

FATAL LOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)
She stopped suddenly, and, rising, was about to leave the room. He took her hand, and closed the door she had opened, leading her to a seat.
"My dear Miss Lee, I do not comprehend you. Explain. If I have ever injured you in any way, it has been the very thing farthest removed from my intentions. Will you not give me a chance to defend myself?"

She blushed painfully; her embarrassment disturbed him, for he was generous to all, and he really felt very kindly toward her.
"I cannot explain," she said in a subdued voice. "I am sorry you came just now. But these slanders anger me, as well as wound my feelings."
"What slanders, Miss Lee?"
Her color grew deeper. Animate by some sudden resolve, she lifted her head proudly.

"I will tell you. Remember that you sought the information. Your coming here has been made the subject of remark, and I have been accused of having schemed to draw you here. You know if it be true."
His face flushed slowly. He recalled the silly stories that had some time before reached his ears. And because of them she had suffered. This woman whose unremitting care had saved his life! How thoughtless and cruel he had been! He was a man of honor; if any woman's reputation had been injured through his means, there was but one course for him to pursue. He must make reparation. And how? For a moment his head whirled, but glancing at the pale, distressed face before him, he made his decision.

"Alexandrine," he said quietly, "you know just what my course has been. You know my lowly origin—you know how life has cheated me of happiness. You know how dear Margie Harrison was to me, and how I lost her. I loved her with my whole soul—she will be the one love of my lifetime. I shall never love another woman as I loved her. But if my name and the position I can give my wife, will be pleasant to you, then I ask you to accept them, as some slight recompense for what I have made you suffer. If you can be satisfied with the sincere respect and friendship I feel for you, then I offer myself to you. You deserve my heart, but I have none to give to any one. I have buried it so deep that it will never know a resurrection."

She shuddered and grew pale. To one of her passionate nature—loving him as she did—it was but a sorry wailing. His love she could never have. But if she married him, she should be always near him; sometimes he would hold her hands in his, and call her, as he did now, Alexandrine. Her apparent struggle with herself pained him. Perhaps he guessed something of its cause. He put his arm around her waist.

"My child," he said, kindly, "do you love me? Do you indeed care for me? Cold and indifferent as I have been? Tell me truly, Alexandrine?"
She did tell him truly; something within urged her to let him see her heart as it was. For a moment she put aside all her pride.
"I do love you," she said, "God only knows how dearly!"
He looked at her with gentle, pitying eyes, but he did not touch the red lips so near his own. He could not be a hypocrite.

"I will be good to you, Alexandrine. God helping me, you shall never have cause for complaint. I will make your life as happy as I can. I will give you all that my life's shipwreck spared me. Will that content you? Will you be my wife?"
Still she did not reply.
"Are you afraid to risk it?" he asked, almost sadly.
"No, I am not afraid! I will risk everything!" she answered.

CHAPTER XVII.
MEANWHILE what of Margie Harrison? Through the dull, stormy day she had been whirled along like the wind. The train was an express, and made few stoppages. Margie took little note of anything which occurred. She sat in her hard seat like one in a trance, and paid no heed to the lapse of time, until the piteous whining of Leo warned her that night was near, and the poor dog was hungry. At the first stopping-place she purchased some bread and meat for him, but nothing for herself. She could not have swallowed a mouthful.

Still the untiring train dashed on. Boston was reached at last. She got out, and stood, confused and bewildered, gazing around her. It was night and the place was strange to her. The cries of the porters and hackmen—the bustle and dire confusion, struck a chill to her heart. The crowd hurried hither and thither, each one intent on his own business, and the lamps gave out a dismal light, dimmed as they were by the hanging clouds of mist and fog. Alone in a great city! For the first time in her life she felt the significance of the words she had so often heard. She had never traveled half a dozen miles before, by herself, and she felt almost as helpless as a little child.

"Carriage, ma'am?" said a hackman, touching her arm.

