

HALLOWAY'S SECRET

By Elliott Walker.

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Jack was abstracted that evening, when the clinging hand on his arm and the soft eyes of Isabel, as she rippled the events of her day, failed to reach him. It was only a short distance to the theater and they walked. It would be over by eleven, then he would take her home, then to his own rooms, then—? Would he sleep? How would he pass the night? How would it seem in the morning? He shivered a little. The girl pressed his arm close to her side.

"Are you cold, dear?" she asked; "what is it?"

No, Jack Holloway was not cold, not tired exactly—just a little upset—it was nothing. He laughed and the sound seemed hard and jangled to his ears. He glanced at the happy face by his side and a wave of awful reproach swept him. She must never know. His brain whirled a bit—if she did learn what would it be to her? He had seen her when the dreadful news of her father's sudden death was broken to her. The memory of the stricken face before him. Then he had comforted her. Now—? He must not think—there must be some way out of the dreadful tangle. He made an effort and began to talk—business, gossip, anything.

The orchestra was playing a medley as they walked to their seats. The melody broke into "The Old Kentucky Home" as the usher slammed down the chairs. Holloway took unnecessary time in taking off his overcoat. Was it fate? That air of all others! Could he sit there and smile and talk? He must! Occasionally the melodrama dulled his sense of unrest and he forgot. Then the quick, sharp pang of remembrance to sting and horrify him. He kept looking at his watch—would it never be over?

Isabel chatted happily during the interludes and pressed close to him during the emotional scenes. It was so comforting to have Jack all her own. Her young heart throbbled in sympathy with the woes of the heroine and tears came to her eyes. She could feel Jack so near her and his presence stilled and helped her. He was so handsome and strong, and how intent he seemed on the play.

The walk home seemed so short to her—so long to him. He kissed her mechanically as he left her and apologized for being such poor company. Isabel did not mind; beyond the fact of his rather unusual silence she had noticed nothing. Only a few months now and she would be Mrs. Jack—that was happiness enough. And, of course, she must not expect him to talk when he was tired. Happy, blue-eyed, sun-kissed Isabel! How little she knew of the black despair crazing her lover's brain.

In his own rooms at last with the doors carefully locked the man turned on the lights and threw himself into a chair, tore a letter from his pocket and read it over and over again, while his face grew white and great beads of perspiration gathered upon his brow.

"My own Jack!" the letter ran. "I am not dead after all—it was all a mistake. I left the company the very day of the fire and have been abroad with Maxey's troupe. Just returned last Saturday. Jenkins told me where you were and that you thought I had been engaged with the other girls. How dreadful for you, love. Won't you be glad to see little Maudie? No wonder you have buried yourself in Milwaukee. Well, I shall reach there Friday and will tell you all about it. Good-bye until then. We will make up for good this time. Your devoted wife,

"MAUD."

Holloway sat looking at the letter. "His devoted wife!" Back, back traveled his thoughts. How did it all begin? Where? Could it have been but a year ago—that short, mad episode? Oh, fool, fool! what had possessed him! He saw as in a dream the gay lights of a southern theater, a graceful dancing girl, an introduction behind the scenes; a private room at



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The Western, where dainty fingers played with dainty dishes and wine sparkling and foaming; bright eyes beaming and red lips inviting him. Maudie! A rich, voice, entrancing him—Maud!

Then days of infatuation, nights of sweet reveries, promises, pledges and the quiet conviction. Then the awakening! Grief and kisses, bitter words and tender embraces; his demand that she leave the stage, as she had promised; her angry refusal; the morning he had wakened to find her gone, with the note pinned to his dressing table; the two weeks of angry silence; the news of the world's foremost in the city where his troupe was playing the solemn drama, the grim certainty of her

dreadful fate; the dismal search, then a thing dug from the charred ruins—Maud!

And she had been alive all this time and had never written? Had taken up her life and been silent. Now, like an avenging Nemesis she was appearing from the hated past to wreck all that he held dear.

Yet in a way he had loved her. He could almost hear her singing "The Old Kentucky Home" in her rich voice and the sweep of her banjo with the pink ribbons. A faint perfume clung to her letter. It brought back a torrent of old recollections. She was his wife after all, and they had passed many happy hours together. What in God's name should he do?

