MARRIED LIFE AS A BUSINESS PARTNERSHIP

Each Member of the Firm Should Be Allowed Equal Liberty With Full Right to Personal Views—Equal Ownership of Funds and Fair Division of Surplus.

BY MRS. VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER.

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ALL the sentiment in the world does not mask the fact that marriage is a contract.

Despite a halo of veils, orange blossoms, vows of devotion, Lohengrin processionals, Mendelssohn recessionals and "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden" as a voluntary, the marriage service is as much a business contract as is one formally drawn up in a dingy office and decked with red seals and sprinkled with dreary references to "the party of the first part," and "the party of the second part."

Nor does the marriage state lose one iota of its solemnity and beauty by being a business contract instead of a mere golden thread of very fragile and fragible love vows.

For only by following out the contract idea and the partnership clause therein implied can marital happiness be made certain and permanent.

Sentiment in married life is very beautiful. Without it such life is like song-words without music. But when sentiment ignores businesslike management of domestic life it lapses from sentiment (which is the essence of love) into sentimentality (whose first letter is its only connecting bond with "sanity.")

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True marriage should be a joint partnership in which "the party of the first part" and the "party of the second part" should (as in regular business firms) be permitted to do as he or she pleases, allowing the other member of the firm the same privilege; so long as neither does anything to endanger that firm's strength and integrity.

Two men who enter business partnership do not quarrel daily as to which shall rule. There is no question of superiority or mastery. There is equality, and the harmony that nothing but equality can bring. Nagging, too, is a conspicuously absent quantity in the equation. Were two men to plunge into endless disputes as to which was really the ruler, and were they to seek to win each point by nagging, such a firm might, with rare good luck, endure for "one consecutive day."

Yet husband and wife who resort to the same unpleasant tactics are expected to remain as one until "death them do part."

It is essential, if they would avoid misery, that married "partners" should remember that if a thing cannot be had without nagging it would better not be had at all; that when two people marry, neither merges forever all individuality, but that both still have an inalienable right to their own ideas, beliefs and opinions; that it is a mistake to try to force each other into any acquiescent state of mind.

* * * * *

If two people truly love each other mere difference of opinion on a few—or on many—subjects is no bar to happiness. The little differences of opinion amount to no real difference, and with a tactful hand at the helm it is easy to steer around the rocks. These rocks are, after all, usually nothing more formidable than pebbles.

The sooner husband and wife learn that it is better to waive a point than to carry that point thru a storm of tears and in the face of a blast of hot temper, the sooner will real conjugal happiness dawn for both.

It is hard to understand why the early fathers did not enlarge the list of seven deadly sins to eight, in order to include nagging. Perhaps because the example of Samson's fall thru much nagging was then so much fresher in people's minds as to render a separate warning on the subject less necessary than now. It is a sin that brings its own punishment. Note Kipling's warning to his countrymen, who are prone to nag and worry the Hindu:

"For the Christian riles
And the Aryan smiles,
And it weareth the Christian down."

Far more does it wear down both nagger and naggee in the married "firm."

* * * * *

Another rock whereon many a goodly marital partnership has come to grief is the subject of money. I truly believe that the greatest drawback to married happiness between persons who love and trust each other is lack of money.

By this I do not mean the slenderness of the family purse, which enforces mutual economy. In cases of that sort true lovers are often drawn far more closely together than were they multi-millionaires.

What I refer to is the feeling on the part of the husband that the money he earns is his, and that each penny he doles out to his wife is given in the light of a benefaction, and to the idea of many a wife that she is a far better judge than her husband as to the percentage of his income he can afford to give her.

The idea of business partnership alone can keep this particular serpent from the domestic Eden; can prevent the harmonious menage from degenerating at times into the discord of a menagerie.

* * * * *

There is still another phase of married life wherein wife and husband might profitably take a lesson from business men: When two men have formed a partnership neither inquires into such details of the other's past as the latter would fain leave buried. Nor does either seek to regulate the personal actions of the other.

