

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?"

"Love teaches me, I suppose," she replied, with a rosy smile. "You remember I had a great quantity of that article in stock when you appeared, and you asked me for all I had in a lump, Paul."

How much love she received from me in return I did not try to find out, never troubling myself with sentimental analysis of the kind after my marriage until we returned to Colworth, and I found Edith still unwedded and unwon, more beautiful than ever, the hand of friendship gracefully outstretched to my wife and little glances of semi-sarcastic, semi-wistful reproach for me whenever our eyes met unobserved.

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 idea!" 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 thicket 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 threshed 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 travelling at by Jove!"

"I wonder if it will reach the sea tonight—heigho!" 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 Denays."

"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, put 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 flung 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 by a most disenchanting denouement, 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 decanters 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 disreputable 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."

Revenue.

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 kegs of pilsenner.

Hard on Jones.

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.

GRATIFYING RESULTS

IMPRESSIVE STATISTICS AS TO THE AMERICAN POLICY.

For the First Nine Months of the Current Year Our Exports Have Increased \$100,000,000 and the Imports Show a Falling Off of \$100,000,000.

Protection works a double benefit and produces some surprising results. An increase of over \$100,000,000 in exports and a decrease of over \$100,000,000 in imports is the record of our foreign commerce for the nine months ending September 30, 1898, compared with the corresponding nine months of the preceding year. No corresponding period in any year of the country's history has shown such a record. No other country in the world has ever equaled this record.

The total exports of the nine months ending September 30, 1898, are practically twice as great as those of the corresponding nine months of 1888, while the imports show a reduction of 12 1/2 per cent, as compared with 1888, despite the growth of our population in the meantime. The imports of merchandise in the nine months just ended are less than in any corresponding period since 1885, when the consuming capacity of the country was but little more than half what it now is. The gains in all classes of production have been enormous during the past decade.

The exports of the product of the mines which for the nine months ending September 30, 1898, are in round numbers \$20,000,000, have increased more than 33 per cent since 1888. Exports of the productions of the forests, which were \$18,775,141 in the corresponding nine months of 1888, are in the nine months just ended \$30,775,578. Agricultural products, which in nine months of 1888 were \$304,717,362, are in the nine months just ended \$571,294,955.

Exports of domestic manufactures, which in the nine months of 1888 were but \$99,842,972, are in the nine months of 1898 \$227,822,045. It thus appears

WHAT AMERICAN SHIPS WOULD DO.

Benefits to Be Derived from a Restored Merchant Marine.

If we were shipping out our wheat, cotton, corn, petroleum, provisions, locomotives, steel rails, iron pipe, etc., on American bottoms instead of in foreign ships, we would benefit in many ways:

1. By building and supplying the materials for the construction of the ships.

2. By manning the ships.

3. By getting the freights which would go to our own ship owners and investors in shipping enterprises as profits to be distributed again, putting vigor into various branches of our national life.

4. By securing a more direct and a speedier service to foreign markets.

5. By obtaining a large postal fleet.

6. By developing a large merchant navy from which to draw auxiliary cruisers and transports in time of war.

There are other considerations which enter into this shipping problem, but these are enough, it would appear, to move a mountain. It is in such a behalf that the real patriotism of the American people is afforded an opportunity to manifest itself. There are patriots who go to war and others who remain at home. If it be true that to attain ends in democracies and to arouse public opinion it is necessary to wage wars and annex islands in order to get object lessons in the matter of the American ship and an isthmian canal, then what we have just passed through and are passing through now will not be in vain. The true destiny and glory of this country, however, will be attained not by maintaining garrisons in Cuba or in the Philippines, or in the increase of our armament, though it may be useful to involve ourselves in much that does not directly concern our growth as we go along. The ever present duty is to build up these United States to commercial greatness and economic supremacy so that the whole world will look hither for what it needs to buy. This, of course, is a practical

MOTHER AND CHILD ARE DOING WELL.



that the manufacturers have in the period 1888-98 enjoyed a larger growth in exports of their productions than any other class of our great producers.

The great gain in the ratio of exports to imports that has taken place in the first three quarters of the current fiscal year under the operation of the Dingley tariff is apparent in the following table showing the total imports and total exports for nine months ending September 30 in each year from 1888 to 1898:

Year	Total Imports	Total Exports
1888	\$54,511,634	\$45,355,256
1889	582,879,612	529,558,161
1890	625,821,959	563,468,545
1891	627,145,819	627,670,414
1892	636,106,009	653,836,620
1893	625,231,972	587,040,111
1894	563,589,571	562,278,557
1895	609,981,988	546,424,359
1896	522,088,289	650,956,354
1897	588,743,315	732,508,865
1898	475,360,893	854,203,502

What Is Expected of Congress.

The Republican party will undoubtedly be in control of the next Congress, the sanguinary hopes of the Democrats to the contrary notwithstanding, and upon the shoulders of its statesmen will fall the mantle of responsibility. The ability of the Republicans to satisfactorily decide great public questions has already been amply attested, and the country will have no fear of the result in this case. Shipping and ocean commerce are more important at this time to national prosperity and independence than anything else we know of. Therefore, the measure of protection which Congress will give with the object of promoting American shipbuilding interests and restoring the American merchant marine will be of such a character as to be entirely effective in its purpose and give the assurance of being maintained for a long period of years.—New Orleans Item.

The Higher Standard.

The policy of the United States being to maintain a higher standard of comfort and happiness in the United States, through higher wages than obtain abroad, that standard must be maintained under the American flag aloft as well, and it is for this reason that protection is needed in order to equalize the conditions under which American ships may compete with foreign ships in the foreign trade without lowering the American standard of wages and of living.—New York Commercial.

A Matter of Patriotism and Good Sense.

The United States stands sixteenth on the list of twenty-five wine producing countries, with a production of 30,303,749 gallons in 1897. This country will stand better than that just as soon as the American people are cured of the delusion that the grade and value of a wine are determined by a foreign label. American wines, like many other articles of domestic production, which are unfairly handicapped by popular ignorance of their true value, must fight their way to the front by sheer force of merit. They are doing this very rapidly, and the time is not far distant when a large proportion of the millions of dollars now sent abroad to pay for foreign wines will be kept at home, and when Americans will spend their money on American wines because they are the cheapest, the most wholesome, the purest, the most palatable, and in every way the best. Patriotism and good sense are on the side of the American wine growers.

Sentiment vs. Common Sense.

It is apparent that the United States government cannot afford for the sake of reciprocity with a little country like Canada to wreck a home industry which supports as many people as the entire population of Canada. There are about five million people in those provinces, and there are three million in the United States supported by the lumber industry, without including those which the shipment of the products and the working of the by-products employ. It costs \$3 a thousand feet more in wages to produce lumber in this country than in Canada and the present duty complained of by the Canadian dealers is but \$2 a thousand. The present tariff has revived the American lumber trade and should not be disturbed for the sake of largely sentimental considerations in dealing with a foreign country.—Topeka Capital.

The Canadian View.

There can be no disputing the fact that if Mr. Fielding should adopt the tariff views of Mr. Dingley it would result in as much prosperity to Canada as is now enjoyed by the United States.—The Canadian Manufacturer.

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