THE FATAL GLOVE.

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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 but 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.

MR. 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 wine was too strong for me. Arabel Vere, indeed! Pshaw! 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 dozing 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 houri!" 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.

UPPER 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 distingue, carried himself so loftily, and yet was so gallantly condescending and so inimitably 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 forsworn 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 gouty 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 arrangements were all made, 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 he 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, espying 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—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; 20 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 me, 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 in snake bites. When there is a universal law in nature, sah, it does not vary for a mere snake, sah."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Crawford Marley.

English papers say that Crawford Marley, who recently died in New Zealand at the age of 83, was the last survivor of those who had a ride on Stephenson' No. 1 engine when the Stockton and Darlington railway was first opened. It was about thirteen years of age at the time, and, with two other boys, he went to see the iron horse, which was brought from Newcastle on a dray by eight horses. When the locomotive had been placed on the line, George Stephenson's brother Joseph, who was in charge of it, asked the lads to run to a farmhouse for some buckets, and the boiler was filled from a spring near at hand. The fire having been lighted and steam raised, the boys, in return for their assistance, were invited to have a ride.

Gown for a Girl Graduate.

A dress of white crepon made with a five-yard skirt interlined with stiffening to a depth of fifteen inches. Round waist in back, pointed in front, large leg-of-mutton sleeves, belt and collar of five-inch taffeta ribbon bowed at the back. Boxplaid of the goods down the center front of the waist. Bretelles of ribbon from belt to shoulders, back and front, with short bow of four loops and four ends.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Potatoes in Old Times.

Gerard knew the potato as a dainty, and it is recorded that the tubers were sometimes roasted and steeped in sack, that is sherry and sugar—or baked with marrow and spices, and even preserved and candled. Shakespeare mentioned them, but he evidently regarded them as a mere curiosity.

Why Kipling Declined.

Rudyard Kipling declined an offer of $1,000 for a 1,000 word article telling "Why America Could Not Conquer England," on the ground that no true Briton would betray state secrets. Thus Rudyard ingeniously avoided confessing that no reason exists why America could not whip the British, and incidentally he is getting more than $1,000 worth of free advertising.—Boston Globe.

Disposition of the Cornstalks.

Whether stalks are to be cut and plowed under or raked and burned is a question every farmer must decide for himself. If the land is "heavy" and compact, and the corn crop was free from insect pests, it will be wise to turn under the stalks, as the mechanical condition of the soil will be improved. But on the other hand, if the soil is already light and mellow, and if chinch bugs were abundant the previous summer, by all means rake and burn the stalks.

The pearl fishery discovered off the south coast of India is very rich.

An able and suggestive symposium under the title of "The Engineer in Naval Warfare" is presented as the opening feature of the May number of the North American Review, the contributors to it being such eminent authorities as Commodore George W. Melville, engineer-in-chief of the United States navy; W. S. Aldrich, professor of mechanical engineering in the University of West Virginia; Ira N. Hollis, professor of engineering in Harvard University; Gardiner C. Sims, of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers; and George Uhler, president of the Marine Engineers' Beneficial Association.

New and Curious Inventions.

The United States Patent Office issued 408 patents last week, the most noticeable and curious of which embraced a scrubbing machine patented to a Kansas woman, operated like a carpet sweeper and embracing a set of revolving mops and brushes. A New York inventor received a patent for an apparatus for dispensing fogs with which he hopes to realize a fortune in London alone. A Providence inventor got a patent for a pin and a New York inventor one for a needle having a thread opening in the shape of the figure 6. Then follows a method of producing photographs in colors patented to a Washington inventor, a device for utilizing the power of waves, a removable armor for pneumatic tires, a curious fly catcher comprising a reservoir hung to the ceiling having a depending string, upon which string the flies alight and are held and poisoned and a German invention comprising an electric plow. Free information relating to patents may be had of Sues & Co., Patent Lawers, Bee Building, Omaha, Nebr.

A watch which is in good running order in one year's time ticks 157,680,000 ticks.

People as a rule hear better with their right than with their left ears.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have arranged for the American publication of the unpublished letters of Victor Hugo. These will probably be comprised in two volumes, the first containing Hugo's letters to his father while studying in Paris; a charming group written to his young wife; an interesting series to his confessor, Lamennais; letters about some of his volumes, "Hernani," "Le Roi s'amuse," etc.; to his little daughter, Leopoldine; and a very interesting series to Sainte-Beuve, who was in love with Madame Hugo. The second will include his letters in exile to Ledru-Rollin, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Lamartime, with many of curious autobiographical and literary interest.

Strychnine for Prairie Dogs.

I will give you a recipe that is a dead shot on these pests. Three parts cornmeal, a part of granulated sugar; mix with water so that it can be molded up in little pieces one-half as large as hulled hickory nuts. Feed these three days, and the fourth day add one-eighth ounce of strychnine crystallized. Prairie dogs have a taste for granulated sugar. February is the month to give this to them. I gave one dose to the dogs and picked up twenty-six outside of their holes at one time.—Kansas Farmer.

Doing the Rest.

Lady of the House—What do you mean by sitting there all the afternoon and doing nothing? Didn't you tell me when I gave you your dinner that I had only to show you the wood pile and you would do the rest?

Weary Wraggles—Dat's wot I said, and I been restin ever since, lady.—New York Press.

To Make It Popular.

"I'm afraid tennis will not be as popular as usual this year," said the dealer in all that pertains to outdoor sports.

"I think you are right," admitted his chief clerk. "The girls and young women are losing interest in it."

"And I have a large stock of tennis goods on hand," sighed the dealer. "If we could only get the interest of the girls"—

"That might be possible, if"—

"Well?"

—"If you can devise a bifurcated tednis costume for them."—Chicago Post.

Your idol is probably a great bore to other people.