INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VIII.-[CONTINUED.] Mr. Trevlyn had the diamonds, which turf. were the wonder of the city, richly set, and Margarie was to wear them on her bridal night, as a special mark of the old man's favor. For, next to the diamonds, the sordid man loved Margie

Linmere's gift to his bride was very don decided. A set of turquoise, with his initials and hers interwoven. Only when they were received, did Margie come out of her cold composure. She snapped together the lid of the casket containing them with something very like angry impatience, and gave the box to her maid.

"Take them away, Florine, instantly, and put them where I shall never see them again"

The woman looked surprised, but she was a discreet piece, and strongly attached to her mistress, and she put the ornaments away without comment.

The tenth of October arrived. A wet, lowering day, with alternate snatches | through every nerve. of rain and sunshine, settling down toward sunset into a steady, uncomfortable drizzle. A dismal enough wedding-day.

The ceremony was to take place at nine o'clock in the evening, and the invited guests were numerous. Harrison Park would accommodate them royally.

Mr. Linmere was expected out from the city in the six o'clock train, and as the stopping piace was not more than five minutes' walk from the Park he had left orders that no carriage need be sent. He would walk up. He thought he should need the stimulus of the fresh air to carry him through the flery ordeal, he said, laughingly. The long day were slowly away. The

preparations were complete. Mrs. Weldon, in her violet moire-antique and family diamonds, went through the stately parlors once more to assure herself that everything was au fait.

At five o'clock the task of dressing the bride began. The bridesmaids were in ecstacles over the finery, and they took almost as much pains in dressing Margie as they would in dressing themselves for a like occasion.

Margie's cheeks were as white as the robes they put on her. One of the girly suggested rouge, but Alexandrine demurred.

"A bride should always be pale," sho "It looks so interesting, and gives every one the idea that she realizes the responsibility she is taking upon herself-doesn't that veil fall

And then followed a shower of feminine expressions of admiration from the four charming bridesmaids.

"Le everything ready?" asked Margie, wearily, when at last they paused in their efforts.

Yes, everything is as perfect as any one could desire," said Alexandrine. "How do you feel, Margie, dear?" "Very well, thank you."

"You are so self-possessed: Now I of such a great change! But then we are so different. Will you not take a glass of wine, Margie?"
"Thank you, no. I do not take wine,

you know.

"know, but on this occasion. Hush! that was the whistle of the train. Mr. Linmere will be here in a few minutes! Shall I bring him up to see you? It is not etiquette for the groom to see the bride on the day of their marriage, until they meet at the altar; but, you look so charming, dear! I would like him to admire you. He has such exquisite

Margie's uplifted eyes had a half-frightened look, which Alexandrine did not understand

"No, no!" she said, hurriedly, "do not bring him here! We will follow etiquette for this time, if you please, Miss

"O well, just as you please, my dear." "And now, my friends, be kind lough to leave me alone," said Margie "I want the last hours of my free life to myself. I will ring when I desire your attendance."

Margie's manner forbade any objec-tion on the part of the attendants, and they somewhat reluctantly withdrew. She turned the key upon them, and went to the window. The rain had sased falling, but the air was damp and

Her room was on the first floor, and the windows, furnished with balconies, opened to the floor. She stood looking out into the night for a moment, then gathered up her flowing drapery, and covering herself with a heavy cloak, stepped from the window. The damp earth struck a chill to her delicately ahod feet, but she did not notice it. The mist and fog dampened her hair, unheeded. She went swiftly down the shaded path, the dead leaves of the linden west through them. Past the garden and its deserted summer-house, and the grapery, where the purple fruit was lavishing its sweets on the air, and climbing a stile, she stood beside a group of shading cypress trees. Just before her was a square enclosure, fenced by a hedge of arbor vitae, from the midst of which, towering white and ctral up into the silent night, rose a marble shaft, surmounted by the figure of an angel, with drooping head and folded wings.

Margie passed within the enclosure.

Margie passed within the enclosure.

Margie passed within the enclosure.

