

TWO WIVES.

'It's grown chilly, hasn't it?'

'Oh, yes,' said Agnes Lawton, with a sarcastic laugh. She was huddling in her dapper street gear before the pennon of crackling flame on her friend's hearth. 'It's blown horribly chilly, Marion—for me!'

'Another quarrel, I suppose, with your husband?'

'A quarrel this time that ends everything. I'm going to my mother in Boston.'

'Don't, my dear.'

Marion Kingsland spoke thus in tones tranquil and low. She was swaying herself softly in a rocking chair, and she had folded her arms in a leisurely way. She was a large, blond woman—not handsome, but with a beautiful figure and a face full of sweet gravity.

'Oh, you've always said that,' replied young Mrs. Lawton, frowning at the fire. 'But now I mean to disobey your counsel.'

'Very well, Agnes; as you please. Remember I've always said one thing. Your husband loves you devotedly!'

'Ah, that's the very point, Marion! He loves me, but not devotedly. He'—and here Mrs. Lawton lowered her face and drew out the next words in a dogged, dragging undertone—'he is not faithful.'

The oscillations of Mrs. Kingsland's rocking chair quickened the least little bit. 'What husband is this?'

'Yours.'

'Oh, Trent—yes! I wasn't thinking of him.' She colored, biting her lips. 'What is the present trouble, Agnes? Tell me.'

'It's very simple. I found a note in Fred's—I mean Mr. Lawton's—overcoat pocket.'

'My dear Agnes, what were you doing there?'

'Doing there?'

'You were spying—jealously spying,' said Marion, with her usual calm. 'Admit it.'

'You're crueler than usual, Marion. I was a fool to come here. Mamma will sympathize, however. I shall take the 3 o'clock train to Boston.'

'Was the note very dreadful?'

'O, it told its own story. And, as you're aware, this is not the first time—'

'That you've gone through your husband's pockets? I know. And the signature?'

'Initials.'

'I see. And a very violent quarrel followed?'

'The most violent we have ever had. And the last we shall ever have.'

Marion Kingsland stopped rocking. 'Agnes,' she said, breaking a pause, 'I don't know a husband, who in public is more respectful, more attentive, more positively gallant to his wife than yours.'

'In public?' bridled the other. 'What does that mean?'

'It means a great deal more than many a wife gets—many a wife of our acquaintance whom I've heard you openly pity in my hearing. Now, answer me frankly. Might not that letter which you found and read have implied a flirtation, a passing sentiment, rather than the very lurid and scandalous interpretation you put upon it. I say, might it not? Think for a moment before you answer.'

Agnes tossed her head, decked in a tiny bonnet of tangled pansies.

'Well, perhaps,' she presently conceded, with distinct reluctance.

'Perhaps,' repeated Marion. 'Now that is at least an admission. It puts Frederick in a more pardonable light. But it does not excuse you from being most rashly indiscreet.'

'Oh,' tamed Agnes, 'I do so detest that kind of philosophy?'

'We women can cultivate none that is sounder.'

'We women, Marion? How would you feel, pray, if your Trent—'

'Never mind my Trent, dear. Let us talk generalities for a few minutes. There's hardly a household that hasn't its Bluebeard's chamber.'

'Except yours. And so you can afford—'

'Generalities, please, Agnes, just for a little while. There are Fatimas who do pry, and there are Fatimas who don't. The latter have by far the best time of it—that is, when there Bluebeards treat them fondly and courteously. Discretion is a wonderful safeguard to conjugal contentment. The moral obligation with men should be as strong as it is with women. I freely grant you that. But society does not grant it, and in the lives of our great-great-grandchildren it will not practically employ any such system of ethics unless I miserably err. It is a system talked about, written about, and, if at some day it will be actively exploited, on that day everybody who now lives will lie as I firmly believe, in graves whose deepest cut headstones have grown undecipherable blurs. The new woman may dream her dreams and even realize a few of them. But, after all, it is still a man's world, and a man's world for many centuries it must remain. Fatima will reap nothing by her curiosity except unhappiness. So many of them live and die in blissful ignorance. And it is so much better that they should. Men are men, and the leopard does not change his spots. Why not let well alone? A wife can tend and water her jealousy and her suspicions precisely as if they were two different specimens of fern in a favorite jardiniere. Of course marital neglect, ill treatment, rudeness, are all autre chose. But I have often taken a thoughtful survey, Agnes, of my own social surroundings. They are very much the same as yours, my dear. We often meet at the same teas, dinners, dances. We know the same set—the smart set, I suppose one would call it—and most of our men friends are married, like ourselves. And I've repeatedly asked myself, judging as much by what they don't say as by what they do say, if a vast amount of family torment may not be avoided by the simple process of Fatima refraining from interference with Bluebeard's key bunch.'

