

# THE FATAL GLOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA  
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED).

He judged her by the majority of women he had met, and finding her indifferent, he sought to arouse her jealousy by flirting with Miss Lee, who was by no means adverse to his attentions. But Margie hailed the transfer with relief which was so evident that Mr. Linmere piqued and irritated, took up his hat to leave, in the midst of one of Miss Lee's most brilliant descriptions of what she had seen in Italy, from whence she had just returned. He went over to the sofa where Margie was sitting.

"I hope to please you better next time," he said, lifting her hand. "Good-night, Margie, dear." And before she was aware, he touched his lips to her forehead. She tore the hand away from him, and a flush of anger sprang to her cheek. He surveyed her with admiration. He liked a little spirit in a woman, especially as he intended to be able to subdue it when it pleased him. Her anger made her a thousand times more beautiful. He stood looking at her a moment, then turned and withdrew.

Margie struck her forehead with her hand, as if she would wipe out the touch he had left there.

Alexandrine came and put her arm around Margie's waist.

"I almost envy you, Margie," she said, in that singularly purring voice of hers. "Ah, Linmere is magnificent! Such eyes, and hair, and such a voice! Well, Margie, you are a fortunate girl."

And Miss Lee sighed, and shook out the heavy folds of her violet silk, with the air of one who has been injured, but is determined to show a proper spirit of resignation.

CHAPTER V.

**M**R. PAUL LINMERE hurried along through an unfrequented street to his suite of rooms at the St. Nicholas. He was very angry with everybody; he felt like an ill-treated individual. (He had expected Margie to fall at once, a man of his attraction to be snubbed as he had been, by a mere chit of a girl, too!

"I will find means to tame her, when once she is mine," he muttered. "By heaven! but it will be rare sport to break that fiery spirit! It will make me young again."

Something white and shadowy bound his path. A spectral hand was laid on his arm, chilling like ice, even through his clothing. The ghastly face of a woman—a face framed in jet black hair and lit up by great black eyes bright as stars, glanced through the mirk of the night.

The man gazed into the weird face, and shook like a leaf in the blast. His arm sank nerveless to his side, palsied by that frozen touch, his voice was so unnatural that he started at the sound. "My God! Arabel—Vere! Do the dead come back?"

The great unnaturally brilliant eyes seemed to burn into his brain. The cold hand tightened on his arm. A breath like wind freighted with snow crossed his face.

"Speak, for heaven's sake," he cried. "Am I dreaming?"

"Remember the banks of the Seine!" said a singularly sweet voice, which sounded to Mr. Paul Linmere as if it came from leagues and leagues away. "When you sit by the side of the living love, remember the dead! Think of the dark rolling river, and of what its waters covered."

He started from the strange presence, and caught at a post for support. His self-possession was gone; he trembled like the most abject coward. Only for a moment—and then, when he looked again, the apparition had vanished.

"Good God!" he cried, putting his hand to his forehead. "Do the dead indeed come back? I saw them take her from the river—Oh, heaven! I saw her when she sank beneath the terrible waters! Is there a hereafter, and does a man sell his soul to damnation who commits what the world calls murder?"

He stopped under a lamp and drew out his pocketbook, taking therefrom a soiled scrap of paper.

"Yes, I have it here. Found drowned, the body of a woman. Her linen was marked with the name of Arabel Vere. Another unfortunate—No, I will not read the rest. I have read it too often, now, for my peace of mind. Yes, she is dead. There is no doubt. I have been dreaming tonight. Old Trevlyn's wife was too strong for me, Arabel Vere, indeed! Pah! Paul Linmere, you are an idiot!"

Not daring to cast a look behind him he hurried home, and up to his spacious parlor on the second floor.

Linmere turned up the gas into a flare, and, throwing off his coat, flung himself into an armchair and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He looked about the room with half-frightened, searching eyes. He dreaded solitude, and he feared company, yet felt the necessity of speaking to some one. His eye lighted on the greyhound dog lying on the hearth rug.

"Leo, Leo," he called, "come here, sir."

