

FATAL GLOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED).

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"And so I am, Miss Harrison."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

God who sees you every moment, who will judge you for every sin you commit."

"You may preach that stuff to the dogs! There is no God! I defy him and you! Archer Trevlyn, my curse be upon you and yours, now and forever! Child of a disobedient son! child of a mother who was a harlot—"

Arch sprang upon him with a savage cry. His hand was on his throat—God knows what crime he would have done, fired by the insult offered to the memory of his mother, had not Margie caught his hands, and drawn them away.

"Oh, Archer, Archer Trevlyn!" she cried, imploringly, "grant me this one favor—the very first I ever asked of you! For my sake, come away. He is an old man. Leave him to God, and his own conscience. You are young and strong; you would not disgrace your manhood by laying violent hands on the weakness of old age!"

"Did you hear what he called my mother, the purest woman the world ever saw? No man shall repeat that foul slander in my presence, and live!"

"He will not repeat it. Forgive him. He is fretful, and thinks the world has gone hard with him. He has sinned, and those who sin suffer always. It has been a long and terrible feud between him and yours. I brought you here—let me take you away."

Her soft hands were on his—her beautiful tear-wet eyes lifted to his face. He could not withstand that look. He would have given up the plans of a lifetime, if she had asked him with those imploring eyes.

"I yield to you, Miss Harrison—only to you," he replied. "If John Trevlyn lives, he owes his life to you. He judged rightly—there was murder in my soul, and he saw it in my eyes. Years ago, after they laid my poor heart-broken mother out of my sight, I swore a terrible vow of vengeance on the old man whose cruelty had hurried her into the grave. But for you, I should have kept the vow this moment. But I will obey you. Take me wherever you will."

She led him down the stairs, across the lawn, and out on the lonely beach, where the quiet moon and the passionless stars dropped down their crystal rain. The sweet south wind blew up cool from the sea, and afar off the tinkle of a sheep-bell stirred the silence of the night. The lamp in the distant lighthouse gleamed like a spark of fire, and at their feet broke the tireless billows, white as the snowdrifts of December.

CHAPTER VII.

HERE WAS something inexpressibly soothing in the serenity of the night. Arch felt its influence. The hot color died out of his cheek, his pulse beat slower, he lifted his eyes to the purple arch of the summer sky.

"All God's universe is at rest," said Margie, her voice breaking upon his ear like a strain of music. "Oh, Archer Trevlyn, be at peace with all mankind!"

"I am—with all but him."

"And with him, also. The heart which bears malice cannot be a happy heart. There has been a great wrong done—I have heard the sad story—but it is divine to forgive. The man who can pardon the enemy who has wrought him evil, rises to a height where nothing of these earthly temptations can harm him more. He stands on a level with the angels of God. If you have been injured, let it pass. If your parents were hurried out of the world by his cruelty, think how much sooner they tasted the bliss of heaven! Every wrong will in due time be avenged. Justice will be done, for the Infinite One has promised it. Leave it in His hands, Archer, before I leave you, promise to forgive Mr. Trevlyn."

"I cannot! I cannot!" he cried, hoarsely. "Oh, Margie, Miss Harrison, ask me no anything but that, even to the sacrifice of my life, and I will willingly oblige you, but not that! not that!"

"That is all I ask. It is for your good and my peace of mind that I demand it. You have no right to make me unhappy, as your persistence in this dreadful course will do. Promise me, Archer Trevlyn!"

She put her hand on his shoulder; he turned his head and pressed his lips upon it. She did not draw it away, but stood, melting his hard heart with her wonderfully sweet gaze. He yielded all at once—she knew she had conquered. He sank down on one knee before her, and bowed his face upon his hands. She stooped over him, her hair swept his shoulders, the brown mingling with the deeper chestnut of his curling locks.

"You will promise me, Mr. Trevlyn?"

He looked up suddenly.

"What will you give me if I promise?"

"Ask for it."

He lifted a curl of shining hair.

"Yes," she said. "Promise me what I ask, and I will give it to you."

He took his pocket-knife and severed the tress.

"I promise you. I break my vow; I seek no revenge. I forgive John Trevlyn, and may God forgive him also. He is safe from me. I submit to have my

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Justice!" said the mysterious presence.

