

A JEALOUS WIFE

"Out every night until 2, and you believe him when he says it is business!" said Mrs. Merkle, pursing up her lips. "Ah, well, you are an innocent lamb, Doris Moore."

"But, Aunt Sarah, why shouldn't I believe what my husband says when he always tells the truth?" said young Mrs. Moore, indignantly.

"Because he is a man," said Mrs. Merkle, nodding her head. "I've had three husbands—Thompson was the first. He was a good provider, but he provided for two, and I got a divorce and alimony. Then I married Maxwell. I caught him kissing the tired help and began my investigation. The same old story. However, he died, and that ended it. As for Merkle, I have my thumb on him, but I got it by searching his pockets. Men are such idiots they leave their love letters anywhere. When I'd collected a pack I read them aloud to him one evening. He stays at home now after office hours, unless he goes out with me, and he don't write anything but business letters. He is old, you know, and a deacon wants to keep up a reputation for respectability. But your young husband—what should he care if people talked about him? Oh, there is a woman at the bottom of this 2 o'clock business. I'll warrant you."

"Why, Aunt Sarah, how dare you?" cried Doris stamping her foot.

"Rummage your husband's coat pockets and you'll find I'm right," said Mrs. Merkle. "And unless you want a divorce, which I don't advise when a man is only on a salary, show him what you find, make a scene and end it early."

"Why, you talk as if you knew something about Owen, Aunt Sarah," said Doris.

"I know he is a man," said Mrs. Merkle.

"Hullo!" cried a voice at the door which opened at this moment. "Here is Aunt Sarah talking against men as usual—what has poor Merkle done now? I thought he had sowed his wild oats."

"Look out for your own crop, Owen Moore," replied Mrs. Merkle.

"I don't set up for a saint and never did," cried Owen. "Give me a kiss Doris. I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I must eat and run. It's all night again, Doris. Well, so much more in the savings banks, and, indeed, we've no reason to be sorry."

"I miss you very much, Owen," said Doris, as she brought a hot dish from the oven and set the chairs at the table. "I'm as lonesome without you as a kitten without its mother."

"I keep thinking of you too," said Owen. "Oh, indeed, I don't like it a bit, but I say a dollar put up for a rainy day may keep us from the heartache."

He ate his supper in a hurry, laughing and talking the while, then kissed his wife, shook hands with her aunt and took up his hat again. Out on the stairs he paused a moment. Aunt Sarah's shrill voice was lifted once more.

"Don't I see how honest he is?" she was repeating. "All very well, Doris, but look in his coat pockets all the same—look in his coat pockets."

"Old cat! She's at it again!" said Owen, who heard, but like the good-natured man that he was, he only laughed as he ran downstairs. "The devil will fly away with old Aunt Sarah one of these days, but she can't make my Doris believe any ill of me, that's one comfort."

Meanwhile Mrs. Merkle had gone home to tell her unfortunate spouse, and Doris sat herself down with her feet on the hearth and thought over all she had heard.

Aunt Sarah was a very unpleasant person who always made trouble wherever she went, but she had the reputation of being very sensible, which such people are more apt to gain than cheerful, amiable folk, and what she really believed, for she had no good thoughts of a man or woman. But Doris was very much in love with Owen, and jealousy is always close at hand where love is strong.

In vain Doris tried to convince herself that Owen was to much in love with her to think of anyone else. The little seed of suspicion had been planted, and it grew like Jack's beanstalk.

It was lonely there in the little upper flat at night, and Doris had been used to a large family circle before she left her country home to share Owens fortunes in the city.

After a while she found herself crying—she hardly knew why—feeling not only lonely, but neglected and injured.

"Owen ought not to have left me even for business," she said. "He used to come every night when we were courting, though it was an hour's journey by rail each way."

And from this she went on asking herself if it were possible that Aunt Sarah could be right. New York was such a wicked place; there were such bold audacious women to be met with. Owen was so handsome. Oh, could Aunt Sarah have grounds for her suspicions!