It is in like manner a great mistake, I think, for a woman to insist on knowing just where her husband has been, why he did not reach home at a certain hour and what acquaintanceships he has formed. I think a husband should allow his wife in all things (so far as her sex will permit) the same liberty of action he expects her to allow him. If he spends money foolishly, has clubs and other recreations, he should allow her to have her clubs, friends, teas, etc., and should permit her to spend money for any feminine equivalent of the liquor or tobacco on which his own surplus pocket money is wasted.

* * * * *

I do not believe that if the average woman saw her husband was willing for her to have the same liberty as he himself demands, she would, as a rule, complain or scold as often as she does under other conditions. If a woman insists on being unreasonable and on complaining when the husband who gives her her own way takes his way in return she must expect that he will do as he pleases—and not tell her. That is the invariable result of fault-finding and criticism.

THE STUTTERING "PLEBE'S" STORY

A good story is told of a stuttering plebe at Annapolis who was accosted by an upper class man and ordered to tell him a story and to "tell it quick." The plebe started in as rapidly as his excited state of mind would permit, about as follows: "I-I-I-I—was w-w-walking down the road a-a-a l-l-little while ago—n-n-n-n I met-met-met n-upper class man, n-n-n-n he w-w-was dandy f-fellow, n-n-n-n—he slapped me on the b-b-back, n-n-n-n said 'Hello, old man!' n-n-n-n I was s-s-so xlted an' happy—I-I-I-I-I fell dead."

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FASHIONS . . . . .

A Daily Hint of Practical Value to Journal Readers of the Fair Sex.

The fashion pictures given daily in this department are eminently practical, and the garments pictured can be reproduced easily from the paper patterns, which may be obtained at trifling cost thru The Journal. The models are all in good style, pretty and original in effect and not too elaborate for the ambitious amateur to reproduce.

4584 Blouse, Waist, 32 to 40 bust.

BLOUSE WAIST 4584.

Waists made with vest fronts of contrasting material are exceedingly effective and are much in vogue. This one is made of violet crepe albatross with the front of tucked silk and is finished with pipings of darker velvet. The combination of color and of fabric is exceptionally good and the blouse a most stylish one but simpler materials can be used, color can be anything one may prefer and, again, the vest front can be made to match in place of contrasting with the waist. The model makes part of a costume, but the design suits the odd waist equally well.

The lining for the waist is smoothly fitted and closes at the center front. On it are arranged the fronts, back and vest front. The back is tucked for the entire length, so giving tapering lines, the fronts to yoke depth and blouse over the belt, the closing being accomplished beneath the edge of the left front. The trimmings of bands, piped and stitched with corticelli silk, is both new and desirable. The sleeves are tucked to be snug above the elbows but are full below and droop over the narrow cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4¾ yards 21 inches wide, 4¾ yards 27 inches wide or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yards of tucking for vest front.

The pattern 4584 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

In ordering pattern fill in this coupon:

PATTERN NO. ——

Size .....

Name .....

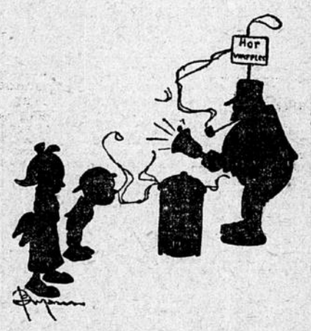
Address .....

CAUTION—Be careful to give correct Number and Size of Patterns wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34, 36 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years."

Pattern for this garment will be sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents. Be sure and mention number of pattern. Address

PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, JOURNAL, MINNEAPOLIS.

