

"HIS WIFE"

BY TRYNTJE DUBOIS

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Mrs. Harlow held the pistol in her hand and examined its mechanism with an absent-minded frown. The loads lay in a glass of water on the table beside her; presently she picked them up in her fingers, dried them on her handkerchief, replaced them in the empty chambers of the revolver, and, crossing the room, laid it on the chimney-piece.

Then she sank her hands deep in the wide pockets of her empire dress—gown, compressed her lips for an instant, sighed heavily, and rang the bell. To the responding servant she said briefly:

"I want to speak to your master; and then she turned towards the window and waited while the man went through the many corridors that lay between the private suite of his master and mistress and the billiard room, where all the men of the party were making a jolly end to a rainy day.

A telegram had just come from Hughes, summoning him to town by the midnight express. Chamberlaine, who had arrived late and had to share his friend's apartment, was so overjoyed at the prospect of a whole bed to himself that he offered to drive him across country to the train. He regretted the offer directly he had made it, but Hughes had exhibited so much pleasure in his acceptance that it seemed impossible to withdraw. While they were discussing the matter the man came in with Mrs. Harlow's message. There wasn't a fellow present who would not have been surprised if Mrs. Harlow had sent for herself—Mrs. Harlow being "that kind of woman." Harlow flushed with a mixture of importance and pleasure and quitted the room at once. After he was gone all the men but Hughes laughed; Hughes didn't laugh because he was scribbling an order to send to the stables.

Then Chamberlaine became sober all of a sudden. "I don't believe I'll



"Tell Me All."

go, after all," he said, "it's raining harder than ever."

Hughes walked across to the bell-rope.

"Don't go back on a friend, Billy," he said as he rang, "I need you tonight."

Harlow, as he hurried along the hall, wondered what his wife wanted. He wasn't the sort of husband whose presence is frequently demanded.

Then he opened the door of the boudoir and saw her sitting there alone by the fire.

"You—you sent for me?" She turned and looked towards the voice, then rose up and stood there, resting her hand on the chairback. Her gown of velvet hung in great, golden folds around her, and the firelight outlined the splendor of her hair and throat and form. She was a strikingly beautiful woman—the sort of woman who wisely chooses to marry a man both moral and dense. She stood there now, measuring him and measuring herself, and then, at last, she spoke—

"I sent for you because I wanted to know how much courage and how much greatness of character you possess."

Harlow, being masculine, naturally was as completely sure of the possession of every desirable attribute as he was unaware that his ears stood out and his legs were bowed.

"Anything you want, Ada," he said, "you know you can have."

As he spoke he could hear that his words did not sound quite up to the occasion, although it must be admitted that as a general rule none could be better suited to alleviate any female woes, be their cause great or small.

Mrs. Harlow leveled her big, glorious eyes upon him and smiled.

"Thank you," she said, "I have made up my mind that the only thing to do is to confess the whole to you."

Harlow looked frightened.

"My—my dear," he stammered—and then his legs trembled so that he had to sit down.

Mr. Harlow came towards him and knelt at his feet, leaning her crossed wrists upon his knees.

"It's Mr. Chamberlaine!" she announced without any further preparation, and then she buried her face in her hands and began to sob violently. Harlow recoiled. He was a good man, but he did read the papers enough to understand his apparent situation.

"Ada," he said, and stopped just short of "my dear," and shook violently with a nervous chill.

"He has been threatening me for a year, and I have been almost crazy—"

She paused and lifted her beautiful tear-stained face up to his.

"Ah, my husband, are you magnificent enough to forgive me, to stay here and meet him, and then force him to surrender the letters?"

Harlow gasped. The memory of Chamberlaine rose up before him like that of some evil genius.

"Oh Ada," he said, "can't I write him a note?"

Mrs. Harlow started to her feet and crossed the room to the mantel.

"He will be here in ten minutes," she cried, hastily. "See! Here is a pistol. He will be unarmed and to tally unsuspecting. You must take him by surprise, and then overcome him. I know you can do it." She lifted the pistol and showed it to him with a smile.

