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HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

by RUDY AYRES

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

Dolly, a governess, is in love with her poor suitor, Robert Durham. When Nigel Bretherton, who has money, falls in love with her, Dolly gives up Robert and marries Nigel. The marriage proves an unhappy one.

When war is declared, Nigel is glad to enlist. He leaves Dolly in the care of his friend, Mary Furnival. Mary comes to live in Dolly's flat. Dolly goes for a walk and by accident meets Robert Durham. He tells her that he has prospered and that now he has plenty of money.

When word comes that Nigel has been killed in action, Dolly marries Robert in London and sails with him to America. Nigel's older brother, David, calls to see Nigel's widow. He mistakes Mary for Dolly. Mary is ashamed to tell of Dolly's marriage, so lets David think that she is Nigel's wife. David goes from Nigel's home to call on an old friend.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

David stepped out on the path. He looked up at the dark face of the house, and a little reminiscent smile curved his lips.

"Yes—this is the house."

He paid and dismissed the man, and went up the steps to the front door.

By the light above the porch he glanced at his watch. It was nearly nine. He hesitated for a moment, then rang the bell.

After all, there were excuses for a late visit when a man had just returned to London after three years' absence. Fisher would not mind.

The maid who opened the door was doubtful if her master would see him. She took Bretherton's card reluctantly. After a moment a door of one of the sitting-rooms was flung open, and a man came eagerly into the hall.

"David, my dear old fellow!" He seized Bretherton by both hands and dragged him into the light. "I had no idea you were in England. When did you land? Why didn't you let me know?"

"I only landed this morning. I have been nowhere, except—"

He broke off. A woman had followed Henry Fisher into the hall. She was golden-haired and beautifully dressed. Her eyes were bright with eagerness as they met David's.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you again! I couldn't believe it was you! But, oh, David, poor Nigel!"

They were in the drawing-room now, and Fisher had taken David's overcoat.

There was a little silence.

"I just couldn't believe it when we heard!" Dora Fisher went on, in a shocked voice. "One hears of men being killed at the Front every day, but it seems impossible that anyone we know could be amongst them. Oh, David, it must have been a shock!"

"Yes."

Something in her almost exaggerated pity jarred on him. He looked relieved when her brother came back to the room.

"I ought to apologize for such a late visit," David was saying, "but there were several matters I wanted to speak to you about."

He hesitated.

Dora sprang up from the deep chair where she was sitting; there was a little frown between her eyes.

"You mean that you want me to go away? You are horrid, when I haven't see you for three years! I'll just give you half an hour—no more. And, David, you are going to stay the night, aren't you? It's too late to get down to Red Grange, and I simply won't let you go to a hotel!"

"If I am not in the way—" he began diffidently.

She laughed.

"We are only too glad to have you!"

She left them, shutting the door after her.

Fisher was mixing whiskey-and-soda at a side table.

"It's good to see you, David," he said affectionately. "I only wish it might have been in happier circumstances. Poor Nigel!"

"I wanted to speak to you about him. Why didn't you tell me he was married "

Fisher flushed a little.

"My dear chap, how could I? Nigel was so anxious to keep it back; seemed to think you'd be annoyed and cut down his allowance."

"Why should I have been annoyed?"

Fisher shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, his wife was hardly—you know what I mean."

David thought of the woman he had left alone in that empty flat, with the tears still wet on her face.

"Hardly what?" he asked, with curious inflection.

Fisher looked uncomfortable.

"Well, it's awkward to explain; but, if you must know, she wasn't the sort of woman Nigel ought to have married. She was a nursery governess, I believe, and she married him for what he could give her; there's no doubt about that. I only saw her once."

He pushed a whiskey-and-soda across to his friend.

"What was she like?" David asked.

He took up the glass, holding it quizzically to the light. His manner was very quiet—almost disinterested.

Fisher shrugged his shoulders.

"Little auburn-haired thing—one of the dolly sort."