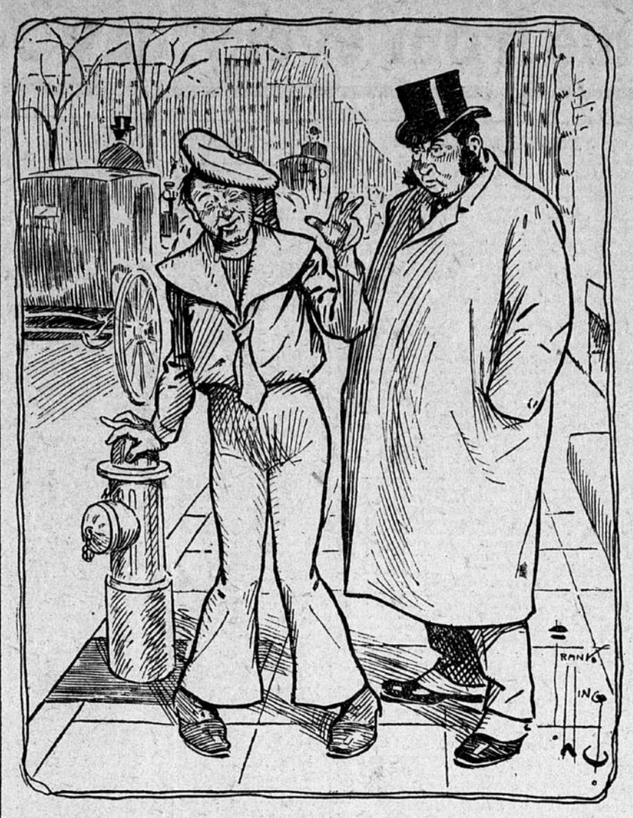
CHEAP.



"Well, Johnnie, where's that treat you promised me?"

"Right here. Come an' smell of these waffles. They're fine!"

OUR CONFUSING GEOGRAPHY



Citizen—I don't know your brother. What part of the town does he live in, north, south, northeast or southeast?

Bibulous Jack—Nor'east by a poi nt east, sir!

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

THAT—

The pension issue last year was the largest in ten years; the issue for the first quarter of the present year exceeds the same period last year by 25 per cent.

The Germans are beginning to get on to the idea of combinations and trusts. Two of the big banks have just combined, the united capital aggregating $71,000,000, the second strongest aggregation of banking capital in the world, only exceeded by the Bank of England. The union is for thirty years.

Last year hens produced $144,000,000 worth of eggs; fowls of all kinds in this country are worth $86,000,000. Besides the egg production we have chickens for eating to the value of $136,000,000. To sum up, the lowly hen is a 400 per cent investment; show us the stock that will equal that record.

You can get an elephant for $5,000 and if you are running a menagerie and you get him when he is not too old, he is likely to stand you in good stead for twenty years. A lion will cost you $1,000 and is good for twelve years. A Siberian tiger will cost you $4,000, a polar bear $1,000, a black bear, $200.

In the city of Washington there are 13,000 Browns, 15,000 Smiths, 14,000 Johnsons and 1,000 Joneses.

If you are troubled with roaches, flies, bed-bugs or other domestic pests, use hydrocyanic gas and get rid of them in short order.

Since 1840 the world's production of meat has increased 57 per cent and grain 420 per cent.

By means of irrigation something like 3,500,000 acres of land in Dakota have been increased in value over $230,000,000.

England gets about $5,000,000 worth of new gold from Africa every month and $7,000,000 worth out of Australia.

Notwithstanding the idea that there has been a general depression in building matters the record for October, 1903, shows very much of an increase in most cities, tho the average is but an increase of 1 per cent generally. Permits were taken out in New York for nearly $6,000,000 of buildings in October, an increase of 34 per cent over the same period last year. Brooklyn $3,200,000, an increase of 45 per cent; St. Louis shows increase of 41 per cent, St. Paul 45 per cent, Kansas City 49 per cent, Atlanta 120 per cent.

A GLOAT FROM BOSTON.

"Hi, Emerson! I have just bestowed upon this unsophisticated rustic a daily periodical of a far from recent date, receiving as a recompense a sum vastly in excess of the market price."

NO WONDER.

THE FRIEND—"Huh, sick, eh? Well, dat's 'cause youse are too ambitious! Why, me! I started in on cubebs and corn silk meself!"

SURGEONS SEWED UP HIS HEART

London Man Has Three Stitches Taken in His Heart but Recovers from the Operation.