Here Agnes sprang from her seat by the

fire and looked tearfully, impetuously, round the tasteful sitting room of her friend.

'Oh, Marion,' she cried, 'you tell me you are talking generalities, but to me they are the most piercing personalities. And why? Because I'm not only jealous of him—I'm jealous of you! From your serene heights of perfect married happiness the wife of a man who worships you, as all the world knows, who is a model of every virtue under the sun, and who probably never looks at a woman without thinking how far she falls below you, her ideal, it is easy enough to preach discretion and circumspection. You're a Fatima with a Bluebeard who doesn't know the meaning of a locked door.' Here Agnes laughed in a sort of hysterical way and pointed to a near chair. 'That's one of his overcoats, now.' While speaking she slipped across the room and lifted a mass of dark broadcloth, holding it aloft.

'Why, yes,' said Marion, raising her quiet brows in surprise. 'He came back this morning after leaving for down town and ordered a thicker one of Strayne because of the changed weather. Strayne must have left it there. He's a good servant enough but he has careless moods.'

Agnes, with another odd laugh, thrust her hand into one of the pockets. 'You've no fear of finding anything, you irritatingly happy Marion. You are—'

Suddenly she paused. She had drawn forth a lilac tinted envelope which he had been ragedly torn open at one of its sides.

'A woman's hand, Marion,' she exclaimed, 'or I've never seen one! And the date of arrival four days back. It smells of violets too. Well really?'

'Agnes!'

Marion went forward and took the note from her friend's grasp with uncharacteristic speed. She was pale already, but she grew paler as she scanned the superscription and then raised the envelope to her nostrils.

She loved her husband intensely and knew that he returned her love. Not the slightest incident of her life had she ever kept concealed from him, and she had always felt confident that on his own side there was a like absolute confidence and candor. It stabbed her to the soul as she thought now that no forgetfulness had prevented him from telling her of this note. They led fashionable lives, but they led them together. For all that they might sometimes pass hours apart, their constant intimacy and comradeship were beyond dispute.

For a few seconds she stood perfectly still, holding the letter. Then she went to the overcoat which Agnes had just replaced upon the chair and slipped the letter back into one of its side pockets.

She was a woman who had always been held to possess no common share of self-command. She justified this belief now.

'Bluebeard's chamber,' she said, with a smile, but it was a smile quite dim and joyless. And then she raised one finger and put it against her lips in a gesture that not only symbolized silence, but enjoined it.

Agnes watched her in astonishment. She knew that there was never any pose about her friend; that what Marion seriously did and said were done and said from a sincerity at daggers drawn with sham.

'And you'll never even ask him where it's from?' Agnes exclaimed.

'Never.'

'But you suspect?'

'No matter what I suspect.'

'And you'll never let him know you saw it and didn't open it.'

'Never.'

'But this thing, Marion, will come between you and him. It may ruin your future happiness.'

'That can't be helped. If it's what I think it is' (her placid voice broke a little here), 'then letting him know would do more harm than good.'

'But perhaps it's the merest trifle, after all,' said Agnes, she herself now generously turning consoler despite her own sorrows, 'some request for financial advice or a loan of money from some woman whom we both know.'

'Perhaps,' returned Marion musingly. And then it passed through her mind: 'He would have told me if it had been that. He tells me everything—or so till now I've believed.'

'Ah, good morning, Agnes,' a voice suddenly said in the half open doorway. 'Having a gossip powwow with my wife, eh? You didn't expect to see me here at this hour, did you? You thought I was too much of a poor, hardworking Wall street drudge, didn't you? And you were quite right. I am.'

'Trent,' faltered Marion.

