

HUSBAND WAS HENPECKED

Until He Took a Tumble to Himself and Turned.

After Which He Had Things His Own Way and His Wife Loved Him More Than Ever.

When John Trumbull fell in love with vivacious and sprightly Gertrude Moore, no one would ever have suspected that he was a scholar, a thinker and a settled man of 40. His general actions were those of a youth of 18 undergoing his first case of love. The upshot of it was that when these two became engaged Miss Moore pulled Mr. Trumbull around by his philosophical nose and made him dance to her fiddling as suited her capricious and changing moods. Matrimony found the same condition of affairs. Every domestic question was decided by Mrs. Trumbull, no matter whether it was the choice of an apartment or the selection of a new coffee grinder. Mr. Trumbull, being still in a state of blinding affection and admiration for the little girl of 20 whom he had wooed and won, let her have her way, with the result that he was being henpecked to the queen's taste.

But as the years went by, as the years have a way of doing, Mr. Trumbull gradually awakened to the one-sided state of affairs. Mrs. Trumbull, being selfish and possessing a thistle-down intellect, fancied that it would not do to let Mr. Trumbull know that she was at all fond of him. Some old lady had told her once that when a man knows a woman loves him his affection becomes chilled like whipped cream in an ice chest. So she stuck up her nose—it stuck up of its own accord, by the way—and went her usual pace of bullying and worrying him. She would do this, she would do that—what John thought didn't matter.

But, as said before, a change finally came over John's heart. He still considered that dainty wife of his quite the smartest, cleverest woman in the world; but, strange to say, he was becoming aware of her peculiar powers of dictating and laying down the law. John was quiet and inoffensive and just the kind of a man that offers splendid opportunities for the woman with a will of her own. For a long time Mrs. John did not observe that her husband's substantial admiration was growing thin almost to a shadow. But when she did realize it the blow was something fearful. It had been her opinion that even though she were to sell his best clothes to the rag man or burn the house up or turn his hair white with her everlasting criticisms John would ever remain the same—faithful, adoring, enduring.

One morning John didn't kiss his wife when he went down town to business. She moped and wept and scolded the baby and the kitchen maid and then decided she didn't care. From that time on things went from bad to worse and from worse to even worse than that. Once in a great while when John's old vision of love for his wife came up he would take her in his arms and tell her that she was the prettiest thing in the world. Following her old time tactics, Mrs. John would in return comment on his bad choice of a necktie or let loose the pleasant information that his collar was soiled on the edge; John's heart would sink, and he'd tramp off to work feeling like an orphan asylum in a derby hat and creased trousers.

As it was not John's nature to war against any one he simply kept himself out of Mrs. John's way. Sunday afternoons he went over to the North Side to see an old college chum of his. These trips were his only dissolutions.

One Sunday afternoon when he and his old friend were discussing some particularly exciting college scrimmage that had taken place 15 years back the telephone bell rang, and a woman's voice begged to speak to Mr. Trumbull. He went to the phone.

"Is that you, Gertrude?"
"Yes, John. And won't you come home, please? I let Sadie take baby over to your mother's, and everybody in the building is out, and I'm having the fidgets. I don't know what I'm scared about, but I'm just nervous."

"All right, dear," said John, and home he went, not stopping long enough to finish up the recollections of the college fight.

At home he found his wife sitting curled up on a little settee looking very much as she had looked when five years before he had begged and entreated and kissed her into saying "Yes." She was twisting her handkerchief into little wads and ropes, and he knew by that that she was distracted about something.

"I know you think I'm a silly to feel this way when it's not even twilight yet. But I know positively that somebody tried the kitchen windows while I was lying down, and I just couldn't get over it. I always was afraid of burglars and ghosts." And then she had a nervous chill.

John said nothing. He took out a copy of Spencer and lighted a cigar.

After a time the baby was brought home and put to bed. Mrs. Trumbull had recovered from her nervousness and was peering out from behind a window shade listening to a conversation that was going on in the court.