London, Nov. 26.—John Long, who lives in Hackney, has had three stitches sewn into his heart and still lives. While performing the operation, the doctors could see the pulsations of the organ at the bottom of the wound which they made. In Long's own words the story loses none of its astonishing features.

"A drunken foreigner picked a quarrel with me on May 30 last. He flourished a penknife, which I tried to get away, but he stabbed me in the region of the heart. I felt no more pain than if the knife had passed between two fingers without cutting them, but I had a fearful fight to draw breath, and soon lost consciousness. After my case had been pronounced hopeless by a local doctor, who gave me half an hour to live, I was taken to the London hospital, where Mr. Furnival, a visiting surgeon, performed an immediate operation.

"Three ribs had to be cut thru and part of the breastbone had to be removed. The gall bladder was placed on one side, and the lungs disturbed in order to get at the wound. Three stitches were put in the heart, and the pericardium emptied of the blood that had got into it. I made a rapid recovery, and after two months was discharged from the hospital."

RHEUMATISM IS POPULAR IN INDIANA

A Cure for It that Much Resembles the Cure for Rattlesnake Bite.

Indianapolis, Nov. 26.—Rheumatism has become a fashionable disease in Sullivan county. A physician prescribed half pint of whisky mixed with gum guiacum as a remedy more than a year ago, and after doing a thriving business with this mixture for some months, John J. Parker, a druggist, who filled the doctor's prescription, was convicted of selling liquor without a license.

Gum guiacum is a powder. This powder was put into the whisky, and was to "be violently shaken" before using. It wouldn't dissolve for three days. Before the three days were up, if the mixture were allowed to stand, the gum guiacum would settle to the bottom of the bottle and the whisky could be drunk off the top of it.

This became known in the little town without saloons, and immediately there was an epidemic of rheumatism; doctors did a rushing business prescribing for the ailment, and the druggist was forced to hire an extra clerk to fill the prescriptions. That is why the druggist was prosecuted.

The appellate court has set aside the conviction of the druggist, holding that it was not a violation of the Nicholson law.

BICEPHALOUS CHILD DOESN'T LIVE

Little One Is Born with Two Perfectly Developed Heads, Tho Otherwise of Normal Proportions.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Nov. 26.—Mrs. W. M. Gillespie is the mother of a male child which had two necks each surmounted by a perfect head. From the shoulders down the child was perfectly normal and fully developed. The child weighed nine pounds and was nineteen inches in length.

Each head had perfect eyes and ears, normal nose and mouth, and apparently each head had connection with the lungs perfectly developed, for respiration was for a time perfect in each head. The child did not live long.

CRADLE, ALTAR AND GRAVE

BIRTHS.

Nodell—Mr. and Mrs. James A., 1108 E Eighteenth street, a daughter.
Potter—Mr. and Mrs. A. H., 3200 Irving avenue S, a daughter.
Elsen—Mr. and Mrs. John, 2730 Polk street, a son.
Swanson—Mr. and Mrs. John, 3651 Fremont avenue N, a son.
Remle—Mr. and Mrs. John C., 3238 Washington avenue N, a son.
Cooklock—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, 2108 Third street N, a son.
McLeod—Mr. and Mrs. H. G., 1825 University avenue SE, a son.
Goldberg—Mr. and Mrs. J., 1125 Emerson avenue N, a daughter.
Waterfall—Mr. and Mrs. Alfred, 3636 Twentieth avenue S, a son.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Guy E. Goodrich and Viola M. Harrington.
Arthur Dyer and Emma Frances McGuire.
Henry Thornton and Valda Nordgard.
Edward I. Ham and Della McFall.
Fred W. Kimmel and Leone Anderson.
George O. Hamley and Ann Allan Cross.
Theodore W. Krohne and Nettie L. Norris.
Joseph A. Jacotel and Agnes Bergquist.
John Tomasko and Annie Kunich.
William Palmquist and Lydia Nilson.
Oscar Olson and Lena Newman.
Alexander Hottran and Isabella Svorkmoe.
Leo W. Bestodcau and Edith Gaudel.
Joseph M. Brownrigg and Katherine B. Rowe.
Howard B. Stansfield and Olive G. Henderson.
Stanley J. Pillar and Cleo Swift.
Roy J. Eldridge and Hazel M. Pillar.
Adelbert R. Taylor and Olive E. McCrea.
Hilma Hansen and Marie Magmussen.
Alfred E. Hammond and Victoria Stablein.
William A. Dye and Louise Fridley.
August A. Franson and Ellen Nelson.
Albert J. White and Georgianna Yattow.
John P. Old and Kittie May Gould.
Charles C. Clarke and Britann W. Streeter.
John M. Evans and Pauline Hecktmann.
John F. Mera and Katie Quinlan.
Olaf R. Kirkeelde and Helma Johnson.
Ray Horton and Laura Walrod.
Ernest E. Campbell and Francis Rew.
Frederic L. Robinson and Ethel Comas.
Frank X. Hammalohr and Fred C. Youngren.
Fred J. Jackson and Millie Anderson.
William C. Fust and Ida M. Lafleur.
Harry Hall and Winnefred Busby.