"Yes," she said, mechanically, and put her hand in her pocket for her porte-monnaie, with a vague idea that she must pay him before she started.
She uttered a low cry of dismay! Her pocket-book was missing! She searched more thoroughly, but it was not to be found. Her pocket had been picked. She turned a piteous face to the hackman.
"My money is lost, sir!" she said, "but if you will take me to a place of shelter, I will remunerate you some way."
"Sorry to be obliged to refuse, ma'am," said the man, civilly enough, "but I'm a poor man with a family, and can't afford to keep my horses for nothing."
"What is it, driver?" queried a rough voice; and in a moment a crowd had gathered around poor, shrinking Margie, and growling, indignant Leo.

"The woman's lost her purse—" "Oh, ho! the old story—eh? Beauty in distress. Should think they'd get tired of playing that game!" said the coarse voice, which belonged to a lounge and hanger-on at the depot.
"Looks rather suspicious, ma'am, for ye to be traveling on the train alone," began the hackman; but he was interrupted by the lounge.
"That's the way they all travel. Well, thank the Lord, I ain't so galling as to get taken in by every decent face I see!"
"Thank heaven, I am not so lost to all sense of decency as to insult a lady!" said a clear, stern voice; and a tall, distinguished-looking man swept through the crowd, and reached Margie's side.

"Indeed, I am not mistaken!" he said, looking at her with amazement. "Miss Harrison!"
She saw, as he lifted his hat, the frank, handsome face of Louis Castrani. All her troubles were over—this man was a pillar of strength to her weakness. She caught his arm eagerly, and Leo barked with joy, recognizing a friend.
"I am so glad to see you, Mr. Castrani!"
His countenance lighted instantly. He pressed the hand on his arm.
"Thank you, my friend. What service can I render you? Where do you wish to go? Let me act for you."
"Oh, thank you—if you only will! I was going further, but the train I wished to take had been gone some hours, and I must stay here to-night. And on my way, somewhere, my money has been stolen."
"Give yourself no more uneasiness. I am only too happy to be of any use to you."
The crowd dispersed, and Castrani called a carriage, and put Margie and Leo inside.

"Have you any choice of hotels?"
"None. I am entirely unacquainted here. You know best."
"To the House," he said to the driver; and thither they were taken.
A warm room and a tempting supper were provided, but Margie could not eat. She only swallowed a little toast, and drank a cup of tea. Castrani came to her parlor just after she had finished, but he did not sit down. He had too much delicacy to intrude himself upon her when accident had thrown them together.

matter. Your pleasure shall be mine."
A little later he assisted her from the carriage that had taken her to the depot. Her baggage was checked—he handed her the check, and her ticket, and then pressed into her hand a roll of bank-notes. She put them back quietly, but he declined taking them.
"I do not give it to you—I lend it to you. You can repay me at your convenience."
"On those conditions, I thank you, also."

She put out her hand. He took it, resisted the inclination to press his lips to it, and held it lightly in his.
"If you will give me permission—to call upon you—should I be in Lightfield during your stay there—I shall be more than happy!"
She was about to refuse, but the mute pleading of his eyes deterred her. He had been kind to her, and it could do her no harm. Probably, he would never come to Lightfield, so she gave him the permission he asked for.

The day passed without incident, and nightfall found Margie within ten miles of her destination. She was driven along a rough country road, to a square farm-house—looming up white through the dark—and a moment later, she was lying, pale and exhausted, in the arms of Nurse Day.

"My blessed child!" cried the old lady; "my precious little Margie! My old eyes will almost grow young again, after having been cheered by the sight of ye!" And she kissed Margie again and again, while Leo expressed his delight in true canine style—by barking vociferously, and leaping over the chairs and tables.

CHAPTER XVIII.
NURSE DAY was pleasantly situated. Her husband was a grave, staid man, who was very kind to Margie, always. The farm was a rambling affair—extending over, and embracing in its ample limits, hills and dale, meadow and woodland, and a portion of a bright, swift river, on whose banks it was Margie's delight to sit through the purple sunsets, and watch the play of light and shade on the bare, rocky cliff opposite.

