

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XL-(CONTINUED.) "The decree has gone forth. There is and streamed out of the door which the from it no appeal. I am to die. I have servant held open. felt the certainty a long time. O, for one year of existence, to right the wrongs I have done! But they could not be righted. Alas! if I had centuries of time at my command. I could not bring back to life the dear son my cruelty hurried out of the world, or his poor wife, whose fair name I could, in my revenge for her love of my son, have taken from her! O Hubert! Hubert! O bronzed, bearded man before her, my darling! dearer to me than my heart's blood-but so foully wronged!"

His frame shook with emotion, but no tears came to his eyes. His remorse was too deep and bitter for the surface sorrow of tears to relieve.

"Put it out of your mind, grandfather," said Arch, pressing his hand. "Do not think of it, to let it trouble you more. They are all, I trust, in heaven. Let them rest."

"And you tell me this, Archer? You, who hated me so! You, who swore a solemn oath to be revenged on me! Well, I do not blame you. I only wonder that your forbearance was so longsuffering." Once you would have rejoiced to see me suffer as I do now."

"I should, Tsay it to my shame. God forgive me for my wickedness! But for her"-looking at Margle-"I might have kept the sinful vow I made. She saved me."

"Come here, Margie, and kiss me," said the old man, tenderly. "My dear children! my precious children, both of you! I bless you both-both of you together, do you hear? Once I cursed you, Archer-now I bless you! If there is a God. and I do at last believe there is, he will forgive me that curse; for I have begged it of Him on my bended knees.

"He is merciful, dear guardian," said Margie, gently. "He never refuses the earnest petition of the suffering soul."

"Archer, your grandmother died a little white ago. My cruelty to your father made her, for twenty long years, a maniac. But before her death, all delusion was swept away, and she bade me love and forgive our grandsonthat she might tell your father and mother, when she met them in heaven, that at last all was well here below. I promised her, and since then my soul has been at peace. But I have longed to go to her-longed inexpressibly. She had been all around me, but so im-palpable that when I put out my hands to touch her, they grasped only the air. The hands of mortality may not reach after the hands which have put on immortality."

He lay quiet a moment, and then went on, brokenly:

"Archer, I wronged your parents bitterly, but I have repented it in dust and asles. Repented it long ago, only credit my assertion, when I tell you that

cheery light shone from the window,

He inquired for Miss Harrison, and was shown at once into her presence. She sat in a low chair, her dress of sombre black relieved by a white ribbon at the throat, and by the chestnut light of the shining hair that swept in unbound luxuriance over her shoulders. She rose to meet her guest, scarcely recognizing Archer Trevlyn in the

"Miss Harrison," he said, gently, "It is a cold night; will you not give a warm welcome to an old friend?"

She knew his voice instantly. A bright color leaped to her cheek, an embarrassment which made her a thousand times dearer and more charming to Arch Trevlyn, possessed her. But she held out her hands, and said a few shy words of welcome.

Arch sat down beside her, and the conversation drifted into recollections of their own individual history. They spoke to each other with the freedom of very old friends, forgetful of the fact that this was almost the very first conversation they had ever had together. After a while, Arch said:

"Miss Harrison, do you remember when you first saw me?"

She looked at him a moment, and hesitated before she answered.

"I may be mistaken, Mr. Trevlyn. If so, excuse me; but I think I saw you first, years and years ago, in a flower store.

"You are correct; and on that occasion your generous kindness made me very happy. I thought it would make my mother happy, also. I ran all the way home, lest the roses might wilt before she saw them."

He stopped and gazed into the fire. "Was she pleased with them?"

"She was dead. We put them in her coffin. They were buried with her." Margie laid her hand lightly on his. "I am so sorry for you! I, too, have buried my mother."

After a little silence, Arch went on. "The next time you saw me was when you gave me these." He took out his pocketbook, and displayed to her, folded in white paper, a cluster of faded blue-bells. "Do you remember them?" "I think I do. You were knocked down by the pole of the carriage?"

"Yes. And the next time? Do you remember the next time?"