The servant employed by the family in the apartment just below the Trumbulls' abode was in the flat opposite telling the occupants of that place that she was unable to get into the house.

"I can't turn the key, and if you don't mind, ma'm, I'll go through your window."

The people didn't mind at all. They even held the girl's parasol and pocket-book while she clambered from one window sill to the other.

Then came a crash. It was a terrific crash. Had the girl fallen into the court? No. The sounds that came from the door below were unlike those heard when Hendrik Hudson played ninepins in the Adirondacks. At that point came a shriek, such as the stage heroine gives vent to when the villain gets after her with a butcher knife. It was sickening. Mrs. Trumbull waited half a second, then stuck her head out of the window and with the help of half a dozen other feminine voices called: "Mary! Mary! What's the matter?"

The reply was a volley of sobs and squeals winding up with, "The flat's been robbed!"

Mr. Trumbull was surprised to see his wife with hair streaming down her back and hands clutching the folds of a bath robe go scooting through the library out into the hall and down the stairs.

In ten minutes she returned. Her eyes were big and black and scared. Her teeth were chattering, and her hands were busy with each other. She curled up on the divan and looked at her husband.

"John, what do you think? The Smiths' flat has been robbed, and there's hardly a scrap of anything left. They came through the kitchen window. They even took some Persian rugs and Mrs. Smith's seal-skin. And the silver's all gone, and the house—oh, you just should see it! It's knee deep with the things that they've pulled out of the dressers and wardrobes," John continued to read his Spencer. "That's too bad," he said. Silence of five minutes.

"John," she spoke very softly. "Yes?" he asked, not looking up from Spencer.

"John, do you know I'd just be scared stiff if you weren't here?" John smiled sadly.

"You won't go off on that hunting trip, will you?"

"Well—ll—," he drawled uncertainly. "I just won't let you, now. They might come in and take my old candlestick or the baby or my grandmother's set of china. And—I'm not a bit afraid when you're here—honest, I'm not."

John's chest swelled up. This was something new. He threw Spencer on the floor and went and looked at his revolver. Then he tried the dining room windows. After that he threw his arms out and doubled them up to see if his muscle swelled up as it did when he was a lad at school.

He walked back and forth through their bit of a flat and held his head up high. Then he sat down beside that little tyrant of a wife and looked her in the eyes.

She giggled hysterically and ran her fingers across his mustache, just as she used to do when poor John was so crazy with love for her that she could have pulled out every hair of his head and he'd never have known it.

"Dear," John said softly, "I never knew before that there was any place for me in this house, that I filled any want here. But now I find that I am useful, that I am a burglar scarer. God bless the man that stole those things down stairs. It'll be hard on the Smiths, but it's a mighty fine thing for me."

And they lived happy ever after or had for a week, as the burglary only took place that far back.—Chicago Times-Herald.

WIND ON THE SEA.

The loneliness of the sea is in my heart, and the wind is not more lonely than this gray wind.

I have thought far thoughts, I have loved, I have loved, and I find
Less gone, thought weary, and I, alas, left behind.

The loneliness of my heart is in the sea, and my heart is not more lonely than this gray wind.

Who shall stay the feet of the sea or bind The wings of the wind? Only the feet of mankind Grow old in the place of their sorrow, and bitter is the heart.

That may not wander as the wind or return as the sea.

—Arthur Symonds in Saturday Review.

THE SACRED ARMCHAIR.

Story of a Soldier's Return.

