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CHAPTER XIV .- (CONTINUED.)

"You will not die, I bore it, and still live; and it is so much harder for me, because I have to bear it all alone. You have your religion to help you, Margle. Surely that will bear you up! I have heard all you plous people prate enough of its service in time of trouble to remember that consolation."

"Don't, Alexandrine. It is sinful to scorn God's holy religion. Yes, you are right; it will help me. God himself will help me, if I ask him. He knows how much I stand in need of it."

"I am glad you are so likely to be supported," returned the girl, half earnestly, half-contemptuously. "Are you satisfied in regard to Mr. Archer Trev-1yn ?"

"I will not credit it!" cried Margie, parsionately. "He did not do that deed! He could not! So good, and noble, and pitiful of all suffering humanity! And beside, what motive could

"The motive was all-powerful. Has not Mr. Trevlyn, by his own confession, loved you from his youth up?"

"And Paul Linmere was about to become your husband. Could there be a more potent reason for Archer Trevlyn to desire Mr. Linmere's death? He was an obstacle which could be removed in no other way than by death, because you had promised your father to marry him, and you could not falsify your word. All men are weak and liable to sin; is Trevlyn any exception? Margie, I have told you frankly what I know. You can credit it or not. I best. It is eight o'clock. I will go now, for it is time for your lover to

"O.I cannot meet him-not to-night! I must have time to think-time to collect my thoughts! My head whirls so, and everything is so dark! Stay, Alexandfine, and excuse me to him. Say I have a headache—anything to quiet him. I cannot see him now! I should go mad! Let me have a night to think

Alexandrine put her hand on the soft hair of the bowed head.

"My poor Margie! it is hard for you. Hark! there is the bell. He has come. Will you not go down?"

"No, no, no! Do what you judge best, and leave me to myself and my God." Alexandrine went out, and Margie, locking the door after her, flung herself down on the carpet and buried her face in the pillows of the sofa.

Miss Lee swept down the staircase. her dark, bright face resplendent, her bearing haughty as that of an empress. Arch was in the parlor. He looked up eagerly as the door opened, but his countenance fell when he saw that it was only Miss Lee. She greeted him

"Good evening, Mr. Trevlyn, I am deputized to receive you, and my good intentions must be accepted in place of more fervent demonstrations."

"I am happy to see you, Miss Lee. Where is Margle?"

"She is in her room, somewhat indisposed. She begged me to ask you to excuse her, as she is unable to come down, and of course cannot have the pleasure of going with you to the opera."

"Sick? Margie sick!" he exclaimed, anxiously. "What can be the matter? She was well enough three hours ago." "O, do not be uneasy. It is nothing serious. A headache, I think. She

will be well after a night's rest. Cannot I prevail on you to sit down?" "I think not, to-night, thank you. I will call to-morrow. Give Margie my best love, and tell her how sorry I am

Alexandrine promised, and Mr. Trevlyn bowed himself out. She put her hand to her forehead, which seemed almost bursting with the strange weight

"Guilty or not guilty," she muttered, "what does it matter to me? I leve Aim, and that is enough!"

CHAPTER XV.



that she is ill."

HE long night passed away, as all nights, however long and dark they may be, will pass

Margie had not slept. She had paced her chamber until long after midnight, utterly disregarding Alexan-

drine, who had knocked repeatedly at her door, and at last, overcome by there, gazing blankly out into the night, up her situation in New York, had gone with its purple heavens, and its glory with him to the little out-of-the-way of sparkling stars.

had it not been for the overwhelming office of her own senses. Ever since the night of Paul Linmere's assassinashe had been morally sure whose lips ad touched her hand that night in the Faveyard: she knew that no other presince than that of Archer Trevlyn had se power to influence her as she had influenced. She knew that he had im; and for what purpose had he been here? It was a question she had asked raelf a thousand times!