"I do." "I thought so. I want to thank you now, for your generous forbearance. I want to tell you how your keeping my secret made a different being of me. If you had betrayed me to justice, I might have been now an inmate of a prison cell. Margie Harrison, your si-

She gave him her hands. He drew the head, with its soft, bright hair, to his breast and kissed the sweet iips again and again, almost failing to realize the blessed reality of his happiness. It was late that night before Archer Trevlyn left his betrothed bride, and took his way to the village hotel. But he was too happy, too full of sweet content, to heed the lapse of time. At last the longing of his life was satisfied. He had heard her say that she loved him. And Margie sat and listened to the sound of his retreating footsteps, and then went up to her chamber to pass the night, wakeful, too content to be willing to lose the time in sleep, and so the dawn of morning found her with open eyes.

CHAPTER XIII.

HE ensuing winter was a very gay one. Margaret Harrison returned to New York under the chaperonage of her friend, Mrs. Weldon, and mingled more freely in society than she had done since the sea-

C

son she "came out." She took pleasure in it now, for Archer Trevlyn was welcome everywhere. He was a favored guest in the most aristocratic homes, and people peculiarly exclusive were happy to receive him into

their most select gatherings. His engagement with Margie was made public, and the young people were overwhelmed with the usual compliments of politely expressed hopes and fashionable congratulations.

The gentlemen said Miss Harrison had always been beautiful, but this season she was more than that. Happiness is a rare beautifier. It painted Margie's cheeks and lips with purest rose color and gave a light to her eyes and a softness to her sweet voice.

ciety, even though her engagement was well known, without being surrounded by admirers. They fairly took her away from Arch sometimes; but he tried to be patient. Before the appletrees in the green country valleys were rosy with blossoms, she was to be all his own. He could afford to be generous.

kind word, seeming to find his best happiness in anticipating her every wish

before it was uttered.

TRAPPED BY A BEAR.

"Wisconsin was the great bear country," said the bear story man to the reporter, after peace had been restored

between the bear man and the artist. "Missouri has two bears on their haunches for a state seal, with some Latin twined about them. I do not know what the signification is. I never heard any great bear stories from that state. But Wisconsin was the home of more kinds of bears than any of the Northwestern states. I am go ing to tell you of an escapade-I suppose I may use that word in a bear story-I had up there way back in the earlies

"I wish to remark in advance that there is nothing in the meat line which goes to the very quick of the bear olfactory as the odor of fish. A cat is no fonder of fish than a bear. The bear is also fond of fresh pork, but fresh fish is his long suit.

"I was out fishing in Wisconsin, near the old homestead, one day. I had un-



While the Bear Sat Beside Me With a Look of Intensity That Was Hu-

usual good luck, and started home loaded with pike and pickerel. I had them in a sack which I carried over my shoulder. As I was plodding my vay. I heard a noise, and, looking backward, I saw I was pursued by a bear -not the sort of a bear you have in my stories. He had more neck and ss foot. I saw the bear was of that build which makes winners in a foet race. I had started on a run. I knew ther was an old, unoccupied log cabin near by. I may say that this log cabin was my ancestral hall. My people had occupied it in the ploneer days, and had moved from it into the man-

ity. Bruin Patrolled the Cabin.

sion near by in their days of prosper-

"I reached the cabin, got in and closed the door and barred it. I found ap old ladder in the house, and I set it or end and climbed up to the joists, on which were a few loose boards. Then I pulled the ladder up after me and sat down to await what the dramatic writer would call the denouement. I heard the bear making a patrol of the cabin, and soon he stopped. I detected his whereabouts by a shadow which darkened a log that I discovered, too late, to be loose. I watched the bear squeeze himself through that crack. At one time I thought he had stuck. I never saw any animal compress him-

self as that bear. He made it, and veyed

and the bear, I let him go. See what money will do! I sometimes have wished I had not sold the animal, but I could not keep him. He would cry after me just like a young one.

"I had weaned my affections from him, however, and two years after l was in Milwaukee. Were you ever in Milwaukee? There was a circus and menagerie in town and I walked to the grounds-I thought you might think I rode, because I sold the bear for \$15but I walked to the grounds. I never cared anything about a circus, but I always liked animal shows. I walked around to the owner, and there I saw a sign on canvas, a picture of a bear, and on it were these words:

> WONDERFUL PERFORMING CONSECRATED CROSS-EYED BEAR ********************

"A man on the outside of the tent was lecturing, and every few minutes he would say something about 10 cents paying the way. I put up a dime and joined the bear push. I saw at once it was my pet. I spoke to him and he showed evidences of his remembrance. He was ecstatic in his action, and the showman in charge got kind o' hot about the familiarity, and was going to put me out. But when I told him how it was and that the bear was not to blame the showman said it was all right, only he didn't want me to play it too strong before the public, as i broke up the delusion, I've forgot which word it was he used.

