

# Forsaking all Others

By AMELIA DUGHEMIN

## CHAPTER V.

The first meeting between mother and son was an affectionate one. Harvey kissed the frail little woman, and after a few earnest words of greeting, drew a stool to her reclining chair and sat where she could look at him without effort. Gladys was gratified by his solicitude.

"You are glad I am better, dear?" she asked, running her slender hand through his thick dark hair. "You have missed me?"

"Very much, indeed. I wanted to see you long ago, but Phebe would not permit it."

"She obeyed my wish," said Gladys, detecting the reproach in his tone. "Never mind that—tell me of yourself. What have you been doing all this time?"

She listened smiling while he gave her an account of everything he thought would interest her. She dreaded the mention of Helen's name, though realizing it was inevitable. When he paused, she voluntarily introduced it.

"Nell is remarkably well," answered Harvey, his face lighting up, "and so is the boy. We are thinking of putting him into trousers. You'll see them soon, madam?"

"In a few days—when I am stronger," she answered, hastily. "I must not go too fast."

"No," Harvey acquiesced. He seemed slightly uncomfortable. "Nell has made some changes in the establishment during your illness. I hope you will approve of them."

Gladys looked at him with just a hint of trouble in her face, but said nothing.

"When Phebe gave her the keys," Harvey resumed, with the manner of one who has an unpleasant duty to perform, "she of course considered herself the custodian of your property, and acted for what she thought your interest."

He took one of Gladys' hands and began playing with her rings in a fashion he had when, as a boy, he confessed some childish fault, and though he was speaking in almost Helen's tone, and using her very words, the familiar action made her feel very tender toward him. "She has sent away the groom and several of the maids and reduced the expenses of the servants' table nearly one-half. You will be surprised when you see how small the bills are."

Still Gladys did not speak, but merely looked at him attentively.

"Nell wished me to tell you this, and beg that you will not interfere with her arrangements now that they are made. She has carefully considered them, and is convinced—and I'm with her there, madam—that she has acted for the best in all things. She really has wonderful judgment, and you may safely trust her with the management of the house."

"Still harping on my daughter!" quoted Gladys with a faint smile. She felt she must remain silent no longer, since silence meant acquiescence; yet she might be displeased. "I have no doubt Helen has done her best, and I am grateful to her for relieving Phebe during my illness. But now that I am nearly well, dear, my old housekeeper will of course resume her position."

Harvey dropped the hand with which he had been toying so suddenly that the movement seemed like a repulse.

"I hope you don't mean that. Nell will be greatly disappointed and hurt if you push her aside. She takes genuine pride in the management. And, really, it seems fitting she should have it."

"Is Annette among the servants who were sent away?" asked Gladys. "I have not seen her since my illness."

"Yes. She was the first to go. You had no need for her while Phebe was with you."

"But, my dear, I've had a maid all my life; I can't do without one. And I like Annette; she has been with me for years."

Gladys looked like a grieved child. She was too weak to assert herself, and felt strangely helpless. Phebe, who had just re-entered the room, gave her a significant look.

"You mustn't talk too much, Miss Gladys. You've been with your mother long enough, Mr. Harvey. I hope you haven't troubled her with business."

"Only with what was necessary," he returned, rising with an air of relief, for he had not enjoyed his office. He bent over Gladys and kissed her. "You'll do all you can to please me, won't you, madam?" he coaxingly said. "After all, little things do not count."

She smiled wearily.

"Yes, Harvey; but I can make no promises until I think matters over. I certainly must have Annette back, in a day or two at furthest."

"Well, I'll speak to Nell about it," he responded reluctantly. "No doubt she will be willing to concede a few minor points." And, blind to the sudden flash in Gladys' eyes, he left the room.

He had hardly gone when she turned to the housekeeper.

"Phebe, what has that woman been doing?"

"Now, Miss Gladys, it will only worry you to talk about unpleasant things."

"It will fret me more not to know than to know."

"Well, the truth is, Mrs. Harvey has made a complete upset downstairs. She has sent away nearly all of the old servants, engaged raw country girls at small wages in their places, and for

nurse and parlor maid she hires two of her sisters."

"Her own sisters!" Gladys comprehended in a moment the awkward complications arising from such an arrangement, and looked her dismay. "Has she put them in caps and aprons?"

"La, no!" answered Phebe, laughing. "They belong to the family, and seem to enjoy living here. They're all over the place, and you'd think they owned it. They bother Saunders to death stealing his flowers. Them Blakes are very possessive people."

"And Harvey—does he approve?"

