INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIX .- (CONTINUED.)

"And you protected her? You gave her money and took her to a place of safety?" said Trevlyn, anxiously.

"Of course. As I should have done by any other lady-but more especially for her. I took her to a hotel, and on the morrow saw her start on her journey. I would have gone with her, but she declined my escort."

O, I thank you-I thank you so much! I shall be your friend always for that. You will tell me where she

"No. I cannot." will not?"

"It does." Then you know her present place of sojourn?

"I do. But she does not desire the knowledge to become general. I have pledged-my word to her not to reveal it. Neither is it best for you to know."

You are right. It is not. I might be unable to hinder myself from seeing her. And that could do no good. I know that she is innocent. That shall suffice me. Only tell me she is well, and agreeably situated."

"She is both. More, I think she is at peace. She is with those who love

"I thank you for bearing with me. I shall be happier for knowing she was not false to me. Whatever might have caused her to break the engagement, it was not because she loved another. Good night, Mr. Castrani."

He wrung the hand of the Cuban warmly and departed.



T WAS an afternoon in May. Everything without was smiling and at rest, but Mrs. Trevlyn was cross and out of humor. Perhaps any lady will say that she had sufficient reason. Everything had gone wrong. The

cook was sick and the dinner a failure; her dressmaker had disappointed her in not finishing her dress for the great ball at Mrs. Fitz Noodle's, that evening, and Annie, her maid, was down with one of her nervous headaches, and she would be obliged to send for a hair-

Louis Castrani was a guest in the house, by Archer's invitation-for the two gentlemen had become friends, warmly attached to each other, and Mrs. Trevlyn could not help fretting over the unfortunate condition of her cuisine.

She was looking very cross, as she sat in the back parlor, adjoining the tasteful little morning room, where he spent most of her time, and where the gentlemen were in the habit of taking their books and newspapers when they desired it quiet. If she had known that Mr. Castrani was at that moment lying on the lounge in the morning room, the door of which was slightly siar, she might have dismissed that unbecoming frown and put her troubles aside. Mr Trevlyn entered, just as she had for the twentieth time that day arrived at the conclusion that she was the most sorely afflicted woman in the world, and his first words did not tend to give her any consolation.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Trevlyn, that I am to be deprived of the privilege of attending the ball to-night. It is particularly annoving."

"What do you mean, Mr. Trevlyn?" "I am obliged to go to Philadelphia on important business, and must leave in this evening's train. I did not know of the necessity until a few hours ago." Mrs. Trevlyn was just in the state to be wrought up by trifles.

"Always business," she exclaimed pettishly. "I am sick of the word!" Business before pleasure, Mrs. Trevlyn. But, really, this is an impor-

tant affair. It is connected with the house of Renshaw & Selwyn, which went under last week. The firm were under obligations to-" 'Don't talk business to me, Mr. Trev-

lyn. I do not understand such thingsneitner do I desire to. I only hope it is business you are going for!" Mr Trevlyn looked at her in some

You only hope it is business?" he said, inquiringly. "I do not compre-

"I might have said that I hoped it was not a woman who called you from your wife,"

The moment the words were spoken she repented their utterance, but the

mischief was already done. "Mrs. Trevlyn, I shall request you to unsay the insinuation conveyed in your words. They are unworthy of you

and a shame to me." "And I shall decline to unsay them. dare affirm they are true enough." What do you mean, madam ? I

am, I trust, a man of honor. You are my wife, and I am true to you. I never loved but one woman, and she is dead The allusion to the old love was ex-

sely unfortunate just at this time, for Mrs. Trevlyn was just sore enough to be deeply wounded by it, and angry enough to throw back taunt for taunt. "A man of honor!" she ejaculated

rafully. "Honor, forsooth! Archer wiyn, do you call yourself that?" I do: and I dety any man living to ove the contrary?" answered Archer,

"You defy any man! Do you also defy any woman? Tell me, if you can, whose glove this is?" and she pulled from her bosom the blood-stained glove and held it up before him.

He looked at it, flushed crimson and trembled perceptibly. She laughed scornfully.