Owen, waking early one morning, caught his wife turning his pockets out, reading the bits of paper she found there. A note from cousin John, who had desired to borrow \$5; a type-written circular, recommending Stump's restaurant; a letter from his mother telling him of the doings at home.

Nothing but what she had seen before. And Owen, whose conscience was as clear as man's could be, was not in the least alarmed.

Doris might read all the letters he ever received, all he ever had received, for the matter of that; but he did not like to think that she would watch and spy upon him, that an old woman's prattle could make her suspicious of him.

He had heard the advice that Mrs. Merkle gave his wife as he stood outside the door of his little dining-room, and he was very sorry that Doris should take it and search his pockets.

He had a good mind to speak out frankly, to tell his wife what he had heard and what he had seen, and to assure her that his story of night work was true; to take her with him to the great piano factory where he was employed, and con-

vince her how the hours were spent. That would be a serious way of making all right. But suddenly an idea popped into his jolly head.

"I'll turn it all into a joke," he said to himself. "I'll make Doris well ashamed of herself, the darling. I'll write a love letter or two and put them in my pocket and let her find them. Then there'll be a row, and when it's gone far enough I'll out with the truth. A bit of a joke settles things the best way."

It seemed such a comical idea that he burst out laughing over his breakfast, and nearly choked himself twice in trying to swallow his joke with his coffee.

However, he had not time to carry out his plan until Sunday came.

Then, while his wife was busy over the dinner, he took from his hiding place a little parcel of pink-tinted paper, with a rose at the top of the sheet, and concocted three idiotic and extravagant love letters, signed them, "Your best beloved and ever loving Fanny Ann," and put them into envelopes addressed to himself.

He was rather clever with his pen, and imitated a woman's hand very well.

Having first sealed them up, and then cut them open again, he hid them in the pocket of the clothes he wore on holidays, and which he did not wear on Monday when he went to work, left them hanging in the wardrobe.

There they might have remained, for Doris had grown ashamed of her suspicions of Owen and determined never to ransack his pockets, but that Aunt Sarah dropped in again after Owen had left the house.

"Out again?" she said with a nod.

"Yes, and hard at work, poor boy," replied Doris. "Aunt Sarah, I'm sure that he is as true to me as one angel could be to another."

"I should like to look through his pockets, though," giggled Aunt Sarah.

"Look, then," said Doris, throwing open the wardrobe door. "There are his things."

Aunt Sarah took her at her word, and a moment more her shrill, vixenish voice cried out:

"Three pink notes, my dear; and all signed 'Fanny Ann.'"

An hour afterward, Doris sat at the centre table in her little parlor sobbing violently.

The light from the shaded lamp fell upon the three pink notes, all wet with tears. Owen's compositions, as we know, and so absurdly rapturous and idiotic that they would have betrayed the fact that they were jokes to any but a jealous woman. But Doris, in her woe and wrath, had very little common sense left.

Aunt Sarah, frightened by the storm her own deed had raised, had taken her departure, and Doris had resolved to wait for Owen's return, show him the letter, and at once go home to her mother.

For a while it had seemed to her that she would find at home a refuge and consolation for all her woes. Then she began to wince with mortification. To tell her mother that Owen was false to her would not be so bad, but that her sisters should know it, her friends, Jack's wife, the whole connection.

"Oh! Life would not be worth living under such circumstances!" Doris cried out, and then an awful thought crept into her mind and gained strength there. A jealous man or woman is a maniac. Let that be an excuse for Doris when she cried out at last:

"Death is the only cure! Death! Death! And if God will not kill me I must kill myself!"

At 2 o'clock Owen opened the door of his flat and went in. Things did not look as usual. The kitchen fire had gone out, and no little snack had been kept warm for him. The bed in the little bedroom was still neatly made up, and no one had slept in it that night. In the parlor the lamp was yet burning, but Doris was not there.

As he looked about him he saw doors and drawers open, things scattered about, and a nameless terror began to possess him.

"Doris!" he called aloud, but there was no answer. He walked to the table. There lay three sheets of pink paper with a weight upon them to keep them from blowing away, and beside them another letter addressed to himself. Poor Owen could hardly command himself sufficiently to tear this open and read the contents.