Nature proved a true friend to the sore heart of the girl. The breezes, so fresh and sweet, and clear, soothed Margie inexpressibly. The sunshine was a message of healing; the songs of the birds carried her back to her happy childhood. Wandering through the leafy aisles of the forest, she seemed brought nearer to God and his mercy. Only once had Nurse Day questioned her of the past, and then Margie had said:

"I have done with the past forever. Nurse Day, I wish I never recalled to me. I have met with a great sorrow—one of which I cannot speak. I came here to forget it. Never ask me anything about it. I would confide it to you, if I could, but my word is given to another to keep silent. I acted for what I thought best. Heaven knows if I erred, I did not err willingly."
"Give it all into God's hands," said Nurse Day, reverently. "He knows just what is best for us."

The days went on slowly, but they brought something of peace to Margie Harrison. The violence of her distress passed away, and now there was only a dull pain at her heart—a pain that must always have its abode there. She held no communication with any person in New York, save her aunt, and her business agent, Mr. Farley, and her letters to them were posted in a distant town, in a neighboring state, where Nurse Day had friends—and so Margie's place of refuge was still a secret.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)
A FAMOUS SOPRANO.
Two Continents Pay Tribute to Ellen Beach Yaw, the Great Singer.
In this closing of the nineteenth century there has dawned a star in the vocal firmament which eclipses, in bird-like sweetness and phenomenal range, all the voices of the past, says the New York World. History will write the name and fame of Ellen Beach Yaw as the greatest soprano singer the world has ever known—greater than Patti—greater than Nilsson—greater than Lind. The American people will find much satisfaction in the thought that Miss Yaw is an American girl; she was born in New York state and the greater portion of her early life was spent in California.

Miss Yaw is a tall, stately girl, whose wealth of blonde hair frames a face that is beautiful and expressive. Her bearing and manner indicate self-possession and are the embodiment of all that is graceful and refined. The beauty and phenomenal range of her voice became apparent some years ago, while under the tuition of Mme. Bjorksten of New York, and under whose guidance Miss Yaw went to Paris and studied with the famous Della Sedie and Bax. It was not until two years ago that her wonderful voice began to attract public attention—and in this brief period she has sung herself into a popularity that has taken others a lifetime to accomplish. Compared with other voices of world-wide fame, the scale stands thus.

Miss Yaw sings without the slightest perceptible effort, from E below the bar to E in the altissimo—a range of twenty-eight tones. Her famous note—the E above high E is five notes higher than Patti ever attained—and the highest note ever voiced from a human throat. Her singing and her methods cannot be likened to those of Patti or Nilsson—there is a distinctiveness and an individuality that has been created by and belongs exclusively to Yaw, who is now engaging the attention of the whole music-loving world.

Whether you know it or not that second year in the suburban house is a crisis and turning point in your life, for it will make of you either a city man or a suburban and it will surely save you from being, for all the rest of your days, that hideous betwixt and between thing, that uncanny creation of modern days of rapid transit, who fluctuates helplessly between one town and another; between town and city and between town and city again, seeking an impossible unattainable perfection and scattering remonstrant servant maids and disputed bills for repairs along his cheerless track.—Exchanges.

Trying Ordeals for Presidents.
It writing of the "Pardoning Power" (invested in the President) Hon. Benjamin Harrison says in June Ladies' Home Journal: "The papers in these murder cases are usually voluminous—a full record or an abstract of the evidence making part. If the trial seems to have been fairly conducted, and no new exculpatory evidence is produced, and the sentence does not seem to have been unduly severe, the president refuses to interfere. He cannot weigh the evidence as well as the judge and jury. They saw and heard the witnesses, and he has only a writing before him. It happens sometimes that the wife or mother of the condemned man comes in person to plead for mercy, and I know of no more trying ordeal than to hear their tearful and sobbing utterances, and to feel that a public duty requires that they be denied their prayer."

