

FATAL LOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

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CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED).

A hundred pairs of hands were outstretched to receive Margie when Arch brought her to the shore. Her dear devoted friends crowded around her, and in their joy at her escape, Arch retreated for his lodgings. But Miss Lee had been watching him, and seized his arm the moment he was clear of the crowd.

"Oh, Mr. Trevlyn, it's just like a novel!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Only you cannot marry the heroine, for she is engaged to Mr. Linnere; and she perfectly dotes on him."

She flitted away, and Trevlyn went up to his chamber.

That evening there was a "hop" at the hotel, but Arch did not go down. He knew if he did the inevitable Miss Lee would anchor herself on his arm for the evening; and his politeness was not equal to the task of entertaining her.

The strains of music reached him, softened and made sweet by the distance. He stole down on the piazza, and sat under the shadows of a flowering vine, looking at the sky, with its myriads of glittering stars. There was a light step at his side, and glancing up, he saw Margie Harrison.

She was in evening dress, her white arms and shoulders bare, and glistening with snowy pearls. Her soft unbound hair fell over her neck in a flood of light, and a subtle perfume, like the breath of blooming water-lilies, floated around her.

"I want to make you my captive for a little while, Mr. Trevlyn," she said, gayly. "Will you wear the chains?"

"Like a garland of roses," he responded. "Yes, to the world's end, Miss Harrison!"

The unconscious fervor of his voice brought a crimson flush to her face. She dropped her eyes, and toyed with the bracelet on her arm.

"I did not know you dealt in compliments, Mr. Trevlyn," she said, a little reproachfully. "I thought you were always sincere."

"And so I am, Miss Harrison."

"I take you at your word then," she said, recovering her playful air. "You will not blame me, if I lead you into difficulty?"

"Certainly not. I give myself into your keeping."

She put her hand within his arm, and led him up the stairs, to a private parlor on the second floor. Under the jet of light sat old Mr. Trevlyn. Archer's heart throbbed fiercely, and his lips grew set and motionless as he stood there before the man he hated, the man against whom he had made a vow of undying vengeance. Margie was looking at her guardian, and did not observe the startling change which had come over Arch. She spoke softly, addressing the old man.

"Dear guardian, this is the man who this morning so gallantly rescued me from a watery grave. I want you to help me thank him."

Mr. Trevlyn arose, came forward, and extended his hand. Arch stood erect, his arms folded on his breast. He did not move, nor offer to take the proffered hand. Mr. Trevlyn gave a start of surprise, and seizing a lamp from the table, held it up to the face of the young man. Arch did not flinch; he bore the insulting scrutiny with stony calmness.

The old man dashed down the lamp, and put his hand to his forehead. His face was livid with passion, his voice choked so as to be scarcely audible.

"Margie, Margie Harrison!" he exclaimed, "what is this person's name?"

"Archer Trevlyn, sir," answered the girl, amazed at the strange behavior of the two men.

"Just as I thought! Hubert's son!"

"Yes," said Arch, speaking with painful calmness. "I am Hubert's son; the son of the man your wicked cruelty murdered."

Mr. Trevlyn seized his cane and rushed upon his grandson; but Margie sprang forward and threw her arm across the breast of Arch.

"Strike him, if you dare!" she said, "but you shall strike a woman!"

Mr. Trevlyn looked at her and the weapon dropped to the floor.

"Margaret Harrison," he said sternly, "leave this room. This is no place for you. Obey me!"

"I am subject to no man's authority," she said, boldly; "and I will not leave the room. You shall not insult a gentleman to whom I owe my life, and who is here as my invited guest!"

"I shall defend myself! There is murder in that fellow's eye, if I ever saw it in that of any human being!"

"I am answerable for his conduct," she said with proud dignity. "He will do nothing of which a lady need stand in fear. I brought him here, ignorant of the relationship existing between you and him, and unconscious of the truth that I should be called upon to defend him from the causeless rage of his own grandfather."

Again the cane was uplifted, but Margaret laid her hand resolutely upon it.

"Give it to me. Will you—you who pride yourself upon your high and delicate sense of honor—will you be such an abject coward as to strike a defenseless man?"

He yielded her the weapon, and she threw it from the window.

"You may take away my defense, Margaret," said the old man, resolutely, "but you shall not prevent me from cursing him! A curse be upon him—"

"Hold, sir! Remember that your head is white with the snows of time. It will not be long before you go to the

parents sleep on unavenged. I leave him and his sins to the God whom he denies; and all because you have asked it of me."

Slowly and silently they went up to the house. At the door he said no good-night—he only held her hand a moment, closely, and then turned away.

