

THE FATAL GLOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Alexandrine stood a moment in the door, looking at the lovely picture presented by her young hostess. A pang, vague and unacknowledged, wrung her heart, and showed itself on her countenance. But she came forward with expressions of admiration.

"You are perfect, Margie—absolutely perfect! Poor gentlemen! how I pity them to-night! How their wretched hearts will ache!"

Margie laughed.

"Nonsense, Alex, don't be absurd! Go and dress yourself. I am going to the opera, and you must accompany us."

"Us—who may that plural pronoun embody?"

"Myself—and Mr. Trevlyn."

"Ah! thank you. Mr. Trevlyn may not care for an addition to his nice little arrangement for a tete-a-tete."

"Don't be vexed, Alexandrine. We thought you would pass the evening at your friend's, and Archer only came in to tell me a few hours ago."

"Of course I am not vexed, dear, and the girl kissed Margie's glowing cheek. "Lovers will be lovers the world over. Silly things, always, and never interesting company for other people. How long before Mr. Trevlyn is coming for you?"

Margie consulted her watch.

"At eight. It is now seven. In an hour."

"In an hour! An hour's time! Long enough to change the destiny of empires!"

"How strangely you talk, Alexandrine! What spirit possesses you?" asked Margie, filled, in spite of herself, with a curious premonition of evil.

Alexandrine sat down by the side of her friend, and looked searchingly into her face, her great black eyes holding Margie with a sort of serpent-like fascination.

"Margaret, you love this Archer Trevlyn very dearly, do you not?"

Margie blushed crimson, but she answered, proudly:

"Why need I be ashamed to confess it? I do. I love him with my whole soul."

"And you do not think there is in you any possibility of a change?"

"A change! What do you mean. Explain yourself."

"You do not think the time will ever come when you will cease to love Mr. Archer Trevlyn?"

"It will never come!" Margie replied, indignantly, "never, while I have my reason!"

"Do you believe in love's immortality?"

"I believe that all true love is changeless as eternity! I am not a child, Alexandrine, to be blown about by every passing breeze."

"No, you are a woman now, with a woman's capability of suffering. You ought, also, to be possessed of woman's resolution of a woman's strength to endure sorrow and affliction."

"I have never had any great affliction, Alexandrine. The death of Mr. Linnere was horrible to me, but it was not as if I had loved him; and though I loved Mr. Trevlyn, my guardian, he died so peacefully, that I cannot wish him back. And my dear parents—I was so young then, and they were so willing to go! No, I do not think I have ever had any great sorrow, such as blast people's whole lifetimes."

"But you think you will always continue to love Archer Trevlyn?"

"How strangely you harp on that string! What do you mean? There is something behind all this; I see it in your face. You frighten me!"

"Margie, all people are blind sometimes, but more especially women, when they love. Would it be a mercy to open the eyes of one who, in happy ignorance, was walking over a precipice which the flowers hid from her view?"

Margie shuddered, and the beautiful color fled from her cheek.

"I do not comprehend you. Why do you keep me in suspense?"

"Because I dread to break the charm. You will hate me for it always, Margie. We never love those who tell us disagreeable truths, even though it be for our good."

"I do not know what you would tell me, Alexandrine, but I do not think I shall hate you for it."

"Very well. You understand me fully? You are never to reveal anything I tell you to-night, unless I give you leave. You swear it?"

"I swear it."

"Listen, then. You remember the night Mr. Linnere was murdered?"

Margie grew pale as death, and clasped her hands convulsively.

"Yes, I remember it."

"You desired us, after we had finished dressing you, to leave you alone. We did so, and you locked the door behind us, stepped from the window, and went to the grave of your parents."

"I did."

"You remained there some little time, and when you turned away, you stopped to look back, and in doing so you laid your hand—this one—she touched Margie's slender left hand, on which shone Archer Trevlyn's betrothal ring—on the gate post. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"And while it rested there—while your eyes were turned away, that hand was touched—by something soft, and warm, and sentient—too warm, too passionate, to be the kiss of a disembodied soul. Lying human lips, that scorched into your flesh, and thrilled you as nothing else ever had the power to thrill you!"

Margie trembled convulsively, her color came and went, and she clasped and unclasped her hands with nervous agitation.

"Am I not speaking the truth?"

"Yes, yes—go on. I am listening."

"Was there, in all the world, at that time, more than one person whose kiss had the power to thrill you as that kiss thrilled you? Answer me, Margie Harrison!"

"I will not! You have no right to ask me!" she replied, passionately.

"It is useless to attempt disguise, Margie. I can read your very thoughts. At the moment you felt that touch, you knew instinctively who was near you. You felt and acknowledged the presence of one who has no right to be kissing the hand of another man's promised wife. And yet the forbidden sin of that person was sweet to you. You stooped and pressed your lips where his had been! Whose?"