"Auburn-haired?"

"Yes, reddish hair; quite young—about twenty-one, I should say. I had lunch with them soon after they were married. She didn't like me. Oh, no, she didn't say so; but she let me see it from her manner."

There was a silence.

"Of course," David said then, "I must do something for her. Nigel had nothing except what I allowed him. I wanted to ask your advice."

Fisher raised his brows.

"She won't be a widow long, from what I saw of her," he said, rather dryly. "You needn't be sorry for her, David."

He turned to a paper-strewn desk in a corner by the fire.

"I've a photograph of her here somewhere. Nigel sent it to me when they were moneymooning. Care to see it?"

"I should like to."

Fisher rummaged in a drawer for a moment, then came back to where his friend stood.

"Here it is," he said.

CHAPTER X.

THE INCRIMINATING PHOTOGRAPH.

Bretherton took the photograph from his friend's hand, and half turned aside, bending nearer to the light.

There was a little silence; after a moment he looked round. "So that's Nigel's wife?" he said quietly.

"Yes." Fisher was bending over the paper-strewn desk. "Showy-looking girl, in a way," he went on casually. "And out for all she could get, I imagine." He glanced up apologetically. "You asked my opinion, didn't you?" he submitted.

"Certainly I did; thanks very much. May I keep this, or do you want it?"

"Keep it by all means."

Bretherton put the unmounted photograph in his pocket, and sat down in one of the big chairs by the fire; there was a little furrow between his brows.

"Did you ever go to my brother's flat?" he asked presently.

"No. He asked me, but I don't fancy his wife would have been any too pleased if I'd taken advantage of the invitation, so I never went. Mrs. Nigel has had a friend living there with her for some time now, I believe—since the war broke out."

"A friend?"

"Yes; I never met her, but Nigel told me—when he came to say goodbye, poor lad—that his wife had made arrangements for a friend to stay with her during his absence.

"A friend of his, also?"

"I believe so; in fact, I know that it was. He spoke most affectionately of her. What was her name, now—Ferne—Furnival—a Miss Furnival. He gave me to understand that he had known her before his marriage."

"I see." There was a little pause. "And this lady—this Miss Furnival, is at the flat still, with my brother's wife?"

"I believe so, but I cannot positively say. I called once, just after we heard of poor Nigel's death, but there was nobody at home, and one does not like to intrude, so I have left things for you to see to."

He drew up a chair close to David's, and looked at him affectionately.

"It's good to see you again," he said.

"I'm glad to be home, too; there's no place like England, after all, say what you like. I'm going to settle at Red Grange now."

"Good! Nothing could please me better. David, you'll be wanting a wife."

Bretherton laughed.

"I! Good Lord, what next? I'm a born bachelor. No. I'd always thought Nigel and his sons should have the old place, and now he's gone—" He broke off heavily, with an overwhelming realization of all that his brother's death really meant. Neither spoke for a few moments, then Bretherton roused himself with a half sigh.

"What am I to do with Nigel's widow?" he asked, rather constrainedly. "I'd ask her to come and keep house for me at the Red Grange if I thought she'd accept, but—"

Fisher laughed rather scornfully.

"Oh, she'd accept right enough; nothing would suit her better. She was always trying to get Nigel to ask you to allow them to live there; she fancied herself as a sort of Lady Bountiful, I can tell you. Don't suggest it, David; don't ask her. It will only be making a rod for your back."

"I've a photograph of her here somewhere!"

"You think so?"

"I'm sure of it. She's not the sort of woman you could ever tolerate about the old place; she's—well, she's vulgar—she'd jar on you—the way she dresses, the way she talks. She smokes cigarets—"

Bretherton made a little gesture of disgust.

"She does a hundred and one little things like that," Fisher went on. "Harmless things in themselves, but they go against the grain all the same. Besides, you couldn't possibly have her down at Red Grange without some sort of a chaperon."

