### THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1899.

. There had her a curious sense of relief, almost of rest. Most galling of all, she felt the necessity of with rather curious sensations. There had

# AN UNHEROIC VICTORY.

#### By GERTRUDE HALLIDAY.

a sneer which made Pauline wince.

it? Answer me!"

'You are my wife."

"I suppose you mean your slave."

sat down distractedly before her dressing words "bagged a midlouaire" were said with table. She had been married little more than a month and her first quarrel with her husband had taken place not quite five minutes before. She had left the scene of the confilet with a proud air of a victorious general withdrawing his troops; but now, as she sat this man seemed so impossible and so undown to review the battle her heart sank with the heavy consciousness that she had had decidedly the worst of it.

It was not that she had not a glorious cause nor could she claim that she had been taken unawares. Pauline had long foreseen and been prepred for this struggle. Her array of arguments, firm and invulnerable, had been drawn up in line of battle and reviewed many times. Words were to be the only weapons. Tears, the exclusive and overwhelming allies of her sex, were to be scornfully rejected. There should be a fair contest, in which man, traditional oppressor, screne and incredulous of defeat, should be anything? I am not a child." overcome on his own field of action, and with his own methods of warfare; but so courteously and with so little flashing of arms and war of artillery that he might scarcely know himself beaten-and peace was to follow, immediate and lasting.

Few campaigns, however, follow the exact lines marked out for them. The attack had come so suddenly! That glittering line of argument, so invincible on parade, had fied heiter skelter. A horrid sense of confusion. the sharp sting of a wound, a blind skirmish with poisoned arrows (obsolete and un-worthy weapon) and the sight of the enemy, man, in agony, and down goes woman once more, vanquished by herself.

Pauline drew a sharp breath and turning quickly, took up her husband's photograph to study it intently and curiously, as if she had never seen it before. She herself was 23. Sho had married a man of 60. She had secretly feared and adored this man, her father's friend, all through her girlhood; admiring him for ability which had brought him a typical "self-made" man, from errand hoy to owner of one of the largest dry goods shops in New York; pitying him for his misfortunes, the hysterical, weak-minded wife who had died five years ago, and his two sons, both weak and bad, who had done their undramatic worst to ruin him and his fortunes.

The story was commonplace enough, but it had come very close to Pauline, who had watched the fortitude and strength of her hero from day to day for so many years. There had been plenty of people, at the announcement of Mr. Sewell's second engagement, who had whispered of doting old men and portionless girls who married for money; but Pauline had no illusions as to the position of things. She knew very well that he was marrying her for nothing more sentimental than that he wished a sensible and agreeable companion for his old age.

During the past month she had watched and studied him with an interest greater than she had ever felt before. She had been amused and touched by the evident relief he feit at the orderliness and regularity of his household arrangements. His surprise at the modesty of their first month's bills

had been positively pathetic. "Are these all?" he had said, tapping the pile she had presented with a peremptory forefinger, and looking up from under his heavy brows in his searching way.

"Are you so anxious for more?" she had retorted, laughing. And he had commented shortly, "Yet we have lived very well." Once or twice she had caught an apprecia

tive twinkle in his eye, when she had boldly and saucily stood out against his will in some small matter. Mr. Sewall was in the habit of reading

his morning paper at the breakfast table, wildly. a habit he resumed after the wedding journey. Pauline eyed him askance for several mornings, saying nothing. Then one night she brought a book to the dinner table and

poetle justice about this curious punishment-or revenge. But there came to her, oddly enough, a first faint feeling of hope, from the fact that she had succeeded in moving the man so deeply. She regretted a way to suffer for it.

The practical discomforts of the new order of things showed themselves promptly, She days and begged for a seat with his wife "It is quite true," she said evenly, "that had emptied her own purse of all the change I have given money from my allowancewhich had happened to be in it, sealing, "You admit it, then," her husband broke somewhat dramatically, the few bills and in, furiously. The loss of self-control in oins in an envelope, and put it into a corner of the desk, wondering, half childishly, expected that his wife started back in alarm. if her husband would ever realize she was His voice had in it all the despairing rage too proud to take even this advantage of his of a creature which feels again the familiar forgetfulness or generosity.