Bought Him a Mess of Fish, "Then I asked the showman how it lover of Doc Watts and that Doc had crated cross-eved bear. I told him I had heard that chestnut before, but he said Doc Watts was the original ,and written a nice hymn about the consethat it lay between that name and Doc Watts, and he thought the other suited was he named the bear what he had, the bear's appearance ,and that was why I am not telling you that as orig-inal. It has been worked on several occasions.

"I told the showman how well the bear loved fish, and asked the privilege to buy him a mess for auld lang syne, etc. The showman asked me if he wasn't in the fish business with the bear, and I yielded. I bought the fish and took them to the bear, but the showman was never in it with the bear. I bade the bear adicu, and I had a letter from the showman later asking me if I didn't want to buy the bear, and he said in the letter that the bear had cried out his other eye after had left him. But I had enough trouble without annexing a blind bear to my kit."-Chicago Chronicle.

TOWED B YA DEVILFISH.

Thrilling Experience of a Kentnek. ian With an Octopus,

Col. R. T. Holloway of Lexington, Ky., who is spending the winter at Naples, some miles south of Fort Myers, had a thrilling experience one afternoon while fishing in Rookery hay. The bow of his boat was seized by a huge devilfish and towed swiftly seaward. Col. Holloway carried a heavy hunting-knife, and with this he severed the tentacle that held the boat, but the fish immediately grasped the boat with another of its scores of arms and plunged through the waves at a furious pace. Col. Holloway cut tentacle after tentacle, only to see another thrust forward.

At last he dropped the hunting-knife and seizing a repeating rifle he began shooting into the water where he supposed the fish to be, hoping to strike it by a lusky shot. After firing STORY OF A HEART.

The library at Ardenvohr, the rest dence of the Stuart-Grahams, Mabei Stuart-Graham, only daughter, standing near the fireplace, Maxwell Leith, tutor to the house of Graham, seated writing at the center table. Heads of the house dining out. Time, 8:30 p, m. She (drumming impatiently on the mantelpiece and glancing in his direction)-You don't seem to care that this is my last evening; that I am going away to-morrow; that I shan't be back at Ardenvohr for months.

He-It would be generally supposed that you are to be envied. You are going out into the world. You have life before you with all its possibilities.

She (with an inflection of asperity in her voice)-I wish you would not speak so like a copybook. What you say may be true enough. I have a box full of new clothes up stairs most girls would covet, and yet (flinging herself impatiently into a chair and glancing covertly at him), I would a thousand times rather be putting on my old serge gown and be sitting down to Horace.

He (still writing)-That feeling will wear off. You will enjoy the novelty of the new life. You will get fresh interests. You will be admired

She (pouting)-I don't want fresh interests. I don't care (significantly) for the admiration of the multitude. Silence, except for the scratching of

his pen. She (rising and going to the table near him)-What are you writing?

He-Some Latin verse of your brother's. I am correcting it.

She (watching him)-It seems fulfer of mistakes than usual. (With a burst of irritation.) Can't you leave it tonight? I don't suppose you care how miserable I am. I dare say (with a dry sob) you will just go on when I am away as if nothing had happened, only with this difference, that you won't be bothered with my mistakes.

He (paling visibly and pushing away his writing)-You are depressed to To-morrow things will look night. brighter.

She(her eyes full of reproach)-You are very unkind. (Her head goes down on her hands on the table.)

He (agitated, rises and paces the room; stops near her and lays his hand on her bowed head; speaks rather unsteadily)-Do you know how hard you make things for me? Do you know I would willingly give this right hand to save you unhappiness?

She (looking up with quivering lips) -Is that all you have to say to me?

He (turning his head away)-It is all I dare say. There are things in this world you don't know about that come before inclination.