Paul Linnere's wedding-day drew near. Between him and Margie there was no semblance of affection. Her coldness never varied, and after a few fruitless attempts to excite in her some manifestation of interest, he took his cue from her, and was as coldly indifferent as herself.

A few days before the tenth of October, which was the day appointed for the bridal, Dick Turner, one of Paul's friends, gave a supper at the Bachelors' club. A supper in honor of Paul, or to testify the sorrow of the club at the loss of one of its members. It was a very hilarious occasion, and the toasting and wine-drinking extended far into the small hours.

In a somewhat elevated frame of mind, Mr. Paul Linnere left the rooms of the club at about three o'clock in the morning, to return home. His way lay along the most deserted part of the city—a place where there were few dwellings, and the buildings were mostly stores and ware-houses.

Suddenly a touch on his arm stopped him. The same cold, deathly touch he had felt once before. He had drunk just enough to feel remarkably brave, and turning, he encountered the strangely gleaming eyes that had frozen his blood that night in early summer. All his bravado left him. He felt weak and helpless as a child.

"What is it? what do you want?" he asked brokenly.

"Justice!" said the mysterious presence.

"Justice? For whom?"

"Arabel Vere."

"Arabel Vere! Curse her!" he cried savagely.

The figure lifted a spectral white hand.

"Paul Linnere—beware! The vengeance of the dead reaches sometimes unto the living! There is not water enough in the Seine to drown a woman's hatred. Death itself, cannot annihilate it! Beware!"

He struck savagely at the uplifted hand, but his arm met no resistance. He beat only against the impalpable air. His spectral visitor had flown, and left nothing behind her to tell of her presence.

With unsteady steps Mr. Paul Linnere hurried home, entered his room, and double-locked the door behind him.

CHAPTER VIII.

R. TREVLYN had decided that the marriage of his ward should take place at Harrison Park, the old country seat of the Harrisons, on the Hudson. Here Margie's parents had lived always in the summer; here they had died within a week of each other, and here, in the cypress grove by the river, they were buried. There would be no more fitting place for the marriage of their daughter to be solemnized, Margie neither opposed nor approved the plan. She did not oppose anything. She was passive, almost apathetic.

The admiring dressmakers and milliners came and went, fitting and measuring, and trying on their tasteful creations, but without eliciting any signs of interest or pleasure from Margie Harrison. She gave no orders, found no fault; expressed no admiration nor its opposite. It was all the same to her.

The bridal dress came home a few days before the appointed day. It was a superb affair, and Margie looked like a queen in it. It was of white satin, with a point lace overskirt; looped at intervals with tiny bouquets of orange blossoms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Electric Palace.

The palatial New York home of Charles T. Yerkes, the Chicago millionaire, at 68th street and 5th avenue, has not only the most complete electric lighting, heating and ventilating plant of any of the several electrically equipped mansions in the city, but it has the largest storage battery plant ever installed in a private residence. A gas engine of thirty-five horse power in the basement is belted to a dynamo. The storage battery consists of sixty cells, having a capacity of 2,500 amperes hours at a ten-hour discharge rate, the maximum discharge rate being 500 amperes for four hours.

The house is wired for about sixteen candle-power lamps and has besides an electric passenger elevator and several electric motors for ventilation, pumping and other purposes.

The arrangement of the lights is very artistic. The vestibule or reception hall is lighted from above through cathedral glass in the base of a dome by 300 lights. Lamps are concealed within the carving of the principal salon or in rosettes of colored glass and cunningly placed in the ceilings. In the library an apparently framed oil painting, which is really a wonderful piece of cathedral glasswork, is made the vehicle of the flood of light which illuminates the room with the soft radiance of day.—Exchange.

Exchange Birthday Gifts.

The Prince of Wales and the Duc de Chartres have just exchanged birthday presents, according to their custom of many years past, as their birthdays fall on the same day. The Orleans prince is the elder by a year, however. The prince sent the duke a fine gun, while the duke's souvenir to the prince was a gold cigarette case.

A Dog of Christian Principles.

At Wednesbury a dog has been discovered which its fond mistress considers a Christian both in principles and conduct. It accompanied her regularly to church, never disturbed the congregation, and always left the sacred edifice in a quiet and orderly manner, obviously having derived much benefit from the service. During the week it behaved as so exemplary a dog might be expected to do, doing wrong "intentionally" to neither man nor beast. It was certainly "an insult to expect so enlightened an animal to wear a collar with his owner's name, but the Wednesbury authorities mulcted the first owner in costs. However, the possession of such a treasure must be well worth the money.—Birmingham (Eng.) Mail.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c.