The dog opened his eyes, but gave no responsive wag of the tail. You saw at once that though Leo was Mr. Paul

Linmere's property, and lived with him, he did not have any attachment for him.

"Come here, sir!" said Linmere, authoritatively.

Still the animal did not stir. Linmere was nervous enough to be excited to anger by the veriest trifle, and the dog's disobedience aroused his rage.

"Curse the brute!" he cried; and putting his foot against him, he sent him spinning across the room. Leo did not growl, or cry out, but his eyes gleamed like coals, and he showed his white teeth with savage but impotent hatred. It was easy to see that if he had been a bull dog instead of a greyhound he would have torn Mr. Paul Linmere limb from limb.

Linmere went back to his chair, and sat down with a sullen face, but he could not rest there. He rose, and going into an inner room, brought out an ebony box, which he opened, and from which he took a miniature in a golden case. He hesitated a moment before touching the spring, and when he did so the unclosing revealed the face of a young girl—a fair young girl in her early youth—not more than eighteen summers could have scattered their roses over her, when that beautiful impression was taken. A ripe southern face, with masses of jet black hair, and dark brilliant eyes. There was a dewy crimson on her lips, and her cheeks were red as damask roses. A bright, happy face, upon which no blight had fallen.

"She was beautiful—beautiful as an hour!" said Mr. Paul Linmere, speaking slowly, half unconsciously, it seemed, his thoughts aloud. "And when I first knew her she was sweet and innocent."

He sprang up and rang the bell violently. Directly his valet, Pietro, a sleepy looking and swarthy Italian, appeared.

"Bring me a glass of brandy, Pietro; and look you, sir, you may sleep tonight on the lounge in my room. I am not feeling quite well, and may have need of you before morning."

The man looked surprised, but made no comment. He brought the stimulant, his master drank it off, and then threw himself, dressed as he was, on the bed.

CHAPTER VI.

**U**PPER tendom was ringing with the approaching nuptials of Miss Harrison and Mr. Linmere. The bride was so beautiful and wealthy, and so insensible to her good fortune in securing the most eligible man in her set. Half the ladies in the city were in love with Mr. Linmere. He was so distinguished, carried himself so loftily, and yet was so gallantly condescending and so immitably fascinating. He knew Europe like a book, sang like a professor, and knew just how to hand a lady her fan, adjust her shawl, and take her from her carriage. Accomplishments which make men popular, always.

Early in July Mr. Trevlyn and Margie, accompanied by a gay party, went down to Cape May. Mr. Trevlyn had long ago forsown everything of the kind; but since Margie Harrison had come to reside with him he had given up his hermit habits, and been quite like other nice gentry old gentlemen.

The party went down on Thursday. Mr. Paul Linmere following on Saturday. Margie had hoped he would not come; in his absence she could have enjoyed the sojourn, but his presence destroyed for her all the charms of sea and sky. She grew frightened, sometimes, when she thought how intensely she hated him. And in October she was to become his wife.

Some way, Margie felt strangely at ease on the subject. She knew that her wedding trousseau was being gotten up by a fashionable modiste, that Delmonico had received orders for the feast, and that the oranges were budded, which, when burst into flowers, were to adorn her forehead on her bridal day. She despised Linmere with her whole soul, she dreaded him inexpressibly, yet she scarcely gave her approaching marriage with him a single thought. She wondered that she did not; when she thought of it at all, she was shocked to find herself so impassive.

Her party had been a week at Cape May, when Archer Trevlyn came down, with the wife of his employer, Mr. Belgrade. The lady was in delicate health and had been advised to try sea air and surf bathing. Mr. Belgrade's business would not allow of his absence at just that time, and he had shown his confidence in his head clerk by selecting him as his wife's escort.

Introduced into society by so well established an aristocrat as Mrs. Belgrade, Arch might at once have taken a prominent place among the fashionables; but his singularly handsome face and high bred manners made him an acquisition to any company. But he never forgot that he had been a street sweeper, and he would not submit to be patronized by the very people who had once, perhaps, grudged him the pennies they had thrown to him as they would have thrown bread to a starving dog. So he avoided society, and attended only on Mrs. Belgrade. But from Alexandrine Lee he could not

escape. She fastened upon him at once. She had a habit of singling out gentlemen, and giving them the distinction of her attentions, and no one thought of noticing it now. Arch was ill at ease beneath the infliction, but it was a thorough gentleman and could not repulse her rudely.

