

IF I HAD KNOWN,

If I had known in the morning How woefully all the day The words are kind...

HIS WIFE'S SECRET.

When that particularly shrewd and business-like young man, Mr. Thomas Partington, joined himself to Ada...

But then she was dreadfully extravagant in her habits, and had lately developed a perfect mania for gambling.

In another year or two, at her present rate, she would—so Tom's friends said—run through it altogether.

Instead, therefore, of trying to cry off the match, he hurried it forward to the best of his ability.

And as time went on people noticed that Mrs. Partington's gambling transactions were on a much smaller scale.

Tom appeared to notice this change in his wife. His manner towards her, always kind and attentive, became actually tender in its consideration.

His wife seemed to feel his considerate tenderness very deeply, for several times as he sat beside her of an evening with his arm thrown carelessly around her, she suddenly buried her face on his shoulder and burst into tears.

On each of these occasions Tom felt by a certain subtle and impalpable instinct that his wife was on the verge of making some confession.

Meantime, what was so clear to her husband did not escape the notice of Mrs. Partington's female friends.

"My dear Ada," she said at last, in the course of an afternoon call, during which Mrs. Partington had been more dull than ever.

Mrs. Partington muttered something about a "bad headache."

should not have alluded to the subject if this were the first time that I have seen you thus.

"To Mrs. Brandon's surprise her friend, instead of answering, only burst into tears and buried her face in her handkerchief.

"Come, Ada," she said, drawing her chair closer and taking one of her friend's hands, "you have something on your mind.

"No, no—indeed it isn't! Pray don't think that!" sobbed Mrs. Partington.

"Well, that's a mercy!" observed Mrs. Brandon. "Then it must be something to do with yourself. What is it?"

"There was a short pause, during which Mrs. Partington's sobs slightly subsided.

"Your fault," repeated Mrs. Partington. "It has all come of your introducing me to that hateful Pompadour Club.

"I mean to say that, unknown to Tom, I have been playing there every afternoon, and losing constantly, until—oh, Nell, promise swear that you will not tell Tom this!"

"Of course not. Have we ever betrayed one another's confidence, dear? But you must promise me something, too. Promise that you will tell Tom."

"Oh, Nell, you don't know what you are asking. You have not heard all yet. I would not have Tom know it for all the world! Rather than that I would—"

Mrs. Partington's sobs had burst forth again with renewed force. Suddenly she sank back on the sofa with a cry of pain which alarmed her friend.

Very shortly after the arrival of that functionary Mrs. Brandon herself left. She drove directly to the club where Tom Partington occasionally called for an afternoon on his way home from the city.

"I will be off at once," he said. "Do," responded Mrs. Brandon, "but mind, not a word yet! Not until she is quite well again."

"Trust me!" cried Tom. He was already hailing a passing hansom, and with a hurried bow to Mrs. Brandon he jumped into it.

When he reached home he sprang up the steps and rang the door-bell sharply. It was opened in about half a second by the cook, who, with a look of deep importance on her face, gasped out: "Please, sir, will you be as quiet as possible. And—and—it's a boy!"

Before her bewildered master had time to make any inquiries relative to this information, the doctor, who had been descending the stairs when he entered, came up to him and took him by the hand.

"I must congratulate you, my dear sir," he said, "on the birth of a remarkably fine son. I am glad to tell you, too, that Mrs. Partington is going on as well as can be expected.

At the end of a week it was evident that Mrs. Partington was only mending very slowly, and the doctor expressed his conviction to the husband that something was weighing on the patient's mind, the removal of which was essential to her complete recovery.

On the same afternoon, as he sat by his wife's bedside, with one of her hands in his, he said kindly, "Ada, my dear, you have something on your mind."

"The eyes of love are quick to see such things," replied her husband, tenderly, as he stroked her hair with his disengaged hand.

"Oh, Tom," she cried suddenly, leaning forward and hiding her face on his shoulder, "you will not speak so kindly when you know the truth. Yet I must tell you, my—my husband, you have been so kind and gentle that I cannot deceive you any longer.

"There is no fear of that," said Tom, encouragingly. "Come, little woman, let us have the murder out."

"Ah, you do not know what it is," she went on in remorseful tones, "else you would not treat it so lightly. Oh, Tom, Tom, I—I have lost all my fortune."

"How did you manage that?" he asked quietly.

"You may well put such a question," she continued, in a voice broken by frequent sobs. "You may well fail to understand my folly and madness. Oh, Tom, Tom, though I used to set you at defiance in the matter of gambling,

yet your open remonstrance and silent disapproval in time began to vex my heart. And when I discovered a secret gambling club, where I could indulge my insatiable passion without your knowledge, I at once began to frequent it."

"The game was roulette, the one of all others in which I had always longed to join. I gave myself up to its fascinations, and staking wildly incurred heavy losses day after day."

"I vowed that I would win back all that I had lost, and with that intention, for my strange gambler's craving was somehow dying away, staked heavily at the tables. But my endeavor was nothing else than throwing good money after bad. I lost, lost, lost, until my whole fortune was gone. Do not," very piteously, "do not reproach me, Tom. My own heart is reproaching me already almost more than I can bear."