Who was the woman he had buried—had wept over? He remembered how he had turned from that grave with a vow for a better life—a prayer for a manly career where he might be of some use.

After that came Chicago and his wonderful winnings on the Board of Trade—a few feverish weeks—then he drew out, a rich man. Milwaukee, and more financial success, then everybody's hand, society, Isabel Canning! Isabel!

The man rose wearily from the chair and paced up and down the richly furnished rooms. He took a revolver



"My darling!" he said huskily; "please do not ask me about it!"

from his case on the mantel, looked at it long, put it back. No, not that! He emptied a very little of a white powder from a small bottle into a glass, added a little water and placed it near his bed. Yes, he must have sleep. Tomorrow would be Friday.

In the gray of the early morning Holloway arose. His head was heavy and ached dully from the morphine, but he had slept. The day had come—how would it end? He was rich—perhaps he could buy Maud off—money would do much. He would tell her all—arrange for a divorce in Louisiana. She should have her price. If she would not agree the heavily loaded weapon in his pocket now might as well end it.

All day long the man sat in his office waiting. She would probably send a message from her hotel. She might come to him direct. No one ever knew what she would do. Oh, if he only knew her train.

At six o'clock that evening he was still waiting. His bookkeeper came into his private office. "Ill, Mr. Holloway!" he asked. "You didn't go to lunch."

"No, Joe, not ill exactly," answered the broker, "but not feeling quite right."

"Sorry," said the clerk politely. "Here's an evening paper—terrible railroad wreck, it says. Southern express went through the trestle at Cordonia. Seventeen killed. The Maxey troupe was on the train. Some of the girls dead. That's awful, isn't it? Here's a list."

"Let me take it!" cried Holloway, reaching out a trembling hand. "Where—where's the list?" The bookkeeper pointed it out.

Jack glanced at it and fell back in his chair. "Call a cab, quick!" he cried. "I've a friend among those poor people. I'm going down there."

The astonished clerk ran downstairs. "Maud Hudson—killed!" murmured Holloway with dry lips. "That's her stage name. Poor—little—Maud. If she's really gone I'm—she stopped, repelled at himself. "It's better so," he thought. "It might have been both of us before we got through."

Isabel looked anxiously for her betrothed for the next three days. It was cruel for Jack to go away and leave no word. When he returned he was very pale, very tender with her.

"I lost an old friend in that fearful wreck at Cordonia, my darling!" he said huskily; "please do not ask me about it—I shall never be able to speak of it."

And Isabel has never asked, and in her happy married life has forgotten.

Cost of London's Government.

Statistics taken from the new "London Manual" show that the total cost of London government is £18,002,873, or about \$80,900,000, which is about seventy-two shillings per head of the population. The borough councils spend £2,884,860; the boards of guardians spend £2,512,714; the school board, £2,402,951; the expenditure of the London county council is £2,847,845. Street improvements carried out by the county council and not included in the above figures have cost £5,529,539 in the twelve years ending March, 1901, which is the period in which the county hospital has been in existence.

LIVELY WIDOWS.

Members of Mourning Could Not Sustain Their High Spirits.

It is probable that the Chinese, with their hideous funeral rites, which seem most heathenish to us, would regard our custom of showing love and respect to our dead as being equally absurd. And when we look the matter straight in the face, is it not true that the great majority of American mourners by their unseemly conduct convert their sorrows into satires? An observing woman says:

"Last spring, during the annual visit of the circus in Madison Square Garden, I saw three young widows enter the front of the building. They were gowned in the most correct mourning. They had a box in the middle of one side of the Garden, and as they were a little late they stepped down into the tanbark ring and started around the arena. They had taken only a few steps, when the signal was given by the band for the procession—the great hippodrome display—to enter at the opposite end of the Garden on its way around the arena. The elephants, with their red and gilt keepers, appeared. The people cheered wildly, the band blared, the widows simultaneously threw back their heads like excited thoroughbreds, snatched up their swirling skirts and ran, screaming with the delight of children and kicking up a perfect cloud of tanbark with their French heels.