grip of the trap from which it had thought "Excuse me, Mrs. Sewall, but the man has itself forever free. "Woman as you are, I | finished mending the window and wants to wonder that you own so much. Before we know will you pay him the 50 cents now?" were married I ordered you never to give "The postman is at the door, ma'am; one cent of my money to your worthless he'll be wanting 10 cents extra on a letter, scoundrel of a brother. Have you forgotten | ma'am." "It's my afternoon out, Mrs. Sewall, and

Pauline's nineteenth century spirit rose could you advance me a dollar or two on 'It was my money, not yours," she said, demy wages, please?" Poor Mrs. Sewall had hard work at first fiantly, "and why should you order me to do

to conceal her confusion on these embarrassing occasions, but her answer was invariably: "I am very busy, Maggie; you had better go to Mr. Sewall, when he comes "I married you, Pauline," said Mr. Sewall, home;" and at length the servants came to

with contemptuous bitterness, "because I home;" and at length the servants thought you would make me an efficient and know it was no use to apply to her. "This is a nice lady," they would whisper bedient housekeeper. I trusted that your father's daughter would have some good among themselves; "there ain't many nicer, sense and discretion. But I see," he con- but it's wicked the way she shoves every



tinued, "that you are like the rest, without thing on to that poor man. It's easy to see reason or honor. It is not your fault, I too, that he ain't any too fond of her." suppose, since you are a woman." Indeed there was little communication

Josiah Sewall's miserable experience had these days between husband and wife. did not look up. made it impossible for him to realize the Pauline took a pitcous pleasure in making effect of such words as these on a sensitive life as luxurious as possible for him. woman, who loved him. Pauline lashed out | Josiah Sewall was not a club man. He

"You married me, then, to be a ser- came home regularly to his somewhat slient, vant without wages, who cannot give up but invariably delicious dinners. He and her place. Very well, I have my revenge, Pauline had sometimes a little conversation for I married you, an old man who might about politics or purely impersonal matters for I married you, an old man who might of the day. He scarcely realized it until it had become guite usual. He had never be-

ter together.

Edith's cheeks were very red, her teeth

very white, and she poured out her words

with an energy and decision which admitted

thoughtfulness, a couple of season tickets

ine suggested with what grace she could

these. But it was all of no use. She had

found it a matter of comparative ease to hide

no refuge. It was half humiliating and hall

amusing to hear Edith's excited comments

determined, whateve might be the out-

come, to use no un'air means, to tolerate

no assistance.

of no resistance. Now Mr. Sewall had in-

Her doom had fallen, and there was a sort of refusing all help to her miserable brother. The spring was coming on fast now, and the Hudson, across the wide Riverside drive, on which the Sewall house fronted, lay refused. But pride had held him back. He crisp and blue under the keen Aprif wind. Pauline had been married almost a year, and deeply what had happened, and though it there was not a wreiched waif in the city ture with a mixture of impatience and adhad been put out of her power to confess who had not felt money in her fingers more her remorse, she had at least been shown, lately than the girl who had "bagged a millionaire." Josiah Sewall came home early

from the city on several of these delicious when she went to drive. Sometimes in the morning he would him-

self order the carriage and ask Pauline to into which Pauline's penniless condition drive with him down through the city. The might betray her, and there were sometimes park was lovely with fresh green grass and the yellow blossoms of the forsythia. One night at this time he was looking

spite of everything, had brought so much over a report from a charitable society which Pauline had joined in accordance to his wish. "I see by this," he said, suddenly, "that there was a call for extra concributions to to bring a contemptuous smile to his face, but in his heart of hearts he did not now pay for readers to the sick poor. Your name believe she had married him for his money is not among those who responded," he continued, rather sternly, "I don't like to have on his accustomed date. The next morning you niggardly in such matters." Josiah he went early, as usual, to the big branch Sewall was strongly philanthropic and his shop which bore his name. He never failed displeasure made him for an instant forget. "I offered instead to read once a week myself," said his wife, briefly, and looking up ployment, paying them, as he did so, their with a rather flushed face, she surprised sudweekly wages; for it was a part of his theory denly the old twinkle of the eye which was to come as intimately into contact with all the only sign of amusement he ever showed. It was about a week after this when one