A few days after the arrival of Mrs. Belgrade, Arch took her down to the beach to bathe. The beach was alive with the gorgeous grotesque figures of the bathers. The air was bracing, the surf splendid.

Mr. Trevlyn's carriage drove down soon after Mrs. Belgrade had finished her morning's "dip," and Margie and Mr. Linmere, accompanied by Alexandrine Lee, alighted. They were in bathing costume, and Miss Lee, espousing Arch, fastened upon him without ceremony.

"Oh, Mr. Trevlyn," she said animatedly, "I am glad to have come across you. I was just telling Mr. Linmere that two ladies were hardly safe with only one gentleman, in such a surf as there is this morning. I shall have to depend on you to take care of me. Shall I?"

Of course, Arch could not refuse, and apologized to Mrs. Belgrade, who good naturedly urged him forward, he taking charge of Miss Lee.

Linmere offered Margie his hand to lead her in, but she declined. He kept close beside her, and when they stood waist deep in the water, and a huge breaker was approaching, he put his arm around her shoulders. With an impatient gesture she tore herself away. He made an effort to retain her, and in the struggle Margie lost her footing, and the receding wave bore her out to sea.

Linmere grew pale as death. He knew if Margie was drowned, he was a ruined man. His pictures and statuary would have to go under the hammer—his creditors were only kept from striking by his prospect of getting a rich wife to pay his debts. He cast an imploring eye on the swimmers around him, but he was too great a coward to risk his life among the swirling breakers.

Only one man struck bravely out to the rescue. Arch Trevlyn threw off the clinging hand of Miss Lee, and with a strong arm pressed his way through the white-capped billows. He came near to Margie, and saw the chestnut gleam of her hair on the bright treacherous water, and in an instant it was swept under a long line of snowy foam. She rose again at a little distance, and her eyes met his pleadingly. Her lips syllabled the words, "save me!"

He heard them, above all the deafening roar of the waters. They nerved him on to fresh exertions. Another stroke, and he caught her arm, drew her to him, held her closely to his breast, and touched her wet hair with his lips. Then he controlled himself, and spoke coolly:

"Take my hand, Miss Harrison, and I think I can tow you safely to the shore. Do not be afraid."

"I am not afraid," she said, quietly. How his heart leaped at the sound of her voice! How happy he was that she was not afraid—how that she trusted her life to him! Of how little value he would have reckoned his own existence, if he had purchased hers by its loss!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CANADIAN STATESMEN.

How They Act While Attending Their Duties in Parliament.

It is a mistake to think that the act which led to the confederation of the various provinces in 1867 has attained no higher meaning in the life of the Canadian people than that of a constitutional union, says Donahoe's Magazine. It carries with it a meaning of far deeper import—a union of hearts, whose offspring is oneness of patriotic aim and purpose. Of course it would be idle to say that the Canadian people are a unit upon all questions of vital interest to the life and growth of the dominion. The geographical interests of Canada are so varied that there must necessarily be at times some friction and clashing of provincial needs and ambitions. This is the case at Washington; this is the case, too, in so small a confederation as the cantons of Switzerland.

A stranger visiting the gallery of the Canadian house of commons is struck with the dignity and decorum which mark the proceedings and surround even the warmest and keenest of debates. Parliamentary procedure being rigidly adhered to, there is little room for uncalled for personalities in the heat of a discussion. Sometimes, however, when the house has been sitting for hours, wearied with the perplexities and incoherencies of some member from "way back," suddenly, as if through the unity of desperation, the usual dignity of the house is relaxed and grave members from such intellectual centers as Montreal and Toronto play the schoolboy and outvie one another in "shying" blue books at the heads of slumbering and inoffensive members. Of the 215 members that make up the house of commons, in point of ability and gifts, 20 per cent of them are below mediocrity, 40 per cent of them occupy the plane of mediocrity; 40 per cent possess admitted ability, and the remaining 20 per cent are men of commanding talent.

