

TAE FATAL GLOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA
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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 morning 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 is?"

"No. I cannot."
"Cannot! Does that imply that you 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 her."

"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.

CHAPTER XX.

IT 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-dresser.

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 she 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 ajar, 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 annoying."

"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 important 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. Trevlyn. I do not understand such things—neither do I desire to. I only hope it is business you are going for!"

Mr. Trevlyn looked at her in some surprise.

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

"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. I 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 to me."

The allusion to the old love was extremely 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 scornfully. "Honor, forsooth! Archer Trevlyn, do you call yourself that?"

"I do; and I defy any man living to prove the contrary!" answered Archer, proudly.

"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 smothered 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 fiercely. "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 me guilty?"

"Why should she not? Any jury of twelve 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. Linmere—yet 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 never forgot the dreadful look upon his face.

"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 cherished the sweet hope that sometime he might forget the old dream, and turn to the new reality. But it was past!

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 he remain away? His business would not, probably, keep him more than a few days, and then, surely, he would return. And she would throw herself 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 had not left his address. The next morning, she went down to the store, but they knew nothing of his destination, or his probable time of absence. So all she could do was to return home and wait.

A week passed—ten days—and still he did not return, and no tidings of him had reached his agonized wife.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOUIS 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. Trevlyn. He knew from whom the summons 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 dew of death. His look assured her better than the words he could not bring himself 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 repentance is sincere."
"O, I have repented! I have, indeed! And I have prayed as well as I know how. But my crimes are so fearful! You are sure that Christ is very merciful?"

"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. It 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 loved—the 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 sea! To Paris—beautiful, frivolous, crime-imbued Paris. I am so faint and tired, Louis! Give me a drink from the wineglass."

He put it to her lips; she swallowed greedily, and resumed:
"I have written out my history fully. Why, I hardly know, for there are none but you, Louis, who will feel an interest in the poor outcast. But something has impelled me to write it, and when I am dead you will find it there in that desk, sealed and directed to yourself. Maybe you will never open it, for if my strength does not desert me, I shall tell you all that you will care to know, with my own lips. I want to watch your 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 casualists 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 Eight.
In a very handsome little church, not 200 miles from Indianapolis, the reading platform is adorned by a remarkably beautiful pulpit, flanked by equally decorative chairs. The artistic oaken pulpit, hand carved in passion flowers and lilies, and bordered with trefoll, is almost the "graven image" in the eyes of the association of church women who earned and purchased the pulpit furnishings when the edifice was built. Recently a new minister came into charge of the congregation. He was a little fellow, and one day casually remarked to one of his feminine church members: "Mrs. Badger, that pulpit is entirely too high for me; think it had better be cut down a trifle."

"Cut down?" the horrified woman exclaimed. "Cut that pulpit down? No, indeed; it would ruin it; it would be much easier to get a taller preacher."

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Two Old Gentlemen Get Together and Swap Stories.

"Oh, yes, I played in those days. Baseball was baseball then," and the old gentleman sighed over what he regarded as the decadence of the great national game, says the Detroit Free Press. "Now they get nine men together and make a machine of them. The whole thing is nothing more nor less than an animated mechanism. Then we had a live ball and I used to swing a hickory bat pretty nearly as long as a rake handle. You can imagine what came off when I made a hit. The crowd would hear something like the shriek of a shell and then the umpire would toss out a new ball while I chased two or three runs in ahead of me. Now, just to illustrate," and the retired veteran of the diamond began making a diagram while his hearers grouped about him. "Here's where we played at New Castle, Pa., with the old Neshannocks. Charley Bennett was catching. Here runs the Ohio river, way up in the rear of the grounds, which lay open to the high bluff which marks the bank. Now, Bennett was doing some mighty batting and a fellow from a college nine was giving him a tight race. Each one of them rolled a ball over the bluff and I began to fear for my laurels. But the third time up I saw one coming that just suited. I settled well on my feet, concentrated all my strength for one supreme effort, swung old hickory, and when the ball quit going it struck water half way across the river. Why, they stopped the game to try and take measurements, while professional managers were offering me all kinds of money. I was the hero of the hour, the king of batters, the—hello, there, Judkin; delighted to see you. It's more than twenty years—"

"Yes, the last time we met was at the game you just described."
The old gentleman turned a little white about the mouth but rallied with infinite generalship. "Yes, of course, you were there, and it was a day of miracles, for you went down to the river and caught a ten-pound bass that was served that night at the hotel."