man's power. morning Pauline went into town with her husband on the elevated. They were to decide upon some household furnishings at of a quiet looking girl in black. shop far down in the city. It was not the first time they had done this. Mr. Sewall always put his wife on her return train. new here," he said sternly. "Where did you buying her ticket and gravely saying "goodfind her?' bye," as if she were a child. But on this particular day some hurry of business occuvesterday morning, sir," he said, in a conpied his mind, and when they had finished their errand he shook hands abstractly at fidential tone of apology. "She hasn't had much experience, I guess, but she brought the door of the shop and hastened off down the street. Pauline stood still, staring after a very urgent note from your wife, sir, Mrs. him. In spite of all, in spite of having been ering his voice so that the girl, standing without a penny for all these months, she had never before felt any real physical de-

with downcast eyes should not hear, "that privation from it. she might be some young lady who was It was 11 o'clock and she was five miles drove to work because her folks were in from home-five miles of city streets, difficulty at home-" "She brought a note from Mrs. Sewall? crowded and bustling, on a languid spring day, when ordinary existence becomes an Very urgent, did she ?" interrupted his emeffort. Pauline felt an impulse to run after ployer. His expression did not change, but her husband, but second thought forbade

there was something in his voice which anything so humiliating. She knew plenty of made the foreman breathe freely once shops where she would once have explained more. that she had lost or forgotten her purse, "From Mrs. Sewall, you say?" repeated but this, too, she would not do. She would Josiah again, and then his glance met the

announcing her safe arrival.

accept no money from a stranger, while that glance of the girl before him and the signal of her husband's was withheld. She would she was waiting for twinkled there. walk a mile to Sewall & Co.'s big shop and "How much do I owe her?" went on Mr

telephone for a brougham, but she feared encountering Josiah himself. So at last she Sewall sharply. "Sixty-three cents, sir," answered Mr

truged off determinedly on the long road Watson; "she has only been working half home, somewhat weary toward the end, in a day." spite of a certain-satisfying consciousness of Josiah Sewall opened the drawer of his

desk and pulled out his check book. He To Joslah himself the realization came made out, under the startling orbs of the suddenly, a short time after he had left foreman, a check for \$10,000.63, signed it Pauline standing in the street. The old and held it toward the girl. She looked up man was distressed and chagrined, but his into his face gravely, but her eyes were hard face softened almost to a smile as he saucy.

thought of the predicament of this small, "I cannot accept that, sir," she said. quiet person, with head stubbornly upright, "Why not?" said her husband sternly who had taught him so much during the last "do you not honor my checks?" year concerning that curious puzzle, wo Then she smiled at him suddenly and radiantly. "Yes," she said, "but I prefer Would she be conquered of her unvieldready money."

ing obstinacy now? Would the prospect of five miles of hard walking send her to ONLY ONE OF THE KIND. him, after all these months, to humbly beg

> Rare Post of Inspector of Meals or Ocean Liners.

It is difficult to believe that there is any stand her well enough to fancy she would employment under the sun in which only not-and they came back her hateful words. one man is engaged. But an employment Nevertheless he said to her sharply at dinner, when they were drinking their cofof such a kind has been found, and what is fee, "How did you get home this morning?" still stranger, the man so engaged crosses the ocean oftener than any other human be-"I walked," she answered, quietly. She ing. This unparalleled record is held by Her husband fancled she looked tired and Alexander Filippini. He spends practically dragged, though as a matter of fact she no time on land, frequently reaching port in time to sail back again on another liner upon was not in the least so. It is a curlous the same day. proof of what unpremeditated things even a seasoned and iron-willed man of the world

Mr. Filippini is known as traveling inspector of the American liners. It can be readily understood that the provision of exellent meals on steamships is a very diffi-

cult task on account of the small working

quarters for cooking and the difficulty of

keeping up supplies of varieties of fresh

vegetables, meat and fruit. His work lies

in overseeing and improving the service of

meals on the ships, Such large

numbers of people have to be pro

vided for that unless a perfect system

is established, every one attending to his

duties like clockwork, the meals take an

unreasonable time and people are badly

served. For years it has been found diffi-

cult to establish, a uniform system in the

salcons of the vessels, those in charge of

each vessel having different methods. Com

plaints were continually being made by pas-

sengers. To systematize steamship cooking

on a new basis Mr. Filippini, who for years

previously superintended at Delmonico's was called in. He then felt the need of an