"Justice? For whom?"

"Arabel Vere."

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

The figure lifted a spectral white hand.

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

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

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

CHAPTER VIII.

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

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

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

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Electric Palace.

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

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

The arrangement of the lights is very artistic. The vestibule or reception hall is lighted from above through cathedral glass in the base of a dome by 200 lights. Lamps are concealed within the carving of the principal salon or in rosettes of colored glass and cunningly placed in the ceilings. In the library an apparently framed oil painting, which is really a wonderful piece of cathedral glasswork, is made the vehicle of the flood of light which illuminates the room with the soft radiance of day.—Exchange.

Exchange Birthday Gifts!

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

MAINE'S TALLEST MAN.

Paints Houses Without a Ladder—He Also Rides a Bicycle.

The tallest man in the state of Maine rides a bicycle, says the Lewiston Journal. He's also general repairer of bicycles for the village of Phillips. These two facts may not especially belong together, but they immediately answer a vague question that arises in the mind of the reader. If the bicycle gets discouraged at any time Maine's champion tall wheelman can do his own doctoring.

Mr. W. H. Kelley, of Phillips, is a modest man. Although he has many accomplishments and in his character of head surgeon of the village repair shop, can mend anything from a watch to a jigger wagon, he doesn't boast of his acquisitions. But as to his height he feels that he can safely lay claim to being the champion giant of Maine.

Many tall men have come and seen and braced shoulders and chalked with him on his shop door until the scratches of the intermingled lines look like a spider web. But loftily above them all is the scratchmark of the towering man of the house. He never yet has to look up to gaze into the eyes of a man standing on his level except once when a circus brought a giant to town. The giant heard that there was a citizen outside who was taller than he. So, by his request, Mr. Kelley was passed in. The circus giant stood on the vantage ground of an ascending slope, he wore a bearskin cap, high-heeled shoes, and had his shoulders padded elaborately. But even under the disguise the bystanders could see that he was not a fair match for the local Polyphemus, had he stripped off his plumage and "come down off his perch" on the embankment.

Mr. Kelley, dressed for the street, measures from the ground to the top of his head six feet and ten inches—as near seven feet as any man in Maine has ever grown. He is symmetrical, too, weighing considerably over 200 pounds, yet without any superfluous flesh.

Mr. Kelley is a muscular man, and some feats of strength that he has performed surprised even his townsmen. At a lifting match not long ago the weight was a stone post weighing 225 pounds. Several alleged strong men had tackled it and had wiggled it along a few feet at a hitch. Mr. Kelley, however, grasped the iron link, affixed to the post and walked nearly 200 feet with the weight, finally tossing it carelessly a considerable distance. "I could have carried it further," said he, nonchalantly, "but I thought 'twas far enough for a sample."

Mr. Kelley's workshop is fully as interesting as his owner. He is a mechanical genius with a knack for fixing anything that may be brought to him, and he can make almost anything that he is requested to, whether he has ever seen it before or not.

For instance, much of his machinery was improvised by him. The little, two-horse power marine engine has been rigged up to drive a hand-saw that plays over two widely dissimilar wheels. The upper is a bicycle wheel with ball bearings, the lower is one of the wheels of a mowing machine, the combination working excellently. Mr. Kelley also has his grindstone rigged on ball bearings, and has recently completed a sand-papering machine that is exciting the admiration of all the neighbors.

Besides his general work of repairing Mr. Kelley is a painter, and it is on record that he painted the side of one cottage house in the village without using a ladder.

All of the Phillips giant's shop appurtenances are suited to his height and the benches, horses and vices are as long-legged as a giraffe.

Choosing a Novel.

A writer lets out a secret regarding the way in which young women read novels.

It was in the tram-car, that place in which the experiences are varied enough to make a man cosmopolitan if he will study them. Two girls are talking of what they read.

"Oh, I choose a novel easily enough," one said. "I go to the circulating library and look at the last chapters. If I find the rain softly and saddy drooping over one or two lonely graves, I don't take it, but if the morning sun is glimmering over bridal robes of white satin, I know it is all right, and take it, and start to buy sweets to eat while I read it."—London Standard.

Cup and Cup-Bearer.