There could be no doubt any longer. her return, if she ever did return. the was forced to that canciusion at

last; her beart sinking like lead in her bosom as she came to acknowledge it. in a moment of terrible temptation, Arch Trevlyn had stained his hand with

blood! And for her sake! There was a violent warfare in her heart. Her love for Archer Trevlyn had not sprung up in a day; its growth had been slow, and it had taken deep root. Oh, how hard it was to give up the blissful dream! She thought of his temptation-how his noble nature had ber. been warped and perverted by the evil influences that had surrounded him, and for a while the temptation was strong upon her soul to forgive him everything-to ignore all the past, and take him into her life as though the fearful story she had just listened to had been untold. Marry a murderer!

"Oh, God!" she cried in horror, as the whole extent of the truth burst upon her: "Oh, my God, pity and aid me!"

She sank down on her knees, and though her lips uttered no sound, her heart prayed as only hearts can pray when wrung with mortal suffering. Archer Trevlyn must be given up; from that there could be no appeal. Henceforth he must be to her as though he had never been. She must put him entirely out of her life-out of her thoughts-out of her sleeping and waking dreams.

But she could give him no explanation of her change of mind. She had passed her word-nay, she had sworn never to reveal aught that Miss Lce had told her, and a promise was binding. But he would not need any exleave it with you: decide it as you think planation. His own guilty conscience would tell him why he was renounced.

She took off the rose-colored dress in which she had arrayed herself to meet him, and folded it away in a drawer of her wradrobe, together with every other adornment that she had worn that night. They would always be her painful reminders of that terrible season of anguish and despair. When all were in, she shut them away from her sight, turned the key upon them, and flung it far out of the window.

Then she opened her writing desk, and took out all the little notes he had written to her, read them all over, and holding them one by one to the blaze of the lamp, watched them with a sort of stony calmness until they shrivelled and fell in ashes, black as her hopes, to the floor. Then his gifts; a few simple things. Those she did not look at; she put them hastily in a box, sealed them up, and wrote his address on the cover.

The last task was the hardest. She must write him a note, telling him that all was over between them. The gray light of a clouded morning found her making the effort. But for a long time her pen refused to move; her hand And that package! What did it conseemed powerless. She felt weak and as a very intant. But It was done at last, and she read it over, wondering that she was alive to read it:

'Mr. Archer Trevlyn, Sir: Yesterday afternoon, when I last saw you, I did not think that before twenty-four hours had elapsed I should be under the necessity of inditing to you this letter. Henceforth, you and I must be as strangers. Not all the wealth and influence of the universe could tempt me to become your wife, now that my eyes are opened. I renounce you utterly and entirely, and no word or argument of yours can change me. Therefore, do not attempt to see me, for with my own consent I will never look upon your face again. I deem no explanation necessary; your own conscience will tell you why I have been forced to make this decision. I return to you with this note everything that can serve to remind me of you, and ask you to do me the favor to burn all that you may have in your possession which once was mine. Farewell, now and forever. "MARGARET HARRISON."

There remained still something more to be done. Margie knew that Archer Trevlyn would seek her out, and demand an explanation from her own lips, and this must never be. She could not see him now; she was not certain that she could ever see him again. She dared not risk the influence his personal presence might have upon ber. She must leave New York. But where should she go? She had scarcely asked the question before thought answered

Far away in the northern part of New Hampshire, resided old Nellie Day, the woman who had nursed her, and whom she had not seen for twelve years. Nellie was a very quiet, discreet person, and had been very warmly attached to weariness, she had sunk down in a the Harrison family. She had married chair by the open window, and sat late in life a worthy farmer, and giving village of Lightfield. Margie had kept Nothing gould have tempted Margie to up a sort of desultory correspondence neve credited such a story of her lover, with her, and in every letter that the old lady wrote she had urged Margie to visit her in her country home. had never been convenient to do so, but tion, she had at times been torture! now this place was suggested to her at with agentzing doubts. From the first once, and to Lightfield she decided to

She consulted her watch. It was 5 o'clock; the train for the north, the first express, left at half past six. There would be time. She would leave all her business affairs in the hands of Mr. there, though she had not seen | Parley, her legal adviser and general manager; and as to the house, the maiden aunt who resided with her could keep up the establishment until She packed a few of her plainest

dresses and some other indispensables in a trunk, arrayed herself in a dark traveling suit, and rang for Florine. The girl looked at her in silent amazement. Margie steadled her voice, and spoke carelessly enough.