DEATHS.

Reckleck—Mary, 2639 Aldrich avenue N.
Tuell—Raymond, 2908 Humboldt avenue N.
Phillipi—Fannie, St. Barnabas hospital.
Gonella—Ralph, city hospital.
Nagaye—Clara M., St. Barnabas hospital.
Clothier—Mrs. Catherine, 12 E Fifteenth street.
Ames—Henry C., 2427 Twelfth avenue S.
Nordquist—Oscar S., Swedish hospital.
Hanson—Henning, 1918 Sixth street S.

HOW SHE FOUND OUT.

Chicago Record-Herald.

"Yes, for a year and a half she was in doubt as to whether she loved him enough to marry him or not."

"And how did she succeed in finding out?"

"There was another girl who got to acting as if she wanted him."

HELP.

Puck.

Ferdy—I put in a good word for you, old chap. I told her you had more money than brains.

Algy—And what did she say then?"

Ferdy—She asked me if you had any money.

BUYING, SELLING AND BUILDING

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

John Liemandt and wife to Emma M. Baxter, part lot 49, block 17, Forest Heights, $1,900.

Henry Winecke et al. to Ethel S. Chamberlain, in section 22-28-24, $2,310.

Jeremiah J. Lane and wife to Church of the Ascension, lots 11 and 12, block 30, Gale's subdivision, $2,000.

William O. Kane Hillis to John Crummy, part lot K, West End subdivision, $1,200.

William F. Piaff and wife to Oscar M. Farnham, in section 11-118-21, $2,550.

John W. George and wife to John Taber, lot 15, block 11, Bassett, Moore & Case's addition, $2,400.

Lewis S. Gillette and wife to Patrick J. Fleming, lot 11, block 37, Wilson's rearrangement, $200.

Felix Dobeck and wife to Charles D. Hamel, part lot 7, block 4, Lennon & Newell's addition, $750.

Chute Bros.' company to Gustave M. Johnson, lot 21, block 15, Sibley addition, $575.

Anton T. Hanson and wife to Ole A. Loken, lot 33 and south one-half of lot 34, block 4, Fairground addition, $775.

E. Frances Steele McNaughton and husband to Wilfrid C. Nye, lot 23, block 2, Morrison & Lovejoy's addition, $400.

Helen F. Hanson and husband to Lewis L. Olmstead, lot 8, and part of lot 7, block 4, Brown & Jackson's addition, $12,000.

Wilfrid C. Nye and wife to Ole T. Olson, lot 23, block 2, Morrison & Lovejoy's addition, $450.

Ella A. Chesley to Nathaniel Price; lot 19, block 5, Menage's subdivision, $700.

Josiah Thompson and wife to Timothy I. Ryan; lots 4 and 5, block 8, second division Remington Park, $300.

Mary B. Wheeler to Josiah R. Taylor; part of lot 7, Jones & Gaspin's addition, $1,400.

Frances A. Pray to Samuel S. Thompson; in section 11-118-21, $100.