"Archer Trevlyn, your guilt is known to me! It has been known to me ever since the fatal night on which Paul Linmere met his death. I was there that night, by the lonely graveyard. I saw you kiss her hand! I heard the dreadful blow, listened to the smoth-"Cannot! Does that imply that you ered groan, and saw through the gloom the guilty murderer as he fled from the scene of crime! When the victim was discovered. I went first, because I feared he might have left behind something that might fix his identity-and so he had. This glove I found lying upon the ground, by the side of the wretched victim-marked with the name of the murderer, stained with the blood of the murdered! I hid it away. I would have died sooner than it should have been torn from me, because I was foolish enough to love this man, whose hand was red with murder! Archer Trevlyn, you took the life of Paul Linmere, and thus removed the last obstacle that stood between you and Margaret Harrison!"

Trevlyn's face had grown white as death while she had been speaking, but it was more like the white heat of passion, than like the pallor of detected guilt. His rigid lips were stern and pale; his dark eyes fairly shot lightnings. He looked at his wife as though he would read her very soul.

"Alexandrine!" he said, hoarsely, 'you believed this of me? You deemed me guilty of the crime of murder, and yet married me?"

"Yes, I married you. I was not so conscientious as your saintly Margaret. She would not marry a man who had shed blood-even though he had done it for love of her!"

Trevlyn caught her arm flercely. "Madam, do you mean to say this shameful story ever came to the ears of Margie Harrison?"

"Yes, she knew it. I told it to her myself. Kill me if you like," she added, seeing his fearful face; "it will not

be your first crime!" He forced himself to be calm.

"When did you make this revelation to Margaret?"

"The night before she left New York -the night she was to have gone to the opera with you. I deemed it my duty. I did not do it to separate you, though I am willing to confess I desired you to be separated. I knew that Margaret would sooner die than marry you, if the knowledge of your crime was possessed by her."

"And she-Margaret-believed guilty?"

"Why should she not? Any jury of welve impartial men would have committed you on the evidence I could have brought. You were in love with Miss Harrison. She was under a solemn obligation to marry Mr. Linmereyet she loved you. Nothing save his death could release her. You were then, at night, in a lonely graveyard where none of your kin were slumbering. There, at that hour, the murder was done, and after its commission, you stole forth silently. guiltily. By the side of the murdered man was found your glove, stained with his blood; and a little way from his dead body a handkerchief bearing the single initial 'A.' Whose name commences with that letter? Could anything be clearer or more conclusive?"

"And you believe me guilty?" " I do."

He took a step toward her. She ever forgot the dreadful look upon his

"I scorn to make any explanation. I might, perhaps, clear myself of this foul accusation, but I will make no effort to do so. But not another day will I live beneath the same roof with the woman who believed me guilty of murder, and yet sunk herself so low as to become my wife."

"As you please," she said, defiantly, "I should be quite as happy were it so." He bowed coldly, courteously-went out, and closed the door behind him. The sound struck to the heart of his wife like a knell. She staggered back. and fell upon a chair.

Had she been mad? She had wounded and maddened him beyond all hope of pardon-him, whom in spite of everything, she held more precious than the whole world! She had lost his respect-lost forever all chance of winning his love. And she had eagerly herished the sweet hope that sometime he might forget the old dream, and turn to the new reality. But it was

pant! She went up to her chamber, and locking the door, threw herself, dressed as she was, on the bed. How long must this continue? How long would be remain away? His business would not, probably, keep him more than a few days, and then, surely, he would return. And she would throw terself at his feet, acknowledge, her fault and plead-yes, beg for his forgiveness. Anything, only to have peace

between them once more! She could not write to him, for he norning, she went down to the store, but they knew nothing of his destination, or his probable time of absence. So all she corld do was to return home

he did not return, and no tidings of him had reached his agonized wife.

CHAPTER XXI.



OUIS CASTRANI received one day an urgent summons to Boston. It was the very day following that on which he had been an unwilling listener to the difficulty between Mr. and Mrs. Trevlvn. He knew from whom the sum-

mons came. Once before he had been suddenly called in like manner. A wretched woman she was now but once the belle and beauty of the

fair Cuban town where Castrani's childhood and youth had been spent. She had been a beautiful orphan, adopted by his parents,, and brought up almost as his sister. She welcomed him brokenly, her eyes

lighting up with the pleasure of seeing him-and then the light faded away, leaving her even more ghastly than before.

"They tell me I am dying," she said, hoarsely. "Do you think so? He smoothed back the hair on the forehead-damp already with the dews of death. His look assured her better than the words he could not bring him-

self to speak.