She (desperately)-I don't understand about such things. I don't care about them. I only know that I am miserable

Billiard room in Continental hotel, Robert Stuart-Grabam, Maxwell Leith, tator, occupants.

Robert Stuart-Grabam (reading the Post)-On my soul, Mab has stolen a march upon us and no mistake.

Maxwell Leith (testily chalking a cue with a hand that shakes slightly) -What are you talking about? Pray be more explicit. Robert Stuart-Graham - Listen to this! (Reads aloud): "A marriage has been arranged and will take place shortly between Major the Hon, Haig Elmslie, younger, of Mount Elmslie, Royal Scots Fusileers, and Mabel, only daughter of Robert Stuart-Graham, of Ardenvohr, Argyllshire, N. B." Good old Mab! Made all the running in her tirst season, and it was only vesterday that she had her hair down her back and frocks up to her knees. (Throws down the newspaper and lights a cigar.) Wonder what sort of fellow he is. Hope he has a moor and keeps a yacht. I say, Leith, can you picture Mab in the capacity of lady of the manor? Maxwell Leith (replaces cue in the stand and makes somewhat abruptly for the door)-The sun's coming out, after all. Much too fine a day to spend cooped up in doors. I believe I shall go for a stroll. Robert Stuart-Graham (left alone, vawns and throws himself on a seat and picks up the fallen paper)-I don't know what the fellow calls "fine." It's as black as thunder over there. He's as capricious as the weather itself. I wish he had known his mind before Higgins made up his golf foursome for this afternoon without me. Drawing room in Mayfair. Major Elmslie and Mabel Stuart-Graham occupants He (holding her hand and toying with a diamond ring on the third finger of the left hand)-And so you are leaving me to-morrow, and you have only this paltry ring to remind you that you belong to me? She (blushing and smiling)-I hardly think I shall need a reminder. Arden rohr is as unexciting as a convent. You speak as if I were going to be swallowed up in a succession of festivities. He (jealously)-I am suspicious of these quiet retreats. They have a way of producing unattached men, if it bo nothing more than a good-looking parson, or even an arbitrary, self-confideat country doctor. She (archiy)-You need not agitate yourself. The parson is near-sighted and has only one lung, and the doctor has a wife and six children. He (relieved)-And you have really been wasting your sweetness on these unappreciative rustics up there till now? What a deadly dull time of it you must have had! She (a shade uncasily by reason of certain unwelcome mental "remints cences")-Not exactly "deadly dull." At least I did not think it so then. I. dare say now I should flud the things and people that annual me before rather well, just a triffe wanting in flavor. But but (shyly) you will come down and relieve the monotony as soon as you can, won't you? the Need you ask? The very first moment duty, in the shape of Col. Saunders, makes it possible. Mean-time I shall live only for the pleasures of hope .- Black and White,

Of course she did not mingle in so-

Among the train of her admirers was a young Cuban gentleman, Louis Castrani, a man of fascinating presence and great personal beauty. He had been unfortunate in his first love. She had died a few days before they were to have been married-died by the hand of violence, and Castrani had shot the rival who murdered her. Public opinion had favored the avenger, and he had not suffered for the act, but ever since he had been a prey to melancholy. He told Margie his history, and it aroused her pity; but when he asked her love, she refused him gently, telling him that her heart was another's. He had suffered deeply from the disappointment, but he did not give up her society, as most men would have done. He still hovered around her; content if she gave him a smile or a

I was too proud and stubborn to ac-knowledge it. Forgive me again, Archer, and kiss me before I die."

"I do torgive you, grandfather; I do forgive you with my whole heart." He stooped, and left a kiss on the withered

forehead, "Margie," said the feeble voice, "pray for me, that peace may come."

She looked at Archer, hesitated a moment, then knelt by the bedside. He stood stlent, and then, urged by some uncontrollable impulse, he knelt by her side.

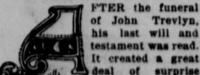
The girlish voice, broken, but sweet as music, went up to Heaven in a petition so fervent, so simple, that God heard and answered. The peace she asked for the dying man came.

Her pleading ceased. Mr. Trevlyn lay quist, his countenance serene and hopeful. His lips moved, they bent over him, and caught the name of "Caroline."