ocean voyage and gladly accepted the posi-

tion. It at once became evident, on his first

voyage, that he had undertaken an enormous

task, so many changes would be absolutely

necessary. The work of getting the men to

abandon old ways was very difficult. Mr

Hobart, now vice president, happened to be

one of the passengers on his first trip

Many complaints were made by passengers,

and Mr. Filippini saw that he must show

each man in the service exactly how things

must be done. He met with great opposi-

tion and ugliness at first, but his instruc

second class he learned to prenare vegetables through cauyons and gorges to Good Hope been a terrible struggle in his masterful Whenever mistakes were made or material mind as to whether he should not force upon wasted he was given a clubbing. He advanced rapidly and finally went through the anything about the cottonwood grove. After this willful girl the money she had so lately omplote course in baking. Then, instead of a day's rest I started out to find the red and had also, perhaps, a suspicion that he might having to pay for instruction, he was em- gray cliff and after much toiling through not succeed. He watched her sevene depart ployed by the school as an instructor. Later he traveled through Europe and miration, but found himself absurdly relieved learned a great deal more in Switzerland. when he got a brief note a few days later Germany and other countries, coming from there direct to Delmonico's.

The house seemed lonely enough without He has recently made a short trip to study her. Josiah Sewall was a stole at heart, but the preparation of foods in the largest cities he caught himself during these days, imagof Europe and he knows in what special dish or food each city excels. For instance, ining nervously all sorts of predicaments he found that the best bread was made in Turin, Italy and Geneva, the reason being noments of unaccustomed doubt as that they pay more attention to kneading whether he had acted always for the best The material he has been gathering he extoward this second wife of his who, in peets to embody in a new book of menus.

He likes the sen, feels just as safe there peace and happiness into his life. The as on land, and does not get sick, although thought of her boasting words never failed he has been on the roughest trips. Very early in the morning he is to be found excrclsing on deck, where he becomes a very pleasant traveling companion. He went to Boston by the midnight train

One Minute Cough Cure quickly cures ob-

stinate summer coughs and colds. 'I con-sider it a most wonderful medicine-quick and safe."-W. W. Merton, Mayhew, Wis. on these visits to review personally the long line of men and women who were in his em-ABODES OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS

Village Formerly Inhabited by Them

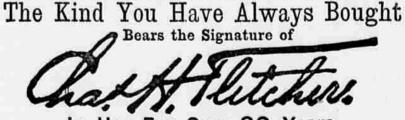
to pieces. I gathered the mummies into Discovered in Utah. Charles E. Clinton of Salt Lake City gives one hut and left them there. Through the the details of his business as lay in one to the Salt Lake Tribune the following ac- center of the village ran a small stream, count of his recent discovery of a cliff which had worn a bed eight feet deep in the At the very end of the long file on this particular day he stopped short at the sight dwellers' village four miles from Good Hope, sandstone. It was alive with small, speckled on the Colorado river, in San Juan county, trout and sunsides. There were several hundred acres of tillable land about the He turned to the foreman so suddenly Utah: that the man started. 'This woman is

"About March 10 I left Graves valley, on village and what looked like a burying the Dirty Devil river, and made my way to ground. But the sun was now getting dan-Hindoo mountain, a great isolated peak on gerously near Mysterious canyon on the Mr. Watson looked disturbed, "She came the San Rafael desert, where I intended to west and I had to leave the place. It was prospect. One afternoon shortly afterward, dangerous work climbing down and it was while viewing the country from the moun- dark before I reached the bottom."

tain I saw to the southwest a green cot- Mr. Clinton thinks there are great discov-tonwood grove high on top of a red and eries yet to be made in this village and in Sewall, sir. I thought," he continued, low- gray cliff. Trees are an unheard of thing in the near future he, together with J. B. Telthat region and I determined to go over and ford of Osceola, Nev., will leave to thorinvestigate. I cut across the country, oughly explore the cliff.



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bar. There was a large force of men work-

ing on placers, but not one of them knew

guilles and ravines I came to its base.

