THE FATAL GLOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

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CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

He opened the door with one of a bunch of keys which he carried, and noiselessly entered. The gas was turned down low, but a mellow radiance filled the place. A bed stood in one corner, and Sharp advanced toward it. The noise he had made, slight though it was, aroused the occupant, and, as she started up in affright, Arch met the soft, pleading eyes of Margia Harrison son. She spoke to him, not to Sharp.

"Do not let him kill me!"

Sharp laid a rough hand on her shoulder, and put a knife at her throat.

Simultaneously, Arch sprang upon him like a tiger.

"Release that girl," he hissed. "Dare to touch her with the tips of your fingers, and by Heaven I will murder you."

Sharp sprang back with an oath, and at the same moment a pistol shot rang through the house, and Sharp, bathed in blood, fell to the floor. Old Mr. Trevlyn, travel stained and wet, strode into the room.

"I've killed him," he said, in a cracked voice of intense satisfaction. "He didn't catch old Trevlyn napping. I knew well enough they'd be after my diamonds, and I gave up the journey. Margie, child, are the jewels safe?"

She had fallen back on the pillows, pale as death, her white night dress spattered with the blood of the dead robber.

Arch lifted a tiny glove from the carpet, thrust it into his bosom, and, before old Trevlyn could raise a hand to stop him, he had got clear of the premises.

Such a relief as he felt when the cool, fresh air struck his face. He had been saved from overt criminality. God had not permitted him to thus debase himself. Now that his excitement was gone, he saw the heinousness of the sin he had been about to commit in all its deformity.

Let old Trevlyn go! Let him gloat over his diamonds while yet he had the opportunity. He would not despoil him of his treasures, but he could not give up his scheme of vengeance. It should be brought about some other way.

A large reward was offered by Mr. Trevlyn for the apprehension of Sharp's accomplice, but, as no description of his person could be given by any one except Margie, who could not or would not be explicit on that point, he was not secured.

Trevlyn recognized and appreciated her noble generosity in suffering him to go free, for in the one look she had given him on that disgraceful occasion he had felt that she recognized him. But she pitied him enough to let him go free.

Well, he would show her that her confidence was not misplaced. He would deserve her forbearance. He was resolved upon a new life.

He left the saloon, and after many rebuffs succeeded in getting employment as errand boy in a large importing house. The salary was a mere pittance, but it kept him in clothes and coarse food, until one day, about a year after his apprenticeship there, he chanced to save the life of Mr. Belgrade, the senior partner. A gas pipe in the private office of the firm exploded, and the place took fire, and Mr. Belgrade, smothered and helpless, would have perished in the flames, had not Arch, with a bravery few would have expected in a bashful, retiring boy, plunged through the smoke and flame, and bore him to a place of safety.

Mr. Belgrade was a man with a conscience, and, grateful for his life, he rewarded his preserver by a clerkship of importance. The duties of this office he discharged faithfully for three years, when the death of the head clerk left a vacancy, and when Arch was nineteen he received the situation.

Through these three years he had been a close student. Far into the night he pored over his books, and, too proud to go to school, he hired a teacher and was taught privately. At twenty he was quite as well educated as nine-tenths of the young men now turned out by our fashionable colleges.

Rumors of Margie Harrison's triumphs reached him constantly, for Margie was a belle and a beauty now. Her parents were dead, and she had been left to the guardianship of Mr. Trevlyn, at whose house she made her home, and where she reigned a very queen. Old Trevlyn's heart at last found something beside his diamonds to worship, and Margie had it all her own way.

She came into the store of Belgrade & Co, one day, and asked to look at some laces. Trevlyn was the only clerk disengaged, and with a very changeable face he came forward to attend to her. He felt that she would recognize him at once—that she would remember where she had seen him the last time—a house breaker! She held his reputation in her keeping.

His hand trembled as he took down the laces—she glanced at his face. A start of surprise—a conscious, painful blush swept over her face. He dropped the box, and the rich laces fell over his feet.

"Pardon me," he said, hurriedly, and, stooping to pick them up, the little glove he had stolen on that night, and which he always wore in his bosom, fell out, and dropped among the laces.

She picked it up with a little cry.

"The very glove that I lost four years ago! And you are—" She stopped suddenly.

He paled to the lips, but, lifting his head proudly, said:

"Go on. Finish the sentence. I can bear it."