"My darling," he replied, "I have no thought of reproaching you. If I had meant to do that, I should have done it before this, for I have known all about it a long while."

"You have known all about it a long while?" she cried, raising her tearful eyes wonderingly to his. "Oh, Tom, how did you find out?"

"Very easily, my pet," he answered, kissing her forehead, "seeing that the founder and proprietor of the gambling club where you lost your money is no other than—myself."

She regarded him in speechless amazement. He went on to explain himself further.

"Yes, it is quite true. When I found that advice and remonstrance were lost on you, my dear, I had to look about for another method of saving you from the effects of your folly. And the starting of that private gambling club was the method which occurred to me. It took some working out of details and the employment of a good bit of capital to get the thing properly about. But I enlisted the services of a competent agent, whom I paid well and undertook to indemnify in case the club were found out by the police.

"I thought you would like to portray to my congregation the horrors of looking on the wine when it is red. We have not had a good temperance talk in our Church since Francis Murphy was here."

"Pardon me, sir; but while I practice temperance I do not preach it. What do I know about the remorse of a jug?"

At the word the minister jumped to his feet and asked whom he was talking to. When he was informed that Miss Yeamans was not Mrs. Yeamans, the temperance lecturer, he went out of the room as if the cry of fire had been started.

A CONFUSION OF NAMES.

How an Actress Was Astonished by a Minister and Astonished Him.

Miss Jennie Yeamans, a bright actress, has apartments at the Leland. The number of her parlor door is 146. In room 246 is Mrs. Yeamans, a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union from Boston.

The bell-boy who took his card upstairs also took one to Miss Yeamans from an interviewer. Miss Yeamans told the reporter to step up. Mrs. Yeamans was out. The bell-boy got his dates mixed up and told the preacher, to step up to 146. To the reporter he conveyed the word that the lady was out.

"This is Mrs. Yeamans?" asked the preacher as he was admitted to the parlor of the actress.

"Yes," was the answer, I was glad to receive your card.

"You are very kind. I have never had the pleasure of meeting you, though, I've been delighted with you on the stage."

"You flatter me, sir."

"Not at all. You have done a deal of good in the East, and I hope you will reap a glorious harvest here. Have you any engagement for Sunday night?"

"May I ask why?"

"I thought you would like to portray to my congregation the horrors of looking on the wine when it is red. We have not had a good temperance talk in our Church since Francis Murphy was here."

"Pardon me, sir; but while I practice temperance I do not preach it. What do I know about the remorse of a jug?"

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A PARROT YARN.

Baron Rothschild is made a Present of a Bird That Talks too Much.

The Baron de Rothschild of Paris, so runs the tale, was desirous of sending to his kinsman at Frankfurt, whose birthday was at hand, some acceptable token of remembrance.

I should fancy that a member of that family would be an exceedingly difficult person for whom to choose a gift, and so the Baron found. After much cogitation, and many investigations he decided upon a wonderfully trained and talkative parrot, whose faculty in learning any phrase that he had been told a few times was particularly noted.

One of the clerks of the Paris House was deputed to convey the precious fowl to Frankfurt. Now the weather was cold, the young man disliked travelling, and above all the parrot, with the usual perversity of his race, screamed and screeched all night, so that none of the occupants of the sleeping car in which he and his guardian were installed could get any rest.

"Shut up, you confounded Jew!" exclaimed his protector in a passion more than once, moved to antisemitic feelings by the disagreeable journey and the parrot's bad behavior.

At last the bird and its disgusted protector arrived safe in Frankfurt, and the parrot was formally presented to its new owners, who at once commenced trying to coax it to talk. Polly listened to M. de Rothschild's discourses for a few minutes, and then in reply enunciated with startling distinctness the latest phrase he had learned, "Shut up, you confounded Jew!"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Electric Lights on Carriages

"Pretty nice turnouts I see along the boulevard," remarked William Furness, of the City of Mexico, who was looking out of one of the big windows of the Auditorium Hotel.

"But there's one thing we have that I haven't seen in the United States. I mean the electric light attachment to a turnout."

"A Mr. Cazeaux, I think his name is, introduced them down there not long ago. And the other rich residents are having the attachments put on their carriages. It is the incandescent lamp led by a storage battery placed under the driver's seat. From the battery wires extend to the two side lamps, to a small cluster in the top of the carriage inside and along the backs of the horses over their necks to a small lamp on their foreheads, between the eyes. If one likes he can have lamps of different colors distributed all over his carriage and horses and make a decidedly fetching effect."

What a Good Woman Has Done.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the reformation wrought in the general tone of English society by Queen Victoria in the fifty years of her reign. The flower light that beats about a throne has never been able to reveal a flaw in the purity of her personal character.

All her life she has striven to promote public and private morality and decency, and the official example of the court which has been, openly at least, in the interest of cleanliness and decorum, has set a high standard for society in general, and has not been without its effect even upon the lower and more ignorant orders. Coarseness and profligacy are no longer regarded with admiration, and the clergy may again enjoy the respect due to religion and the professed union of church and state.

—From the Chautauquan.

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