"He'd approve of anything that pleases his adoring wife. The way she goes on over him is just sickening. And the girls, too, make an awful fuss. It's Brother Harvey here and Brother Harvey there from morn till night. They treat him as the head of the family, and he's boyish enough to be tickled to death by their flattering ways."

Gladys sighed.

"I'm afraid it will be very hard for me to fight matters, Phebe. I don't feel equal to the task."

"Not now, because you're not yourself. You'll get back your courage in good time; you must, for your authority will be gone for good if you submit to Mrs. Harvey's impudent meddling, and you'll have to fight for your rights. It won't be as hard as you think. All the servants are ready to come back. I told them you wouldn't let them go and advanced enough money to pay their board. Was that right?"

Gladys nodded approval.

"Annette is staying with Sauder's cousins, hard by, and can be brought over at any hour. So you see matters are not as bad as they seem. Now drink your wine and milk and forget all this. Never cross a bridge till you come to it, dearie."

Upon which bit of homely wisdom Gladys rested content for the time.

"Phebe," she said, a day or two later, "I am strong enough now to be restless. I grow tired of these three rooms. This afternoon I'm going to cross the hall to my parlor—quite a journey," she laughingly ended.

"Not this very afternoon?" she asked.

"Yes. Why not? I am almost as well as I was before my illness."

"That isn't it, Miss Gladys, but you see—well—the room isn't ready for you," Phebe blurted out.

"Not ready? What do you mean?" Then, as a sudden suspicion flashed across her mind, she asked sharply, "Surely Helen has not interfered with my own private parlor?"

"She's done just that, and given it to her sisters as a sort of day nursery and sewing room. When I objected, Mrs. Harvey said she was sure you would not object to an arrangement that kept the baby so near you, and as you had no maid, her sisters would be at hand to do any bit of mending you needed."

"How dared she!" cried Gladys, with flashing eyes and compressed lips. "Has the furniture been removed?"

"Only your desk and book cases and card tables, which are in the library. The piano was left for the girls to practice on. Their music lessons were interrupted when Mrs. Harvey married."

CHAPTER VI.

Gladys was pale with wrath. To men, her excitement would have seemed wholly disproportionate to its cause; but women, to whom their intimate belongings are always a part of themselves, will understand her sensations. She could have borne a personal attack as easily as this upon her Laces and Penates. Phebe had never before known her to be so angry, and was startled by the passionate demonstration. She demanded that Harvey should be sent to her the minute he returned from business, nor would she be persuaded to wait till she was cooler. When he came, marveling at the imperative summons, she met him with reproaches, and censured Helen unsparringly for her insolent interference. He listened quietly at first—his surprise at the unwonted exhibition of anger equalled Phebe's—then his own rose.

"I told you once before I would not allow you or any one to speak disrespectfully of my wife," he sternly said. "Helen has been actuated by the kindest of motives in everything she has done, and I uphold her in her course."

"Even when her kindness extends to robbing me of my private rooms?"

"On make too much of what is doubtless a mere temporary arrangement. You could not use the parlor while you were ill."

"But I can now, and I will." Gladys spoke briskly and with determination. "Be kind enough to tell your wife that it is to be vacated at once."

"Come, come, madam, you are unreasonable," said Harvey, persuasively. "It will require a day or two to make the change and dispose of the girls comfortably. I hardly know what other room can be found for them."

"There are a number in the upper part of the house."

"None except the servants' chambers. They can not occupy them."

"Why not, since they are servants—my servants?" demanded Gladys.

The color rushed to Harvey's face.

"You are not yourself, else you would never say that, madam, so I pass it over," he replied temperately, though he was both mortified and angry. "Helen will make an arrangement satisfactory to all parties if you give her time. I have faith in her judgment; she is the wisest woman I know."

"And the best?" asked Gladys, with feminine perversity courting the knife.

"The best by far," he deliberately answered.

The color died from her face, leaving it white and wan.

"You are rude, sir," she said, more sadly than bitterly.

"No, only truthful. I am sorry if I have offended you, but you force me to defend my wife. It is my earnest wish, mother, that you leave matters undisturbed. She is far better qualified to manage your domestic affairs than you are; the childish temper you have just shown proves that. It is time you should transfer your burdens to younger shoulders. As your son, I urge you to do this, and I am sure you will not oppose me seriously. If you insist on having your room—"

"I do insist upon it."

## AN OILY TASTE.

Feeds His Kerosene and Gel. Paves in the Eggs.