"No, I will not go on. Let the memory die. I knew you then, but you were so young, and had to bear so much among temptations. And the other was a villain. No, I am silent. You are safe."

He stooped and, lifting the border of her shawl, kissed it reverently.

"If I live," he said solemnly, "you will be glad you have been so merciful. Some time I shall hear you say so."

She did not purchase any laces. She went out forgetful of her errand, and Arch was so awkward for the remainder of the day, and committed so many blunders, that his fellow clerks laughed at him unrebuked, and Mr. Belgrade seriously wondered if Trevlyn had not been taking too much champagne.

CHAPTER IV.

MARGIE HARRISON and her guardian sat at breakfast. Mr. Trevlyn showed his years very plainly. He was nearly seventy-five—he looked eighty.

Margie looked very lovely this morning and it was of this the old man was thinking as he glanced at her across the table. She had more than fulfilled the promise of her childhood. The golden hair was chestnut now, and pushed behind her ears in heavy, rippling masses of light and shadow. Her eyes had taken a deeper tone—they were like wells whose depth you could not guess at. Her features were delicately irregular, the forehead low, broad and white; her chin was dimpled as an infant's, and her mouth still ripe and red as a damask rosebud. She wore a pink muslin wrapper, tied with white ribbons, and in her hair drooped a cluster of apple-blossoms.

"Margie, dear," said Mr. Trevlyn, pausing in his work of buttering a muffin. "I want you to look your prettiest tonight. I am going to bring home a friend of mine—one who was also your father's friend—Mr. Linmere. He arrived from Europe today."

Margie's cheek lost a trifle of its peachy bloom. She toyed with her spoon, but did not reply to his remark.

"Did you understand me, child? Mr. Linmere has returned."

"Yes, sir."

"And is coming here tonight. Remember to take extra pains with yourself, Margy, for he has seen all the European beauties, and I do not want my little American flower to be cast in the shade. Will you remember it?"

"Certainly, if you wish it, Mr. Trevlyn."

"Margie!"

"Sir!"

"You are aware that Mr. Linmere is your affianced husband, are you not?"

"I have been told so."

"And yet in the face of that fact—well, of all things, girls do beat me! Thank heaven, I have none of my own," he added testily.

"Girls are better let alone, sir. It is very hard to feel one's self bound to fulfil a contract of this kind."

"Hard! Well, now, I should think it easy. Mr. Linmere is all that any reasonable woman could wish. Not too old, nor yet too young; about forty-five, which is just the age for a man to marry; good looking, intelligent and wealthy—what more could you ask?"

"You forget that I do not love him—that he does not love me."

"Love! tush! Don't let me hear anything about that. I loathe the name. Margie, love ruined my only son! For love he disobeyed me and I disowned him. I have not spoken his name for years! Your father approved of Mr. Linmere, and while you were yet a child you were betrothed. And when your father died, what did you promise him on his deathbed?"

Margie grew white as the ribbons at her throat.

"I promised him that I would try and fulfil his requirements."

"That you would try! Yes. And that was equal to giving an unqualified assent. You know the conditions of the will, I believe?"

"I do. If I marry without your consent under the age of twenty-one, I forfeit my patrimony. And I am nineteen now. And I shall not marry without your consent."

"Margie, you must marry Mr. Linmere. Do not hope to do differently. It is your duty. He has lived single all these years waiting for you. He will be kind to you, and you will be happy. Prepare to receive him with becoming respect."

Mr. Trevlyn considered his duty performed and went out for his customary walk.

At dinner Mr. Linmere arrived. Margie met him with cold composure. He scanned her fair face and almost faultless form with the eye of a connoisseur and congratulated himself on the fortune which was to give him such a bride without the perplexity of a wooing. She was beautiful and attractive, and he had feared she might be ugly, which would have been a dampener on his satisfaction. True, her wealth would have counterbalanced any degree of personal deformity; but Mr. Paul Linmere admired beauty, and liked to have pretty things around him.

To tell the truth, he was sadly in need of money. It was fortunate that his old friend, Mr. Harrison, Margie's dead father, had taken it into his head to plight his daughter's troth to him while she was yet a child. Mr. Harrison had been an eccentric man, and from the fact that in many points of religious belief he and Mr. Paul Linmere agreed (for both were miserable skeptics), he valued him above all other men, and thought his daughter's happiness would be secured by the union he had planned.

