SHOULD A WOMAN FORGIVE A FALLEN HUSB

AN

THE sensation created by "A Superfluous Woman," one of the most startling of the black chaotic books of the new "problem" fiction, must be still fresh in the public mind. Possibly it may not yet be generally known that the author is not a misanthropic man, as was at first surmised, nor a miserable married woman, writing out of the depths of her own deep and bitter experience, but an estimable maiden lady of quiet and conventional life, a Miss Emma Brooke, living in London.

This first literary success Miss Brooke followed up almost immediately by another novel, entitled "Transition," which was, in its way, almost as remarkable as "A Superfluous Woman." It bore, however, the marks of haste and immaturity, and made the impression of being earlier work—probably the germ of the more powerful novel.

But, in her new novel, "Life the Accuser," which Mr. Edward Arnold will publish next week, Miss Brooke makes a marked advance. There is no haste, no immaturity here, and a greatly superior literary quality, revealing the care and labor with which the motive is wrought out. There is something in the passionate intensity of the opening chapters, and in the subject itself, that suggests the school scenes in "Jane Eyre." The development of the story is rapid, and some of the girl children who are given a wrong start in Miss Mincing Racker's school find falser and more dangerous teaching in their own homes as they approach womanhood.

Rosalie Treylon, especially, begins life's race heavily handicapped by heredity, without bit or bridle between a vicious, dissipated father and a weak, unprincipled mother. And such a turbulent nature as this finds itself suddenly condemned to a suppressed existence of stays and sofas.

"Of course, she begins looking about for some scarlet thread of interest to run into the dun color of the unbearable monotony. The only near-by man worthy of notice is Norman Dayntree. He is distinguished, handsome, fascinating—and forty, which is in itself a charm to a certain type of girl, who finds crudeness in younger men. But—such is the perversity of fate—he has a wife whom he loves, according to such a man's idea of love.

"No man in England was so careful to keep that white patch of his existence which he named 'home,' and which bore in the forefront of his mind the perfect figure of his wife, uncontaminated by the world. * * * It shocked him in this region of artistic fastidiousness even to think of the coarse and mingled flood of the world's life sweeping so much as the hem of Constantia's garment. In his opinion men and women stood upon entirely different planes, and it was part of his business as a husband jealously to protect his wife, and to prevent any whiff of the atmosphere of the manly plane from invading the purer air of her refined existence."

Perhaps Norman Dayntree is not the only man in England—or in the world—who, while thus relegating his wife to a higher sphere, retains for himself the right to enter at his pleasure a lower one than that in which they might dwell in mutual respect, honor and happiness. Perhaps there may be husbands even in America whose homes have fallen into ruin because they were reared upon this false foundation.

Constantia, the wife, is a beautiful woman, and as good as the eminently human can be. She is younger than her husband, and never feels conscious of her loss of even youth's first bloom, until she notices the enchanting freshness of Rosalie's beauty. It has struck her with especial force one night at a ball, while the girl is staying in their house as a guest, and, being sleepless and nervous, Constantia rises and goes to the window, expecting only a glimpse of the perfect night and a soothing breath of fresh air.

"The moonlight flooded the garden, but, saving one corner, the side of the house which lay at right angles from the new wing, and which represented the middle and older part, was in shadow. In this side was the window of the room that Norman occupied; her eyes rested upon it sadly; the moonlight folded itself about her head. She had no thought of spying upon her husband; the anchorage of her faith might be torn away by other hands, it would not be removed by her own; her attitude was that of the waiter. But a secret thus played over by the consciousness of three hearts cannot be hid; and it was inevitable that from the deeps which lie in the nature of things some terrible revelation should arise. First, Constantia became aware of a dim light behind Norman's curtains; then they were withdrawn, and a hand set the light in the window. She pushed her own curtains roughly back, and ...essed close to the panes. The spark in ...window burned steadily for a few ... it was extinguished. Constantia ...ed round the room with a star-