"My hero!" she murmured, and left the room.

The door had not closed behind her when Harlow precipitated himself upon the pistol, seized it gingerly, carried it to the window, and threw the loads out on the damp grass below.

"There might have been an awful accident," he said, with pale lips. Then he put the pistol back on the mantel, turned out the light, and sat down to spend the worst minutes he had ever known. He remembered Chamberlaine's attempt to get out of driving Hughes to the train. Forgotten his project, eh!—the villain!

The husband tried to grit his teeth, but they persisted in chattering instead; then he heard a stealthy tread in the hall, and the cold beads of perspiration started out all over him. He pressed the button with his shaking hand and the room was suddenly illuminated.

In the midst of the glare Chamberlaine stood bewildered. He had on a mackintosh and carried an umbrella. The expression on his face so nearly approached fright that Harlow felt suddenly courageous and advanced boldly.

"I know all," he said, impressively—"all."

Chamberlaine was close to the door. He said: "There's some mistake," and turned to go.

Then all the pent-up fury which the inoffensive husband of a flirtatious wife may accumulate during eight or ten years of married life suddenly boiled up in the veins of Harlow and led him to spring upon his guest. But the latter was slippery to catch on account of the mackintosh, and as he jumped backward he handled his umbrella so neatly and dexterously that his host passed in his onslaught and backed towards the mantel. The next minute the revolver-barrels gleamed on the scene.

Chamberlaine's whole attitude altered at once.

"You're mad!" he said, coolly, and with incredible speed and dexterity he rushed upon the other man, knocked the weapon out of his hand, threw him to the ground, and plumed him there, helplessly.

"Now kindly explain?" he said, as he looked quietly down on his panting ghost. "Are you out of your mind?—or what is it?"

"You villain!" gurgled Harlow, "you come into my house by invitation and then try to batter my wife's honor against her girlhood's folly."

"Go on," said Chamberlaine, "I want to know exactly what I am supposed to be committing to-night."

"I want those letters," she had told me the whole story."

"Whose letters?"

"She never wrote me a letter in her life."

"What?"

"I say she never wrote me a letter in her life."

"What did you threaten her with, then?"

"I never threatened her. What should I threaten your wife for?"

"What did you come here for, then?"

"Hughes told me to wait here for him. I was to have driven him to the train."

As he spoke Chamberlaine loosened his grip and rose to his feet. Harlow rose too.

"Where is Hughes now?" he asked.

"I suppose he's gone. He had to make the fast express. He wouldn't have waited for me when I didn't come—he isn't that kind of you know."

The two men looked at each other, and the look grew into a stare, and the stare bred a sort of understanding.

"Hughes sent you here," said Harlow, very slowly, "and my wife sent me."

SLEEPS WITH BOTH EYES WIDE OPEN

FOR TWENTY YEARS, NIGHT OR DAY QUARRYMAN HAS BEEN UNABLE TO CLOSE THEM.

LIME DUST CAUSE OF AILMENT

Caused Inflammation Which Gradually Made Muscles of Eyelids Powerless—Literally Is "Man with the Open Eyes."

St. Louis.—Sleeping and walking, for 20 years, the eyes of Joseph Anderson of this city have never closed. When he lies down at night the lids do not gradually relax, as in the case of the normal man. For him there are no curtains which softly fall over the "windows of the soul" to shut out the distractions of the busy world around him.

Until the end of his days this strange condition must continue. City hospital physicians say, because an effort to restore the natural movement of the eyelids would forever destroy his sight.

Anderson is 60 years old. For 20 years and up to two months ago he was a quarry worker. The lime dust affected his eyes and caused an inflammation to which he paid no attention at first. Though the lids of his eyes were inflamed, he thought that this would be only temporary.

Not until several weeks after the inflammation set in did he notice that it was becoming more and more difficult for him to close his eyes.

One night, he says, he lay down to sleep and he found that his muscular effort to lower his eyelids was without result. He lay there staring at the ceiling.

And ever since then he has been staring day and night. Literally he has been "the man with the open eyes."

"It caused me some trouble at first," he said at the City hospital recently.