She stood a moment sticut, mo
tonicss; then, forgetful of her bridal

garment, she flung herself down on the

"Oh, my father! my father!" she cried, "why did you doom me to such a fate? Why did you ask me to give that fatal promise? Oh, look down from heaven and pity your child!"

The wind sighed mournfully in the cypresses, the belated crickets and simple, but in exquisite taste, Mrs. Wel- katydids droned in the hedge, but no sweet voice of sympathy soothed Margie's strained ear. For, wrought up as she was, she almost listened to hear some response from the lips which death had made mute forever.

> The village clock struck half-past eight, warning Margie that it was almost time for the ceremony to take place. She started up, drew her cloak around her, and turned to leave the place. As she did so, she felt a touch on her hand—the hand she laid for a moment on the gate—as she stood giv- struggling. ing a last sad look at the mound of earth she was leaving; a touch light and soft as a breath, but which thrilled her

She turned her head quickly, but saw nothing. Something like the sound of receding footsteps met her ear, nothing more, but she was convinced that there had been a human presence near her. Where? Her heart beat strangely; her blood, a moment before so chilled and stagnant, leaped through her veins like fire. From whence arose the change?

She reached her chamber without meeting any one, and unlocking the door, rang for her attendants. The house was in a strange confusion. Groups were gathered in the corridors, whispering together, and some unexplained trouble seemed to have fallen upon the whole place.

After a little while, Alexandrine came in, pale and haggard. Margie saw that her white dress was damp, and her hair uncurled, as if by the weather.

"Where have you been, Alexandrine?" she asked; "and what is the

matter?" The girl turned from white to crim-

"I have been in my room," she re-

plied. "But your clothes are damp, and your hair uncurled."

"The air is wet, and this great house is as moist as an ice-shed," returned the girl, hurriedly. "It is no wonder if my hair is uncurled. Margie, the-the -Mr. Linmere has not arrived."

"Not arrived! It must be nine o'clock." As she spoke, the sonorous strokes of

the clock proclaiming the hour, vibrated through the house.

"We have been distracted about him for more than two hours! he should surely have been here by half-past six! Mr. Trevlyn has sent messengers to the depot, to make inquiries, and the officekeeper thinks Mr. Linmere arrived in the six o'clock train, but is not quite positive. Mr. Weldon went, himself, to meet the seven-thirty train, should be all of a tremble! Dear me! I thinking perhaps he might have got detained, and would come on in the succeeding train, but he did not arrive. And there are no more trains to-night! Oh, Margie, isn't it dread-



manner was greatly flurried and ill at ease, and the hand she laid on Margie's was cold as ice Margie scrutinized her curiously, wondering the while at her own heartless apathy.

Something had occurred to stir the composure of this usually cool, self-possessed woman fearfully. But what it was Margie could

Mr. Trevlyn burst into the room. pale and exhausted.

"It is no use!" he said, throwing himself into a chair, "no use to try to disguise the truth! There will be no wedding tonight, Margie! The bridegroom has failed to come! The scoundrel! If I were ten years younger, I would call him out for this insult!"

Margie laid her hand on his arm, a strange, new feeling of vague relief pervading her. it was as if some great weight, under which her slender strength had wearled and sank, were rolled off from her.

"Compose yourself, dear guardian, he may have been unavoidably de-tained. Some business—"

"Business on his wedding day! No. Margie! there is something wrong somewhere. He is either playing us false—confound him!—or he has met with some accident! By George! who knows but he has been waylaid and murdered! The road from here to the depot, though short, is a lonely one. with woods on either side! And Mr. Linmere carries always about his person enough valuables to tempt a desperate character."

"I beg you not to suppose such a dreadful thing!" exclaimed Margie, shuddering; "he will come in the morning, and-"

"But Hayes was positive that he saw him leave the 6 o'clock train. He deecribed him accurately, even saying that he bad a bouquet of white camelias in his hand. Margie, what flowers was he to bring?"

She shook her head. "Mrs. Weldon knows. I do not." Alexandrine spoke.

"White camelias. I heard Mrs. Weldon ask him to fetch them."