Rudolph Dalluge (administrator) et al. to Charles Weyermueller; lot C, rearrangement of part of block 2, Oak Lake addition, $4,000.

Mary E. Hunt to Harry A. Williams; lot 8, block 2, supplement to Forest Heights, $110.

Security Land and Investment company to Harry A. Williams; lots 9, 10 and 11, block 2, supplement to Forest Heights, $250.

Jennie M. Marston and husband to Joseph Zignego; part of lots 4 and 5, block 143, town of Minneapolis, $2,200.

Seventeen minor and unpublished deeds, $3,103.

Total, 38 deeds, $39,673.

BUILDING PERMITS.

Swedish-American League, 2517-2519 Twenty-seventh avenue S, hall, $3,200.

William O. Ostler, 3141 Humboldt avenue, dwelling, $1,800.

Henry Schebb, 1524 Irving avenue N, dwelling, $1,200.

Stephen Holt, 3422 Bryant avenue N, dwelling, $1,000.

Building Block Manufacturing company, between Lake Cedar and Lake Calhoun, factory, $7,000.

Three minor permits, $575.

Total, five permits, $14,775.

NO CHAIRS WERE NEEDED.

"In country barrooms," said Professor Walter A. Wyckoff, the sociological expert of Princeton, "there are rarely chairs as there are in our urban cafes, but everyone must stand up to drink.

"One day in a New England tavern I was inquisitive enough to ask the barkeeper why he had no chairs for his guests,

"'No man drinks here,' said the barkeeper severely, 'longer than he can stand.'"

THE MISSING MAN

By MARY R. P. HATCH, Author of "The Bank Tragedy."

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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Marvelous! Marvelous!"

"He is as crazy as a loon," said Mr. Carter.

"There's method in his madness, tho, and it is only too evident that Constance believes his story," said Hamilton, gloomily.

"Perhaps not. In the present state of affairs, she told me she thought it best to go away with the children; but that does not imply a belief in that madman's story."

"I think it does. But no matter. He will learn that I am not to be trifled with."

"I don't believe he could get a lawyer in the county to take his case if he should think of bringing suit."

And Mr. Carter was right. The claimant went to nearly every lawyer in Grovedale and the adjoining town of Lincolnshire, but not one would incline his ear favorably to the suit. It was plain to be seen that they saw neither profit nor favor in it, and more than one advised him to drop the matter at once. Old Squire Elmwood said to him:

"Now, take an old man's advice. Go no further, for suits are like curses, sometimes. They come home to roost. The case would certainly go against you, and the next thing you would be indicted for perjury."

"Mr. Elmwood, you did not once look upon me as a man who would attempt to set up a false claim."

"I never knew you, Mr. Edes," said the lawyer, coolly, "but my advice is good."

That night a letter reached Constance at the hotel.

Dear Constance: I did not mean to address you or ask you for help. But what can I do? No lawyer will undertake my case. They think me poor, without credit, and an impostor. For your sake, for all our sakes, I cannot give up so. You have money. Will you risk it in making plain the mystery which enwraps our lives? My property is in the hands of a villain, tho my own brother, and, of course, I cannot use it. Could fate speak more ironically? Use your own judgment in helping me. I would not ask your aid if I could help it, for I know the act will be misinterpreted by others, if not by you. Can you advise me of anything better?

Your husband.
—Vane Hamilton.

Constance looked at the letter with alarm. A bold declaration, those last lines! And he asked for her advice, evidently seeing nothing out of place in it nor in the request for monetary aid.

She sat a long time in deep thought, and then, with sudden resolution, dressed herself with exceeding plainness and went out on the street, walking in the direction of the office of Morley & Stevens. Morley was the first lawyer in the county, and Stevens was scarcely less distinguished. They were the first to whom Edes had applied.

Mrs. Hamilton was well known to them and highly esteemed. Both members of the firm were, as it chanced, in the office, and both wondered, not a little, at her errand.

She did not give them long to speculate.

"I called to see you in regard to the rival claims of two men, each professing to be Vane Hamilton, my husband," she said, with much composure and dignity.