"I do not know—indeed, I do not! Why do you torture me so, Alexandrine?"

"My poor child, I will say no more. Good night, Margie. I trust you will have a pleasant evening with Mr. Trevlyn."

Margie caught the flowing skirt of Miss Lee's dress.

"You shall tell me all! I must know. I have heard too much to be kept in ignorance of the remainder."

"So be it. You shall hear all. You know that Archer Trevlyn was in the graveyard or near it, that night, though you might not see him. Yet you were sure of his presence—"

"I was not! I tell you, I was not!" she cried fiercely. "I saw no one; not a person!"

"Then, if you were not sure of his presence, you loved some other; else why did you put your lips where those of a stranger had been? In that case you were doubly false!"

Margie's cheeks were crimson with shame. She covered her face with her hands, and was silent.

"How many can you love at once, Margie Harrison?"

"Alexandrine, you are cruel!—cruel! Is it not enough for you to tell me the truth, without torturing me thus?"

CHAPTER XIV.

FLASH of conscious triumph crossed the cold face of Miss Lee, and then she was as calm as before.

"No, I am not cruel—only truthful. You cannot deny that you knew Archer Trevlyn was near you. You will not deny it. Margie, I know what love is—I know something of its keen, subtle instincts. I should recognize the vicinity of the man I loved, though all around me were as black as midnight."

"Well, what then?" asked Margie, defiantly.

"Wait and see. I followed you out that night, with no definite purpose in my mind. Perhaps it was curiosity to see what a romantic woman, about to be married to a man she does not love, would do. I stood outside the hedge of arbor vitae while you were inside. I saw the tall, shadowy figure which bent its head upon your hand, and I saw you when you put your mouth where his had been. When you went away I did not go. Something kept me behind. A moment afterward, I heard voices inside the hedge—just one exclamation from each person—I could swear to that! and them—O heaven!"

"What then?"

on, relentlessly, her face growing colder and harder with every word. "Hear me through, and then decide for yourself. Let no opinion of mine bias your judgment. I stood there a moment longer, and then, when suspended volition came back to me, I fled from the place. Margie, words cannot express to you my distress, my bitter, burning anguish! It was like to madness! But sooner than have divulged my suspicions, I would have killed myself! For I loved Archer Trevlyn with a depth and fervor which your cool nature has no conception of. I love him still, though I feel convinced, from the bottom of my soul, that he is a murderer!"

Her cheeks grew brilliant as red roses, her eyes sparkled like stars. Margie looked into the bewilderingly beautiful face with suspended breath. The woman's passionate presence scorched her; she could not be herself, with those eyes of fire blazing down into hers.

Alexandrine resumed, "I am wasting time. Let me hurry on to the end, or your lover will be here before I finish."

"My lover!" cried Margie, in a dazed sort of way, "my lover? O yes, I remember, Archer Trevlyn was coming. Is it nearly time for him?"

Alexandrine took the shrinking, cowering girl by the shoulders, and lifted her into a seat.

"Rouse yourself, Margie. I have not done. I want you to hear it all."

"Yes, I am hearing."

It was pitiful to see how helpless and weak the poor child had become. All sense of joy and sorrow seemed to have died out of her.

"I feared so much that when the body of the murdered man should be discovered, there would be some clue which would point to the guilty party! Such a night as I passed, while they searched for the body! I thought I should go mad!" She hid her face in her hand and her figure shook like a leaf in the autumn wind.

"When the dog took us to the graveyard, I thought I would be the first inside—I would see if there was anything left on the ground to point to the real murderer. You remember that I picked up something, do you not?"

"I do. Your glove, was it not?"

"Yes. It was my glove! I defy the whole world to take it from me! I would die before such proof should be brought against the man I love!" she cried wildly. "See here!"

She drew from her bosom a kid glove, stained and stiff with blood.

"Margie, have you ever seen it before? Look here. It has been mended; sewed with blue silk! Do you remember anything about it?"

"Yes, I saw you mend it at Cape May," she answered, the words forced from her, apparently, without her volition.

"You are right. He had torn it while rowing me out, one morning. I saw the rent and offered to repair it. He makes his gloves wear well, doesn't he?"

"O don't! don't! how can you? Alexandrine, wake me, for mercy's sake! This is some horrible dream."

"I would to heaven it were! It would be happier for us all. But if you feel any doubt about the identity of the glove, look here." She turned back the wrist, and there on the inside, written in the bold characters, which were a peculiarity of Arch Trevlyn's handwriting, was the name in full—Archer Trevlyn.

Margie shrank back and covered her eyes, as if to shut out the terrible proof. Alexandrine returned the glove to her bosom, and then continued:

"The handkerchief found near Mr. Linnere was marked with the single letter A. Whose name begins with that letter?"