"Florine, I have been obliged to leave home very suddenly. My preparations are all complete. I thought I would not wake you as I had so little to do. Tell Peter to have the carriage at the door at six precisely, and bring up Leo's breakfast, and a cup of hot coffee for

At six o'clock-having written a note to Mr Farley, and one to her aunt, giving no explanations, but merely saying she had been called away-she put on her bonnet, entered the carriage and was driven to the depot. And before nine-tenths of New York had thought of leaving their beds, she was being whirled rapidly northward, her only companion Leo, who, watchful and early life-how it had been full of alert, lay curled up on the seat beside

CHAPTER XVI.

RCHER TREV lyn had not slept that night. Some sense of impending evil, some demon of "neasiness oppressed him strangely. He tossed about until

daybreak, then he rose, dressed himself, and went out. Everything was still on the streets except the clatter of the milk carts, and the early drays and huckster wagons. The air was damp and dense, and struck a deadly chill to the very marrow of this unseasonable wanderer. He walked a few squares, and then re-

than when he'went out. Did ever time move so slowly before? Would the morning never pass? He wrote some urgent letters, read the damp morning paper, without the slightest notion of contents, and went down to his breakfast, to come away again leaving it untasted. Eight o'clock. The earliest possible hour at which it would be proper to call on Miss Harrison was eleven. Three mortal hours first! How could be ever endure it? She might be very ill. She might even be dying! Archer, with the foolish inconsistency of love, magnified every evil until he was nearly beside himself with dread, lest she might be worse than Miss Lee had represented.

turned to his hotel, more oppressed

Nine o'clock struck; he was walking the floor in a state of nervous excitement which would have forced him ere long to have broken all rules of etiquette and taken his way to Harrison House, had not fate saved him the

A waiter entered, and brought in a letter and a package. He snatched them both, and saw they were directed in Margie's handwriting. For a moment his heart stood still with a deadly fear. Great drops of perspiration covered his forehead, and he dropped letter and package to the floor. Why was she writing to him when she must expect to see him in a few hours? tain?

He picked it up, and tore off the wrappings. The betrothal ring rolled out and fell with a hollow sound on the floor. The ring he had put upon her finger—the ring he had seen her kiss more than once! He looked over the contents of the box hurriedly; every little thing he had ever given her was there, even to a bunch of faded violets!

But the letter? He had almost forgotten it, in pondering over the dread significance of the return of his presents. He took it up and broke the seal with slow deliberation. It would not tell him any news, but it might contain an explanation. His face grew pale as ashes as he read, and he put his hand, to his heart, as though he had receive? a blow there. Twice he read it through. and at the last reading he seemed to realize its dread portent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SOCIAL RECREATION

Entirely New Method be a Few Friends Tired of Dancing

Women who are in straits for unique methods of entertaining might do worse than to listen here, says the Philadelphia Press. The scene is laid in Philadelphia and the action in all its detail transpired in the heart of this city, so proverbially far-famed for the slowness of its social gait and limitations of its pleasure-going capacities. There was a certain club of "blase" bachelors whose average age was probably about 18. Those worn-out veterans, who already know all there is to know, determined to give a dinner, which should be distinctly unique, so for weeks the prime movers thereof cast about them for the happy thought which would insure the success of their "feed." At last they found it. Then they bid some choice and favored brother spirits to the feast, demanding of them only one thing-i. e., that each guest should bring with him something he had stolen. The night arrived and with it the company, and then the scheme upon which the novelty of the entertainment depended was put into execution. As each man (?) took his place he was asked to produce his transferred contribution. Immediately forth from every pocket came a spoon. It is safe to say that all the prominent eating-houses of the city were represented in that collection of souvenirs, the favorites being in the lead, of course. One ice-cream soda stand was all unwittingly poorer by six of these donated spoons. And the youths for the time being forgot their ennut and were "bays again."