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the man in need of assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dyspeptic quills and uneasy sensations in the regions of the stomach secretes his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam—as the case may be—is what you require. Hasten to use it if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

Nothing could be more simple yet more beautiful than a gown made of the fine French organdie muslin, figured in shades of design of trailing roses and shaded green vines. The newest patterns are like a breath of early June, and one of these dainty gowns is made with a plain skirt finished with a deep hem, the bodice gathered into the neck and belt, and trimmed with braces of green velvet ribbon over the shoulders, with small pearl buckles half way down the front. Lace and velvet ribbon from the neckband, which has a buckled bow at the back, and velvet loops and ends fall on the skirt from the left side of the belt.

Down the postoffice steps the Rev. Dr. Fythly carefully picked his way, then his feet suddenly shot out, and he went down right in the midst of a group of stock brokers.
"Ah, good morning, doctor," laughed the stock brokers, recognizing the minister, "you remind us of the wicked man, whose foot slipped."
"Nay," retorted the good minister, "but rather do I seem like the man who went down to Jericho."
"How is that?" chorused the brokers.
"Because he also fell among the thieves," murmured the doctor, as he got up and moved decoriously away.—New York Recorder.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.
Don't Drift Into the Critical Habit.
"Do not drift into the critical habit," writes Ruth Ashmore in discussing "The Critical Girl," in June Ladies' Home Journal. "Have an opinion, and a sensible one, above everything, but when you come to judge people remember that you see very little of what they really are, unless you winter and summer with them. Find the kindly, lovable nature of the man who knows little of books. Look for the beautiful self-sacrifice made daily by some woman who knows nothing about pictures, and teach yourself day in and day out to look for the best in everything. It is the every-day joys and sorrows, my dear girl, that go to make up life. It is not the one great sorrow, nor the one intense joy, it is the accumulation of the little ones that constitute living, so do not be critical of the little faults, and do be quick to find the little virtues and to praise them. So much that is good in people dies for want of encouragement. As I said before, have an opinion, and a well-thought-out one, and above everything that comes into your life, but do not have too many opinions about people. Their hearts are not open books, and as you must be judged yourself some day, give them the kindest judgment now."

Not the Whisky.
The coroner's jury in the case of Bill Wilcox, who dropped dead Thursday evening after taking a drink at the Last Chance saloon, decided that it was not the whisky which brought about the sad end. Bill had been drinking the same brand for fourteen years, and although the vitriol in it would eat up a hairpin in ten minutes the coating of his stomach was supposed to be proof against any action of any sort of acid. He probably had some heart trouble. We think it must be so, because he asked for a drink to be "chalked down," and to his great amazement it was handed out. The surprise must have brought about a fatal shock to the nervous system. The deceased was a harmless critter, who never even kicked about the weather, and we hope he's brought up in a temperate climate.

The spots we see on others are nearly always on our own glasses.
Biting into a fern reminds a man of kissing a girl with whiskers.
There are people who never care for music except when they play the first 22die.

A Child Enjoys.
The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

The Favorite Sleeve.
The favorite sleeve of the season combines a short puff with a mousquetaire fullness of the wrist. Although the severe coat sleeve is predicted for early fall, it has so far been seen only in conjunction with a few plain tailor gowns.

Fiso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 459 8th Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8 '00.
A girl can talk for an hour of what she would if she had \$5 of her own.
If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Miss Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Some men are never content unless engaged in a conspiracy of some kind.
Irrigated Farms in the Milk River Valley.
Room for many farmers on ditches already constructed in the Milk River Valley of Montana and plenty of chances for colonies to locate on free land and establish ditches of their own. Ditches can be made at little expense other than labor with plows and scrapers, and there is no stony ground, just pure soil. Groves along the river and coal in the adjoining pasture bench lands. Finest opening for irrigation farmers in the Northwest. All the staple crops produced. Markets in the mines and good shipping facilities east and west, via Great Northern Railway. Write to Thomas O'Hanlon, Chinook, Mont., for further information.

The man who has the "big head" often wears a small hat.



The Bane of Beauty.
Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxuriant tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose casket of charms is yet unfilled by time. Beautiful women will be glad to be reminded that falling or fading hair is unknown to those who use
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