"Stop, I implore you! I shall lose my reason! I am blinded—I cannot see! O, if I could only die, and leave it all!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GROWTH OF THE SILK TRADE.

New York Imports 95 Per Cent of the Silk Coming to This Country.

The growth of the silk industry in this country makes an interesting study, says the Mail and Express. The annual product of the American mills is worth about \$100,000,000. Not only has there been a marked increase in recent years in both the value and amount of production, but the mills have produced classes of goods never before attempted. Silk is now used for such a great number of purposes that its manufacture and importing has grown to be a leading industry. In an interview a New Yorker who is an authority on everything pertaining to the manufacture and importing of silk said recently: "We can make anything in the silk line that can be made in the world and that there is a market for. There are, however, certain high novelties that we do not make. One of the noteworthy features of the trade during the last decade is the decline in the price of raw silk and the great improvement in nearly every department of machinery and appliances. The silk imports at New York comprise fully 95 per cent of the total value of silk imports in this country. The large mills are all represented in New York, so that the metropolis in this industry, as in most others, is the center of distribution for this country."

An Electric Semaphore.

An automatic electrical semaphore has been perfected for trolley road crossings. It is so arranged that a car approaching from either direction will cause danger signals to be displayed at the point of intersection of the two roads while the car is still some distance from the crossing.

So Did He.

Mr. N. Peck—I wonder who really is the greatest man in the world?

Mrs. N. Peck—I know who is the greatest one in this house.

A YOUNG FILIBUSTER.

It is not surprising to hear of successful filibustering expeditions to the shores of Cuba. The Spaniards are savagely alert, prowling the seas in search of Cubans afloat, but each boat has a Yankee captain. That, with the determination of the Cuban filibuster means success. Then, there is the justice of the cause. The Lord of Battles is prone to favor the fearless and give victory to the venturesome.

I am a Cuban fighter for freedom. In New York I joined an expedition that took men and arms to Cuba. How we did it I tell, as it may give courage to others.

It is apparent that absolute secrecy is apparent to success, and that the spy is more to be dreaded than the Spanish cruisers, that, shark-like, circle about the Isle of Cuba to keep off from the patriot army the practical sympathy of America.

It was, therefore, not singular that, when I applied for a chance to fight for Cuba at the Junita, No. 66 Broadway, I was told they wanted arms and money, not men, and then dismissed.

Now, real spies are persistent. No are patriots. Ardor is no badge of honesty. Absolute certainty of identification is necessary. I received a letter of introduction from a prominent American to a Cuban physician. He told me to call in two days. These were, of course, occupied in verifying

my claims to the right to join the insurgents.

There could be no doubt about my honesty, and I was told I could join in the next expedition. My instructions were to take up my residence in the neighborhood of Madison Square and report my address at once. This gave the Cubans further opportunities to watch me.

Six days later Capt. Gonzales called. He told me my chance had come, to leave all my belongings behind, that I would be given everything necessary to a soldier at the proper time. My instructions were to walk to the corner, where two men were standing with their handkerchiefs peeping from their pockets. We three would see a third man, having in his hand a red book.

I followed these directions, then I followed the man who followed the man with the red book. We boarded a railroad train.

Our destination proved to be Bridgeport, Conn. There could have been no more appropriate, for it is there that the machete is made, that marvelous simple weapon, symbolic of the industry of Cuba, the cane knife, that is carried through the hall of modern quick-firing guns to close quarters, where Spaniards are slaughtered, until, sick with fear, they seek safety in flight.

I was lightly over our embarkation. We met at Bridgeport more men, arms, ammunition, a medicine chest and a steam tug.

That evening we met the Ward line steamer, *Vigilante*, bound from Havana to New York.

Double-acting Cape Sable, speed was slackened and a boat approached from the Florida coast. It brought us twenty more comrades.

Our commander (I shall not give his name) called the company forward and addressed us briefly. He told us it was better to die fighting than to be shot like spies, and said that if we should meet with a Spaniard which our boat could not outfit we must board him. Several boxes were brought on deck, broken open, and machetes, knives and cartridges distributed. Now that we were armed and racing for Cuba we no longer felt like slow-worms, but bore ourselves proudly as soldiers.

The next night passed without adventure, but the next morning we had our first look at the faces of our enemies. We came close to them, too near for our comfort.

Along the southern horizon there was a wreath of smoke. To change our course would be suicidal. We plunged along headed directly to what was soon seen to be a Spanish vessel. Our captain took a look at her through his glass and announced without excitement: "Infanta Ma Feresa." We all knew that she was one of the most speedy and efficient of Spanish men-of-war.