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it it may soon run out of breath.

A CHIMNEY SWEEP.

By O. F. Gunby.

Obadiah Lippett was a sweep. When his master took him on, he said he had grit, because he climbed the first chimney without having seen a boy older at it go before him. He was master of his trade, now, and would have smiled at the idea of having another show him how to get up, or out-sing him at the top of the chimney. Finally, however, his pluck was test-

One day he was commissioned to sweep the chimneys of an old-fash-ioned house on Bull street, owned by two maiden ladies who kept a select school there. Diah counted on the children making a great ado over him when he should holler from the top of the tall, red chimneys.

Armed with a scraper and a broom, he had vanished upward only a few moments when he plumped down into the fireplace again, bringing a cloud of

soot along with him.
"Is the contractor gone?" he asked
of the maid who was cleaning silver in the apartment.

"Yes; but he's coming back, I think," the girl responded. "Do you want any-"I only wanted to see him. This is

an uncommon narrow flue. Is it been sweeped lately?"

"I dun'na," said the girl, scrubbing a long-handled ladle vigorously. "You

better go on and sweep it now, 'fore

he gits back."
"Diah vanished, and the maid, pol-



The Mistress Decides to Employ

Ishing her silver, had almost forgotten about the sweep, when she heard a muffled disturbance, as though a voice called in the chimney. She put down er rags and brushes and drew near to

"Oh! oul! oui!" came the sound, but as if at a great distance. Frightened, and not knowing what to do, the maid ran out and called the cook to listen. "Something is done kotch de sweep an' he hollehin' fo' help," said the cook and she stooped her fat person so as stick her head up the chimney.

"I ain't seen nuthin', but I hear him she declared, as she rose from her it.
some position. "Run call Miss Lila."
Miss Lila, disturbed at her French class, came hurrying to the scene.

"Boy up the chimney! How dread-ful!" she exclaimed. "Go call a po-liceman," and in a few minutes a uniformed individual appeared. "Where is the contractor?" he asked.

He could tell whether the boy was fooling or not. These sweeps were full of devilment. The muffled cries were more insistent and lasted longer than ever.

policeman craned his neck to look up the chimney and hollered in his turn. liceman craned his neck to look up "Here, you scamp, what's all this fuss about?"

An answer came, and after some rep-

scraped his foot respectfully to the ladies, after the old plantatica custom. "Why, he has a nice face, in spite of all that dirt and soot," exclaimed Miss Katherine. "Have him washed, Zora," she said, turning to the maid, "and give him something to eat and some of Tom's old things to put on."

Tom was the lady's nephew, who lived with them, and was greatly in-

terested in the proceedings.
"Lila," said Miss Katherine to her sister that afternoon. "I like that lit-tle Diah's face; suppose we take him

here to help water the plants and answer the bell in the afternoons?"

Miss Lila approved the plan, and the next day found the quondam chimney sweep promoted to his new office.— Philadelphia Inquirer.

BIRDS AND BEASTS.

Short Stories About Them Gathered From Many Places.

Mrs. Eugene Daniels of Canaan, N. H., has a tame crow that is a curiosity. It is about eighteen months old, and has been in captivity from the nest. It talks and seems to understand what is said to it, and is fond of music. It goes to church every Sunday and waits outside till the services are through.

A woman, who is an enthusiastic naturalist, says the St. Louis Republic, suggests that the diminution in the number of song birds of New England is due to the hostility of the English sparrow or the small boy, or the fash-ion of wearing dead birds in bonnets. but to the general use by farmers of paris green and other poisons as insect exterminators.