"My poor Arabel." "Arabel! Who calls me Arabel?" she asked, dreamily. "I have not heard that name since he spoke it! What a sweet voice he had! O, so sweet!-but falser than Satan! O, Louis, Louis! if we could go back to the old days among the orange groves, before I sinned-when we were innocent little children!"

"It is all over now, Arabel. You were tempted; but God is good to forgive if the caricaturist. He seemed struck by

repentance is sincere.' "O. I have repented! I have, indeed! And I have prayed as well as I knew how. But my crimes are so fearful! You are sure that Christ is very mercitul?

"Very merciful, Arabel." She clasped her hands, and her pale lips moved in prayer, though there was no audible word.

"Let me hold your hand, Louis. gives me strength. And you were always a friend, so true and steadfast. How happy we were in those dear old days-you, and Inez and I! Ah, Inez-Inez! She died in her sweet innocence, loving and beloved-died by violence; but she never lived to suffer from the falsity of those she loved! Well, she is in paradise-God rest her!"

The dark eyes of Castrani grew moist. There arose before him a picture of the fair young girl he had lovedthe gentle-eyed Inez-the confiding young thing he was to have married. had not the hand of a cruel jealousy cut short her brief existence. Arabel saw his emotion, and pressed his hand in hers, so cold and icy.

"You have suffered also, Louis, but not as I have suffered-O, no! O, the days before he came-he, the destroyer! What a handsome face he had, and how he flattered me! Flattered my foolish pride, until, deserting home and friends, I fled with him across the seas! To Paris-beautiful, frivilous. crime-imbued Paris. I am so faint and tattle column," says the New York tired, Louis! Give me a drink from the Times. It contains divers short parawineglass."

greedily, and resumed:

"I have written out my history fully. but you, Louis, who will feel an interest in the poor outcast. But something has impelled me to write it, and when I desk, sealed and directed to yourself. strength does not desert me, I shall tell which the British public carries its inyou all that you will care to know, with my own lips. I want to watch your ity something quite different. face as I go on, and see if you condemn me. You are sure God is more merciful than man?"

"In His word it is written, Arabel."

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Whole Teaching of Life. The whole teaching of his life, indeed, is to leave us free and to make us reasonable, and the supreme lesson of his life is voluntary brotherhood, fraternity. If you will do something for another, if you will help him or serve him, you will at once begin to love him. I know there are some casuists who distinguish here, and say that you may love such an one, and that, in fact, you must love every one; but that you are not expected to like every one. This, however, seems to be a distinction without a difference. If you do not like a person you do not love him. and if you do not love him you loathe him. The curious thing in doing kindness is that it makes you love people even in this sublimated sense of liking. When you love another you have made him your brother; and by the same means you can be a brother to all men.

Pulpit Just Right. In a very handsome little church, not 200 miles from Indianapolis, the reading platform is adorned by a remarkably beautiful pulpit, finked by equally decorative chairs. The artistic caken pulpit, hand carved in passion flowers and lilles, and bordered with trefoil, is almost the "graven image" the eyes of the association of church women who earned and purchased the pulpit furnishings when the edifice was built. Recently a new mininter came into charge of the congregation. He was a little fellow, and one day casually remarked to one of his feminine church members: "Mre. Badger, that pulpit is entirely too high had not left his address. The next for me; think it had better be cut down a trifle." "Cut down?" the horrifled woman exclaimed. "Cut that pulpit down? No, indeed; it would ruin it; it would be much easier to get a taller preacher."

A week passed-ten days-and still DU MAURIER AND MOSCHELES.

First Meeting of the Two Great Artists

in Gay Bohemia We first met in Antwerp in the class rooms of the famous academy, says Moscheles in the Century. I was painting and blaguing as one paints and blagues in the storm and stress period of one's artistic development. It had been my good fortune to begin my studies in Paris, where in the Ateller Gleyre I had cultivated the essentially French art of chaffing known by the name of "la blague Parisienne," and I now was able to give my less lively Flemish friends and fellow-students the full benefit of my experience. Many pleasant recollections bound me to Paris, so when I heard one day that a "nouveau" had arrived straight from my old Atelier Gleyre I was not a little impatient to make his acquaint-

The newcomer was Du Maurier. sought him out, and, taking it for granted that he was a Frenchman, I addressed him in French. We were soon engaged in lively conversation, asking and answering questions about comrades in Paris, and sorting the threads that associated us with the same place. "Did you know un nomme Poynter?" he asked, exquisitely Frenchifying the name for my benefit. mentally translated this into equally exquisite English, my version naturally being "a man called Poynter." Later an American came up, with whom I exchanged a few words in his and my native tongue. "What the deuce are you? English?" broke in Du Maurier. "And what the deuce are you," I rejoined. And we then and there made friends on a sound international basis.