...? She heard the softest opening ...With that, she darted from the window, ...ippers, and rapidly clothed herself. Be-...nd noise of merely startled thoughts, be-...inst herself for surmise and for the desperate ...ind toward certainty, was the inmost conviction of ...self lending her the knowledge of disaster. ...d into a passage ending in one of the principal en-...cture gallery. Down the passage and toward the entrance ...ay, her feet shod with velvet. As she went, she noticed that the door of a bedroom stood ajar; so also did that of ... reaching it she silently pushed it wider. ...was not altogether dark. A moonbeam fell through the ... and lay transversely across the corner near the door; Con-... for one brief second across the light, and then shrank ... passage and stood against the wall, her hand upon her breast. ... suspense and every lesser emotion were expunged from her ... one moment. Would that she could close the door between ... the whispering pair inside! As in a dream she saw the ...pressed and hated suspicion of uneasy weeks standing out before ...ctuality, yet within herself found neither resource, nor a plan of ... nor a whisper of a word of policy. Her nature was too greatly ... to search for tactics. She stood there overwhelmed by a great tide ...mn pain that swept over and over her, and destroyed the landmarks ... life. There was Norman; here stood she. She was as a ship going ...ces. Unutterable anguish fell upon her. With her hand upon her ...t she fought for breath; nothing passed her lips, yet her cries went ... heaven. There was Norman; here stood she. * * *

...n the edge of the moonlight stood a figure. It was Rosalie alone. ...rl hesitated as though shrinking from the telltale light, and gazed ... at the far-away and solemn panorama of the skies. Her clothing ...white wrapper, her hair was loose and fell in masses below her ... * * * Every faculty of Constantia was intensified to abnormal ...d clearness in the stress of the moment. * * * She took a step ..., and stood in the doorway and gravely confronted the girl. No ...as spoken. Rosalie breathed one startled breath, and then passed

...psychology of the wife's feelings and thoughts is a revelation of the ...lest depths of a woman's nature—depths which few if any of these ...problem novels have stirred. She is a large-hearted, large-minded, wise woman, and she loves her husband so much (for, unhappily for good women, love does not die with respect) that she is tempted to ignore what has happened, knowing the wreck of all that makes life worth living that must follow the recognition of the facts. There are many intense pages portraying the struggle; she leaves home ostensibly to make a visit, in order to think calmly, to find, if she can, what is best to do.

"It did not arouse any sense of jealousy to surmise that her husband and Rosalie had probably arranged a meeting, and might at this moment of her agonizing loneliness and distress be losing themselves in the intoxication of companionship. Her grief was of too great, too vast, a quality, to mar itself with torturing details; her nature moved on lines too large, heroic and simple." * * *

But she is compelled to return to her children—a mother is never free to consider the relation of wife alone—and the finding of a packet of letters, in which are several from Rosalie, precipitates the scene which can no longer be averted, when he asks for a business letter, forgetting the others. She tells him that she picked them up.

"She spoke without strain, neither did her lip tremble as she put her hand in her work basket to draw out a small key.

" 'In the old place,' said she.

"It passed through his mind that no man's wife could be as she was—so constant, equable and trustworthy. The key belonged to a cabinet which stood against the wall between the two windows; as he walked across the room and placed it in the lock, Constantia laid down her work—for she knew that their hour had come. He opened the doors. There were shelves and drawers. One of these shelves was dedicated to his own mislaid property, and he raised his hand toward it; he saw a few letters and minor articles; he saw, also, a small packet. * * * The packet was the small collection of Rosalie's letters and her portrait; its position in such a place seemed a piece of magic played on him by malicious chance. And then a fury seized him to be so tripped up—his careful steering dashed on so tiny a rock; it shamed him that a minor fault of character should have betrayed him and his schemes to this plight, and the movement of his anger went out against the wife who had stolen the march upon him, and had stood by in silence watching and waiting on the event. * * * * On him lay the obligation of the first speech, for though she continued to look steadily at him, she uttered no word.

" 'You have read these things?' he brought himself to ask.

" 'I have not. They are the love letters of another woman.'