She had instantly seen that her husband was a trifle paler than usual, and that some inward agitation, which he struggled to hide, controlled him. His eyes, wandering quickly yet covertly about the room, lit on the overcoat.

'Ah,' he said, 'it's here.' And then he caught the garment up and thrust a hand into one of its pockets. Meanwhile he was talking with nervous speed and now addressed his wife without looking at her.

'The fact is, Marion, I remembered when half way down town in the elevated that I'd left an important business letter in this coat. Strayne has just told me that he forgot to take the coat upstairs—stupid fellow—so I hurried down stairs again to get it—Ah, here's the letter I want!'

Marion saw, if her friend did not see, the gleam of a lilac tinted envelope as it was swept into a breast pocket of the overcoat which adorned the person of Mr. Trent Kingsland.

And then this gentleman, a little flushed after his late pallor, said a few words of genial farewell to Agnes, made a few buoyant waves of the hand toward his wife and gracefully disappeared.

The two women looked at one another in silence.

'Marion,' at length said Agnes in a voice vibrant with feeling, 'he came back to get that letter. And he was very concerned about it, was he not?'

'Very.'

Agnes hastened to her friend's side.

'Marion, do you mean that you'll never say a word to him even now?'

'No. I shall never say a word to him even now.'

Agnes looked steadily at the floor as if in deep meditation. Then she caught one of Marion's hands in both her own.

'But you will suffer.'

'Yes, I shall—suffer.'

'And—give—no—sign?'

'And give no sign.'

Agnes stooped and kissed the hand she was holding. After a slight interval she said somewhat brokenly, 'Marion, I—I don't think I'll take the 3 o'clock train to Boston after all,'—Edgar Fawcett in Collier's Weekly.

A RADICAL CHANGE.

A HANILTON LADY UNDERGOES AN EXPERIENCE AND RELATES THE HISTORY OF A SEVERE TRIAL.

Mrs. James Graham, 280 James street north, Hamilton, wife of the well-known grocer at that address, relates the following circumstances. Mr. and Mrs. Graham have resided in Hamilton for the past fourteen years, and are very well and favorably known:

Mrs. Graham says: 'During the six months prior to taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I had a serious trouble arising from wrong action of the heart and nerves. One of the symptoms was that I could not lie on my left side, for if I did so my heart throbbed so violently as to give me great pain. The smallest noise or the slightest exertion would start my heart palpitating terribly. It was impossible for me to go up a short flight of stairs without stopping to rest and regain my breath. I was excessively nervous, and my limbs would tremble as if with ague. My hands and feet were unnaturally cold, and I suffered from sharp pains in the back of my head. The slamming of a door would nearly set me wild. Frequently I would wake up frightened, and then was unable to get to sleep again. I lost flesh, and became very weak and despondent. I felt miserable in mind and body.'

'For six months I have been constantly taking medicine, trusting that it would help me, and for a time was under the care of a physician, but all the efforts I made towards a cure were of no avail. My physician finally told my husband: "You know there is no cure for heart disease," which made me more despondent than ever.'

'Six weeks ago I was induced to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and from that time my restoration to health dates. I have taken four boxes, which I bought at John A. Barr's drug store, corner James and Merrick streets. These pills are the only medicine that had done me any good, or given me relief. I am happy to say that they proved that the doctor was mistaken in saying that heart disease could not be cured. Since I commenced taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I have been daily getting better. I can now go upstairs without trouble and attend to my daily duties without the slightest distress. I have gained in flesh, in health and in strength. My blood is healthy and circulates freely. Lying on my left side causes me no inconvenience or pain, and I enjoy health and restful sleep. My nerves are strong and vigorous, and there has been such a radical change for the better in my condition that I can say these wonderful pills have practically made a complete cure.'

'I can recommend them without the slightest hesitation to all sufferers from similar complaints. (Signed) Mrs. Jas. Graham, Hamilton, Ont.'

PUMPING WATER BY DOG-POWER.

Gyp Operates the Motor and is Said to be Fond of the Work.

The San Francisco Call says that there is a dog-motor on a Swiss ranch not very far from San Francisco. It has been in use for two years, and is found to be economical and in every way satisfactory. It is built on the same plan as the exercise runs which are often attached to squirrel-cages. In short, it is a barrel, which rotates as the dog inside of it runs. The power thus generated is communicated to a pump.