Mr. Trevlyn started up. "I will have out the whole household, at once, and search the whole estate! For I feel as if some terrible crime may have been done upon our very threshold. Margie, dear, take heart, he may be alive and well!"

He went out to alarm the already excited guests, and in half an hour the place was alive with lanterns, carried by those who sought for the missing bridegroom.

Pale and silent, the women gathered themselves together in the chamber of the bride, and waited. Margie sat among them in her white robes, mute and motionless as a statue.

"It must be terrible to fall by the hand of an assassin!" said Mrs. Weldon, with a shudder. "Good heavens! what a dreadful thing it would be if Mr. Linmere has been murdered!"

"An assassin! My God!" cried Margie, a terrible thought stealing across her mind. Who had touched her in the cypress grove? What hand had woke in her a thrill that changed her from ice to fire? What if it were the hand of her betrothed husband's murderer?

Alexandrine started forward at Margle's exclamation. Her cheek was white as marble, her breath came quick and

"Margie! Margie Harrison!" she cried, "what do you mean?" "Nothing," answered Margie, recovering herself, and relapsing into her usual self-composure.

They searched all that night, and found nothing. Absolutely nothing. With the early train, both Mr. Trevlyn and Mr. Weldon went to the city. They hurried to Mr. Linmere's room, only to have their worst fears confirmed. Pietro informed them that his master had left there on the 6 o'clock train; he had seen him to the depot, and into the car, receiving some orders from him relative to his rooms, after he had tak-

There could be no longer any doubt but that there had been foul play somewhere. The proper authorities were notified, and the search began afresh. Harrison Park and its environs were thoroughly ransacked; the river was searched, the pond at the foot of the garden drained, but nothing was discovered. There was no clue by which the fate of the missing man could be guessed at, ever so vaguely.

Every person about the place was examined and cross-examined, but no one knew anything, and the night shut down, and left the matter in mystery. Pietro, at length, suggested Leo. Mr. Linmere's grayhound.

"Him no love his master," said the Italian, "but him scent keen. It will do no hurt to try him."

Accordingly the next morning Pietro brought the dog up to the Park. The animal was sullen, and would accept attentions from no one save Margle, to whom he seemed to take at first sight. And after she had spoken to him kindly, and patted his head, he refused all persuasions and commands to leave her.

Mr. Darby, the detective, whose services had been engaged in the affair. exerted all his powers of entreaty on the dog, but the animal clung to Margie, and would not even look in the direction of the almost frantic detective.

"It's no use, Miss Harrison," said Darby, "the cur won't stir an inch. You will have to come with him! Sorry to ask ye, but this thing must be see into."

"Very well, I will accompany you." said Margie, rising, and throwing on a shawl, she went out with them, followed by Mrs. Weldon, Alexandrine, and two or three other ladies.

Lee kept close to Margie, trotting along beside her, uttering every now and then a low whine indicative of anticipation and pleasure.

> (TO BE CONTINUED.) LICENSE TO STEAL.

Success of a Young Lawyer in Proving

His Client a Kleptomaniac.
"My first case," said a well-known attorney to a San Francisco Call reporter, "was the defense of a negro

preacher for stealing wood from a railroad company. A great deal of fuel had been lost from time to time, so when the culprit was arrested the company was so anxious to make an example of him that it employed special counsel and prosecuted the case vigorously. The evidence against the old man was convincing. He had been sneaking around the woodpile and was arrested while carrying off a load.

"I had subpoensed about twenty wellknown men to testify to the previous good character of the defendant. When the prosecution case was closed I put one on the stand and asked:

"'Do you know the defendant's reputation for honesty and integrity?"

"'Yes,' was the answer. "'What is it, good or bad?'

"'Bad. He will steal anything he can

get his hands on." "A titter ran through the court-room.

It wasn't the answer I had expected, but it was too late, so I put on a bold front and called another. He testified as the other witness had, and the prosecuting attorney rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Before I got through with my witnesses I proved that my client was a notorious thief, who had never been known to neglect an opportunity to steal something, no matter how trifling it might be. Then I called a couple of physicians, proved the existence of a mental disorder known as kleptomania, read some authorities to show that it was a good defense if proved, and submitted my case. The old preacher was acquitted and thereafter stole with impunity, for he considered his acquittal in the face of the

facts equivalent to a license to steal.' A dead level is a hard climb to a good many people.