"That surprised without consoling him. He took a turn or two through the room.

" 'Damn the things!' he said, coming to a stand before her again, and dropping the packet on to the tiles of the hearth.

"There was a sound of broken glass. Constantia stooped, picked the case up, freed the uninjured portrait from the glass and set it up against a vase on her table. She laid the letters quietly beside them.

" 'Why don't you burn them?' asked Norman, chokingly.

" 'They are not mine.' * * *

"He had impulses of love-making. Constantia (with other women) had found the sexual suasion in which he was gifted hitherto irresistible; he was tempted to put forth that side of masculine power. But he was also a master in tact, and it served him now in the place of rectitude. His mind swiftly recognized the uncommonness in her attitude and conduct, and the futility of meeting her with common weapons. This breach was not to be healed either by dominance or a kiss. * * * And then it suddenly happened to him to make up ... to ... round ... dress thi... of twenty... with the b... spectful truth... ing which he mig... addressed to a man... tone was very gentle, ... manner reflected the sin... of hers.

" 'Yes, Constantia,' said h... so.'

" 'You mean you are unfaith... me?'

"He found this far too sheer a ... tion, but he bowed to it. 'Have yo... been so before?' He looked surprised. ... titude became tenser. He hesitated, and ... solved.

" 'Yes, I was unfaithful—if you will call it ... fore.' 'When?' 'About five years after our m... 'Why?'

"Norman's eyes fell before this woman's, and an ... sion of pained perplexity came into his face. It was ... well to speak the truth to her as though she were a man, ... stood up to him like this, but he felt appalled and confused by a sense of her innocence.

" 'Really, Constantia,' he said, 'these are not things I can or

LIFE THE ACCUSER;

or,

Hot Summer

and Cold

Winter.

"THERE WAS NORMAN. HERE STOOD S...

AN EXCITING STORY OF "NO. 1" AND THE DYNAMITE PLOT, BY THE AUTHOR OF

IT is rather singular that a literary man so well known in London as Mr. Coulson Kernahan should be so little known in this country. A contributor to several leading literary journals, and the literary adviser of one of the largest publishing houses in England, he has long held a recognized position among English men of letters.

"A Dead Man's Diary," and "A Book of Strange Sins" first made his reputation in fiction, and it is hard to realize that the writer of such wierd books is young, healthy, handsome—a tall, strong, boyishly impulsive man, full of cheerfulness and the joy of life.

His new work, "Captain Shannon," which Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish immediately, seems more the sort of tale to be expected from a man of his type. It is distinctively a story of adventure, and has nothing to do with sentiment or love, the only woman appearing in it being the sister of Captain Shannon, and she is seen in the distance.

The story is exciting to the verge of sensationalism, yet is said to be based on the author's personal investigations of Socialistic life in the great European capitals. It is supposed, indeed, that the idea of the titular character—the Irish-American dynamiter—was suggested by the career of James Tynan; and, by a curious coincidence, the first instalment of the story ...peared ... England just at the time that ... wh... said to be "Number One," ... in A... ...ed ...nt to blow up the Houses of Parliament, although Mr. Kernahan has altered the facts to suit his artistic design. The narrative is in the first person—which gives it dramatic force—and is told by a hot-headed, daring young fellow, who has undertaken to ferret out and hunt down the author of the crime.

Discussing his method of setting to work, he says:

"The criminal classes are almost invariably creatures of habit. The fact that a certain method—be it adopted for the purpose of committing a crime, concealing a crime, or of effecting the criminal's escape—has proved successful in the past is to them the strongest possible reason for again adopting the same method. They associate that method in their thoughts with what they call their luck, and shrink from having to depart from it. Hence the detective-psychologist should be quick to get what I may—with no sinister meaning in regard to after events—be allowed to call the 'hang' of the criminal's mind, and to discover the methods which, though varying circumstances may necessitate their being worked out in varying ways, are common to most of his crimes.