It seemed to me that at this first meeting Du Maurier took me in at a glance—the eager, hungry glance of my appearance, as well he might be. wore a workman's blouse that had gradually taken its color from its surroundings. To protect myself from the indiscretions of my comrades I had painted various warnings on my back, as, for instance, "Bill stickers, be-ware," "It is forbidden to shoot rubbish here," and the like. My very black hair, ever inclined to run riot, was encircled by a craftily concealed band of crochet work, such as only a fond mother's hand could devise, and I was doubtless coloring some meerschaum of eccentric design.

It has always been a source of legitmate pride to me to think that I should have been the tool selected by Providence to sharpen Du Maurier's pencil. There must have been something in my "verfluchte physiognomie," as a very handsome young German whom I used to chaff unmercifully called it, to reveal to Du Maurier those dormant capacities which had been betrayed in his eager glance.

### PURCHASED FAME.

Why English Newspapers Always Advertise Obscure Society People.

During the recent upheaval in the Pall Mall Gazette office one interesting bit of information that came to the surface was that Mr. Astor's editors and reporters were accustomed when among themselves to refer to a certain department of the paper as "the tittlegraphs in which are recounted the He put it to her lips; she swallowed doings, social and other, of notabilities of various grades, including always many titled nonentities and occasion-Why, I hardly know, for there are none ally professional persons like doctors, lawyers and diplomats. Most of the other London journals have similar columns and they are all equally trivial am dead you will find it there in that and snobbish. It now appears that what has always seemed to be merely Maybe you will never open it, for if my an amusing illustration of the extent to terest in the "upper classes" is in real-

> A Manchester doctor recently got into trouble with his confreres because he allowed himself to be advertised as connected with a certain sanitarium. One of his friends, noticing that the movements of other medical men, all of whom had been vociferously scrupulous in regard to the ethics of their profession, were constantly recorded by the press, proceeded to the office of the Thunderer itself with a similar item exploiting a journey of his own. There he was informed that announce ments of that class were inserted at the rate of 1 guinea for three lines and 10 shillings 6 pence for every additionil line. Continuing his investigation ie learned that the society people, too, bought fame at the same high price and that the so-called "tittle-tattle" was published not because the British public yearned for it, but because the lesser lights of society and science yearned for notoriety and were willing to pay for it.

A speculator on the bourse was "You have ceased to do busiasked: ness with Z- ?

"Don't talk to me of that fellow," was the reply. "I nover saidle him He had the audacity to say that I swindled him out of 40,000 france." "Oh, dear, no. He said 20,000,"

"Ah! that is different," said the bourster, and took off his hat .- Les De-

Or Send Them to Blind Acrium. "I think," said the statesman who didn't have any great hopes, anyway, 'that it would be a good plan to make these here campaign buttons of mine with eyes to 'em, so that of the demand is smaller than the supply I kin sell 'em to some overhauls factory or something of that kind."-Indianapolis

Journal. Cyclists in Mobile are taxed \$1 per annum. They fought the ordinance in court, but lost their case, and the tax Improved Elastic Stocking.

The ordinary elastic stocking which is used as a preventive in the frequent cases of varicose veins, has been wonall the necessary protection and sup-port is given, and it may also be men-tioned that the red rubber used is a special preparation which has been proved to be the softest and most comfortable obtainable.

Trans-Mississippi Inventors

Amongst the Trans-Mississippi in ventors who received patents during past week were Joseph J. Burke, Wil-bur, Nebraska, lawn-mower knife-sharpener; Emil R. Draver, Alliance, Nebraska, sifting apparatus; Richard Evans, Mitchell, South Dakota, cutter bar for harvesting machinery; James brace and mattress support; Frederick G. Weeks, Lyons, Iowa, railway time and station indicator; William H. Scott, What Cheer, Iowa, pick; and Joseph A. Rekenthaler, Cushing, Iowa, shield for

corn cultivators.