"Ah! Strange, very strange! Edes came to see us about this claim, but we dismissed him."

"I am sorry that you did."

"Sorry, my dear Mrs. Hamilton?"

"Yes. You perceive the case is a very serious one. I could wish that it might be as ably conducted as it would be to have you and Mr. Stevens upon one side and Stone & Ferguson on the other; for in that case I should know it would be well considered."

"You have doubts, then, I conclude, which is the real Vane Hamilton?"

"I have. Even if these doubts were less slight than they are, I should wish for a thoro examination. Therefore I wish you could be induced to alter your determination to act as counsel for the person known as Primus Edes. I will even go so far as to pledge myself to pay the costs."

"Indeed, you surprise me, madam."

"Ah, but you do not understand the wearing anxiety of my daily life. I would give much to have it over; and there is no way, is there, except to bring the matter to trial?"

"That is the best way," said Mr. Morley, glancing at his partner.

"The other claimant," continued Constance, "has funds at his command. Therefore, I have no need to aid him, but I wish to have everything brought to light, every circumstance weighed, and to do this both sides must be well presented."

"Very true, madam."

"Do I understand that you will reconsider your refusal, Mr. Morley?"

"Undoubtedly. We will talk with the person hitherto known as Edes, and report to you later."

"Oh, thank you. You perceive, I think, that both sides of the matter concern me equally."

"Certainly. I had not looked at it in that light before, Mrs. Hamilton. Would you object to telling us which in your belief is your husband, for I perceive you are not certain?"

"No, strange as it may seem, I am not. The first claimant looks more like my husband, the other seems more like him in his ways, manners, and speech."

"Have you tested them by inviting their recollections of incidents known only to yourself and Mr. Hamilton?"

"I have."

"And the result?"

"Neither has failed. Perhaps the recollections of Mr. Edes (I will call him so) are quicker. He claims to have recovered all his memory up to last May, while Mr. Hamilton, as he is called, owns to a vagueness, sometimes, regarding names and incidents. But there is one thing in the other's favor. He explains why he went away every year in May, and Mr. Hamilton does not."

"Indeed."

"Yes; he went in search of his twin brother stolen in childhood and supposed to be dead by all save his mother, who exacted on her death-bed the promise that he would spend two weeks each year in seeking for his brother."

"Does this look like a plausible explanation, Mrs. Hamilton?"

"It does, in some respects. Mr. Edes also claims that Mr. Hamilton is really Victor Hamilton, his twin brother, forw hom he searched so long."

"An ingenious story! Well, I must see this Edes who may, or may not, be your husband, and talk with him. I confess I am beginning to feel great interest in the case, and will undertake it if I see my way clear. What do you say, Stevens?"

"I agree with you. Perhaps Mrs. Hamilton will give us other facts which may be of use to us. Have you any other good and cogent reason for thinking that Primus Edes, so called, is the true Vane Hamilton?"

"One other, but I should prefer not to speak of it to you. I never have to any one."

Mrs. Hamilton looked confused and embarrassed.

"You know," said Mr. Morley, "that a lawyer is much like a doctor; he should be trusted fully."

"But you will think me absurd."

"Never," said the lawyer, gallantly. "Mrs. Hamilton could not be absurd, even in thought. I own I should be glad to hear this reason to which, I can see, you attach much consequence."

"I do. Well, I will tell you. Is your olfactory sense very keen?"

"I think not particularly," replied Mr. Morley, politely, and repressing, severely, an inclination to smile.

"Is yours?" turning to Mr. Stevens.

"I think I may say it is. I have been told so."

"Then perhaps you will understand me. Mine is particularly acute, so much so that the perfume of a flower which I have not smelled for years, will waft my recollections back to the last time, perhaps the only time, when I ever held such a flower in my hand. Thru the subtle medium of scent I recall to mind each incident connected with that time. Words, thoughts, actions, all pass before my mind as they did so long ago. And all because I have inhaled the perfume of a tuberose or a heliotrope. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do," said Mr. Stevens. Mr. Morley also looked interested.