He Sleeps Peacefully with Both Eyes Wide Open.

"I couldn't go to sleep. I would lie there looking at the ceiling. But gradually I became used to it, and I sleep as well as any man—with my eyes open."

"For 18 years it didn't bother me. I did my work as usual, and I was healthy and slept at least eight hours every night. Two years ago I began to have headaches, which extended from the top of my forehead to my eyelids."

"I thought I had rheumatism of the eyes, and when I couldn't stand the pain any longer I decided to come to the hospital."

The physicians who are studying Anderson's unusual ailment say that it is not rheumatism. Their explanation is that the neglected irritation has caused the eyelids to grow fast to the eyeballs.

The junction is now so intimate that if an effort to cut the eyelids free were to be made, the surgical knife would at the same time puncture the cornea or delicate outer covering of the eye and cause hopeless blindness.

Despite this opinion of the doctors, Anderson still believes that rheumatism is the cause of his trouble, and that he can be cured.

If his contention is right, the case of Anderson presents a striking parallel to that of Willie Collins, the English novelist. Collins, afflicted with rheumatism of the eyes, lay on his face shielding his eyes with his arm, and dictated one of his greatest novels, "The Moonstone."

The disease left Collins after a period of eight months, and for the remainder of his active career as a writer his eyes were normal.

Big Lobster from Maine Coast.

There is on exhibition in a window in Saco the largest lobster that has been landed in those parts for years. If not ever, the lobster measures 30 inches in total length and his body proper is 20 inches long. Before boiling he weighed nine and one-fourth pounds, and boiled weighs seven pounds.

The lobster was caught by John E. Lewis, Jr., off Straton's Island in Saco bay, in one of his traps recently. The big fellow was the only occupant of the trap, and none of the lobsters in the other traps near by was of greater than average size.—Kennebec Journal.

Man Fights Six Eagles.

Norfolk, Va.—J. L. Durnell, a lumber dealer of this city, while looking over some timber land in Princess Anne county, fought six eagles for his life. Falling into a hole, he was momentarily helpless. The great birds of prey swooped down on him with their talons and beaks, scratching his flesh and tearing his clothing. Regaining his feet he fought them, big stick in hand, for a distance of 300 yards before gaining shelter. He was then at best helpless.

For the Street



The first costume is both smart and useful and is a style well-suited to serge. Our model is in navy blue. The plaited skirt is cut in comfortable walking length, and has the plaits stitched down about halfway. White cloth is used for the waistcoat fastened down the center by small buttons and buttonholes. The fronts of coat are cut away and semi-fitting, fine braiding completely edges coat, while buttons and cords add further trimming. The sleeves are elbow length and quite loose, they are trimmed to match. Hat of stretched satin, trimmed with beads and feathers.

Materials required: 8 yards serge 48 inches wide, 3 dozen buttons, 1 dozen yards cord, 4 yards coat lining.

The second is a princess shape; cloth or serge might either be used, straps of material trim the front of skirt part, two box-plaits are arranged under the strap in front. Braiding trims the back and sides of bodice part, also the revers and cuffs, which are of some light cloth, the buttons are of the same. Hat of light felt trimmed with ribbon and roses.

Materials required: 6 yards cloth, 46 inches wide, 4 buttons, 4 yards lining, 1 dozen yards braid.

HIGH COLLARS ARE HARMFUL

Permanent Dark Mark Made If the Neck Garniture is Worn Too High.

The fad of wearing extremely high collars will have a hurtful effect upon the flesh of the throat unless special care is given to prevent it, because through stoppage of circulation, a condition brought about by high collars, a permanent dark mark comes, and some remedy to obviate the trouble must be employed. It is not expected that a girl will select a neck dressing that is a misfit. But she may take the happy medium of one that is not too close to her throat. For example, if 13 is the usual size, it is the part of wisdom to take 13½ when the height of the linen is excessive. It is precisely the same theory that causes one to wear longer boots when the toes are excessively pointed.