Linmere had been abroad several years, and he had led a very reckless, dissipated life. Luxurious by nature, lacking in moral rectitude, and having wealth at his command, he indulged himself unrestrained, and when at last he left the gay French capital and returned to America, his whole fortune, with the exception of a few thousands, was dissipated. So he needed a rich wife sorely, and was not disposed to defer his happiness.

He met Margie with empressement, and bowed his tall head to kiss the white hand she extended to him. She drew it away coldly—something about the man made her shrink from him.

"I am so happy to meet you again, Margie, and after ten years of separation! I have thought so much and so often of you."

"Thank you, Mr. Linmere."

"Will you not call me Paul?" he asked, in a subdued voice, letting his dangerous eyes, full of light and softness, rest on her.

An expression of haughty surprise swept her face. She drew back a pace.

"I am not accustomed to address gentlemen—mere acquaintances—by their Christian names, sir."

"But in this case, Margie? Surely the relations existing between us will admit of such a familiarity," he said, seating himself, while she remained standing coldly by.

"There are no relations existing between us at present, Mr. Linmere," she answered haughtily; "and if, in obedience to the wishes of the dead, we should ever become connected in name, I beg leave to assure you in the beginning that you will always be Mr. Linmere to me."

A flush of anger mounted to his cheek; he set his teeth, but outwardly he was calm and subdued. Anger, just at present, was impolitic.

"I hope to win your love, Margie; I trust I shall," he answered, sadly enough to have aroused almost any woman's pity; but some subtle instinct told Margie he was false to the core.

But all through the evening he was affable and complaisant and forbearing. She made no attempt to conceal her dislike for him. Concealments were not familiar to Margie's nature. She was frank and open as the day.

Mr. Linmere's fascinations were many and varied. He had a great deal of adaptation, and made himself agreeable to every one. He had traveled extensively, was a close observer, and had a retentive memory. Mr. Trevlyn was charmed with him. So was Alexandrine Lee, a friend of Margie's, a rival belle, who accidentally (?) dropped in to spend the evening.

Mr. Linmere played and sang with exquisite taste and skill—he was a complete master of the art, and, in spite of herself, Margie listened to him with a delight that was almost fascination, but which subsided the moment the melody ceased.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THIEVES AT THE OPERA.

Immaculately Dressed and Attended by Beautiful Women.

"Strange as it may seem," said one of Chief O'Brien's new detectives, as he lounged against a pillar in front of the Metropolitan opera house, talking to a New York Herald man, "New York thieves of the higher class have a weakness for grand opera, both for business and pleasure. You doubtless remember when Inspector McLaughlin walked down the aisle two years ago and tapped a woman on the shoulder. She was a notorious thief and she followed him without a word. Since then several thieves have been arrested in the lobby and around the entrance and several have even got past us and have sat out the performance. Look at this. It is a sample of the work done by the opera house thieves."

The detective pulled from his pocket a crumpled advertisement. It was as follows:

"If blue kersey overcoat taken from dress circle of Metropolitan opera house Monday night is returned, $25 will be paid and no questions asked."

"I was one of the men detailed here on the opening night," continued the detective. "Personally, I hustled several thieves away; but as there was no charge against them beyond their general bad character they could not be arrested.

"After the opera was over, I stood just at the door to watch the crowd coming out. What was my surprise to see one of the best-known thieves in New York come out with a beautifully dressed woman on his arm. She wore a long pink and ermine opera cloak and big diamonds and his crush hat was simply immense. He looked at me coolly, handed the woman into a carriage and whirled away.

"I saw him next day in Sixth avenue and called to him. 'What do you want?' he inquired. 'There is nothing against me. Hasn't a man a right to enjoy himself?' I warned him against enjoying himself around the Metropolitan opera house, and let him go. There are very many diamonds around the Metropolitan, and they are a great temptation to the average thief."

Criticism is an effective form of vice.

A FAIRY STORY.

An Interesting Story by an Old-Fashioned Fellow.

A certain giant being out at elbows went to Court to find employment; and all the Court would have laughed at him had they dared, he cut such a queer figure with his long beard and his great pipe that he was forever smoking. The King, however, thought it no laughing matter, for here was a fellow that could kick a fellow over his palace, if he happened to get in a rage; and what in the world could they find for this great clumsy monster to do? So he called all the wise men in the kingdom, and they sat in the council-hall and looked very solemn for seven days, but said never a word.

At the end of that time the Princess, the King's daughter, who was exceedingly silly, came tripping into the hall. "La!" said she, "what a great fuss you make over nothing! I can settle the matter. I want a page in buttons and he is precisely the proper person. I will take him into my service."

