

My Mistake

by C. Guy Brewer

Poor old Billy's face looms up before me as I sit confined in this cold, bleak prison cell. My poor depraved brain whirls with the thoughts of my awful deed. I call to him and he disappears, and in his place appears my true and once-loved wife, smiling sadly upon me. Scenes of my jealousy and terrible crime race through my brain.

My wife and I had been married a year, and were contented and happy—until he came. No husband could love his wife more. I worked day after day, night after night, in order to raise money enough to purchase a little cottage on the outskirts of the city. The cottage was bought and the deed made out to my dear wife.

This was done without her knowledge, had it all furnished just as I knew she would like it, for before furnishing it I would bring home catalogues and have her pick out the furniture she liked best, regardless of price. My plan was to give the cottage to her on her twentieth birthday.

The eighteenth day of May, her birthday, dawned with sunshine and a blue sky. I played sick that day and did not go to the office, but asked her if she would take a drive out in the country, saying that it might do my headache good. I ordered the car and drove out to the outskirts of the city where my hard-earned cottage was located. When we were nearing it my wife exclaimed:

"Oh, John, isn't that a dear little cottage—so neat and snug?"

"Oh, it will do for one who can afford it"—trying to appear as unconcerned as I could. But my heart was thumping so hard that I thought

sure she would hear it—in fact I was so happy to think that she liked it, that I did not know what to do or say.

"I wonder who lives there, a newly married couple, I suppose," reflects my dear little wife looking longingly at the place.

"No one lives there at present, but before I—that is, I don't think anyone lives there," I answered hastily correcting myself. In my joy I came very near telling her my secret.

"John, I wonder if the doors are locked. I'd like awfully well to see the inside; do you think they would be?" asks my wife looking into my eyes, and I was very much afraid she would read my secret there.

"We'll stop, my dear, if you want to see it," I said, trying hard to keep from telling her all.

Driving up to the gate we got out and walked up to the cottage. We examined the outside thoroughly, then she wouldn't rest until we went inside and had gone through every room. Feeling that I just couldn't keep my secret a moment longer, I drew her to me, asking her at the same time:

"Now, dear, do you think you would like this cottage well enough to live happily in it?"

"Why, John, I think it is the dearest place in the world."

"And would you like to live here?" I asked, watching my wife's face closely.

"I would just love to live here, but—John—you know?"

"Yes, I know it would cost a great deal—but—" I ventured.

"We haven't the money, and dear, I'd rather live where we are, than to see you working yourself to death just to make me happy—come, John, the man in the car will think we have run off."

"Wait, my dear, do you know this is your twentieth birthday?" I asked. She turns and looks at me wonderingly, "and have nothing else to give you as a token of my love. I

am making you a present of this cottage." I finally blurt out with so much joy that I was afraid I said it wrongly.

"Why, John, what are you saying? Don't joke with me, dear—come, your headache must be worse."

"My dear, I am not joking, it's the truth, and here is the deed all made out in your own name—see?" With joy I handed her the deed. She takes it and looks at it, and then with joyous tears rushes to my arms.

"Oh, you dear John! how good of you," she exclaimed overwhelmed with happiness.

In highest spirits we drove back to town. The next day we moved to our new cottage. A month later I invited my old chum and friend, Bill Slyter, out to visit us—he and my wife were great friends before her marriage—and during his visit they spent much time together talking over old times.

One evening I came in and found them sitting side by side, laughing and talking. They did not notice me. I looked and tried to smile, but jealousy rose in my breast and seemed to grip my heart from its place. Without them seeing me, I quickly stepped out in the garden, saying to myself, "Why should I be jealous of good old Billie?" But there seemed an answering voice, "He's winning her from you."

All the time I was tormented by this little voice. Yet what cause had I to be jealous? She loved me—I do not doubt that. But I was—yes, madly, jealous.

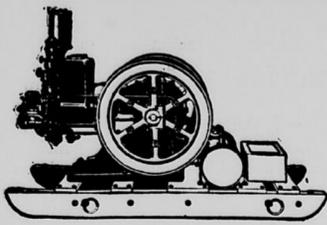
After that I treated him coolly—but Billy only took it as a joke—he only saw the bright side of things. He went away in high spirits never once suspecting that I was jealous of him.

After he had gone my wife came to me, and with her little soft hand brushed my forehead, saying at the same time: "John, dear, you look so badly, your face is drawn and your eyes are wild looking. Are you sick, dear?"

"No, no, my dear, only an-

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER MACHINES

All Sizes of IHC Mogul Oil Engines Burn Kerosene



THE kerosene engine is here. Up to the present time the difficulties in the way of burning low-grade fuel in an engine cylinder have been difficult to overcome. We have an International Harvester engine here which does away with all objections to kerosene as a fuel.

The reason for changing from gasoline to kerosene for engine fuel is one of economy. Gasoline as a fuel has many advantages, but is comparatively expensive and rapidly growing more so. The supply of kerosene is much greater and the price lower; therefore engineers have busied themselves with the production of a satisfactory kerosene engine, so that your power might not cost you so much.

Come in and see this engine run on kerosene. We start the engine on gasoline, run for a few minutes to warm the cylinder, then, by the turn of a valve, we switch to kerosene and the engine keeps on going.