GRAND OLD PARTY.

RIGHTEOUSNESS. The New York Times Line Confronted

LIVING TRUTHS OF REPUBLICAN

with Figures That Never Lie-Importations of Carpets Under Two Regimes Down with Bosses.



McKinley newspapers tell their readers that the imports of carpets have been largely increased under the present tariff. This is not true. Compare last year's total of \$1,361,465 with the total of \$1,580,814 in 1893, under the McKinley tariff. Why, the annual average for the first three years of that tariff was \$1,413,211, or more than last year's total. How McKinleyism has encouraged the industry of lying!-The New York Times, Feb. 10, 1896.

The free-trade Ananias of the New York Times is getting all tangled up with his carpets and tacks. The facts won't indorse his theories. He twists and turns his figures, but still his carpet lies won't keep down. His freetrade tacks won't stand against good, first nineteen months as to internal revstrong protection points. The statistical abstract issued by the treasury department gives the quantities and values of our imports of carpets during the Cour McKinley tariff years as follows:

Year ending		3 02316/1997
June 30.	Sq. yds.	Value.
1891	658,096	\$1,373,162
1892	622,982	1,285,657
1893	688,364	1,580,814
1894	421,758	959,526

1894 and 1895

5,216,816

1/8/9

Tariff

The 1895 figures are for the calendar

year, this being the only complete

twelve months under free trade in

wool. We leave our readers to imagine

in what direction "the industry of ly-

ing" has been encouraged. Again we

classed as carpets is composed of east-

ern hand-made rugs. The value of

real machine-made carpets brought

We suppose that the Eastern "hand-

made rugs," made possibly by labor

that is even cheaper than the miserably

paid British help, do not take the place

of American carpets, that people buy

both when they need only one, placing

the rugs on top of the carpets, or, per-

haps, feed them to moths in the attic.

No matter where the rugs or carpets

come from, each one of them takes the

Now let us see how "small" is the

proportion of machine-made carpets.

Last year the United Kingdom sent us

556,267 square yards out of a total of

873,558 square yards of carpets import-

ed, over 60 per cent of the whole. Other

European countries sent us 245,696

square yards, leaving only 71,500 square

yards sent here from Japan and other

countries in the orient and elsewhere,

As for our exports of carpets, they were

75,000 square yards less under free wool

There used to be some display of

skill and artifice in the mendacious

methods of the New York Times, but

we are sorry to note that it has now

degenerated into nothing better than a

blundering, don't-care-a-hang, every

day sort of a liar, so that a ready refer-

ence to the official democratic statistics

promptly exposes the fraud. But we

The Best Market.

We consume more in this country

suppose it must lie for a living.

in 1895 than in 1894.

place of an American product.

"But a very large part of the imports

1.428.684

\$128.894

1895..... 873,558

Free trade incr'se 275,780

into this country is smail."

quote:

Foreign Glass and Glassware Marketed in the

United States , during the two fiscal years ending June 30.

#6,654,661

9

nation. The spoliation of a state may

have been successful. But the spolia-

tion of the United States by bosses will

never be permitted. Naturally there

will be disappointment to some poli-

ticians, but it should not be tempered

with venom and spleen, or by the stim-

ulation of unjust and untruthful fabri-

Yankee Doodle Down to Date.

(Air: Yankee Doodle.)

When peace and plenty filled our land,

But since we followed Free-Trade's

Refrain.

Loom and anvil, forge and plow

This is how it happens now,

Our rent was paid, our clothes were

We're now in debt, and lacking food

Refrain.

To sum it up, we prospered when

But since the donkey has been in,

Depression has been chronic.

Refrain.

A Free-Trade Trust.

There is talk of a combination of

British steel rail makers, with the ob-

ject of maintaining prices and regulat-

ing sales .- Ryland's (Eng.) Iron Trade

Can this be true? A "combination"

of manufacturers in a free trade coun-

try-and that country England. The

German manufacturers are not to be in-

cluded in this British "trust." It is to

Circular.

than any 63,000,000 people any where be exclusively English, you know.