In order to preserve its roundness and softness the throat must have some air and freedom of movement. Undoubtedly an aid to freshness is occasionally to change the style of collar worn and for a day to use one that is not extreme. This relaxes and tones muscles that may have become cramped.

One of the attractive ways of draping them is to catch one at each shoulder, drawing it up under the arm and fastening on top with a paste buckle. The edges lower down may be lightly caught together over the arm a little above the elbow. This gives filmy but straight drapery from shoulder to hem which puts one in the picture this season.

Again, an extra long veil is dropped across the back and caught at the back of each shoulder with a buckle and the ends left to hang straight.

SKIRTS WIDER AT THE HEM.

Are a Distinct Improvement on the Tight Garment That Extremists Favored.

The absurdly narrow skirt that one could hardly step in and that was only worn by the extremists, fashionable or otherwise, has had its day. All the new skirts have width at the hem. Even the street ones are three and four yards wide, and the house ones are from six to seven yards at the hem.

They are not lined or stiffened or worn over petticoats, but they have a graceful fullness. They are not held back by elastics, and give no appearance of the grotesque.

They are quite ample, easy to walk in and more graceful on every figure than the extra tight ones.

There are all sorts of rumors that the new skirt at the Paris races will be ten yards wide, but if one listened to all rumors these days no one would buy a gown with any feeling of security.

To Keep Rugs Flat. Girls who have a habit of shuffling their feet, thereby incurring frequent scoldings for kicking up rugs, will find life pleasant if they cut triangles of medium weight cardboard, and sew them on the under side of rugs at each corner.

The Linen Bag. This summer holiday will carry a linen handbag to match or correspond with each of her gowns.

Those already seen are of white or daintily colored linen, beautified by charming designs touched and hand-embroidered. Plaited soutache forms pretty and wearwell handles.

An ingenious woman could easily design one of these. She could pattern it over one of the new leather handbags and use the frame of a discarded bag for a foundation.

These handbags are easily laundered and are exceedingly good looking.

Even the Veils Have Fringe. The craze for fringe has reached veils, and all the big new ones are heavily bordered, sometimes with one row and sometimes with two. If the veil is of the changeable chiffon a stunning effect in color is produced by the border of fringe having precisely the same hues. On the frailer net veils, which cover a wide range in color, the fringe matches in shade.

Overdresses of one sort or another are seen everywhere on the more elaborate gowns.

The Shirred Hat. The shirred hats will claim attention. There are models with shirred crowns, and others with shirred brims, and again there are hats which are all shirring. Finally, the big ribbon bow, or rather the bunch of drooping ribbon loops that fall under the brim in the back of the hat is a conspicuous millinery feature that will figure on many of the simpler hats for outings, and practical purposes generally.

The Tune the Band Plays. A New Orleans bandmaster who thinks "A Hot Time" is not a distinctly American tune should ask the natives of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines the name of our national air.

G. W. WICKERSHAM

New Attorney General "Dead Ringer" for Harriman.

Head of Government Legal Department a Hustler and Full of Nervous Energy—Formerly a Corporation Lawyer.

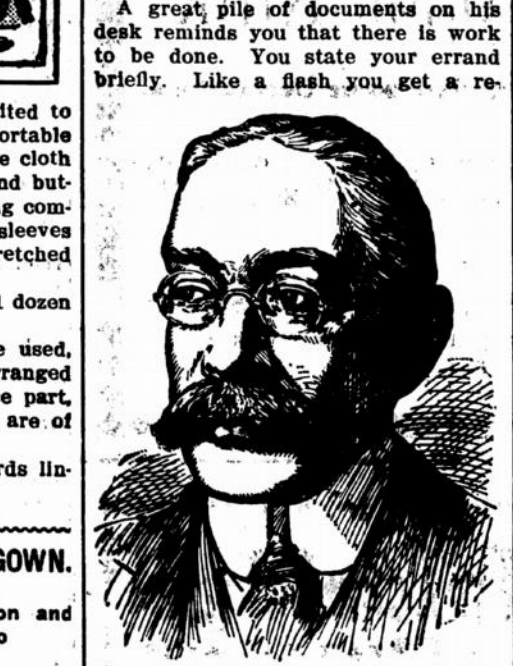
Washington.—When you are ushered into the room of the new attorney general you think you have got into the office of Edward H. Harriman by mistake. The little man, who comes bounding forward to greet you is what, in sporting circles, would be termed a "dead ringer" for the railroad wizard.