W. Stewart Wise, a fancier and breeder of chickens highest in the art of laying eggs fit for a king, made a discovery the other day. He had been boasting about the quality and freshness of the eggs he sold from his henery. Benjamin C. Bayne gave Mr. Wise an order. The time each egg was plucked from the nest was recorded upon it. This gave Mr. Bayne a proof of the wholesomeness of the breakfast he was to eat next morning. The bacon and eggs were served, but there seemed to be something in the cooking that was not acceptable to Mr. Bayne's taste, and he began to question whether they had been cooked in kerosene oil or if the Standard Oil company had cornered the bacon market and injected into the meat some of its trade mark taste and smells. Examination proved that the cook was not in the employ of any oil trust—neither kerosene, olive or axle—and the mystery ended with the unclean eggs upon the breakfast table. Mr. Bayne, relating his experience to Mr. Wise, opened that gentleman's mind, who said: "I can explain it to you. Who would have thought such a thing was possible?" Then Mr. Wise said that a number of his best chickens had been afflicted with colds. He had had their food impregnated with kerosene oil, which soon cured the brood. This, he declared, had found its way into the eggs. The explanation satisfied Mr. Bayne and the family that the cook had not used kerosene to cook that breakfast, and, under the circumstances, they will give Mr. Wise another chance to prove the value of the productions of his hens.—Baltimore Sun.

FOOT WEARINESS.

Those Who Must Stand Still Should Be on Rugs.

A great many years ago the old-fashioned back-country housekeeper learned that when she had any work to do that involved a great deal of standing on her feet in one place, she was the gainer by folding a piece of carpet or a rug and placing it on the floor under her feet. It has taken the business men a long time to learn just what a great many of the grandmothers and aunts of this world knew very long ago, namely, that people who stand in one place for any length of time would save a great portion of their foot and leg weariness if they arranged for something soft on the floor. One sensible man spread a thick coating of tan bark on the floor of his warehouse; another used sawdust and found it a great advantage.

Where these substances cannot be introduced with safety or convenience, a light platform of rather thin boards for the men to stand on has been found of great value in the saving of strength. In offices where men are constantly on their feet thick matting is helpful in avoiding that extreme weariness to which active people are subject. Wearing loose shoes with a thick insole of felt is recommended when floors are extremely hard and unyielding. A little attention to some of what appear to be the minor details of life will oftentimes repay the painstaking employer in increased usefulness, and the ability to accomplish a greater amount of labor.

Turks to Have Drinking Water.

A notable feature of the sultan's jubilee will be the number of public drinking fountains now in course of construction in different parts of the empire. Constantinople will have a fountain presented by Emperor William which is rapidly approaching completion. Further, the city is to be furnished with good drinking water at the expense of the sultan, and a university will be established, as well as a medical college and hospital, which, it is said, will surpass anything of the kind in Europe. In the provinces the Damascus to Mecca railway project and the telegraph line to the Hejaz are to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the sultan's reign, though the carrying out of the railway is regarded by all experts as a doubtful enterprise.—London Mail.

Horse with Taste for Dainties.

One of the Erie ferryboats leaving Jersey City about 8 a. m., when passenger traffic is heaviest, may usually be seen a gray express horse who has a way of his own of securing dainties. As the ferryboat approaches her slip and the crowd swarms in the wagon way he begins his antics. Getting close to a man in front of him he administers with his nose a push between the shoulders which sends the victim with a rush against his fellow passengers. Then his horsemanship swings from side to side till from someone who knows his weakness a lump of sugar or an apple is forthcoming. When that has disappeared down his capacious throat the horse is on his best behavior.—New York Sun.

Ears of Wrong Size.

Justin McCarthy and some friends were talking once about a member of the House of Commons. A lady who was one of the company said it was a pity for the sake of his personal appearance that he had such very large ears. "Yes," said T. P. O'Connor, the brilliant parliamentary and platform orator, "and the worst of it is that while they are too large for ears, they are too small for wings."

Take World as It Is.

I have noticed one thing, that the most popular persons in society are those who take the world as it is, and the least fault and have no hobbies. They are always wanted to dinner.—Exchange.

## KRUGER DENIES ONE STORY.

Is Not Coming to America to Live, But Might Make Us a Visit.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29.—Michael Davitt cables from Paris to the Evening Journal today that Mr. Kruger, replying to the question if he had any intention of making his future home in the United States, said: "I never contemplated going to America to live, although I have received several pressing invitations to do so."

"I am seriously considering, however, a short visit to the United States. The severe hardships of winter travel would not deter me, old as I am, if I were sure I could accomplish any good for my oppressed country."