"You're forgetting Aunt Florence; she'll come back, of course, if I go. She's part of the old place; I couldn't imagine it without her. You remember her? She looked after us when we were youngsters."

"You mean Miss Varney? Of course I remember her."

"She was my mother's sister, you know."

David sat forward a little, staring into the fire and frowning.

"Nigel's wife would be all right there with Aunt Florence," he said again, hesitatingly. "I'm sorry for the girl, Monty, in spite of what you say. I feel that I have a sort of duty to her."

(To be continued.)

ISSUE No. 17—'26.

AN INTERNAL BATH DAILY RECOMMENDED

A prominent physician made the remark recently that if people were half as particular in regard to internal cleanliness as they are about external appearance three quarters of our ordinary ailments would be eliminated. This medical man said people did not stop to think of the importance of keeping the system just as clean as one is careful to keep hands, face and body. The result is that the intestinal tract becomes clogged and waste material which should leave the body daily stays there for an indefinite period doing a harm few people realize. So many ills are traceable to these clogging poisons! An internal bath sounds novel, but it is much easier to take than any other kind! A spoonful of Sal Lithofos before breakfast (or any other meal), dissolved in a glass of tepid water acts as a gentle cleanser of the bowls—provides a soothing internal bath that rids the body of dangerous toxic poisons and gives one that feeling of freshness, vigor and well-being. A further advantage of the internal bath lies in the fact that a healthy body ensures an alert and active mind which makes for greater efficiency and happiness in one's daily work.

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Removing Lime from Teakettles.

If the water contains a great deal of lime, keep an oyster or other shell in the teakettle. This provides additional surface on which the lime may collect, and in that way saves the teakettle somewhat.

If the teakettle already has become incrusted with lime, boil a pint of vinegar or a few stalks of rhubarb in it. Sometimes this softons the lime so it can be scraped off.

If this does not prove successful, however, empty the kettle and heat it on the stove, being careful not to heat it too much. Take it off and let it cool. Usually then the crust of lime will be found loosened so it can be lifted off in large pieces with the fingers or a knife inserted underneath.

Misunderstood.

A lady, having inherited a large sum of money from an aged relation, bought a little cottage in the country and decided to start a poultry farm.

She bought a fowl and a setting of thirteen eggs; but, having no knowledge of poultry, she wrote to the editor of a journal that dealt with the subject and asked his advice.

The editor replied promptly: "Three weeks for chickens and four for ducks."

Some few weeks later the lady wrote to the paper once again, thus:

"Many thanks for your advice. However, at the end of three weeks there were no chickens hatched out, and, as I didn't want ducks, I took the hen off."

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Happy Islands of the Pacific.

England has one colony where serious crime is almost unknown. The Falkland Islands, off the coast of South America, are crime-free for years at a time.

Daniel John O'Sullivan, a bluff and hearty Irish ex-sailorman who rules as chief constable and keeper of the prison over this most southerly of colonies, landed in England recently with a man sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

It is his first visit to London since seventeen years ago he accompanied a lunatic to England. The Falkland Islands have everything but a lunatic asylum and a prison for those serving long-term sentences.

Port Stanley, Mr. O'Sullivan's headquarters, was shocked when the crime that has brought the chief constable to England was made known. The Falklands are not used to crime.

"Unemployment is nil in the Falklands," said Mr. O'Sullivan to the writer. "That is one reason why we have so little crime. There is a sociability in the islands which a larger community could not possibly know. We are not barbarians. We have every convenience—a good library, good Government buildings, and riches for those who work hard, though sometimes life is lonely. The sheep farms are widely separated, and there are long rides on horseback before we see a friendly face. Our greatest need is a newspaper of our own."

Miss Sarah Beall, a mathematician, and the only woman now connected with the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, has recently completed a book which is a complete history of the astronomical work of the survey since 1846.

When washing a chamois leather leave as much soap as possible in it, and when dry it will be as good as new.

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