Ordered below, with bated breath we waited, our hands uncertain in their seeking first the handle of the machete and then the lock of the rifle. If the worst came to the worst we could at least die in an attempt to board the Spaniard. The British flag was hoisted, for John Bull is respected.

"Ah, del barco! Que barco es ese?" came the challenge across the water. "British steamer Yorktown, Captain Burke." "De donde vienen, a donde van?" "Bound for Belize, British Honduras, in ballast." "Largo." These were the questions and replies.

We were safe. The bluff of the alleged Englishmen satisfied the Spaniard. With her long neck cannon bristling from her sides and machine guns in the masts ready to wipe away boarders, she let us go on our journey to Cuba with the dynamite, machetes, rifles and cartridges, while we bravely told one another in the regretful voice of the volunteer how sorry we were that we had not been forced to fight. In our imaginative way we speculated on what should have happened had one of us succeeded in getting on deck with dynamite. No one suggested that the explosive was unthought of in the moment of danger.

That night we were stretched about the decks too anxious to sleep as in total darkness the ship hurried to our destruction or destination. I had just complained of the tediously long hours when I regretted my lack of patience. A long ray of white light shot across



Welcomed With Wild Cries of "Cuba Libre!"

the sky and then in uncertain shifting streaks lit up the waves shining now here and now there.

We watched this dreadful play of the searchlight. It was a tantalizing danger. A baleful flare at one moment it threatened us with discovery and then swept far away.

As if enraged at not finding us it flashed rapidly in a hundred different directions, then, sweeping in a broad circle from right to left, it came nearer and nearer until it lit up the yardarms and then passed on in shore. The relief was scarcely felt when the whole ship was bathed in the electric light that had returned to its prey. Our chances were certainly slim. The only thing was to run for it. The stronger of the party went to the help of the stokers at the furnaces. Every ounce of steam that their furious labor could add was given.

There was a flash from the man-of-war, followed by a distant roar, another and another, but though standing out a glaring white target on an inky sea they could not reach us. The Spaniard must have been a sluggard for we slipped away to rejoice in the knowledge that before long we ought to be on the shores of Cuba.

A few hours later and we were approaching the coast at a point called Punta Berracos. Two bright fires blazed on the shore in glad welcome. In the distance faint streaks played like summer lightning or a pale aurora borealis lost in a strange latitude.

The hostile flare was seen on shore and the beacon fires extinguished. The anchor dropped with a roar of its chains alarming to our overwrought nerves. The boats were lowered.



Ninety-two men, counting officers and soldiers, were first taken ashore. Each one carried two rifles, his machete, knapsack and belt with one hundred cartridges, and a package of five hundred rounds tied with twine. In this way at least 40,000 cartridges were safely landed and with them were the priceless medicine about us saluting us with southern manifestations of affection.

The gallant Yankee captain daringly bade us God speed with three long blasts of his whistle. He must have heard our huzzahs as he put to sea to elude the flashing search lights now brilliantly distinct. He had more than one Spaniard to slip by and we of the Cuban army were glad to learn later that he and his good ship passed through their perils from the land fighting for freedom to the home of liberty. Philadelphia Inquirer.

New Inventions.

Among the inventors who received patents last week were the following: Nebraska: A. H. Edgren and G. Elmen, Lincoln, improvement in bicycles; and B. F. Smith of Valparaiso, Nebraska, the latter receiving a patent for an improvement in car couplings.

Among the other noticeable inventions is a candle lamp patented to a Boston inventor; a burglar proof safe in the form of a revolving cylinder; an improved method of making bicycle tubing cloth, patented to a Cleveland, Ohio, inventor; a color screen to enable photographers being taken in colors issued to a Brooklyn inventor; a kitchen implement patented to A. Schlieder of Sioux City, Iowa; a pinless clothes line, the creation of a Texas inventor; a collapsible cooking utensil made in the form of a telescope drinking cup, patented to Miss Estelle J. Jennings of Chicago; a combination neck and ear warmer patented to Mary E. Wiggins of Hartford Connecticut; a soft tread horse-shoe invented by James Freyne of Philadelphia; an elevator mechanism comprising two parallel vertical tracks having elevator cars which pass up one track and are switched over and pass downward on the other track, these combined elevators being in the form of an endless chain; a new fashion hook and eye for garments patented to James J. Springer, of Philadelphia; a machine for casing and flavoring tobacco patented to a North Carolina inventor.

The most curious invention issued for some time, however, secures a ferment for ripening milk consisting of practically pure culture or flavor producing acid bacteria, the patent being issued to William Storch, a Dane.

Any information relating to patents may be obtained from Sues & Co., Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

Grand Excursion to Buffalo July 5th and 6th.

The National Educational Association will hold its next annual meeting in Buffalo, and the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," has made a rate of one fare for the round trip plus \$2.00, association membership fee.

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