For more than a year this motor had been operated by a dog named Gyp, and she really likes the work, and knows more about pumping water than half the men in the state. When Gyp was first put into the machine she knew just what she had to do, and she started in at a great rate. She ran so fast that she would have fallen from exhaustion had she not been lifted out. But as she has grown older at the business she has learned better.

But she likes the work as much as when she started. At first she did not know when to stop. She pumped and pumped, until the tank ran over all the time. In a few weeks, though, she was taught that all she was expected to do was to keep the tank full, and now she doesn't do any more.

When Gyp is taken to the motor in the morning, she first looks into the trough to see how much it lacks of being full. She then works accordingly, and when she thinks she has done enough, she runs out and takes a look at the trough. If it is full she lies down and rests, and if there are still a few inches remaining she starts again, and does not stop until the trough is running over.

All the water that Gyp pumps is for cattle to drink. It flows directly from the well into the drinking-trough, so that they can get it without trouble. Gyp knows as soon as she sees a band of steers mak-



ing for the trough what they are after, and she starts pumping so as to keep them from emptying it. Her idea seems to be to keep the trough full. In fact, she is unable to rest unless she knows it is in that condition.

Gyp has to work hard. Each stroke of the pump brings up about a quart of water and she has to make about six jumps to do it; but when she feels like working nothing stops her, and the pumps make at least ten strokes a minute, or perhaps five hundred gallons of water in ten hours.

Gyp is the only dog on the ranch that has ever liked the work. Others have been tried, but it is always necessary to lock them in to keep them from 'jumping the job.' Even Gyp's brothers always had business elsewhere whenever they thought there was any pumping to do.

There was one, to be sure, that was a good worker in his own way. He used to get so mad at being put in the motor that he seemed trying to wear it out for spite. He would run and run until the axle fairly smoked, but as soon as he saw that he couldn't do the machine any harm, he curled up in the bottom and went to sleep.

IT WAS THE WICKED "POLLY"

Patrick Thought It Was The Voice of His Rival and Got Killed Up.

An amusing scene occurred in a quiet up-town street. A young Irishman who is courting a rosy-cheeked servant in one of the houses in the thoroughfare called about his usual time in the evening. Just as he opened the iron gate leading into the basement yard he heard a voice say, "Hullo, Pat!"

"Hullo, yourself," replied Pat.

"Hullo, Pat!" said the strange voice again.

Pat gazed all around him, but could see nobody, and once again he heard the voice say, "Hullo, Pat!"

"Is that all you can say, 'Hullo, Pat!' Where the devil are you, anyhow?" answered Pat.

"You're a fool," said the voice.

"Begorra, you're a liar, whoever ye be," shouted Pat, as he looked blindly around for his insurer.

"Pat, you fool," again uttered the voice. "I'm no fool, whoever ye are," called out Pat, wild with anger, "an' if ye will show yourself I'll prove it to ye."

"Foolish Pat" came the reply, accompanied by a hoarse chuckle.

Pat was furious, and thoughts of his rival, McCarthy, immediately came in his mind. "Show yourself, McCarthy, only show yourself, McCarthy. an' I'll punch in the face of ye, I will! I will!" he shouted as he danced up and down.

"Pat, you fool! Pat, you fool! ho, ho, ho! ha ha!" shouted Pat's tormenter.

By this time Pat's coat and waist-coat lay on the ground, and he had his sleeves rolled up to his elbows and was tearing around like a hen on a hot griddle. There's no telling what would have happened, as it was nearly time for the policeman on the beat to pass that way, when the basement door opened and Pat's sweetheart came out. On seeing Pat she uttered a little scream and exclaimed: "Are you crazy, Pat? An' what has come into you the night?" Put your clothes on, man."

"You spalpeen, Pat! Foolish Pat! Ho ho! ha ha! Go home, Pat," said the mysterious voice out of the darkness.

"Do ye hear the blackguard? Oh, if I can lay my hands on him!" foamed Pat, as he continued the war dance.