"It was quite evident they had forgotten everything except the huge gray elephants that were tramping steadily behind them. In their eagerness to get out of the way their long, black, fluttering veils were unheeded. "I was thankful that their husbands could not see them."—New York Tribune.

A WHISTLING CHOIR.

Unusual Form of Music Introduced in a Georgia Sunday School.

J. T. Lockhart, superintendent of the Berean Baptist Sunday school of Augusta, Ga., is responsible for a new departure in church music, and through his efforts the innovation has been eminently successful.

Mr. Lockhart obtained his idea from "The Burgomaster," which recently appeared in Augusta. He heard "The Tale of the Kangaroo" whistled, and when the audience joined in the chorus the effect struck him as being so unique that he at once decided to put it in use in his choir. Mr. Lockhart talked the matter over with the Rev. J. H. Oliver, pastor of the church, and it was decided to try the plan the following Sunday. The Sunday school numbers 301 members. On the Sunday when Mr. Lockhart had planned to introduce whistling music the exercises were opened by a short talk on the sacredness of all melody and harmony and of the praise that could be rendered to God in every form of music. Mr. Lockhart then told the pupils that they were going to try a new form of music. He said that, as a great many of the young men who had really good voices would not sing because they had never been trained in music, he had decided to form a whistling choir.

The superintendent had no difficulty in inducing the boys and young men to come forward and whistle.

Ancient Burial Ground.

An ancient burial ground has been discovered on the ranch of Luciana Quintana, near Mesa Rico, in New Mexico, about 200 miles southeast of Las Vegas. Two stones were first found that bore curious inscriptions, and beneath these were found in shallow excavations the bones of a frame that could not have been less than twelve feet in length. The men who opened the grave say the forearm was four feet long and that in a well-preserved jaw the lower teeth ranged from the size of a hickory nut to that of the largest walnut in size. The chest of the being is reported as having a circumference of seven feet. Quintana, who has uncovered many other burial places, expresses the opinion that perhaps thousands of skeletons of a race of giants long extinct will be found. The supposition is based on the traditions handed down from the early Spanish invasion that have detailed knowledge of the existence of a race of giants that inhabited the plains of what now is Eastern New Mexico. Indian legends and carvings also in the same section indicate the existence of such a race.

Three Generations of Masons.

There has just occurred at Black River, Jefferson county, N. Y., one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of Free Masonry, when Daniel H. Scott, his son, Byron N., and his grandson, Harry, were initiated into Bethany Lodge, No. 821, F. and A. M., on the same night. This occurred on the evening of January 24. Daniel H. Scott, the grandfather, was born in Black River in 1830 and has lived in this vicinity all his life. He enlisted in the Thirty-fifth New York Heavy Artillery in 1861 and was honorably discharged in 1862, having lost part of his hand. Byron N. Scott, his son, was born in 1851, and Harry Waite Scott, his grandson, was born in 1880.

Not According to Program.

At Plevna, Kas., a "joint" keeper cornered the Rev. W. H. Houston in the postoffice and informed the reverend gentleman that he must take a licking on account of a temperance sermon which he had preached the day before. "All right," responded the parson, cheerfully; and two minutes later the friends of the "joint" keeper were taking him down to the butcher shop for the application of beetles' teeth to a pair of beautiful black eyes.

AS THE WORLD REVOLVES

SAT ON THE THRONE OF A KING.

American Girl Has a Novel Experience in Turkestan.

Miss Mary Pangborn, daughter of Major and Mrs. Joseph G. Pangborn, of Baltimore, has had many unique and some rather thrilling experiences as her father's companion on a tour; he has just completed of Afghanistan, Turkestan, Persia and other Asiatic countries for the purpose of getting specimens for the Field Columbian Museum. One of her adventures was to handle the throttle of the engine while the train was rushing across the desert of Persia. Miss Pangborn's friends are confident her experiences on the trip would make an entertaining tale of adventure under the title "From Moscow to Samarkand, in Central Afghanistan, and Return."

Major and Mrs. Pangborn and their daughter traveled in three private cars especially tendered by the czar of Russia. The party were entertained by the Russian officials at every point at which they touched.

At Bakhara, in the absence of the Ameer of Turkestan, Miss Pangborn



assumed his office for a temporary period by seating herself on his royal throne and having tea served.