Captain Carus Bentley of the Eleventh artillery regulars limped down the gangway from the transport and stepped on pier 19 with the vague, indefinable satisfaction that after a year in the tropics he was getting back to God's country. He swayed a moment as he reached the dock and looked up at the ramparts of buildings along the river. No one met him at the dock of the steamer. There were no tearful

eyes brilliant with joy and tender arms to crush him with happiness. There were no little feminine plaudits and girlish shrieks for greeting. How different was his coming back from his going away! She had clung to his arm and sighed little heartbroken sobs. She was sad then. He had been exultant, gay, happy, carried away with the enthusiasm of war and man's love of action. He had gone and won his spurs and got wounded and then lay for six months in the military hospital at Santiago smitten down by fever, wavering between life and death, not knowing then of the agony which he inflicted on his dear one with silence unbroken by a letter or message of any kind.

Regularly and faithfully, with the devotion of her sex, she had written to him, and at the end of ten months, having received no reply, she had ceased. Some of the letters which she had written he carried with him. His hospital nurse had let him have them when she thought that he had the strength to comprehend their contents. Each was an unhappy, passionate cry from a wounded soul, an unconscious rebuke to him, and each revealed the pain resting heavily in the bottom of a neglected woman's heart, the pain which she could not help express when the natural warmth of her heart was repulsed by persistent silence.

Bentley crawled into a cab and drove to his rooms. He had cabled his housekeeper from Cuba before the transport had sailed, and he knew that his apartments would be in trim order when he arrived, that his bath would be prepared, the fire burning gayly in the erstwhile deserted hearth and dinner hot and steaming when he wanted it. When he reached the door, he fumbled in the pocket of his blue uniform for his latchkey, and he felt puzzled when he found that it was gone. He touched the electric button. It seemed funny to him to have to ring his own doorbell before he could get in.

Presently the housekeeper opened the door, and Bentley's colli was alert at her heels. Mrs. Blossom could only ejaculate incoherent sentences in the exuberance of her surprise and joy and look at her returned soldier with all the tenderness of her devoted old age. "Happy and improving," your nurse wrote last," she said, "so I had no fear for you."

"Happy and improving," Bentley echoed under his breath. "I wonder if she, too, heard that." He had sunk down into a big armchair before the fire. He was depressed and silent and still weak from the wound in his arm. "Let me alone to think now," he said to the woman, who stood waiting for orders. So she quietly and unceremoniously withdrew and left Bentley alone with his dreams. The colli, too little noticed after the long separation, leaped on his knees and whined pitifully and lay her gentle head against the faded, shabby sleeve of his coat. Bentley took her head between his hands and as he looked at the quiet, faithful eyes two tears came into his own.

"Little old woman," he said, "you've been lonesome, haven't you? So have I. I've wanted to be back here millions of times. Yes, I have, little woman. And I had hoped when I did come that we might not be alone any more and that the hearth might not be so dreary. Yes, Jess, I actually began to imagine that some one would sit in that chair opposite and would answer me when I spoke and understand me when I was silent and love me always."

"Why, little woman, that empty chair has stood there opposite mine for ten years now. Yes, ten years. You haven't kept such close watch of the time as I have." He drew the colli close into his arms, and she lay there, complacently, blinking into the fire.

"We used to think that she came, and sat there and made us happy with her laughter and her bright talk. She was always a kind of airy ideal of ours, wasn't she, Jess? But she was real for us—yellow hair, blue eyes, low voice, slender figure and all, and she musingly, "I am going to tell you a secret. Don't get angry and bark, will you? I haven't told you before because there wasn't time before I went away. But I met her at Mrs. Manton's ball three weeks before I sailed. Yes, her, her, Jess; just think of it; the embodiment of our dream—blue eyes, womanliness, grace, ah, everything that you and I had yearned for all these years."

"I knew her three weeks, and just think of it, Jess, she said she loved me, and she promised to come and sit at the other side of the fire and to tease us and kiss us and make tea for us. Ah, little woman, I began to believe that our dream was coming true." The colli lifted herself with a quick spring and stood upright on her knees and pricking up her ears to listen began to bark furiously at the farther door of the room.