Women in Germany.

German women have sent a petition to parliament protesting against some clauses in the new civil code. According to this code, a married woman, for instance, has, if no special contract has been made, no right to dispose of her own fortune without the permission of her husband. Moreover, the latter is solely entitled to administer and have the usufruct of her money, even of that which she earns. Every financial transaction entered upon by a woman without the knowledge and consent of her husband can be canceled. Except in a few cases, women are unable to act as guardians. They are also excluded from family councils, and so on.

A Successful Doctor.

We take pleasure in calling your attention to the advertisement of Dr. Marsh with regard to his cure for the opium and morphine habit to be found in another column of this paper. The doctor has been engaged for twenty-five years in this specialty, and is well and favorably known for the cures he has made of these habits. We take pleasure in commending him to any and all who need his services, having been personally acquainted with him for the past twenty-five years.

A Roumanian Fleet.

Roumania has upset the plans of treaty powers to have only two fleets on the Black Sea by setting up a little fleet of its own. It contains one fast cruiser, Elizabeth, and fifteen smaller craft. The Roumanian flag has been recognized by the Russians, who returned salutes when the fleet appeared off Sebastopol.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures.—George W. Lotz, Falu-cher, La., August 26, 1895.

Funeral monuments are exported from this country to Australia.

The name of Cripple Creek should now be changed to Cripple Town.

FITS—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Nervous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. F. H. Case, Send to Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

One of Maine's curios is Machias, a town of 200 inhabitants without a debt.

A Summer Resort Book Free.

Write to C. S. Crane, general passenger and ticket agent Wabash Railroad, St. Louis, Mo., for a summer resort book, telling all about the beautiful lake region reached by the Wabash Railroad.

United States Patents.

A curious patent has just been issued to Frederick Lehner, a Swiss, for a process of making imitation silk. An ordinary cotton thread is run through several solutions of silk substances and nitro cellulose, the threads after treatment being woven into a fabric which is much cheaper and has all the qualities of a good grade of silk. The cheapness of this new fabric would bring it within the reach of all.

Laban Everest, an Omaha inventor, has received a patent for an electric railway signal which is noticeable because of its cheapness and in which he overcomes some of the objections encountered in so many signals. The inventor has been enabled to sell his patent at a good profit to a corporation who will place the invention on the market.

Peter Smith, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has invented a bed castor which just above the wheel has an insect trap, the purpose of which is quite apparent.

M. Forster of Berlin, Germany, gets a patent for a smokeless gunpowder, comprising wavy flakes, which, it is claimed, ignite more quickly than those of any other conformation, and so, of course, is more valuable on that account.

Inventors desiring information relative to the law of patents or how to secure their inventions, should address Sues & Co., attorneys at law and inventors' counsellors, Free building, Omaha, Nebraska, for free book on patents and information.

A copy of any U. S. Patent, including full drawings and description will be mailed on receipt of 10 cents.

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JULY 3d, National Educational Association at Buffalo.

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JULY 22nd, National People and Silver Convention at St. Louis.

For rates, time tables and further information, call at the Wabash ticket office, 1415 Farnam St., Paxton Hotel block, or write GEO. N. CLAYTON, N. W. Pass. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

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The Farmer and Mule.

An ill tempered farmer one day had a quarrel with his wife. He was afraid to assault her, because she was a new woman and had studied the art of self-defense, so he went to the barn and started a quarrel with his mule. That poor beast did not know what it was all about, but he kept his eyes open. Soon the farmer, having worked himself into a frenzy, approached the mule from behind with a view of kicking the patient animal. Then the mule reached out his left foot, and ten seconds later the new woman was a widow.

Moral.—There is much virtue in the first kick.—New York World.

The Significance of a Gray Overcoat.

Upon the tongue, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, nausea and uneasiness beneath the right ribs and shoulder blade, is that the victim of these discomforts is bilious. The "proper caper" under such circumstances is to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cure chills and fever, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatic and kidney complaints and nervousness.

Politeness is such a strain that every one is glad when a guest goes home.

Some women always look ready to scream.

Hogman's Chamber Lotion with Glycerine.

The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

A hen in her lifetime rarely lays more than 600 eggs.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

In Arabia milk is not measured, but is sold by weight.

The Woman The Man, And The Pill.

She was a good woman. He loved her. She was his wife. The pie was good; his wife made it; he ate it. But the pie disagreed with him, and he disagreed with his wife. Now he takes a pill after pie and is happy. So is his wife. The pill he takes is Ayer's, by using

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