English Crime Statistics.

The British home office report for the year 1900, just issued, shows that out of a million Britishers, seventy-four were guilty of crimes against the person, fifty-five were guilty of robbery with violence, 159 were convicted of stealing or defrauding, seven of maliciously injuring property, eight of forging or coining, and twelve of other offenses which brought them to the courts. The proportion of persons previously convicted continues to rise. In 1893 it was 550 per thousand, and now it is 612 per thousand, the total numbering 4,855. The increase in the arrests of previously convicted persons is said to be due chiefly to improved methods of identification.

HE PROVED HIMSELF A FIGHTER.

Not an Expert Mathematician, but a Real American Soldier.

Lieut. L. J. Van Schaick, who failed to pass his examination in mathematics at West Point in 1899 and was dropped from the academy, has just returned from the Philippines with a shattered arm and a mark for remarkable bravery in a single-handed fight with over a score of bolomen, of whom he killed three and held the others at bay until the arrival of reinforcements. A number of the bolomen were armed with rifles. Lieut. Schaick's arm was nearly severed by



a blow from a bolo, and he was sent home to have an operation performed. Lieut. Van Schaick is the son of State Senator John Van Schaick of Nobleskill, N. Y. After he left West Point he obtained a commission as second lieutenant. His classmates signed a petition asking that he receive the appointment, for if he did not show mathematical genius they were positive that he had the qualifications of a good officer.

Illustrated the Doctrine.

There is a certain small girl who illustrated very clearly the advantages of augmenting the efficacy of prayer by uniting her faith with works. She was pained to find that her brother was setting traps to catch birds. Questioned as to what she had done in the matter she replied: "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said, "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps, and" as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, "I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."

A Noted Knight Templar Owes His Health to Peruna.

Colonel T. P. Moody, a prominent Knight Templar, is well known in every city in the United States west of Buffalo, N. Y., as a Jeweler's Auctioneer. In the city of Chicago as a prominent lodge man, being a member of the E. T. and also of the H. S. S. The cut shows Colonel Moody in the costume of the Oriental Consistory Masons, 32nd degree.

In a recent letter from 6900 Michigan avenue, Chicago, Ill., Mr. Moody says the following:

"For over twenty-five years I suffered from catarrh, and for over ten years I suffered from catarrh of the stomach terribly. I have taken all kinds of medicines and have been treated by all kinds of doctors, as thousands of my acquaintances are aware in different parts of the United States, where I have traveled, but my relief was only temporary, until a little over a year ago I started to take Peruna, and at the present time I am better than I have been for twenty years.

"The soreness has left my stomach entirely and I am free from indigestion and dyspepsia and will say to all who are troubled with catarrh or stomach trouble of any kind, don't put it off and suffer, but begin to take Peruna right away, and keep it up until you are cured, as you surely will be if you persevere.

"My wife, as many in the southwest can say, was troubled with a bad cough and bronchial trouble, and doctors all over the country gave her up to die, as they could do nothing more for her. She began taking Peruna with the result that she is better now than she has been in years, and her cough has almost left her entirely. The soreness has left her lungs and she is as well as she ever was in her life, with thanks, as she says, to Peruna. Yours very truly,

T. P. Moody.

Catarrh in its various forms is rapidly becoming a general curse. An undoubted remedy has been discovered by Dr. Hartman. This remedy has been thoroughly tested during the past forty years. Prominent men have come to know of its virtues, and are making public utterances on the subject. To save the country we must save the people. To save the people we must protect them from disease. The disease that is at once the most prevalent and stubborn of cure is catarrh.

If one were to make a list of the different names that have been applied to catarrh in different locations and organs, the result would be astonishing. We have often published a partial list of these names, and the surprise caused by the first publication of it to all people, both professional and non-professional, was amusing. And yet we have never enumerated all of the diseases which are classed as catarrh. It must be



Col. T. P. Moody, of Chicago, Had Catarrh Twenty-Five Years and Was Cured by Peruna.

confessed, however, to see even this partial list drawn up in battle array is rather appalling. If the reader desires to see this list, together with a short exposition of each one, send for our free catarrh book. Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

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