Trevlyn's hand sought Margie's and she did not repulse him. They stood together silently, looking at the white face on the pillows.

"He is dead!" Archer said, softly; "God rest him!"

CHAPTER XII.



of John Trevlyn. his last will and testament was read. It created a great deal of surprise when it was known that all the vast possessions of the old man were bequeathed to his grandson-his sole

relative-whom he had despised and denied almost to the day of his death. In fact, not a half dozen persons in the city were aware of the fact that there existed any tie of relationship between John Treviyn, the miser, and Archer Trevien, the head clerk of Belgrade & Comp

Arch's good fortune did not change him a particle. He gave less time to business, it is true, but he spent it in hard study. His early education had defective, and he was doing his best to remedy the lack.

Early in the aucumn following the death of his grandfather, he went to Europe, or after the lapse of a year, returned thein to New York. The sec-oud day after his arrival, he went out to Harrison Park. Margie had passed the dammer there, with an old friend of her mother for company, he was told, and would not come back to the

as a cold, stormy night in Seper, when he knocked at the door "An

I did not enter my grandfather's house because I cared for the plunder I should obtain. I had taken a vow to be revenged on him for his cruelty to my parents, and Sharp, the man who was with me, represented to me that there was no surer way of accomplishing my purpose than by taking away the treasures that he prized. For that only I

became a house-breaker. I deserved punishment. I do not seek to palliate my guilt, but I thank you again for saving me!"

"I could not do otherwise than remain silent. When I would have spoken your name, something kept me from doing it. I think I remembered always the pitiful face of the little streetsweeper, and I could not bear to bring him any more suffering."

"Since those days, Miss Harrison, I have met you frequently-always by accident-but to-night it is no accident. I came here on purpose. For what, do you think?"

"I do not know-how should I?"

"I have come here to tell you what I longed to tell you years ago! what was no less true then than it is now: what was true of me when I was a streetsweeper, what has been true of me ever since, and what will be true of me through time and eternity!"

He had drawn very near to her-his arm stole round her waist, and he sat looking down into her face with his soul in his eyes.

"Margie, I love you! I have loved you since the first moment I saw you. There has never been a shade of wavering: I have been true to you through all. My first love will be my last. Your influence has kept me from the lower depths of sin; the thought of you has been my salvation from ruin. Margie, my darling! I love you! I love you!"

"And yet you kept silent all these years! Oh, Archer!"

"I could not do differently. You were as far above me as the evening star is above the earth it shines upon! It would have been base presumption in the poor saloon-waiter, or the dry goods clerk, to have aspired to the hand of one like you. And although I loved you so, I should never have spoken, had not fate raised me to the position of a fortune equal to your own, and given me the means of offering you a home worthy of you. But I am waiting for my answer. Give it to me, Margie. Her shy eyes met his, and he read his answer in their clear depths. But he was too exacting to be satisfied thus.

"Do you love me, Margie? I want to hear the words from your lips. Spoak, darling. They are for my ear alone, and you need not blush to niter them.

"I do love you Archer. I believe t have loved you ever since the first." "And you will be mine? All my

drine Lee came to pass a few days with Margie. Some singular change had been at work on the girl. She had lost her wonted gayety of spirits, and was for the most part subdued, almost sad. Her eyes seldom lighted with a smile, and her sweet voice was rarely heard. She came, from a day spent out, one evening, into Margie's dressing room. Miss Harrison was preparing for the opera. There was a new prima donna, and Archer was anxious for her to hear the wonder. Margie had never looked lovelier. Her pink silk dress, with the corsage falling away from the shoulders, and the sleeves leaving the round arms bare, was peculiarly becoming, and the pearl necklace and bracelets-Archer's gift-were no whiter or purer than the throat and wrists they encircled.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CARRIED TO GRAVE IN A DRAY.