"I have read Fanny Ann's letters. Aunt Sarah found them in your pocket. Oh, Owen! I thought you loved me, but your heart has been stolen by that wicked woman. I was not pretty enough or good enough to keep you true, but now that you are false I do not care to live any longer. I am going to drown myself and leave you free. Your broken-hearted

"DORIS."

And this, then, was how his joke had ended. This was what he had brought about. Doris had killed herself. Then, he would follow her example. But first he must find her body and pay it the last honors. He caught up his hat and left his desolate home, the tears gushing from

his eyes as he remembered how happy he had been there.

When he reached the street he stood bewildered, asking himself which way he should go, what he should do. Then it came to him that he must report the horrible facts at the station house and have an alarm sent out. The police would know what to do better than he could; and with heavy steps and reeling brain he sought the big brick building before which the great lamps hung, and entered in.

Late as it was, there was a little crowd there, gathered about something that lay in the middle of the floor.

"What is it?" he gasped, with white lips that could scarcely form a sound.

"Young woman jumped into the river," cried a policeman.

"My God!" cried Owen, bursting through the crowd, and falling on his knees before the wet figure lying on the floor, with a policeman's coat under its head. "My God! it is my wife!"

The next instant he gave a big howl of joy, for the great eyes enclosed themselves, the little trembling hands were outstretched toward him, and a faint voice said:

"Oh Owen, take me away from this dreadful place and all these dreadful men."

For Doris, although she had really thrown herself from the end of a wharf into the river, had been promptly fished out by the river police, and although soaked to the skin, terribly frightened and heartily ashamed of herself, was very much alive indeed, and when Owen had whispered something in her ear—the story of his joke which we already know—could only sob:

"Forgive me, Owen pray forgive me."

"She was a bit out of her mind, you see, with a sort of fever," Owen explained, "and God bless those who saved her to me."

Then he took his wife home, and whatever else has come to its humble door since that day, the green-eyed monster, jealousy, has never entered.—Dublin World.

BOOKKEEPING IN FLY-TIME.

How a Fly Caused a Firm Much Trouble and Worry.

Bookkeeping readers, who know the excitements and worries of the monthly trial balance, will not be lacking in sympathy for a California brother, one of whose experiences is narrated by the San Francisco Post:

A bookkeeper in a San Francisco wholesale house has been spending sleepless nights for three weeks in fruitless efforts to make his books balance. There was apparent shortage of nine hundred dollars that could not be accounted for. He added up columns and struck balances until he was almost insane.

He finally worked himself into the frame of mind that usually lands a man in Canada, the insane asylum, or a suicide's grave, when the manager of the house invited his confidence. Then they went over the books together, but the nine hundred dollar shortage was still there.

The head of the house was called in, and the work of overhauling accounts commenced again. They had not gone far before they came to an entry of nineteen hundred dollars.

"Why, that should be one thousand dollars!" declared the employer. "How did it happen to be entered nineteen hundred dollars?"

A careful examination showed that a fly had been crushed between the pages of the cash book, and one of its legs made a tail of the first cipher of the one thousand-dollar entry, converting it into a nine.

HE MISSED THE FUN.

He Couldn't see the Joke and he Gravely Took the Bell.

There are no funnier people in the world than those who never see a joke. Many good stories are told about them, and of these one of the best, as well as one of the latest, is furnished by the Washington Post.

Many years ago, when the Press Club was in existence, a British newspaper man was at the club one evening. He had been in Washington for some time and was leaving the next day. Mr. Karl Decker made a speech to him.

"Mr. So-and-so," said Mr. Decker, "you have spent some time with us, and have made many friends. We have become attached to you. You are going away tomorrow, and we may never see you again, but in order that you may always have something by which to remember us, on behalf of the Press Club I present you this ring."

And then he struck the call bell on the reading-table near him. The Englishman looked a trifle bewildered for a bit, then



Tired? Oh, No.

This soap



greatly lessens the work. It's pure soap, lathers freely, rubbing easy does the work. The clothes come out sweet and white without injury to the fabrics

SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

he reached out his hand, thanked the club and pocketed the bell. And—bless his simple English heart—next morning he told another newspaper man how kind the Press Club had been to him and what a lovely presentation speech Mr. Decker had made.