A Full Line Of
**Buggies, Rakes,
Mowers and Other
Farm Implements**

We have several good second hand binders, all in first class shape, for sale cheap.

J. B. LINGER



Farmers "Busy Day" Bank

Here, you need not take a holiday to tend to banking matters, for on your busy days this bank is your "busy day" bank, always attentive to your interests and demands.

Every account with us is held in the strictest confidence.

You can open an account with this strong bank and deposit and withdraw by mail. In this way our service will be right there on the farm, no further away than your mail box and your telephone.

First National Bank
Beach, N. Dak.

MR. FARMER

Are you contemplating having an auction sale? If you are, it would pay you to have your bills printed here and an advertisement run in the Chronicle. You could reach more people, especially more farmers, than you would by advertising in the two other papers in this city. When you hold an auction sale you would like to let the farmers know about it. The best way to do this is by advertising in the Chronicle. Bear this in mind when you hold that auction sale!

THE CHRONICLE

other case of headache. I'll be all right after I get a little sleep," I untruthfully said.

As time went on, a great change came over me; I mistreated my wife and I didn't care what I did. And my best friends would come to me with gossip about them, seeing a closed car drive out and stop at my place. I listened to them. Would to God I hadn't. Still I never hinted to my wife what was troubling me—claimed that it was hard work.

I wondered how she could put on such a loving look and have everything to my comfort when I came home at night.

One day I knew for myself that Billy went to my house. That night I asked my wife if Billy was out that day. She innocently said "No." Then the awful truth came to me—she was inviting Billy out and was going to keep it from me. I felt sick at heart. She knew there was something wrong, for she often asked me:

"John, do tell me what is the matter; sometimes you are so white and again at times you appear wild. Now, dear, what is the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter with me," I would answer.

My wife received a letter from Billy, for I found a piece of it on the floor. The letter, I was told afterward, was written by Billy to my wife, telling her that he and his sweetheart were going to elope and asked if the marriage might take place at her house. He requested my wife to keep it a secret, not even to tell her husband—and I found the fateful piece of the letter that drove me into madness. It read something like this:

It will come before John arrives, we everything ready. I ordered poster to be there soon and will not tell John.

Your old friend,
Billy.

Without breakfast or even kissing my wife, I went to the office. Late that afternoon I saw Billy go by.

Then that little voice whispered, "What did I tell you? What did I tell you?" He has won her and is going away. Go after them. Kill them both." I heeded that demon voice. Snatching my hat I rushed out, muttering to myself, "I'll kill them both, that's what I will do." But at this I saw a revolver in a window. I purchased it, called a car and drove out toward my home, with murder on my brain. In front of my gate stood Billy's car—oh, but I was wild. Revolver in my hand I bounded

up the porch. With one wrench I threw open the door wide, just in time to see Billy getting out of the room. I looked at my wife and in my madness I saw guilt written in her face. She was smiling and started toward me, saying "Why, John, you back so early?"

I raised the revolver and pointed it at her. At this she turned deathly pale. Then I remembered she screamed, and in my jealous rage I pulled the deadly trigger. I was brought to myself by Billy's voice yelling in horror:

"My God, John, what—"

"Yes, and you go with her—"

Wheeling, I leveled the weapon at him and with these words I shot him.

Looking down at him as he lay at my feet, some one rushed by me. It was a woman. She fell moaning over poor Billy's breast calling his name. Then the awful truth dawned. He wasn't meeting my wife at all, but was—oh, I couldn't stand it. I dashed the terrible weapon from me, and rushed to my poor wife's side; life was nearly gone. She looked up into my eyes, and with her last breath told me the truth.

"Oh, John—how—could you—they were only planning—their—marriage—"

then she died in my arms. I felt myself sinking away and knew nothing until I awoke and found myself in this prison cell.

Famine in Haiti as Result of Revolution.

Washington, Aug. 16.—Famine has followed in the wake of the Haitian revolution and the American Red Cross society headed an appeal for aid to the suffering natives of the island republic.

A report from Rear Admiral Capperton, commanding the American forces in Haiti, declared there was considerable suffering for food among the poorer people in Port-au-Prince. He asked for Red Cross aid.

New England, Aug. 17.—

New England will soon have another long distance, or toll telephone line, connected up with the local exchange. The change will put Amidon, Midway, Bowman and New England on a straight toll line, which will mean a big improvement over the present service between these towns.

WISCONSIN CAFE

Place has been remodeled and new fixtures and booths installed. It is now in First Class Shape—Good Cooking and Good Service.

F. J. ESSENE, Proprietor

HI HENRY, A Pure Bred Black

Percheron Stallion

Will stand for season of 1915 at my place 2 1/2 miles east of Hurley. If you want to bring up the grade and price of your horses, it will pay you to see me!

M. A. FINNEMAN

The North Side Feed and Livery Sale Stable

F. C. KNODLE, Proprietor

Horse and Auto Livery With Careful Driving
Good Hay and Running Water from City Waterworks
PRICES REASONABLE AND SERVICE THE BEST

Make Our Place Your Barn and Livery Headquarters