What fisherman could resist such a temptation with the beautiful lie all framed for him?

Judkin flushed and inflated with pride. The two jolly rogues went out together. Before the evening was over that ball had been knocked nearly a quarter of a mile into the country beyond the river and that bass was fifteen pounds strong.

Extraordinary Drinks.
Of the many extraordinary drinks regularly consumed the blood of live horses may be considered the most so. Marco Polo and Carpini were the first to tell the world of the practice of the Tartars and Mongols opening the vein in their horses' necks, taking a drink and closing the wound again. As far as can be seen this has been the practice from time immemorial. There is a wine habitually consumed in China which is made from the flesh of lambs reduced to pulp with rice and then fermented. It is extremely strong and nutritious and powerfully stimulating to the physical organism. The Laplanders drink a great deal of smoked snow water and one of the national drinks of the Tonquinese is arrack flavored with chickens' blood. The list would scarcely be complete without the mention of absinthe, which may be called the national spirituous drink of France. It is a horrible compound of alcohol, anise, coriander, fennel, wormwood, indigo and sulphate of copper. It is strong, nasty and a moral and physical poison.

Two Kinds of Courtesy.
He was immaculate as to externals, and he was coming down Fifth avenue. She was a charming bit of femininity as New York can offer—which is saying a great deal. Delicate, dainty, trim.

He was smoking a cigarette that, judging by the smoke of it, had come from Russia. When they met he took his hat off lazily. Talking to her in a tone of condescension, he puffed the blue smoke out constantly, the cigarette never leaving his lips.

He was standing on the corner of Bleecker street, where the Italians live. He had on the coarsest clothes, his face was grimy. In his mouth was a dirty clay pipe.

An old woman, shabby and shaky, came up and asked him how to get to Canal street.

The minute the man became aware the old lady was addressing him he whipped the pipe out of his mouth.

As long as he spoke to her he held the clay behind him, his hand closed over it.—New York Journal.

An Aged Canary.
Mrs. L. A. McGrath, of South Woodstock, Vt., is the owner of a singing canary 21 years old, which has sung all its life and now, though so infirm from age that it cannot reach its perch or sit on it when placed there, it sits on the floor of the cage and pours out the clear, sweet strains of song from morning until night.

Here's a Remarkable Man.
A horse dealer in West Woodstock, Vt., has owned 425 horses during his life and has never told a lie about a horse. One man who dealt with him was so impressed with this remarkable fact that he recently gave him a hatchet.

About the Average Age of It.
Mr. O. S. Gray, of Hampden, Geauga county, Ohio, has a cake of Maple sugar made in the spring of 1856—just forty years ago. It is as sweet and good as ever.

Not as a Jim Dandy.

A young man in Rhode Island writes us that he is going to take in the great west this summer and that this town is on his list, providing we think it safe for him to show up here in a plug hat, red necktie and russet shoes. If that is the rig he intends to don when he visits us, he'd better not come. This is a growing town—a healthy town—a town which is bound to boom and become a second Chicago, but it is no place for Jim Dandies—not yet. Fifty years hence a man can put on link cuff buttons and yaller kid gloves and stalk up and down and swing a goldheaded cane, but such a thing now—well! Pass our town by, young man. Don't come within fifty miles of it!

Cole's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

Educational.

Attention of the reader is called to the announcement of Notre Dame university in another column of this paper. This noted institution of learning enters upon its fifth-third year with the next session, commencing Sept. 8, 1896. Parents and guardians contemplating sending their boys and young men away from home to school would do well to write for particulars to the University of Notre Dame Indiana, before making arrangements for their education elsewhere. Nowhere in this broad land are there to be found better facilities for cultivating the mind and heart than are offered at Notre Dame University.

The Elopement.

She paused a moment. "The die is cast," she murmured. "There is no retreat."
Hastily gathering the most necessary part of her wardrobe into twenty-seven trunks, she dropped them softly from the window.

Then she descended by the rope ladder and fell into the arms of her lover, who in the gloom of the shrubbery had patiently awaited her.—Detroit Tribune.

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. Moral: Avoid dyspepsia by using

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