Midsummer Danger.

Paine's Celery Compound Surely and Quickly Cures Neurasthenia

One of the commonest and most dangerous diseases of midsummer is Neurasthenia or Nervous Prostration. This disease, which respects neither age nor sex, is usually brought on by overwork and worry in the shop, office, home and school.

It is maintained by physicians of large experience that nervous diseases are increasing so fast that to-day few people can boast of perfect freedom from nervous ailments.

The symptoms of nervous exhaustion are so well known that it is almost unnecessary to name them. Dizziness, sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, shooting pains in the limbs, paralytic symptoms, constipation and headache are the commonest features of the disease.

One of the first indications of nervous disease is irritability, then ensues despondency, often followed by terrible insanity.

How can nervous exhaustion be cured so that insanity and death may be avoided?

Past experience and medical testimony answer the question fully. Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine that can surely overcome the troubles of the nervous. This marvellous curing medicine braces up every nerve, gives strength to the muscles and tissues, makes pure, rich blood, gives perfect digestion and sweet, sound sleep.

In this age of overwork, worry and fast living, Paine's Celery Compound is a shield and protector against the ravages of all nervous ailments. Medical men and druggists having a full knowledge of the virtues of Paine's Celery Compound are recommending it every day.

Its cures attest its superiority and usefulness; its work in public institutions has given it a popularity never possessed by any other medicine. Try it, nervous one; it will quickly give you that condition of health that you are looking for.

WORRIED THE LANDLADY.

Balder Twins Made her Think she was in the Wrong Business.

The Balder twins have been getting into trouble again. This time it was with a new boarding-house keeper who had bought out the widow Clancy's business and didn't know there was a twin in it. The widow had always been generous to a fault—her own and everybody's else—but the new dispenser of provender had a taunt for measuring and sipping and keeping tally on every biscuit that was served. She saw Harold, the thinnest twin, eating his supper and the dimensions of his appetite fairly appalled her. She asked who he was and was told that he was a regular boarder and belonged to the Balder family, but not a word of his being a twin.

Land sakes! she said, "he must be hollow from his head to his heels. I can never make any money with such a cormorant as that to feed!"

She saw pork and beans, fried hash, eggs on toast and bread without stint disappearing under the hungry administration of a boy's appetite, and she hurried into the china pantry and took but a small memorandum book and began figuring on profit and loss. She was at it some time and when she returned to the dining-room she expected to find it empty. What was her horror to find the boy with an appetite that had just received an entirely new order which was being served. She stared for a moment like one distraught, then she tackled the boy.

"You must be hungry," she said, with

withering sarcasm. "You bet I am," said the other twin, Eugene, he began to devour the nearest dish.

"Young man, you'll have a fit of apoplexy and I won't be halt sorry. Anybody who gorges himself with two suppers ought to die."

Eugene understood in a flash, but he only said sullenly: "Wait until I've eaten this one—maybe I wont need anymore."

The new boarding-house keeper went through the apartments in a fury, looking for the Balders to inform them that their son was eating himself to death. The first one she saw was the boy himself playing checkers with his father. Her eyes grew round.

"How on earth did you get here before me?" she asked.

"Oh, that was dead easy," said Harold, who saw the usual complications, and was happy. "I came up as soon as I finished my supper."

"But you had just begun all over again," shrieked the tormented and perplexed woman, and then Father Balder came to the rescue and explained about the twins. But the awe-stricken head of the commissary department said that she should sell out, for she thought there was something uncanny about the business.—Chicago Times Herald.

The Largest Oak in the World.

Two young trees, raised from its acorns, have recently been planted near the famous old oak at Cowthorpe, England. The ancient tree, which is more than fifty feet girth, and is believed to be the largest oak in existence, is so decayed that it is feared it cannot stand much longer.

Condensed Fuel.

One difficulty in the way of utilizing the great heat-beds of Germany for heating purposes has been the great bulkiness of the material. But now a process has been suggested by which thirty tons of peat can be reduced to one ton of carbide without losing any of the stored-up energy of heat.