A Saleide Gambler Who Left Uniqu Instructions to Be Obeyed. Fort Scott (Kan.) special: Howard M. Cummins, a gambler of Clinton, Mo., and widely known in Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, committed suicide at his room in the Huntington hotel in this city the other evening by taking morphine. He first attempted to hang himself by suspending a trunk rope from the bedstead. He was discovered by the chambermaid, but took morphine in an hour or so and died shortly afterward. Cummins was a brother-in-law of R. E. Larimer, a tailor of Clinton, Mo., for whom he left a letter. He was a son of Judge J. R. Cummins, department commander of the G. A. R. of Oklahoma territory and the probate judge of Kingfisher county. He was some shingles off the roof and thea erawled out. I slid down to the edge known as one of the most daring gamblers of the three states, having operof the roof and shinned down on the ated in all the larger citles. He reprojecting logs. Then I walked to the cently came here and won \$4,800 from the gamblers, and then went to Houston. Tex., where he operated a few days ago. He returned here Friday and had been complaining of sickness. He went to his room before noon and was found at supper time. He left a letter giving directions as to the disposition of his body. He asked to be buried here. He would take walks with me. and that none of his relatives be notified until after the funeral. He demanded that his money be given to his parents, and that he be buried in a pine box in a cheap lot, adding that he did not believe in "giving a \$30 man a \$300 burial." Cummins was recently em-He was 28 years old. He ordered as funeral, no parade, no invitations and no display, and ordered his body hauled

out in a dray.

a number of times the speed of the boat diminished. Col. Holloway conscented me and my bag of fish. knew he could not get up to me, but I began to think of how I had caged tinued to shoot, and soon the boat myself. The bear sat on his hind legs came nearly to a stop and the fish rose to the surface, having been pierced by many bullets. The contest had been and looked at me with a sort of I'vecome-to-stay expression. "I threw him a tish, which he de-

continued more than three hours, and voured without any effort, I threw Col. Holloway was over thirty miles from Naples. He started to row back, but was fortunately seen by a fishing sloop, which towed him to Naples, him another and he ate that. Finally, I threw a big one at him, and it knocked out one of his eyes, but a little thing like that never disturbed him. reaching there about 11 o'clock at I fed him fish until he expanded like night. an inflated bladder, and then he

The dead deviltish was still attached stretched himself on the floor, keepto the Kentuckian's boat, being towed ing his eye turned toward me. After by the last tentacle it had put forsome time the bear got up and tried to ward. Over sixty tentacles had been get through the same crack by which cut, and the fish had nearly as many



"I Saw a Sign on Canvas, a Picture of a Bear."

pounds. In several places where a tentacle touched the boat the wood was dented. Florida Letter in Globe-Democrat.

REID'S QUESTION ANSWERED.

How a Stop Was Put to the Trib-une's Interrogative Headlines. Before Whitelaw Reid became min-

ister to France he devoted a good deal of his time to the conduct of his paper. the Tribune. The copy editors who put up the headlines of stories of the day fell into the habit of making most of them interrogative, as, for instance "Was It Murder, or Suicide?" or "Did She Kill Him for Love?" or "Will the President Sign It?" etc.

The entire paper was specked with interrogation points. This thing had been going on for weeks, till one day a postal card arrived, addreased to Mr. id, and marked personal. It read as fullows:

"I'm getting awfully tired of your questions. Why don't you find out something? A great newspaper is supposed to know everything, and ought not to annoy its readers with needloss inquiries. This morning you as, With Mr. Platt Consent? How the h-1 do know 7

That night an order came that the Tribune must ask fower questions. New York Moreu

Often I have sat on the edge of a stream waiting for the sinker to indi-cate a bite, while the hear sat beside me with a look of intensity that was I really think automats are hu human.

mana. That is, I think every animal W hat has been a human in his day. ployed as agent for Pete Golden of At- is that you call it metempsychosis? Chison, Kan., at Weir City, Pittsburg. "But one day the agent of a circus Kausas City, Clinton and other places. and menagerie stopped at our house to buy hear. He offered me \$15 and a free ticket for my bear, and although

he had entered. But he was so swol- | more. Its weight was over 2,000 len with fish he could not get through. He came back and lay down, and I was then satisfied that I had to get cut of there first. I had no idea of remaining until the bear went down to his natural size. "I picked up a board and knocked

through which the bear had

crawled and rolled a log against the

crack. I went home. I came back the

next day and threw the bear some

food. I continued to do this until many

weeks had passed, and in the mean

fime I came to love the hear, and he

to go to the cabin and teach him tricks.

Companion for the Fisherman.

there was an attachment between me

would lick my hand like a dog.