The elephant was monarch,

WHEN AL

-E. W.

We worked from morn till evening;

Dinner pails are empty.

Sufficient for our children.

We kept our pockets mended,

They're empty and neglected.

Idle are and rusty.

8

Dorman

cations.

band.

else in the world consume. We spend more money than than any other 63,-000,000 people and we spend more because we have got more to spend; because under our favoring legislation we pay more for labor than is paid anywhere else on the face of the earth. Just think what a market we have got! We are 5 per cent of the population of the world and yet we consume 20 per cent of all the cotton that is produced in the wide, wide world, 20 per cent of all the wool that is produced in the wide, wide world, 20 per cent of all the iron and steel that is made in the wide, wide world, and we consume 50 per cent of all the tin plate that is made in the world. And we insist upon it that this market shall be ours .-- Hon. Wm. Mc-Kinley.

Can't Afford Liquor or Cigars.

The internal revenue receipts of the Gorman law have been quite as disappointing as the customs. It was supposed that, with an increase of 20 cents per gallon in the tax on spirits, there would be a very material increase in the receipts. Strangely, however, this did not happen. On the contrary, there was a falling off in internal revenue receipts, and this has continued down to the present time. The internal revenue collections in the first nineteen months of the new law fell thirty million dollars, or more, below those of the first nineteen months of the McKinley law, in spite of the fact that there was an increase of 20 per cent, in the rate of taxation upon spirits by the Gorman law. The internal revenue receipts in the last nineteen months of the McKinley law were over \$260,000,000. So, it will be seen that the Gorman law in its first nineteen months fell thirty millions behind the McKinley law in its enue receipts, and that it fell sixty millions behind the McKinley law in the closing nineteen months of its his-

Down with the Bosse .

We do not approve of the encouragement given to the Democratic press by disgruntled Republican bosses. The contraction of their views, within the limits of individual local bossism, is narrowing their sense of nationalism. Where bossism has prevailed in states Protection av'rage 597,778 \$1,299,790 it will be relegated to the rear by the

bitter pill in many chemists' shops.
One chemist who has written to me
thinks that I am laboring under a
wrong impression as to the training "the much-abused druggist" has to undergo, and incloses me a syllabus of the subjects of which he is required to show a sufficient knowledge before being admitted to the high estate of the registered chemist and druggist, and becoming endowed with a monopoly of vending a few poisons. He asks me to come to the conclusion that he may claim an equality with, if not precedence of a, qualified dentist.—London

Yellow and lavender are a very pret-ty combination when the shades are

carefully chosen. Three very narrow

ruffles edged with lace are a pretty

skirt trimming for muslin gowns, but when long lines are especially desir-

able trim the seams of a wire-gored

skirt with Valenciennes insertion a half inch wide and a frill of the nar-

row lace set on either edge. The same

bands trimmed the waist and sleeves

and are set in around, or up and down

a close sleeve which has lace-edged

ruffles falling from the shoulder. Yoke waists are as fashionable as ever,

and one sample dress shown has a poke

of alternate rows of Valenciennes in-

sertion and organdie. A lace-edged

frill with a heading to finish it across

the back and front, and puffed sleeves stripped with the insertion. The bows

of ribbon on the shoulder are a pretty

addition, and fancy ribbons of all sorts

are the crowning glory of all thin dresses.—New York Sun.

It's Easy to Offend.

Last week I remarked that a man might not set up in business as a "law-

yer, a doctor, a dentist, or even a drug-gist," unless legally qualified. The

gist," unless legally qualified. The words "even a druggist" have proved a

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

Hoods Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

The Greatest Medical Discovery

of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

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.

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

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 bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

SMOKING TOBACCO. 2 oz. for 5 Cents.

CHEROOTS-3 for 5 Cents.

Give a Good, Mellow, Healthy, Pleasant Smoke. Try Them. LYON & CO. TOBACCO WORKS, Durham, R. C.

Binder Twine Samples & prices free; write

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