"Ah, you mustn't mind that, Pat," said his sweetheart. "You're a donkey, surely, to be minding the talk of that crazy bird upstairs. Why, it's only one of the young men's parrots which they brought home with them from over the sea. It's an ill-natured bird, and do swear dreadfully. Mistress won't have it in the house, so the boys hang up the cage out of the window of their room upstairs."

"You're a great gawk, Pat to be minding the likes of a poor, simple-minded bird like that."

Pat became slowly appeased, and, as he put on his coat, he said: "I don't mind what a burid says, Molly, but begorra, I thought it was that sneak McCarthy hiding furnist their stoop."—New York Tribune.

'French paste,' out of which artificial diamonds are made, is a mixture of best glass and oxide of lead.

ACROSS ON BLONDIN'S BACK.

A Remarkable Feat that was Performed by an Acrobat.

Mr. Harry Colcord, who was carried across Niagara Falls on Blondin's back on a tight rope in 1870, has lately been recalling the experience, and his talk is reported in the Buffalo Express. He met Blondin in Boston in 1858., but it was not till early in 1869 that Blondin broached his plan of taking him across Niagara. At first Colcord took the matter as a joke, but it was soon plain that Blondin was in earnest. The rope was two thousand feet long and three inches in diameter. Nearly five months were spent in getting it made and put into position, with guy-ropes and every arrangement for safety.

Blondin had instructed me to put my weight on his shoulders only with my arms, and clasp his body with my legs. I could not put my weight on his legs, as that would encumber his movements.

In July, 1860, everything being ready, I took my place on Blondin's back, and we started to cross the rope.

We began the passage from the Canadian side, as I had to bear my weight on Blondin's shoulders, and could only use arms to support myself, frequent rests were necessary. I told Blondin when I wanted to rest, and then dropped down on the rope with one foot, and waited till my arms were relieved, when I would spring up again, using my arms to lift and hold myself in place.

There was a great crowd present, but I did not see it at first. From my place on Blondin's back I could look out to the American side and see below us the stunted pines, thrusting their sharp points up from the edge of the foaming, roaring waters, ready to split us in two if we fell. I remember that I was anxious to get over, and I recall, too, that the great rope before us swung alarmingly. We afterward ascertained that it had been swinging forty feet at the centre.

Below us, two hundred and fifty feet, roared the river, and over it we swung from side to side. Still moving on steadily, Blondin never trembled. When he had gone about ten feet on the middle span, some one on the American side pulled the outer guy-line. We afterward found out that it was done intentionally.

Blondin stopped, and his pole went from side to side in a vain effort to secure his balance. At one time his pole was up and down on the right side, at another up and down on the left, and I recall now with wonder that I was only curious to know whether he would succeed in gaining control of himself or not.

Failing to get his balance, he started to run across the horrible span, and in safety reached the point where the guy-rope came from the American shore. Then to steady himself Blondin put his foot on the guy-rope and tried to stop; but the guy snapped, and with a dash of speed he ran swiftly twenty-five or thirty feet farther, and said, "Descendez vous."

The perspiration now stood out on his neck and shoulders in great beads, and we and we balanced ourselves on the awaying rope. Presently he said, "Allons," and I raised myself to his shoulders and we went on safely and without further accident toward the shore.

It was not, however, until we landed that I appreciated what we had done. Then it occurred to me that the man who pulled the guy-line must have been one of those who had bet that the feat could never be accomplished, and my indignation mastered all other feelings.

You see, many thousands of dollars were bet upon the ability of Blondin to carry a man over, and human cupidity stops at no sacrifice.

Then came the congratulations and praises, so that in my foolish boyish elation I soon forgot everything else.

I shall never forget the wonderful tableau which the hundred thousand people presented as they stood gazing up at us as we approached the shore. Thousands of them turned their faces away or half-turning, cast anxious glances over their shoulders at us as we drew near the bank. Then the crowd became very much excited surged toward us, and Blondin stopped fearing they would push each other over the bank.

When the crowd was still again Blondin started once more, and with a quick run we soon came to the end of the rope, and sprang to the ground. Cheer after cheer went up, and I was seized in the arms of a man who lifted me high in the air, saying, "Thank God, this terrible feat is over!"

I crossed again, twice, the last time under the patronage of the Prince of Wales. He congratulated us, and gave us each a purse of one hundred dollars. I would not make the same journey now for all the wealth in the world.