

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIX .- (CONTINUED.)

her money and took her to a place of safety?" said Trevlyn, anxiously.

"Of course. As I should have done | and held it up before him. by any other lady-but more especially for her. I took her to a hotel, and on the morrow saw her start on her journey. I would have gone with her, but she declined my escort."

18?"

"No. I cannot."

will not?"

"It does"

Eojourn?"

knowledge to become general. I have identity-and so he had. This glove I forehead-damp already with the dews pledged my word to her not to reveal found lying upon the ground, by the of death. His look assured her better it. Neither is it best for you to know." side of the wretched victim-marked than the words he could not bring him-

be unable to hinder myself from seeing | with the blood of the murdered! I hid her. And that could do no good. I it away. I would have died sooner than know that she is innocent. That shall it should have been torn from me, be- asked, dreamily. "I have not heard it struck water half way across the suffice me Only tell me she is well, cause I was foolish enough to love this that name since he spoke it! What a river. Why, they stopped the game to and agreeably situated."

at peace. She is with those who love of Paul Linmere, and thus removed the we could go back to the old days all kinds of money. I was the hero of her."

"I thank you for bearing with me. I shall be happier for knowing she was not false to me. Whatever might have death while she had been speaking. caused her to break the engagement. but it was more like the white heat of tempted; but God is good to forgive if it was not because she loved another. Good night, Mr. Castrani."

warmly and departed.

CHAPTER XX.

T WAS an afternoon in May. Everything without was smiling and at rest, but Mrs. Trevlvn 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; not finishing her dress for the great ball ed, seeing his fearful face; "it will not The dark eyes of Castrani grew

"You defy any man! Do you also defy "And you protected her? You gave any woman? Tell me, if you can, whose glove this is?" and she pulled from her bosom the blood-stained glove

> He looked at it, flushed crimson and | suddenly called in like manner. trembled perceptibly. She laughed scornfully.

to me! It has been known to me ever childhood and youth had been spent. "O. I thank you-I thank you so since the fatal night on which Paul She had been a beautiful orphan. much! I shall be your friend always Linmere met his death. I was there adopted by his parents, and brought for that. You will tell me where she that night, by the lonely graveyard. I up almost as his sister. saw you kiss her hand! I heard the dreadful blow, listened to the smoth-"Cannot! Does that imply that you ered groan, and saw through the ing him-and then the light faded gloom the guilty murderer as he fled away, leaving her even more ghastly from the scene of crime! When the than before. "Then you know her present place of victim was discovered. I went first, because I feared he might have left be- hoarsely. "Do you think so?" "I do. But she does not desire the hind something that might fix his "You are right. It is not. I might | with the name of the murderer, stained man, whose hand was red with mur- sweet voice he had! O. so sweet!-but

> and Margaret Harrison!" Trevlyn's face had grown white as children!"

passion, than like the pallor of detect- repentance is sincere." ed guilt. His rigid lips were stern and He wrung the hand of the Cuban pale; his dark eyes fairly shot light- And I have prayed as well as I knew nings. He looked at his wife as though how. But my crimes are so fearful! he would read her very soul.

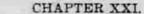
"Alexandrine!" he said, hoarsely, "you believed this of me? You deemed me guilty of the crime of murder, and yet married me?"

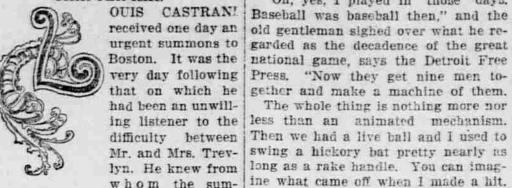
"Yes, I married you. I was not so was no audible word. conscientious as your saintly Margaret. She would not marry a man who had gives me strength. And you were alshed blood-even though he had done it ways a friend, so true and steadfast. for love of her!"

Trevlyn caught her arm fiercely. shameful story ever came to the ears loving and beloved-died by violence; of Margie Harrison?"

"Yes, she knew it. I told it to her falsity of those she loved! Well, she her dressmaker had disappointed her in myself. Kill me if you like," she add- is in paradise-God rest her!"

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





mons came. Once before he had been

A wretched woman she was nowbut once the belle and beauty of the "Archer Trevlyn, your guilt is known fair Cuban town where Castrani's

> She welcomed him brokenly, her eyes lighting up with the pleasure of see-

"They tell me I am dying," she said,

He smoothed back the hair on the self to speak.

"My poor Arabel."

"Arabel! Who calls me Arabel?" she "She is both. More, I think she is der! Archer Trevlyn, you took the life falser than Satan! O, Louis, Louis! if last obstacle that stood between you among the orange groves, before I the hour, the king of batters, thesinned-when we were innocent little hello, there, Judkin; delighted to see

"It is all over now, Arabel. You were

"O I have repented! I have, indeed! You are sure that Christ is very merciful?"