"The cliff was almost perpendicular and I

despaired of ever getting up, until I found

where a series of rim rocks ascended for

several hundred feet. The ascent grew grad-

ually steeper until entirely perpendicular,

then hand and toe holds, six inches apart,

took the places of rim rocks. After much

climbing I came to a narrow trail, which as-

cended by winding backward and forward

across the face of the cliff until it reached

the top, where a unique sight was awaiting

sandstone huts in a state of perfect preservation, while near every hut grew two or

more cottonwood trees. The huts were

fifteen feet apart and arranged in rows.

There were no signs of public buildings, all

the huts being alike in size. After wandering

through the streets for some time I forced

open the stone door of a hut and entered

With the exception of some pottery and

a few square stones it was empty. I then

went from house to house, most of which I

could not open. In five huts which stood in

a row I found mummles, each one wrapped

in a blanket, which when touched dropped

'Scattered for a full mile were small

read demurely throughout the meal. It seemed ominous to her that her husband made no sign, but toward the end of dessert one of her uneasy reconnoitering glances met a very quizzical one from him and that conflict was won by a laugh and a blush.

There was, however, just one thing that Pauline had known from the first would



HIS SISTER BAGGED A MILLIONAIRE.

cause trouble between her husband and hershambling apology for a man, resembling and felt no more dread, but only a patient sufficiently Mr. Sewalls's own two sons. But Pauline cherished for John Cowden a pitying and unshakable affection, such as his mother might have felt if she had lived. His frequent appeals for money to his father had long since been received with indifferonce, but Pauline was never weary with sympathy and excuse, and stubbornly continued to divido with him whatever small store of spending money came to her purse. though much against the wishes of her fam-Mr. Sewall had said to her shortly before their wedding, "I wish you to understand, Pauline, that though I shall settle a certain amount on you every year for your own personal use, not one cent of my money is ever to be thrown away on John Cowden. The girl had stiffened and reddened, opening her lips as if to speak and then sitting silent. She had her own ideas on this subject, assuring herself sturdily that a man and his wife should have equal right to their united resources; and from her personal allowance she had long since decided that "helping John" should take whatever she could epare, even though in open rebel-Non against her husband's wishes. She month. Your brougham will, of course, be should make no secret about it, nor yet would she seem either to beg from him or defy him by mentioning it beforehand.

ject until this evening, when she had been of my money while I five.' summoned before her husband. He was sitting at his desk in the library, and his exher that the expected was about to happen. may have led him to expect, nothing at least,

There was no preamble. "I have a letter from your father." he began abruptly. "in | leally from his hand, and went quietly and | of money. She never went to church withwhich he says your brother has been boast- without a word out of the room ing that his sister, who has 'bagged a mil- In the days that followed there came to

your money!" Then she had turned and fied from the room, without another glance more thought it worth while to talk to woat the frozen figure at the desk.

Pauline shut the eyes of her imagination when she thought of the future. Remorse, together with many extenuations of Lor husband's words, was already hard at work within her. She did not go downstairs again that night. In the morning when she went to breakfast her husband had already

gone. All day long she wandered from one trifling employment to another, restless and disconsolate, felling for the first time the disadvantage of being a rich woman with servants' hands to fulfill all the necessary duties of life.

Over and again she reviewed despairingly he scene of the night before, wondering how ing lie, but her own calmer reflections had indeed, to his masculine mind, absurdly she had ever come to fling that cruel, tauntng lie, but her own calmer reflections had rought such quick forgivenness for her hus-folly and mad extravagance to compare with band that she grew hopeful for herself; so ther that she was woefully disappointed when he lid not appear at dinner time.

It was only at 9 o'clock that she heard him ome in and go to the library. Presently he sent for her and she went to him with a most contrite spirit, determined to do her utmost by apology and conciliation, no matter what he might do and say. But she was scarcely prepared for the omnious whiteness of his at face or the judge-like sternness of his demeanor as he sat at his desk with a couple f official-looking documents under his hand. then we'll be off. I'm starved. Hope to Pauline stood before him, hesitating appealingly. Her husband's eyes met hers without a change from their stony calm. All at once it came over the girl what a task she had undertaken to make this hard old man of the world love and trust an undis- cluded in the cruel minuteness of his ciplined and inexperienced creature like herself and how miserably and soon she had to two of the most popular theaters. Paulome to utter failure.