"The detective who can do this has his antagonist at a disadvantage. He is like the hunter who knows that the hare will double, or that this or that quarry will try to set the hounds at fault and seek to destroy the scent by taking to the water. And just as the hunter's acquaintance with the tricks of the quarry ... anticipate and to forestall th... efforts to ...ape, so the ... has taken a criminal's measure, and discovered the methods upon which he works, can often turn the very means which are intended to effect an escape into means to effect a capture."

With vividness he describes the trail which he discovered and the accident through which he becomes a witness of Captain Shannon's management of the bomb.

Keeping in the shadow, he sees the dynamiter pause and look about him.

"Evidently reassured, he put down his bag, opened it and lifted out something that, from the stiff movement of his arms, appeared to be heavy. This he placed upon the ground, and so gingerly that I distinctly heard him sigh as he drew his hands away. Then he stood erect, puffed fiercely at his cigar until it kindled and glowed like a live coal, took it from his lips, turned the lighted end round to look at it, and stooped with it in his hand over the thing upon the ground. I saw an answering spark shine out, flicker for a moment and die away, and heard Redbeard mutter 'Damnation! Hell!' through his teeth.

"The next instant I heard the spurt that told of the striking of a lucifer match, and saw him stoop again over the thing on the ground. A little point of light, which grew in size and brightness, shone out as I stood looking on, half paralyzed with horror. That he had fired the fuse of an infernal machine I had no doubt, and for one moment my limbs absolutely refused to move. I tried to call out, but gave utterance only to a silly, inarticulate ...e that was more ... and was formed to come from the back of my throat. The sound reached the ears of the man with the bag, however, for he came to an erect posture in an instant, looked quickly to right and to left, and then walked briskly away in the opposite direction.

"And then the night stillness was broken by the most terrible cry I have ever heard—a cry so terrible and unearthly that it seemed to make the blood in my veins run cold, although I knew that it was from my own lips and no other that the cry had fallen.

"That cry broke the spell that bound me. Even while it was ringing in my ears I leaped out like a tiger athirst for blood, and, heedless of the hissing fuse, which burned the faster and brighter for the wind which I made as I rushed by it, I was after him, every drop of blood in my body boiling with fury, every muscle and tendon of my fingers twitching to grip the miscreant's throat.

"Had he been as fleet of foot as a greyhound he should not have escaped me then, and though he had thrown the bag away and was now running for dear life, I was upon him before he was half way down Noble street. When he heard my steps he stopped and faced round suddenly, and as he did so I struck him with my clenched fist full under the jaw and with all my strength. Shall I ever feel such savage joy as thrilled me then as I heard his teeth snap together like the snap of the teeth of an iron rat trap, and felt the warm rush of ...ood upon my hand? He went down ...pole-axed ox but in the next ...ered to ... knees and th... side pocket, whence I saw the butt end of a revolver protruding, but before he could get at it I had him by the throat again, where my blow had knocked the false red beard awry, and I promise you that my grip was none of the gentlest. Nor, for the matter of that, was my language, for—though I am by habit nice of speech and not given to oaths—words which I have never used before nor since bubbled up in my throat and would out, though a whole bench of listening bishops were by.

" 'You bloody monster!' I cried, and the words seemed to make iron of the muscles of my arm, and granite of every bone in my fist as I struck him again and again in the face with all my strength. 'You hell miscreant and devil. By God in heaven, I'll pound the damned life out of you!'

"And then the solid ground semed to stagger and sway beneath me, and from the neighborhood of the General Post Office came a sudden blaze of light, in which I saw a tall chimney crook inward at the middle, as a leg is bent at the knee, and then snap in two like a sugar stick. There was a low rumble, a roar like the discharge of artillery, followed by the strangest ripping, rending din as of the sudden tearing asunder of innumerable sheets of metal. I was conscious of the falling of masonry, of a choking, limy dust, and then a red darkness closed in upon me with a crash, and I remember no more."

And that is, as it were, merely the op... ing of the ball! The invincible young ... is not killed and tracks the villain to ... ...se "evil lo...