**Whisky for All.**  
"For the life of the colonel, I don't see why you persist in maintaining that whisky is of any value in the cure of snake bites. Why, all the modern scientists—"

"Young man," answered Colonel Bluegrass, turning purple, "it stands to reason, sah, that good whisky, being beneficial in every other complaint, must be of benefit to snake bites. When there is a universal law in nature, sah, it does not vary for a mere snake, sah."  
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE CROOKET-MOUTHED FAMILY.

Everybody said that it was a pity about the Slacks. Mother Slack was a kind-hearted, good soul, and Father Slack would go out of his way any day for the sake of being neighborly. It was the same way with Comfort Slack and Joyful Slack, who were the only children in the Slack family. Comfort would have been a pretty girl if she had only taken pains with her hair and her finger nails. She was thirteen. Joyful Slack, who was eleven years old, was even more careless of his appearance than his sister was. But, in his quiet, idle way, he seemed always happy and contented.

"That is the trouble with those Slacks," the neighbors said; "they take things too easy. They don't seem to have any ambition. What a pity."

This was what the neighbors said when the Slack family first moved into the neighborhood. After a few months they began to say things that were not quite so pleasant. On the afternoon that the sewing circle met at Mrs. Quickstep's next door to the minister's, the ladies compared their experiences with the different members of the Slack family, and grew quite indignant.

"Why," said Mrs. Quickstep, "if Mrs. Slack has borrowed my flatirons once she has borrowed them fifty times."

"And she is forever sending Comfort over to our house for a cupful of sugar," said the minister's wife.

"I wouldn't mind letting her have my best set of silver spoons once in a while, when she has company unexpectedly," said Mrs. Seales, whose husband keeps the drug store on the corner, "but when she sends over for my best damask tablecloth and napkins, that I never see except on Christmas and Thanksgiving, it is too much. I really think some one should speak to her quite plainly."

"Mr. Slack is just as bad," said one of the other ladies. "He is forever sending over to borrow my husband's hammer, or his saw, or some nails, or something of that kind. Why don't they buy these things for themselves? They seem to be in comfortable circumstances."

"I begin to think that the Slacks are chronic borrowers," said the minister's wife. "They come here from a small town in the West, you know, and I understand that everybody borrows of everybody else out there."

"But what can we do about it?" said Mrs. Quickstep. "If we refuse to lend them things they will think it is because we consider ourselves too good to associate with them. And you know



"Please, Mr. My Mother Sent Me Over to Ask our Mother—"

Mrs. Slack is always asking if there is not something we wish to borrow from her.

"It is very annoying," said all the ladies in chorus.

While this talk had been going on, Mrs. Dr. Pills listened and sewed on in silence.

"Do tell us what you think about it, Mrs. Pills," said Mrs. Quickstep, at length. "Your husband tells us what to do when we are sick, and now you ought to be able to tell us what to do about these borrowers."

At this the ladies all laughed, and Mrs. Pills answered:

"I tremble to think what will happen to the Slacks when they take it into their heads to borrow of us. My husband has heard about them and threatens the most terrible things."

All the other ladies thought that the quicker Dr. Pills gave the matter his attention, the better it would be for all concerned, and then the sewing circle broke up for the day.

It seems very strange that Mrs. Dr. Pills had hardly taken off her things when Comfort Slack ran over to say that they had company for supper, and would be very much obliged if Mrs. Pills would lend them some preserves.

"What's that?" thundered Dr. Pills, taking his pipe out of his mouth.

"Please, sir," said Comfort Slack, making her best bow to the doctor; "please, sir, my mother sent me over to ask your mother—or, I mean, your—your—" and here Comfort stopped, frightened at the doctor's angry looks.

"Certainly!" roared the doctor. "My dear, give the child a cat of those quince preserves you made last fall."

"But, my dear," said the doctor's wife, "they are very—"

"Very well, then!" stormed the doctor. "I will go and get them myself!"

said Mother Slack, smacking her lips. "What else do you expect of quince preserves?" asked Father Slack, taking a mouthful himself. "My! but they are fat!"