"Now," she said, with more hesitation, "have you noticed that each person has a physical odor which is exhaled from his body?"

"I confess I never thought of it," said Mr. Stevens.

"But you know a dog will track his master in the midst of a multitude by means of it."

"True."

"Dogs have a more acute sense of smell than people, but many people have this sense in a far greater degree than others. You will admit that you, for instance, can smell better than Mr. Morley, just as some people can hear or see better than others."

"Yes, your reasoning is good."

"I can smell scents that most people cannot. To me each person has an individual odor, peculiar, personal, and characteristic of them."

"Mrs. Hamilton, do your words imply that you have detected your husband thru the means you describe so interestingly?"

"Perhaps it would be too much to say, sir."

"I think not. At least such recognition on the part of a dog of his master (pardon the comparison) has been given full wieght many times. Please tell us what you thought when Mr. Hamilton, so called, returned."

"I thought it was he. I never doubted it until I recovered consciousness, for I fainted at thes ight of him, in Mr. Allen's office. He knelt beside me and—and this odor of which I have spoken was trange to me. Had it been familiar, I should never have doubted—never. It has been the means of making me mistrust his claims."

"This is marvellous, marvellous!" said Mr. Morley. "How does it strike you, Mr. Stevens?"

"We know by the sense of smell a dog can track a person long distances. We know, too, that many people have the olfactory sense strongly developed. Now, if Mrs. Hamilton is thus endowed;—as no doubt she is—there should be nothing strange in her recognizing her husband thru this sense. Still, as you say, it strikes one at first as marvellous, being so different from the usual course of affairs."

"You say," said Morley, returning to the subject of his questioning, "that the first claimant was unrecognizable in this way."

"Yes, sir; tho he looked exactly like my husband, spoke like him, walked like him, wore his ring, carried his note-book and papers, I mistrusted him, and for this reason."

"And the other claimant?"

"The other's shoulders, as seen in church, reminded me of Vane; his eyes, also."

"But the odor?"

"That was familiar, sir; I noticed it almost from the first. It was what led me to be kind to him, to think he might possibly be my husband, for it even, sometimes, outweighed with me the fact of his dark hair."

"But you did not speak of it."

"No, sir. I did not speak of it. I could not compel myself to until it seemed as if it would be wrong to withhold the fact any longer. I did not even speak of it to Mrs. Fry."

Mrs. Hamilton thought of the time she had been almost overwhelmed by a sense of this odor when Mrs. Fry had opened his trunk, but she did not speak of it. It had been so familiar as to cause her great agitation, tho to no one else would any scent have been recognizable.

"There is no good reason for your hesitation, as you must own, Mrs. Hamilton, when you view the matter dispassionately. The sense of smelling is a noble one. If most people possess it in a small degree, it is because we do not need it so much, perhaps, as the other senses. No doubt it could be cultivated."

"You are very kind," said Constance, simply, "and I think you are right. Still, to ordinary people the matter would appear strange, absurd."

"We shall not speak of it, nor make it any part of our case, unless similar circumstances can be discovered to throw light upon yours."

"I think you are right," and Mrs. Hamilton arose from her seat, and soon after quietly left the office.

"Which does she favor, Mr. Stevens?" said Morley, facing square around and leaning forward a little in his interest.

"Edes," replied his partner, promptly.

"You are right, undoubtedly; and the reason she has just given us."

"Well, it is a strange case. Mark my words, Mr. Morley, if it ever comes to trial it will create a greater sensation than anything since the celebrated Tichborne claimant trial."

"Why, that was nothing to this!"

"Granted. We shall certainly gain notoriety, if not the case," said Morley, laughing. "Mrs. Hamilton is a smart woman."

"Deep, rather than smart. The way she influenced us to accept the case was masterly."

"But she was right. Both sides are of interest to her."

"Well, they are about even, tho I did think No. 2 hadn't the ghost of a chance."

To be continued to-morrow.

WHY HE LIKED IT.

Boston Transcript.

Henley—So you liked my brother's singing at the vaudeville show last evening? And yet some interesting when he tries to.