Mr. Davitt adds that it is almost certain that Mr. Kruger will not visit America and that the entire cabinet of the South African republic opposes the idea.

To Seek the North Pole.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 30.—A special to the News from Montreal says: Baptain Bernier of Quebec has gained the support of Sir Clements Markham, president of the Royal Geographical society, for his scheme to reach the north pole, and is now in the city making arrangements. Captain Bernier's plans contemplate an expedition from Vancouver, with a wooden or steel ship and a crew of six sailors and five scientists. Entering the polar basin in August, a month earlier than Nansen did, the ship would begin to drift 300 miles further east than Nansen's vessel did. The expedition would winter in the ice.

That Revenue Bill.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 27.—The sub-committee on ways and means continued its preparations of the war revenue reduction bill today. During a part of the committee's session Former Speaker Reed was present as a visitor. The democratic members of the committee thus far have taken no action as to their program regarding the bill. If the republican members bring the bill into the house with a rule preventing amendments it is probable that the democrats will prepare and offer a substitute; otherwise amendments will be offered in committee of the whole.

Vote of Two States.

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 30.—The state board of canvassers completed the canvassing of the vote for president today, the vote being as follows: Republican, 265,866; democratic, 159,285; prohibition, 10,124; social democratic, 7,905; social labor, 524. Republican plurality, 106,581. Republican loss from 1896, 2,269. Democratic loss, 6,238.

Salt Lake, Utah.—The official canvass of the vote of Utah shows that 92,038 votes were cast for the national ticket, of which McKinley received 47,089 and Bryan 44,949. McKinley's majority, 2,140.

One Peculiar Charge.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 30.—D. H. Stubb of Davenport, who was indicted here yesterday on a charge of doctoring barley with sulphur, came to Chicago today and gave bail for his appearance for trial. He said: "The charge is ridiculous. I have been in the grain business for twenty-seven years and have made a specialty of barley. Before I adopted this process of purifying the grain I experimented with it thoroughly and found that it would make it much sweeter in the malt and retain, if not, strengthen, all its other qualities."

Federation of Railway Employes.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 30.—Within the next ten days the employes of the Big Four Railroad company will have formed one of the strongest labor organizations ever known in the middle west. The intention of the employes to organize a federation, making the grievance of one department the grievance of all others. Within a few days the brakemen will assemble in the city and they will be followed by the conductors, telegraphers and engineers.

Like American Potatoes.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 30.—A special to the Record from Tacoma, Wash., says: The first large shipment of potatoes to be sent in a few days to North Yokohama and will consist of 500 tons, destined for Shanghai. In the past the greater amount of foodstuff that has been called for from that section has been flour, but now the Chinese have acquired a taste for potatoes.

Books Betray His Gait.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 30.—The discovery of a supposed error of \$1,600 in the books of George Griffiths, deceased, late clerk of the Board of Education of Cincinnati, led to the examination of his books with the discovery. It is said, that Griffiths was an apparent defaulter to the amount of \$100,000. Griffiths had been clerk for thirteen years and had always had the entire confidence of the whole community. His estate, it is said, will not meet more than one-fifth of the shortage.

Iowa Man Killed by a Thug.

BURLINGTON, Ia., Nov. 30.—W. H. Linter of Cedar Rapids, Ia., accompanied by his wife, while on his way to the depot tonight to leave for home after spending Thanksgiving with relatives here, was held up by a footpad and shot. Mrs. Linter ran, but was shot in the back and is now dying. A man was captured at Patterson, six miles south of here, who gave his name as George Anderson.

Boer Guerrillas.

CODY, Wyo., Nov. 30.—Captain Henry A. C. Darley, an officer in the British army, has returned to his ranch on the Stinkingwater in this county. He is on a six months' furlough; at the expiration of which he will return to South Africa. While fighting the Boers Captain Darley was wounded in the body by one of Kruger's bullets. He is still suffering from the effects of the injury. He says the English will eventually clear the South African country of the small bodies of Boer guerrillas.

## THE LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations from South Omaha and Kansas City.

SOUTH OMAHA.

Union Stock Yards.—Cattle.—There was another very light run of cattle here today. Packers and yard traders were all willing to take a few cattle and as a result the market was stronger all around. There have been so few cattle on sale that the yards are well cleaned up and consequently next week will open with practically empty pens. The few fat cattle on sale met with ready sale at stronger prices. There was one bunch of choice steers on sale that were about the best that have been seen here in a long time and they sold for \$5.50. The receipts, though, have been so light that the market has not been very thoroughly tested. Cows and heifers of all kinds were in good demand this morning and sold high or all around the market. Very few western grades beef have been coming this week, but it is safe to call the market good and strong on the better grades. The cows, heifers and steers were all selling higher, the same as is noted above for the native cattle.