A gentleman who possessed several colts one day noticed a small bird entangled in the tail of one of his colts. It had evidently been on a search for hair and had become ensuared. Cases of birds getting their feet entangled in wool or strings are well known, and death usually ensues if human help is not forthcoming.

An anti-squirrel convention is to be held in Spokane, Wash., on May 15, which will be attended by delegates from all county boards in the state. The object of the convention will be to exterminate the ground squirrel, which annually destroy grain and other crops in that region to the value of several hundred thousands of dollars.

English pheasants are being raised by a syndicate of sportsmen at Lebanon, N. H. Some time this year the birds will be liberated with the expectation that under proper protection they will multiply and furnish an excellent addition to the game in that region. One hundred English pheasants were received at Moodus, Conn., the last week of February, which are to be liberated about the first of next month on the large game preserves of

A correspondent of a sportsman's paper declared recently "there is little sport to be had in hunting foxes in Texas, because they climb trees in ten or twenty minutes after the dogs start The foxes in England are often driven to the trees by the eager dogs, but they do not climb in the sense that squirrel or bear does. They jump to the lower branches of the trees, and by their aid work them-ives up to the top branches. A fox

n get into a tree that is no higher an eight feet to the lower branches. nd it is probably by jumping that the exas fox gets into the trees.-Phila-

DON'T HAVE TO STOP.

Man Who Gets Off a Moving Train by Aid of a Parachute.

Henry Woodward, living near Pine Ridge, Wyo., is engaged in shipping cattle and hogs to Richford. He travels on the train on the Wyoming & Pacific railroad that leaves Richford at 4:30 p. m. The train does not stop at Pine Ridge, and runs past that station at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Mr. Woodward alights safely from the moving train by means of a parachute.

The parachute was made for him in



The French Teacher Is Catled From Her Class by the Servant.

the sweep was stuck fast in the chim-Can't you go up?" he was asked.

"No," came the answer.
"Well, can't you come down?"
"No; I'm wedged in," called Diah,
in mournful tones.

Three-quarters of an hour passed, and then Miss Katherine, the older of the two teachers, told the contractor to send for a bricklayer and release the sweep from his wretched position. Soundings were taken all the way up the chimney to determine the spot at which the boy was lodged. The workmen then made an opening in the wall, and, after a time, unlinky Diah crawled out. His features were swoller ien from weeping because he had been afruid of being left there indefinitely, and had conjectured all sorts of deradful things happening to him. He smiled, however, when he saw day-

etition, it was interpreted to mean that Chicago and measures six feet in diameter when open. To have the train.

Mr. Woodward mounts a brake wheet
and climbs to the roof of a car. He opens the parachute, clings to the rope, and is gently wafted from the roof of the rapidly-moving car to the ground.

Sometimes Mr. Woodward jumps into the air with his parachute a little too soon. At other times he is carried somwhat beyond the point at which he wishes to slight. The fact remains, however, that he has never met with any accident when leaving the train in this ingenious manner. His feat has become a source of interest and wonderment to the passengers on the

4:30 afternoon train out of Richford. The railroad employes have become used to this parachute jump, and are no longer threatened with nervous prostration when he makes it; but the train always contains passengers who have heard of his feat, but are sceptilight and friendly faces again, and

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A Hen Wanted.

A newspaper published in an Oklanoma town where the women recently carried the election sent the following order to a supply house: "Please send us one small cut of a hen. Women carried the election here, and I suppose we will have to swing out a hen instead of a rooster."—New York Tribune.

For lung and chest diseases, Piso's Curs the lest medicine we have used.—Mrs. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada. An emity head and a ratting tongue go

Crushing a rose makes it bigger than it

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shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label. If the stomach is foul or bilious it will

cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bed-time. Sold by all Druggists.

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