George Woodward Wickersham weighs about 130 pounds and is perhaps ten pounds lighter than Harriman. He has the same short and trim figure. It is the facial resemblance that is startling. Both are swarthy, with black hair, streaked with gray. They have the same bristling black and gray mustache, projecting at the same aggressive angle. The eyes of both are sharp and black and they both wear large spectacles.

The Wickersham hair is worn with a slight droop, almost approaching a bang, and so is that of Mr. Harriman.

The new attorney general is a hustler. He is full of bustle and nervous energy. In his office he is full of action as a young kitten, except when engrossed in the study of papers.

A great pile of documents on his desk reminds you that there is work to be done. You state your errand briefly. Like a flash, you get a re-



George W. Wickersham.

sponse; not an unnecessary word is used. You say good-day. Mr. Wickersham smiles broadly again, grasps your hand, whirrs, and dashes back to his desk.

Nobody could tell whether Mr. Bonaparte was joking or serious when he talked. He had a fashion of telling the most solemn, portentous things with his face screwed into a comical, droff grin which gave the impression that he was indulging in a little foolery.

Nobody will make this mistake about George W. Wickersham. When he announces that the government is to sue the whisky trust or the sugar trust, everybody who hears him will know that he means it.

When word first came to Washington that Taft had chosen a New York man named Wickersham to be attorney general it created much wonderment.

The Roosevelt trust busters shook their heads dubiously the deeper they dug into Mr. Wickersham's record. It was found that he had done effective work for James J. Hill in some old railroad suits in the middle west 12 years ago, and that he had been the master mind in a big railroad merger negotiated by the Mexican government. More recently Mr. Wickersham had been associated with New York corporations and was general counsel for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company up to a few months ago.

It seemed as though the new attorney general was a straight-out corporation lawyer and when August Belmont's publicity agent chaperoned him on his first trip to Washington the reformers and radicals were somewhat discouraged.

After a brief talk with Mr. Wickersham the doubting Thomases were somewhat reassured. At any rate they have suspended judgment and are willing to believe that the trust laws are to be enforced. Recalling the metamorphosis of Philander Chase Knox from trust conservator to trust buster, the hopeful ones have plucked up courage in Mr. Wickersham's case.

"I am just trying to get acquainted with the machinery of my new office," said the attorney general when asked about his policy. "It is too early to be talking about what we expect to do. We don't propose to be dragged into bringing suits. We will bear in mind that indictments must be tried in court and decided by the evidence and the law. The facts in a specific case and not public clamor will determine our course."

District attorneys have informed their friends that they were forced into obtaining indictments in land fraud cases and other scandals resulting from muck-raking, in many cases against their wishes and with no idea that the indictments would hold water. Attorney General Wickersham is going over these records and dropping those he believes cannot be sustained and preparing to push others which he finds are well-founded.

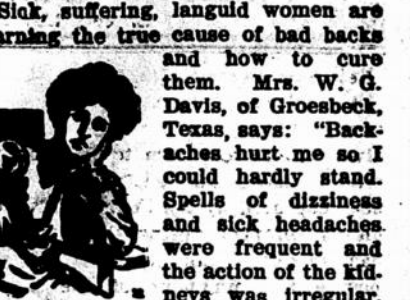
Caution of Anxious Wife. Invalid Husband—Did the doctor say I was to take all the medicine? Wife—Yes, dear.

Invalid Husband—Why, there's enough to kill a donkey! Wife (anxiously)—Then you'd better not take all of it, John!

The Tune the Band Plays. A New Orleans bandmaster who thinks "A Hot Time" is not a distinctly American tune should ask the natives of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines the name of our national air.

AILING WOMEN.

Keep the Kidneys Well and the Kidneys Will Keep You Well.