"You are nervous, little woman," Bentley said. "Now settle back and let me tell you the rest. I have wanted so much to tell somebody. It has been rather hard to keep it shut up in one's heart without even the comfort of a friendly, patient ear. I went away with her kiss burning on my lips. I hated to go without her, but it was war, and that meant duty, and it was the one thing for which I had worked and studied and fitted myself for 20 years. She wrote to me, Jess; yes, grand letters; and, lame minded dog that I am, I didn't know how to answer her in the way she wanted. I

couldn't even grasp what she was driving at, and I used to think at times that she was aiming at a smashup. Well, then I fell ill and couldn't write at all. But she wrote and kept on writing for months, but I didn't get the letters. I don't know what they were thinking of down there to hold them back. Here they are, Jess, in my blouse, and the last one is awfully bitter; yes, awfully bitter, little woman, and I guess the jig is up. Gad, I don't blame her. Six months without a word, and then she wrote and said she hated me and loathed me and detested me and that I was a coward and that I could never see her again."

Again the colli sprang up and barked still more furiously. Then Mrs. Blossom came in and asked him if he would not go and look at his room and see whether or not everything was all right.

"I think there is something which annoys the dog," he said, as he got up to go her bidding. But she had disappeared again.

Bentley went to his room and stood at the door and looked in. It seemed dreary to him. He did not have the heart to inspect Mrs. Blossom's arrangements. He turned again to go back to the fire. As he reached the door of his den he glanced toward the chair at the other side of the hearth and then stepped back suddenly and steadied himself against the door frame. For a moment he felt dizzy. He ran his fingers across his hot eyelids to shut out the vision. A slender, girlish figure leaned back in its dreamy depths. Bentley looked again, and the vision seemed fuller to his tired, surprised brain.

"Louise!" he whispered audibly.

A yellow head turned and smiled at him in an old, familiar way. He stole over to his chair and sat down, looking at the quiet, graceful girl.

"Louise, Louise," he whispered feelingly. The colli sprang at her skirts and barked indignantly. A strange being filled the depths of the sacred armchair, which Jess had been taught never to use herself and to protect with religious vigilance against intruders. Now it was occupied.

Bentley watched her curiously. She smiled again and dropped her head in her hands and watched the fire critically.

"Louise, is it you, dearest?"

"Yes, it is I," she answered calmly. "The newspapers said that you had been mortally wounded, but the surgeon cabled other news, and I concluded that he knew. I came today to inquire for you of your housekeeper, and you surprised me here."

"Louise, do you love me?"

"That is not the question we ought to consider. I have proved my love," she said firmly.

"Louise, I love you, and you know it!" he cried out wildly. "Won't you come and occupy that armchair always?"

"Some time," she laughed exultantly, with sudden gaiety, as she got up to run toward the door. She stopped in the middle of the room and came back and leaned over to kiss the spot on his head devoid of its silken gray hairs and then the sunburned cheeks, seamed with lines of long suffering, and then the dear limp arm with its glorious wound.

"Yes, some time," she laughed happily.—Exchange.

A Painful Memory.

A lady who lives on Morgan street took her 5-year-old son to a photographer's to have his picture taken. She was anxious to secure a good likeness at this particular sitting because she wished to distribute the pictures among some friends who were then her guests.

The child's idea of the affair, however, did not apparently harmonize with that of his mother, for when the man with the camera began to adjust the lens and direct it toward little Edward that young person set up what was unquestionably a howl.

In vain did the mother call into use her utmost forensic abilities. Edward did not want his picture taken.

"Why, my child," she said soothingly, "the gentleman won't hurt you. Just smile and keep still for a moment, and it will be all over before you know it."

"Yes, I know, mamma," whimpered the youth, with the tears running down his cheeks, "but that's what you told me at the dentist's."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

More Mail Coming.

Owing to the fact that no mail was reported as having recently passed Selwyn, the Nugget stated on Wednesday that there was no incoming mail this side of Selwyn. This was an error, as the mail is due at Dawson tonight, having left Ogilvie at an early hour this morning.

