

Mr. F. E. Cosgrove of the C. B. & Q. R. R., Buda, Ill., writes May 21st, 1896: "I have been sick for eight years with kidney and liver trouble and malaria. I have been taking Patent Medicines and Doctor's Medicines for eight years and spent \$3,000 and got no help until I took Dr. Kay's Renovator. I had poor appetite, indigestion, sour stomach, constipation, yellow skin and eyes, tired feeling, pain in back and side, nervous and weak, headache and dizziness, bloating of bowels and limbs, short dry cough, chills and fever. Dr. Kay's Renovator has removed these symptoms and I feel new again. God bless Dr. Kay's Renovator." It is sold by druggists at \$2.00 and \$1.00 or sent by mail for Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb. Send stamp for large sample and booklet.

TAE FATAL LOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIII.—(CONTINUED.)

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

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

Margie laughed.

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

"Us—who may that plural pronoun embody?"

"Myself—and Mr. Trevlyn."

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

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

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

Margie consulted her watch.

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

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

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

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

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

Margie blushed crimson, but she answered, proudly:

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

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

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

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

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

"Do you believe in love's immortality?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Not if I tell you evil of Archer Trevlyn?"

"I will not listen to it!" she cried, indignantly.

"I expected as much. Well, Margie, you shall not. I will hold my peace; but if, ever, in the years to come, the terrible secret should be revealed to you—the secret which would then destroy your happiness for all time—remember that I would have saved you, and you refused to listen!"

She drew her shawl around her shoulders, and rose to go.

Margie caught her arm.

"What is it? You shall tell me! Suspense is worse than certainty."

"And if I tell you, you will keep silent? Silent as the grave itself?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

"Will you swear it?"

"I cannot; but I will keep it just as sacredly."

"I want not only your promise, but your oath. You would not break an oath. And this which I am about to tell you, if known to the world, involves Archer Trevlyn's life! and you refuse to take an oath."

"His life! Yes, I will swear. I would do anything to make his life safer."

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

"I swear it."

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

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

"Yes, I remember it."

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

"I did."

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

"Yes, I remember it."

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

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

"Am I not speaking the truth?"

"Yes, yes—go on. I am listening."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.

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

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

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

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

"What then?"

"A blow! a dull, terrible thud, a smothered groan, a fall—and I stood there powerless to move—stricken dumb and motionless! And while I stood transfixed, some person rushed past me, breathless, panting, reckless of everything save escape! Margie, it was so dark that I could not be positive, but I am morally certain that the person I saw was Archer Trevlyn!"

"My God! Margie covered down to the floor, and hid her face in the folds of Alexandrine's dress.

"Hear me through," Miss Lee went

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, I am hearing."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GROWTH OF THE SILK TRADE.

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

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

An Electric Semaphore.

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

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

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

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Three what? Three charmingly executed posters in colors, drawn by W. W. Denslow. Ethel Reed and Ray Brown, will be sent free of postage to any address on receipt of One Dollar. All who are afflicted with the "poster craze" will immediately embrace this rare opportunity, as but a limited number of the posters will be issued. The scarcity of a good thing enhances its value. Address Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

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Returning a Favor.

The mayoral chair of a northern town was occupied by a man of great generosity. Among the applicants who sought relief from him during his tenure of office was a well known character known as "Talking Tim," who asked the loan of a few pounds to buy a donkey and cart and set up in rag and bone business.

"Well, Tim," said the mayor, "if I give you this money, how are you going to pay me?"

This was a poser for Tim, but a thought struck him, and he blurted out:

"Well, yer worship, if ye are kind enough to give me the money, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll name the donkey after yer worship.—Tid-Bits.

The North American Review for June opens with a thoroughly suggestive and practical article by Andrew Carnegie, entitled "The Ship of State Adrift." Dr. Joseph Senner, U. S. Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, writes upon the "Immigration from Italy," and W. J. H. Traynor, President of the American Protective Association, describes the "Policy and Power of the A. P. A." The Hon. J. C. Parker, Judge of the U. S. District Court for the Western Division of Arkansas, discusses forcibly the topic "How to Arrest the Increase of Homicides in America," while "The Outlook for Silver" is skillfully portrayed by no less an authority than Dr. Otto Arendt.

Summer Excursions Via the Wabash R. R.

HALF St. Louis June 13th to 15th.
 FARE St. Louis July 2d.
 Wabash R. R. July 3d to 6th.
 Buffalo July 5th and 6th.

Now on sale. Summer Tourist Tickets to all summer resorts good returning until Oct. 31st. Thos. Cook & Son's special tours of Europe. For rates, itineraries, sailing of Steamers and full information regarding summer vacation tours via rail or water call at the Wabash Ticket Office, No. 1415 Farnam St., (Faxon Hotel Block), or write G. N. Clayton, N. W. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

The July number of Harper's Magazine will open with a paper on General Washington and the period of the Revolution, by Woodrow Wilson. Rarely has a historic personage been made so real and human as Washington appears (thanks to the art of this skillful writer) in camp and on the battle-field no less than in the Virginia House of Burgesses or at his Mount Vernon plantation. Mr. Pyle's illustration of historic scenes worthily accompany Professor Wilson's admirable studies of colonial life and politics.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

Age without cheerfulness is a Lapland winter without a sun.—Colton.

The railroad journey from New York to Denver covers 1,930 miles.

The cycling schools of London are so crowded that the prices of lessons have increased.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in the need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

A Lesson in Spelling.

A showman had an announcement stating "Come and see the great sawed fish." A learned gentleman read it and informed the showman that he had made a mistake in the word "sawed," that it ought to be "sawd." "Yer'd better come in an' see fer yourself; the hadmission is only tuppence," said the showman. So the learned gentleman paid his "tuppence," went in and was shown a large codfish sawed in half. "Yer ain't the fust gentleman wot has tried to teach me 'ow to spell," grinned the showman.—Household Words.

A Sinking Fund

Of vital energy is easily and pleasantly replenishable. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an invigorant without a peer, and will speedily infuse fresh stamina into an enfeebled physique. Besides this, it averts and remedies malaria, and subdues biliousness, kidney, dyspeptic and rheumatic ailments. The nervous derive great benefit from its use.

A Baseball Critic.

"Spike" Brady, who was a well-known baseball player in the Mississippi valley a few years ago, once attended church in Dubuque, Iowa, with his club, which went on special invitation. The preacher made a special effort, that consumed much time. "Spike" was asked what he thought of the preacher. "He got around the third all right, but say, he was an ice wagon in getting home," the ball player answered.—Argonaut.

Hogman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Cold Sores, Etc. G. C. Clark Co., Chicago, Ill.

Fishing seems to be the favorite form of loafing.

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The term "hand" used in measuring horses means four inches.

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