Amongst the noticeable inventions are found a combination fuse block and lightning arrester; a perpetual calender for watches; a safety pin; a beefsteak tenderer; a toy balloon; a gear combination to propel bicycles; an apparatus to produce moon effects upon stages; a walking toy; a pueumatic cushion for crutches; a racing sulky; a tack ham-me: provided with a magazine feeding the tacks to the hammer head; a simple milk can cleaner; a tool for packing piston rods; a sounding post for musical instruments; and a campaign hand-

Inventors desiring free information relative to patents can obtain the same n addressing Sues & Co., United States Patent Solicitors, Bee Building, Omaha,

When pies are to be kept over until the second day after baking, it is a wise plan to brush the under crust a beaten egg, then to put the tin or dish on the ice for half an hour. After that put in the filling of the ple and bake quickly. This will keep the crust from getting soaked.

Travel With a Friend

Travel With a Friend
Who will protect you from those enemies—
nausea, indigestion, malaria and the sickness produced by rocking on the waves, and
sometimes by inland traveling over the
rough beds of ill laid railroads. Such a
friend is Hostetter's rounch Bitters,
ocean mariners, yachismen, commercial
and theatrical agents and tourists testify
to the protective potency of this effective
safeguard, which conquers also rheumatism,
nervousness and billiousness.

Keep Him at Home.

Mrs Yeast: "I wish I could think of something to keep my husband home at nights." Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "Get him a bicycle." Mrs. Yeast: "That would take him out more than ever. Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "Oh, no, it wouldn't. My husband got one day before yesterday and the doctor says he won't be out for a month."-You kers Statesman.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

No Trouble to Explain.

"Little boy," said the meditative old gentleman who had just bought per, "why is it you always say, 'Horri-ble murder on the North Side,' or 'on the South Side,' or 'on the West Side,' but when somebody kills himself you never say what 'side' it happened on?" "'Cause everybody knows its suicide," answered the dirty-faced newsboy. "Morninin' paper! All 'bout the hor'ble murder on the North Side!"

My doctor said I would die, but Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me.—An Kelner, Cherry Valley, Ills., Nov. 23, '95.

One of His Worst attacks.

"When a man becomes a parent for the first time," said Asbury Peppers, without the slightest excuse, "as I said, when a man becomes a parent the fact at once becomes apparent by his undignified actions, which I may venture to say do not become a parent. Pass the butter, please."-Cincinnati

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

It Moves Them On.

A teacher giving lessons on physical force, when he had finished, asked, "Now, boys, can any of you tell me what force it is that moves people along the streets?" He was greatly surprised, and the class highly amused at receiving from one of the boys the unexpected answer. "Please, sir, the police force."

How to Grow 40c Wheat.

Salzer's Fall Seed Catalogue tells you. It's worth thousands to the wideawake farmer. Send 4-cent stamp for catalogue and free samples of grains and grasses for fall sowing. John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse Wis.

The patent leather slipper never loses i hold on feminine fancy.

FIFE stopped free and permanent's cur d. No fix after first day's use of Dr. Kline's fivest Nerve Restorer. Free Si trai bottle and treate Marv-councures. Dn. Kline, Si Archat. Phia. ciphia, Pa Don't expect a lamp to act right if it of properly cleaned.

If the Baby is Cutting Teetn. to cure and use that old and well-tried remedy, I It is very easy for an unucky man to drift into neglect to pay his bills.

The most unique and instructive book yet published about the gold and other features of Cripple Creek District derfully improved upon by a recent invention termed the "Lattice" elastic stocking and legging, where an openwork, lattice-like arrangement is followed with the best possible results, not only where the immediate comfort is concerned, but in the subsequent action upon the vein. At the same time all the necessary protection and supplied the second of how it is found, where it is milled, how it is treated, how it is paid for; all how it is treated, how it is paid for; all about mines, titles, camping in the mountains and Cripple Park's wonderful Appolinaris Springs, which the Indians called Quleeka and of which they said, "If you drink the waters always, you will live always." In printing and illustration it is a work of high art. We are not supported.

A Story of Colorado Gold.

high art. We are not surprised to learn that the second edition is in press, for it is a book from which the oldest miner may get information and entertainment as well. Price, 50c., but if you will send five names and addresses of friends and 25c., stamps or D. Wiltfong, Glenwood, Iowa, bedstead silver, to the publisher, it will be sent postage paid.

> Appendictis is getting old fashioned. The farmers are getting it.

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Drink HIRES Rootbeer when you're hot; when you're thirsty; when callers come. At any and all times drink HIRES Roofbeer. Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

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He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from

the first bottle, and a perfect cure is war-

ranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes 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 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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