The cups of the Assyrians closely resemble our saucers. Every nobleman and gentleman had his own cup and cup-bearer, the latter of whom always accompanied him to a feast, carrying before him the cup of gold, silver, crystal or marble, which his master used only on state occasions. Saucers for cups were introduced in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and at first greatly ridiculed, the person who employed them being said not to be able to drink without having two cups.

Hard to Please.

Some people are never satisfied. An umbrella maker in Paris has been interviewed on the subject of a sudden change in the weather. "Well," remarked the interlocutor, "things are looking well for you. I suppose you are selling enormous numbers of umbrellas?" "Very likely," was the trader's surly reply; "but what about my sunshades?"

The Book of Books.

I have heard preachers argue that in those times of wide thinking a man who keeps close to one book will narrow himself. It may be so with other books, but the minister who sticks close to the Bible has a wide knowledge of the whole range of history. It deals with all human experience.—Bishop C. W. Foss.

Clever Young French Woman.

All France is talking of Mlle. Jeanne Benaben's extraordinary attainments. This exceedingly scholarly young woman received the college degree of bachelor of arts two years ago, when she was 16. She then became professor of philosophy in a woman's college at Lyons, and this year was a candidate at the Sorbonne for the important degree of licentiate in philosophy. The examiners, though prepared for a prodigy, were amazed at the extent of her erudition and her serene composure in dealing with the vexed problems of Descartes, Kant and Comte. She was third on the list of 300 candidates, all of them older than herself, and is now a lecturer on the science of the mind in the college of Rouen.

Cost of Destroying a Slum.

London is spending nearly \$2,500,000 in cleansing and rebuilding one slum. American cities are just beginning to learn how serious is the cumulative evil of slum construction. They may with profit also learn how costly is the necessity of slum destruction. The object lesson offered by London may be studied with interest in our large cities, and especially in New York, where, through the efforts of the state tenement house commission, legislation has with much difficulty been secured which, if enforced, perpetuated and added to, will tend to prevent the growth of such conditions as London is now compelled to combat.—Century.

Two Sides to the Question.

Maternal Ancestor (profoundly shocked)—Arabella, I accidentally saw you kiss young Mr. Peduncle in the hallway last night. Don't you know such a thing is highly reprehensible?

Miss Arabella (flaring up)—No, I don't, mamma. I don't think it's half as bad as it is for you to kiss that deceitful Mrs. Dookins when you know you don't like to kiss her at all.—Chicago Tribune.

The Hare and the Tortoise.

A hare was one day galloping across a field, when he met a tortoise who was a new candidate for office. The hare could not help smiling at the short feet and slow pace of the tortoise, who, being touched on this point, promptly challenged him to a trial of speed.

On the day appointed the beasts assembled. The hare, however, trusting to his natural swiftness, had not trained—had continued to smoke cigarettes, and on the night before the race sat up with a sick friend. He arrived at the course, accordingly, very late and with heavy, ever-hanging breath.

Seeing that the plodding tortoise was about to cross the finish line, the hare promptly opened bottles for the crowd, bought up the umpire, and the flag went to him on a foul.

Moral.—The race is not always to the slow.

The Paris museum contains more than 30,000 stone implements, all of which were gathered in France.

Great Britain pays the continent upwards of \$70,000,000 a year for sugar and makes not an ounce.

There are 13,000 school masters in Germany whose salaries fall below \$300 per annum.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN, 511 E. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

Boils

It is often difficult to convince people their blood is impure, until dreadful carbuncles, abscesses, boils, scrofula or salt rheum, are painful proof of the fact. It is wisdom now, or whenever there is any indication of

Impure Blood

blood, to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and prevent such eruptions and suffering.

"I had a dreadful carbuncle abscess, red, fiery, fierce and sore. The doctor attended me over seven weeks. When the abscess broke, the pain was terrible, and I thought I should not live through it. I heard and read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I decided to take it, and my husband, who was suffering with boils, took it also. It soon purified our

Blood

built me up and restored my health so that, although the doctor said I would not be able to work hard, I have since done the work for 20 people. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my husband of the boils, and we regard it a wonderful medicine." Mrs. ANNA PETERSON, Latimer, Kansas.

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