"They're passing good, though!" said Joyful Slack, passing his dish for more.

"They're the best quince preserves I ever ate," said Comfort Slack, as she finished the last of them.

The Slacks had one very good habit. They always went to bed early. On this night they went to bed earlier than ever. They felt sleepier than usual, and were glad that their company hadn't come. As there was no gas in the bedrooms, Mother Slack lighted three candles, one for herself and Father Slack, one for Comfort and one for Joyful, and they all said good-night and went to their rooms. Comfort's and Joyful's rooms were up stairs. Mother and Father Slack had hardly undressed and put on their nightgowns when they heard Comfort calling from the top of the stairs:

"Mother, mother, something is the matter. I can't blow out my candle."

The words were hardly out of her mouth when Joyful came out of his room in his nightgown and cried:

"Father, father, something is the matter. I can't blow out my candle!"

"Why, that is curious," said Mother Slack; "I will come up, children, and see what is the matter."

Mother Slack went up to comfort's room and blew and blew at the candle, but it wouldn't go out. Then she went across the hall to Joyful's room and blew at his candle, and it wouldn't go out.

"Why, this is very strange, indeed," said Mother Slack, who was breathing very hard from running up stairs and blowing so much at the candles.

Just then they heard some one calling out down stairs. They went into the hall and heard Father Slack saying:

"There's something the matter with me, too; I can't blow our candle out!"

"Children," said Mother Slack, who had grown quite pale, "you had better come down stairs with me. I am afraid we are bewitched."

So they all went down stairs and in to the room where Father Slack, in his nightcap, was standing, red in the face, still blowing at the candle flame, which refused to go out.

"Let me try it," said Mother Slack. And she blew until she nearly choked, but the candle kept right on burning.

"Why, how funny your mouth looks," said Comfort. "Your upper lip is all puffed up, and when you blow you blow right down your chin."

"Stand aside, Mother," said Father Slack, "and give me another chance." And he blew until he was black in the face.

"Why, father, what is the matter with your mouth?" said Joyful. "Your under lip is all puffed up, and when you blow you blow right up into your nose. Let me try it again."

Joyful blew with all his might, but when he blew his mouth twisted round so that he blew into his right ear and the candle flame never flickered.

"I feel rested now," said Comfort; "perhaps I can blow it out."

But when Comfort blew her mouth twisted around so that she blew right into her left ear.

"Well, I declare," said Mother Slack, sitting down on the side of the bed. "What do you think of it, father?"

"From the looks of things," said Father Slack, "we are the original crooked-mouthed family. Joyful, you get on your clothes and go to the doctor."

Without waiting to button up his shoes, Joyful started for Dr. Pills as fast as he could run. He was not gone long, and when he returned Dr. Pills was with him. The doctor had a black bag with him, and looked very grave. He opened the bag and took out a number of sharp knives, which he laid on the table.

"Do you think it is serious?" asked Mother Slack, turning pale at the sight of the knives.

"I think I will be able to save you," said the doctor, "if you follow my directions. Which of you would like to be operated on first?"

The doctor looked at them all sharply, and the crooked-mouthed family looked at the doctor, too scared to make any reply.

"Well, well," said the doctor, impatiently.

"Isn't there some other treatment?" said Father Slack.

"Your disease," said the doctor, "is compound inflammation of the labial integument. It will take two weeks to cure it with medicine."

"How did we get it?" asked Mother Slack.

"By eating quince preserves borrowed in the full of the moon," said the doctor. "If you must borrow things, don't borrow them in the full of the moon. It's often fatal."

At this the members of the crooked-mouthed family looked at each other in dismay.

**Forage For Swine.**  
Next to alfalfa, sorghum is probably the best green forage plant for hogs. Wherever alfalfa grows, it is advised to plant alfalfa along with sorghum for hog pasture. A good authority as C. C. Georgeron of the Kansas station advises having a few acres in alfalfa for hog pasture the greater part of the summer, and in addition grow a piece of cane, cultivating it as when growing for sugar, and feed this in the fall to fattening hogs.

## Cripple

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## Well

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and hearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." URBAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

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