Sick, suffering, languid women are learning the true cause of bad backs and how to cure them. Mrs. W. O. Davis, of Groesbeck, Texas, says: "Back-aches hurt me so I could hardly stand. Spells of dizziness and sick headaches were frequent and the action of the kidneys was irregular."

Soon after I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills I passed several gravel stones. I got well and the trouble has not returned. My back is good and strong, and my general health is better."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box, Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Clarence Dubb—May I have this dance, Miss Sharply? Miss Sharply—Certainly! I don't want it!

BABY'S WATERY ECZEMA

Itched and Scratched Until Blood Ran—\$50 Spent on Useless Treatments—Disease Seemed Incurable.

Cured by Cuticura for \$1.50.

"When my little boy was two and a half months old he broke out on both cheeks with eczema. It was the itchy, watery kind and we had to keep his little hands wrapped up all the time, and if he would happen to get them uncovered he would claw his face till the blood streamed down on his clothing. We called in a physician at once, but he gave an ointment which was so severe that my babe would scream when it was put on. We changed doctors and medicine until we had spent fifty dollars or more and baby was getting worse. I was so worn out watching and caring for him night and day that I almost felt sure the disease was incurable. But finally reading of the good results of the Cuticura Remedies, I determined to try them. I can truthfully say I was more than surprised, for I bought only a dollar and a half's worth of the Cuticura Remedies (Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills), and they did more good than all my doctors' medicines I had tried, and in fact entirely cured him. His face is perfectly clear of the least spot or scar of anything. Mrs. W. M. Comer, Burnt Cabins, Pa., Sept. 15, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Grief That Kills.

"My poor boy," said the beneficent old clergyman, who had encountered a young wife sobbing in the streets, "what ails you? Some case of dire distress has touched your heart-strings, no doubt?"

"No," sniffed the lad, "you're clear off your base, old kazooicks. Me an' Snippy an' de rest of de felles tinkanned de mangled, old yellow cur up at Schwarz' grocery, and while old Schwarz an' de gang followed the dog, I sneaked back to the grocery to swipe dried apples. De fido chased into Schmitt's orchard and de gang cribbed de sweetest peaches you ever seen, an' then dey smoked grape-vine cigarettes and set de barn a-fire. I made a sashay into de apple barrel at de grocery, an' de delivery boy pasted me with a bed-slat and it hurts yer, and I didn't get to see de fire, and didn't get nothin' to eat, and I wisht I wad dead—dog-gone it all!"—The Bohemian Magazine.

Perfectly Reckless.

The members of the church voted that their dearly-beloved and devoted pastor should have a vacation, and so he decided that he would visit a brother-worker in the neighboring village. This good brother recognizing his fellow-worker in the Lord way back among the congregation, on Sunday morning, and wishing to show every courtesy, asked him to lead in prayer. But the visitor calmly replied: "I'm here to excuse me, dear brother, I'm on my vacation."—Ladies' Home Journal.

"COFFEE DOESN'T HURT ME"

Tales That Are Told.

"I was one of the kind who wouldn't believe that coffee was hurting me," says a N. Y. woman. "You just couldn't convince me its use was connected with the heart and stomach trouble I suffered from most of the time."

"My trouble finally got so bad I had to live on milk and toast almost entirely for three or four years. Still I loved the coffee and wouldn't believe it could do such damage."

"What I needed was to quit coffee and take nourishment in such form as my stomach could digest."

"I had read much about Postum, but never thought it would fit my case until one day I decided to quit coffee and give it a trial and make sure about it. So I got a package and carefully followed the directions."

"Soon I began to get better and was able to eat carefully selected foods without the aid of pepsin or other digestants and it was not long before I was really a new woman physically."

"Now I am healthy and sound, can eat anything and everything that comes along and I know this wonderful change is all due to my having quit coffee and got the nourishment I needed through this delicious Postum."

"My wonder is why everyone don't give up the old coffee and the troubles that go with it and build themselves up as I have done, with Postum."

Easy to prove by 10 days' trial of Postum in place of coffee. The reward is big.

There's a Reason.

How much better letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.