"Exactly!" said all the wise men altogether. "That is just what we were going to propose when her Royal Highness took the words out of our mouth;" although nobody but such a foolish girl as the Princess would ever have thought of making a giant twenty-five feet high a page in buttons.

The King, however, could see no other way out of the difficulty; so he sent for a tailor, and the tailor, resting a ladder upon the giant's shoulder, went upon it and took his measure. It required many yards of cloth, you may be sure, to make a suit for this astonished page, and a whole cartload of buttons; for you see they had buttons on all the seams and all over the jacket, and on his cap and sleeves, and they would have had one on his nose, I believe, if they could have sewed one on. When the suit was finished, the giant, who was very stupid, as most giants are, thought, however, that he had never looked so well in his life; and his silly mistress being very vain of a page twenty-five feet high, took him with her when she called on the other ladies of rank who were her neighbors; and these ladies, thinking that they had never seen anything so ridiculous, giggled behind their fans, while they pretended to admire him and said: "Dear Princess, we really envy you. There never was anything so fine as your page."

At last one of the ladies, more malicious than the rest, said to the Princess:—"Now that you have your page, you have all that a Princess can possibly require, with the exception of one thing."

"What is that?" asked the Princess.

"You should get the King, your father, to make a law," replied the lady, "that no one except the Lady High Fiddlestick, the Dame of the Slippers, and the Queen, your mother, shall touch so much as your hand on pain of instant death. You are too great a Princess to be approached like a common mortal.

"Why, so I am," said the Princess, "though I never thought of that before."

At home she posted to urge the King to pass this admirable law, without which she was fully persuaded she could no longer exist. The King and his Court, having nothing better to do, were quite ready to gratify her; therefore a decree was posted on all the trees and fences making it high treason for any one but the Queen, the Lady High Fiddlesticks and the Dame of Slippers to touch even the Princess's hand under any circumstances. The Princess now thought herself the grandest and happiest of human beings; and though every one was laughing at her simplicity, it made no difference to her, since she heard nothing of it.

Now the Princess had a habit of walking out every morning, followed by her huge page in buttons; and one fine day, coming to a great quaking bog, the princess grew very curious to see what was on the other side of it.

"But your royal highness can't cross it," said the giant; "you will sink."

"A common person might sink," said the princess, disdainfully; "but a princess can't sink, especially in her own territory. This land belongs to me, and should know its duty better than to let me sink."

"Oh, of course," said the giant; for even his stupidity was not quite sure whether the bog would make the distinction between a princess and a peasant girl; and after a step or two he said, "Royal mistress, don't you think you had better let me carry you over? You will get your slippers muddy."

"Not for the world," cried the princess, much shocked. "Have you forgotten that it is high treason to touch me?"

So, holding up her trail and trying to keep her slippers on, she began to pick her way across; but first she tore her gown and then she lost one slipper and then the other, and then she stuck fast.

"Royal mistress," bellowed the giant, "don't you think I had better pull you out?"

"You stupid idiot!" cried the princess crossly, "haven't I told you it is high treason to touch me? Run for the queen."

Away went the giant, three steps at a time, and, coming to the court in a mighty hustle, asked for the queen; but, alas! she had gone on a ten days' journey; and instead of telling anybody his errand, the stupid fellow posted back to the quagmire, where the princess by this time had sank to her waist.

"Princess," said the giant, "the queen has gone on a ten days' journey."

"Mercy on us!" gasped the princess; "run for the Lady High Fiddlestick."

Away trotted the giant four steps at a time, and, coming to the court, found every one there in a bustle.

"Get a doctor!" screamed one; "and bandages," said another; "and water and splints;" and, "oh, dear, dear!" sighed a third, "to think that a Lady High Fiddlestick should trip her foot on a vulgar, nasty stone and break her arm! If I were king I would order every stone removed from the kingdom."

Back ran the giant five steps at a time.

"The Lady Fiddlesticks has just broken her arm, your royal highness."

"My stars!" cried the princess, who had sunk to her neck, "get the Dame of the Slippers."

"Don't you think I had better pull you out, if it is high treason?" asked the giant.

"No, no! you mustn't—you can't—you shan't!" squeaked the Princess. "Go quick, you booby, and do as you are told."

Off raced the giant, ten steps at a time, but when he came to the court everybody said "Ssh! ssh! don't make such a noise; the Dame of the Slippers has just died."