Josiah Sewall looked at his wife's face, that they should go to one or the other of naling and flushing, and at her quivering lip. He believed that she had spoken the truth h her anger the night before; he saw noth- her embarrassing secret from her father and ing in her expression now but fear of the sisters, but from Edith's straightforward consequences. And Pauline, on her side, and unabashed persistency she could find saw only the sneer in his searching eyes. She had one brother, a weak and and her own hardened and she straightened a relief to tell, and half painful and half sense of inevitable misery.

and exclamations. Mr. Sewall spoke first. "You informed "I never heard such a thing! the old brute! me last night," he began coldly, "that your Truly, Pauline, isn't it awful? But you reason for becoming my wife was through were nasty. What an abominable thing to no regard for myself, as you had pretended, say to the poor old dear! Pauline, how could but simply to reap the advantage of my you? money. Such a condition of affairs naturally "I don't blame him a bit. But how do you excludes you from any chaim, henceforth, to get along? Not a single cent?" Edith went my regard. It does not constitute, I believe, off into fits of laughter, and Pauline could reason for divorcing a wife; but I can at not help joining, in a hysterical sort of way. least prevent you from realizing your expectations. Since money is your only obgiving Pauline a suiden and somewhat up ect, I shall make it my business to deprive setting embrace; "I'll give you half my alyou of that in the future as completely as lowance every month-or a third; no, I lies in my power. I have today altered my won't either. You can get hats and dreases will, leaving you at my death exactly what and things, and I'll pay you for them; all the law allows, and not a penny more. 1 the girls will. You can set up a regular have also made out a list," Mr. Sewall raised shop. It will be great sport." a paper from his desk without moving his Pauline listened with a smile. She sudeyes from his wife's white face, "of certain denly felt very old, very "married." shops, at which you can order, I think, whatknew Edith did not mean a hundredth part ever you need for your clothing and other of what she said, but these were suggestions, necessities. If there is anything I have some of which had come to her already omitted, I will add to the list when advisa- by which she could sasily gain ready money ble. The blils will be sent to me every without much lik hood of her husband ever discovering it She had put them ready at any time to take you wherever you aside, however, without a struggle. She may wish to go. But," added Mr. Sewall, had began to look upon this thing as a raising his voice slightly, "you shall never desperate sort of game, in which she was

'Nothing more had been said on the sub- again, if it is in my power, touch one cent He stopped and held out the list toward his

wife. Whatever outburst of rage or hysteria She went by Edih's invitation to the cession, stern and forbidding, had warned his experience or the bitterness of his spirit, "Geisha." But she sid not go about much with the women of her acquaintance. followed. Pauline took the paper mechan- | had always the dreat of exposing her lack

> out her husband; for ery craven fear of the godly man who carries the contribution box.

"By heaven!" said he, "it is change. brutal shame. You shall never again ----" men about such things. Once or twice they Pauline was on her feet in an instant spoke of books, but the conversation had

lushed and angry, her hands clenched at lagged and he found himself salving his selfher sides. respect with the excuse that men have now "I will not touch one cent of your money a-days less time for reading than women. because you plty me." she cried, excitedly, Excepting for the thought of that one night Her husband's face, arrested a moment in he would have been more at peace than ever his surprise, hardened again into the old before, but that ugly memory would no stern lines. He thrust his money back leave him. For weeks he expected daily again into his pocket, and went on as if he some belated storm of reproaches, tears and had not been interrupted. "You shall never entreaties. When they did not come he greagain touch it for any other reason." The suspicious and examined the monthly bills anger and defiance of her eyes faced the with bitter curlosity, wondering if in some stern scorn of his, and neither fell. way Pauline were not supplying herself with

suffering martyrdom.

for 5 cents; or would she get the money in

some other way? He had come to under-

will sometimes do, when Josiah Sewall im-

pulsively thrust his hand into his pocket,

man.