ANOTHER VICTORY.

Kootenay Coped with Eczema and Overthrew It.

James A. Wilson, of Paris, Ont., delighted with his Daughter's Cure.

All along the line Kootenay is marching to victory. Wherever there is a stand up fight between Kootenay and disease, Kootenay always comes out victor. The "New Ingredient" gets in its home thrusts that make disease yield the battle. Nowhere is this better exemplified than in the case of any stubborn skin disease. The use of Kootenay means certain cure. It was so in the case of Miss Wilson, whose sufferings for 18 months from the cruel tortures of Eczema were such as to make her thankful for any remedy that afforded a chance of relief. Her father, Mr. James A. Wilson, writing under date of April 29th and May 8th states:—"In regard to the health of my daughter, I am happy to inform you that she is cured of Eczema and has this Monday gone to work in the Woolen Mills here after being out nearly 18 months, and I give you Kootenay credit for curing her."

"You may use the contents of my letters as recommendations, for we believe that every person who has Eczema should know the benefits of Kootenay. There are lots of witnesses here to testify to the contents of my letters, people who saw her when she was very bad and to-day."

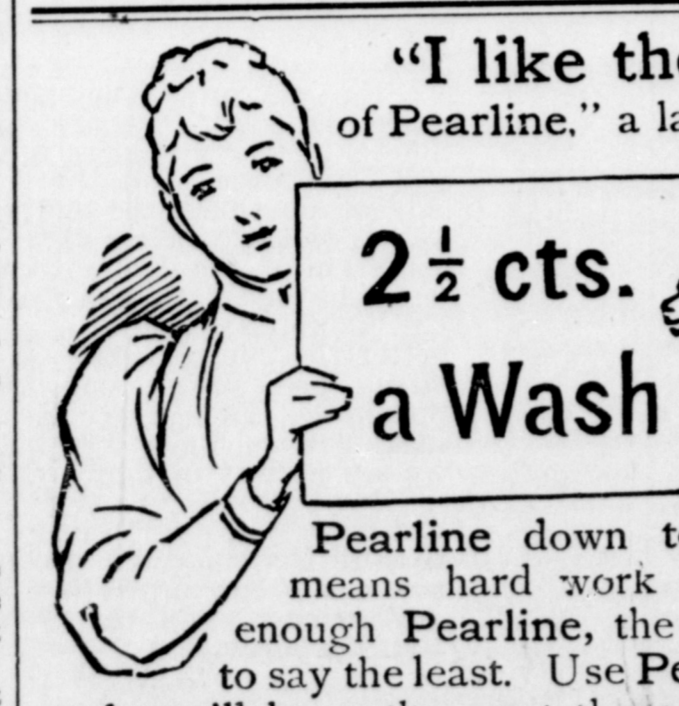
Signed, JAMES A. WILSON.

According to previous information received from this same gentleman, we learn that Miss Wilson had the disease for 11 months before beginning to take Kootenay Cure, and was under the doctor's care for about 8 months. He said the case was a very obstinate one and she did not get any better. She began using Kootenay on the recommendation of the Rev. Mr. Brown and Rev. Canon Richardson, of London, and is now well.

Here you have a complete history of a case from beginning to end and can see that when used with perseverance and conscientiously, how thoroughly Kootenay Cure gets at the source of all disease—Disordered Blood—purifies it, enriches it, cleanses all impurities from it and restores perfect health.

Sold by all druggists, or The S. S. Ryckman Medicine Co., (Limited), Hamilton, Ont.

Chart book free on application.



"I like the small package of Pearlina," a lady says; "it lasts two weeks and does two washings."

Then she admits that she has been using soap with her Pearlina. Now this is all unnecessary. If you don't put in enough Pearlina to do the work easily and alone, you bring Pearlina down to the level of soap, which means hard work and rubbing. If you use enough Pearlina, the soap is a needless expense, to say the least. Use Pearlina alone, just as directed, and you'll have the most thoroughly economical washing.

2 1/2 cts. a Wash

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

JAMES PYLE, New York.