Hogs.—There was not a very heavy supply of hogs here today, but all other markets were lower prices here went off a good nickel all around. The market started out with packers bidding \$1.70 on the better grades of hogs, but the butcher weight hogs, and \$1.67 on the heavier grades. Sellers were not willing to take the prices offered and the market was given up and cut loose at these figures. Trading, however, was not active at any time, and the morning was well advanced before the price was cleared.

Sheep.—There were only three cars of sheep on sale today, and those were bought up by packers in good season at just about steady prices. There was a bunch of wethers that brought \$4.65, but they were choice. The market on fat stock, both sheep and calves, has been in good shape all the week and prices have shown very little change. Receipts have not been heavy, and the demand has been sufficient to take all that was offered at good steady prices. Good feeders have also shown very little change for the week.

KANSAS CITY.

Cattle.—Receipts, 2,000; market steady; native steers, \$3.50-3.75; Texas steers, \$3.00-3.25; Texas cows, \$2.75-3.00; native cows and heifers, \$3.75-4.00; stockers and feeders, \$3.00-3.15; bulls, \$2.50-3.00; calves, \$2.00-2.50; mixed, \$2.00-2.50; calves, \$2.00-2.50; mixed, \$1.75-2.00; pigs, \$1.25-1.50. Sheep.—Receipts, 1,000; market steady; lambs, \$3.25-3.50; muttons, \$1.50-1.75.

A TRUCE FOR THE BOERS.

London Statist Proposes Negotiations With General Botha and Dewet.

LONDON, Dec. 1.—Tomorrow the Statist will propose that the government should begin negotiations with Commandant General Botha and General Dewet to bring the war to a close. As the Boer leaders might misunderstand the motive of an overture from the military, it will suggest that the highest civil authority in Capetown should begin the negotiations, if not Sir Alfred Milner, then the chief justice of Cape Colony, or even Mr. J. F. Hoffmayer.

This great financial journal will lead up to its proposal by an analysis of the situation in South Africa and will say: "We are losing in every way; losing in prestige and losing in life. We are seeing our South African possessions plunged into greater distress and the opinion is gaining ground abroad that we are incapable of bringing the struggle to satisfactory termination. Military incompetence will be alleged and the Statist will aver that military harshness should be avoided and the Boers be conciliated."

Looking at Our Warships.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 29.—A party of distinguished Japanese officials arrived in city on the steamer Nippon Maru. Captain T. Matsue and Commander K. Yamada will inspect some of our modern war vessels and provide satisfactory terms can be made to negotiate for the construction of one or two gunboats or cruisers. They will then go east and to England to inspect the torpedo boat destroyers now being built there for Japan.

Farmer Burned in a Car.

REINBECK, Ia., Dec. 1.—Peter Peters, a German farmer of this city, was burned to death in his emigrant car, while on the side track near Gladbrook. He had purchased a farm in South Dakota and was on his way there. Six head of cattle and three horses, and his household goods were burned. Peters leaves a widow and a family of small children.

Smallpox Scare at Goshenburg.

GOSHENBURG, Neb., Dec. 1.—The smallpox scare has at last reached this place and while there are no cases nearer than North Platte precautionary measures are being adopted to prevent its breaking out here. Tickets will not be sold from North Platte to this place and the school board has requested all school children to be vaccinated.

Montana Makes Big Growth.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28.—The population of Montana, as officially announced today, is 243,329, as against 132,159 in 1890. This is an increase of 111,170, or 84.1 per cent. The population of Texas, as officially announced today, is 3,048,710, against 2,235,523 in 1890. This is an increase of 813,187.

Mrs. McKinley Goes Shopping.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—Mrs. William McKinley and Mrs. Garrett M. Hobart, widow of the late vice president, arrived in New York this afternoon. They have come to do their Christmas shopping and are expected to remain several days. They are stopping at the Manhattan hotel.

The Death List Mounting.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 1.—Four persons injured in the glass works factory yesterday died this morning, making the total number of dead eighteen. Several more of the injured will die. About the morgue today there have been crowds of anxious inquirers, relatives and friends of those who are known to have been victims of the accident. The dead have all been identified. Until all the dead have been viewed by the coroner's jury no bodies will be permitted to be taken away from the morgue.