Then she flamed out again. "You were money through her power of ordering withcruel to me before," she cried, "cruel and out stint. But he could discover no flagrant unjust. You condemned me before you excess of any kind. The amounts seemed heard; and when I told you I married you for money, you must have known I lied. But, you have no right to treat me so. I will not touch your money from pity, but I

tell you I will make you give it to me as A temptation of this kind had it is true nomentarily occurred to Pauline. It was my right. It is my right. I am your wife, and it is mine as well as yours. I will only a few days after the beginning of her make you." penance when Edith Arnold, her most inti-Josiah Sewall sat leaning heavily forward mate friend, came hurrying in with the

She

She

me?'

quietly.

to go soones

on the table. His eyes were keen through suggestion that they should go to the thealids nearly closed. His face was white and set, but it was not bitter-only the face of "I feel just like hearing the 'Geisha,' " she

a man who pits himself against a wellbegan, breathlessly, as she pulled off her matched opponent and longs for the bout to gloves. "I'm going to stay to lunch, and begin "I bet you \$10,000 you will never make goodness you've got something fit to eat."

tions were soon appreciated. Such a marked improvement resulted as the voyage pro-

Pauline stared at him curiously, gressed that passengers, including the pres with ent vice president, complimented him for parted lips, startled out of herself. "I'll remember that," she said, but mechanically, his work.

and then she went past him out of the room. When the first report was turned in and Yet by the time she had reached her chambe approved full authority was given to Mr Filippini and he started out with new courshe had once more that sickening feeling that she had lost her self-control, had said age, adopting the best ideas on each ship. what she did not mean, had made a fool of He goes on board a ship without previous arrangement, not being expected, and herself.

watches the preparation and serving of Pauline suffered for many days. Mr. Sewall treated her with distant coldness. meals, shows the cooks and bakers essential details, sees that the table stewards are in There were no more drives, no more conver-The poor girl felt with a bitter good training and what supplies are lacking. sations. sense of injustice that she had lost the preci-All this has to be reported upon. Cooks have ous results of all these long months for the to be kept from carelessness and great sake of a moment of bravado. How could promptness is essential. Some cooks, for she make him give her his money as her instance, were apt to make sauces carelessly

right? she asked herself scornfully. Should or apply them on meats from cans without she go in her brougham, in her well-made even warming, to waste supplies, to hold clothes, with all the evidences of back flavorings-brandy, for instance-and wealth about her, to a lawyer and accuse keep little supplies for themselves, while her husband of nonsupport? Why, indeed, bakers sometimes forget that bread can be did she want the money now at all, exmade twice as good by thorough kneading.

cepting for poor John's sake? To gain her end would be a barren victory, if she could Such were the difficulties. Then Mr. Filippini also studies the win with it the love and respect of this stern classes of people traveling at various seaold man whom she had married. sons and prepares menus for each day to "No matter," wer: on Edith, impulsively,

And so Pauline set to work to storm her sult the tastes of people from all parts of husband's heart through the twinkle in his the globe. For instance, he does not forget eye; to bring about her "rights" with a to have roast beef for Englishmen occaiest, which is the only way they will ever elonally, sauces and stew for Frenchmen. be gained while men are men and women Hungarian goulasch for Austrians, wiener are wise wursts for the Germans and maccaroni and One day Mr. Sewall was surprised by a all dressings for Italians, as extras, sulting

request from his wife to visit in Boston an the tastes of all nationalities, without havelderly aunt, whom she had not seen since ing the bill of fares predominate in dishes she was little more than a child. not acceptable to others. He gives close attention to the second and third cabins as It was early in June and the request was

the first she had made to him for over a well as to the saloon, so that, with the prepayear. "I shall be obliged to ask you to buy ration of his reports, his time is fully ocme a ticket," she said, haughtily. It was cupled. evidently an effort to ask so much. Her

Mr. Filippini is a man of middle age, husband stared at her in surprise. He had with black mustache and hair, slightly had a sudden vision of her, his wife, alone mixed with gray. Some have taken him to and penniless, in a strange city. be a detective, but soon learn of his important work, for it is stated that after "Do you realize-" he began, and broke off his first year's work on shipboard he "You are not accustomed," he went again. on, rather awkwardly, "to traveling by your. saved the company \$15,000 over and above

self. I am going on next week myself, as his salary as the result of his work. you know, to make my quarterly visit at my The early training Mr. Filippini had is Boston shop. Will you not wait and go with rather different from that given to prospective chefs of today. As a boy he went to cooking institute in Lyons, France. Here "Thank you, I believe not." said Pauline "I have made my arrangements were taught separately all the branches of the trade. The beginner first learned the Mr. Sewall saw her off a few days later

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