Manager Downing of the lower river mail route, dispatched 13 sacks of mail down the river Wednesday at noon and by this time the anxiety of the people at Fortymile and Eagle for mail has probably been appeased. Another down river consignment is expected soon and will be dispatched immediately on its arrival here.

Try Cascade Laundry for high-class work at reduced prices.

WAS A WARM 10 ROUND GO

The Glove Contest at the Savoy Wednesday Night.

Delay in Starting Causes Spectators to Squirm and Say Naughty Things—It Was a Draw.

The Rafael-Carroll 10-round go was successfully pulled off at the Standard theater Wednesday night before a large number of spectators. Many people, however, who would have purchased tickets were not aware of the meeting as no announcement was made in the columns of the newspapers relative to the match. The go was supposed to start at 11 p. m., but was delayed until nearly 1 o'clock, much to the annoyance of the awaiting spectators, who gave evidence of their impatience in repeated calls for the mitted gentry. Eddie O'Donnell was appointed referee and W. H. B. Lyons timekeeper.

Immediately after the men entered the ring and were introduced to the audience in the regulation style, O'Donnell announced a challenge from the Colorado Kid to the winner of the contest. Vincent White, who is to fight Slav in the near future was then introduced. In the meantime the onlookers were busy sizing up the two men. Carroll appearing much heavier, some 15 pounds. Rafael looked closer knit and quicker. Both men were in fine condition and stood the rapid pace all through ten rounds of heavy fighting remarkably well.

At the call of time both men came quickly to the center of the ring, Rafael the aggressor, Carroll giving ground until his corner was reached when he rushed, Rafael getting away easily; two more rushes by Carroll followed, ending in clinches. Rafael led with right and drove left in strong on Carroll's wind, Carroll then got in right on jaw a stiff punch, both men coming together in a clinch. Carroll rushed and in the clinch slipped to the floor, where he stayed until the count of seven. Rafael then drove in right swing on jaw followed by a left. Carroll rushed and clinched at call of time.

Rafael in the first round having found Carroll's wind followed it up in all the following rounds when the opportunities came up. Carroll also found a favorite place to land, he driving in his right repeatedly on Rafael's heart.

The second round was almost a duplication of the first, only Carroll here found his opening on the heart which he got in twice. Towards the close of the round after a rush by Carroll, Rafael left an opening with both hands down which, if taken advantage of, might have terminated the go instantly, but Carroll for some unexplained reason did not drive in on his man. At call of time in this round Carroll was strong and a possible winner. In this round Rafael slipped to the floor twice.

Immediately at call of time in the third Carroll rushed Rafael, who slipped and by the impact of Carroll's rush fell heavily to the floor, breaking through the stage with part of his anatomy protruding towards the depths below. Both men were ordered to their corners by O'Donnell until repairs were made, when the round was started anew. Carroll continued his rushing in this and all subsequent rounds, with Rafael doing the leading.

Until the end of the ninth round it was anybody's battle, with both men comparatively strong. In the tenth Rafael went in to finish, swinging lefts and rights and driving in straight jabs, Carroll getting groggy at every punch and an evident loser if the pace continued, but time was called as Carroll was staggering from a heavy right swing. O'Donnell declared the go a draw. The men will probably meet again in the near future. During this round great excitement prevailed owing to the repeated fire alarms from the A. C. Co.'s whistle, many people rushing through the ropes, while the men were fighting, to leave the stage as it was thought that a serious conflagration was in progress.

Wants to Fight a Duel.

Chicago, Nov. 5.—A special to the Record from Pana, Ill., says: Judge Righter of Shelby county has received a letter from Ralph Corti, an Italian, asking permission to fight a duel with Peter Camali, a fellow-countryman, who, the former claims, stole \$500 from his while working in the mines at Moweaqua last year. Corti begs that they may be permitted to step off in paces and shoot at each other until one or the other falls dead.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.