Back galloped the giant with all his might, and made such good speed that he got to the bog just in time to see the tip of the bonnet going under the mud.

"Oh, what a pity! what a great pity!" sighed the giant, "that it would have been high treason to pull her out."

A GALLOWS FORMED BY NATURE.

A Giant Oak in California That Hung Forty Men.

There is in California, in Calaveras county, a tree from which forty men have been hanged.

Hangman's Oak, as it is called, is on a level tract of land close to the side of the old road between Milton and Copperopolis. It is naturally one of the most famous monuments of that part of the country.

The tree stands by the roadside and a great branch stretches over the highway, brown and bare, save for a little clump of foliage at its end.

According to the San Francisco Call, when the tree first sprang into fame Stockton was known to the miners as Tuleville, and the hills around Copperopolis were filled with camps that bore musical names, such as Ragtown or Whisky Chute. The tree was an old one then, so that it must by this time have seen nearly a century of life.

There was no more ceremony attending an execution on the Hangmans Oak than was gone through with in other parts of the state at about the same time. The culprit was taken to the spot in the handiest way. Sometimes in a wagon and at others he was compelled to sustain his balance on the soft side of a rail carried on the shoulders of the executioners. When the spot was reached the man who was to be made to "shuffle off" was placed on the end of a wagon with a rope around his neck, one end of which was fastened to the limb above his head. Sometimes when they wanted to give a man a good "drop" he was made to stand on a box or barrel placed on the end of the wagon.

The most famous crop which the "hangman's tree" has ever borne was reaped in the early fifties. On this occasion a man had been executed just as a party of friends, who believed him innocent, came up to rescue him. A fierce fight ensued and the rescuing party, being the best shots, came off victorious.

Twenty men shed their blood on this day. At the end of the fight five of the hanging party who executed the first man were left alive. They surrendered and asked for mercy, but were not given it, and in less than five minutes their bodies were swinging beside that of their victim. Fourteen dead bodies strewed the ground around the tree. At least a dozen fights of this kind have taken place beneath the old tree, and people say the ground is "soaked with blood."

SHOOTS WITH ONE ARM.

A California Hunter Who Kills Game to Support a Family of Seven.

For twenty-eight years Thomas Allen of Monterey, familiarly known as "Allen the Hunter," has been making a living for seven people with his left arm and a gun. One day, when he was only fifteen years old, he was out hunting ducks on the Monterey lagoon. In some manner his gun caught and was discharged, wounding him in his right arm, near the shoulder. He lay in the tules with his arm bleeding profusely until he was picked up by some men who chanced to pass, and was taken to his home. Dr. Canfield of Monterey and Dr. Callahan of San Francisco held a consultation. Owing to the great loss of blood, they pronounced the boy beyond the reach of medical aid. His mother, however, called in an old Indian herb doctor, and before the year was out the boy was as well as ever, but minus his right arm.

Young Allen's father was a famous marksman, and the boy seemed to inherit a strong taste for hunting. When he was only four years old he would beg to go with his father to shoot the "little cats," as he called the cotton-tail rabbits which infested Monterey in those days. When five years old his career as a hunter began, for his father took him out into a field adjoining their home, placed the gun over a chair, and let him shoot at one of the "little cats." He killed it, and from that moment he always had a mania for hunting all sorts of game.

When Allen was fifteen and the accident occurred that resulted in the loss of his right arm he thought his hunting days were over. As his father died shortly before, part of the support of the family devolved upon him. At first he tried the gaming table, as it seemed his only resource.

"In those days," he said, in speaking of the matter recently, "$20 gold pieces were more common than nickels are to-day. But I didn't like the ups and downs of a gambler's life and the associations; so I gave it up and determined to learn to shoot with my left arm."—San Francisco Examiner.

Who Can Solve It?

Who of those who have not heard this old puzzle before can solve it? The answer will be given in two or three days.

A traveler carried a cabbage, and led along a wolf and goat until he came to a river with a ferry cross it.

There, however, he found the ferryboat so small that it would only hold himself and the cabbage, or himself and one of the animals.

As long as he was near the goat or wolf all was well, but if he left them by themselves for a moment the wolf would eat the goat, or the goat would eat the cabbage.

He was thus in a dilemma, for it seemed impossible to cross the river without either losing the cabbage or the goat. How did he manage it?

W. N. U., OMAHA—19—1896

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