you can possibly obtain, write us freely. You will receive a prompt reply that may be of great value to you. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

WANTED—Case of one month that Dr. PAIN-KILLER will not cure. Send 5 cents to Kansas Clinical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 100 testimonials.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for coughs, colds, and throat disease.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; also cures all kinds of dropsy, edema, etc. Send for circular and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. B. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

FAIRBANKS SCALES Omaha

Dr. Kay's Renovator, Guaranteed to cure all kinds of dropsy, edema, etc. At druggists 25c & 50c.

PATENT. W. N. U. OMAHA. No. 2—1899

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