"Very merciful, Arabel." She clasped her hands, and her pale lips moved in prayer, though there

"Let me hold your hand, Louis. It How happy we were in these dear old days-you, and Inez and I! Ah, Inez-"Madam, do you mean to say this Inez! She died in her sweet innocence. but she never lived to suffer from the

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 paste with milk or bruised into 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.

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

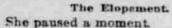
is on his list, providing we think it safe for him to show up here in a plug hat. ry part of her wardrobe into twentyred necktie and russet shoes. If that seven trunks, she dropped them softly is the rig he intends to don when he from the window. visits us, he'd better not come. This is Then she descended by the rope lada growing town-a healthy town-a der and fell into the arms of her lover, town which is bound to boom and be- who in the gloom of the shrubbery had come a second Chicago, but it is no patiently awaited her .- Detroit Tribplace for Jim Dandies-not yet. Fifty une. years hence a man can put on link cuff buttons and valler kid gloves and stalk up and down and swing a goldheaded case, but such a thing now-well! Pass our town by, young man. Don't come within fifty miles of it!

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Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quick-ar than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

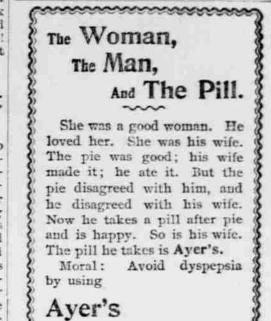
Educational.

Attention of the reader is called to the announcement of Notre Dame unimaking a diagram while his hearers versity in another column of this pagrouped about him. "Here's where we per. This noted institution of learnplayed at New Castle, Pa., with the ing enters upon its fifth-third year with the next session, commencing old Neshannocks. Charley Bennett Sept. 8, 1896. Parents and guardians was catching. Here runs the Ohio contemplating sending their boys and river, way up in the rear of the young men away from home to school grounds, which lay open to the high would do well to write for particulars bluff which marks the bank. Now, to the University of Norte Dame Indi-Bennett was doing some mighty batana, before making arrangements for ting and a fellow from a college nine their education elsewhere. Nowhere in this broad land are there to be was giving him a tight race. Each one found better facilities for cultivating of them rolled a ball over the bluff the mind and heart than are offered at and I began to fear for my laurels. Notre Dame University. But the third time up I saw one com-

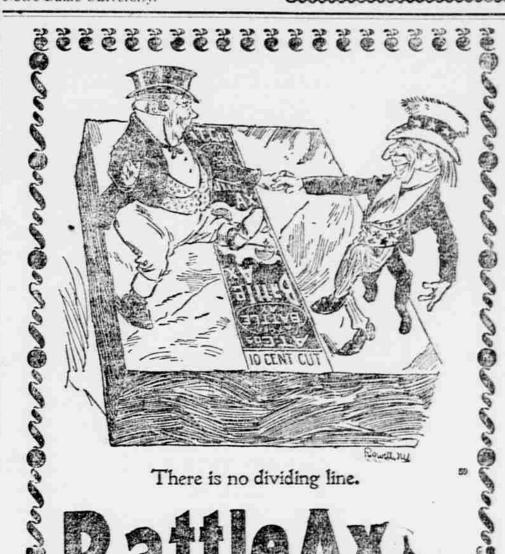


"The die is cast," she murmured. "There is no retreat."

Hastily gathering the most necessa-



Cathartic Pills.



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

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Two Old Gentlemen Get Together and

Swap Stories.

Baseball was baseball then," and the

ing 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

try and take measurements, while pro-

fessional managers were offering me

you. It's more than twenty years----

game you just described."

framed for him?

teen pounds strong.

"Yes, the last time we met was at the

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

What fisherman could resist such a

temptation with the beautiful lie all

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 bas was fif-

Extraordinary Drinks.

was served that night at the hotel."

"Oh, yes, I played in those days,

at Mrs. Fitz Noodle's, that evening, and be your first crime!" Annie, her maid, was down with one of her nervous headaches, and she would be obliged to send for a hairdresser.

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 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 conclu...n 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 cn 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 ta'k business to me, Mr. Trevlyn. I do not understand such thingsneither 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."

she repented their utterance, but the meschief was already done.

"Mrs. Trevlyn, I shall request you to unsay the insinuation conveyed in your words. They are unworthy of you | past!

He forced himself to be calm.

to Margaret?"

-the night she was to have gone to short her brief existence. Arabel saw the opera with you. I deemed it my his emotion, and pressed his hand in duty. I did not do it to separate you, hers, so cold and icy. though I am willing to confess I de-Mrs. Trevlyn could not help fretting sired you to be separated. I knew that Margaret would sooner die than days before he came-he, the destroyer marry you, if the knowledge of your What a handsome face he had, and how crime was possessed by her."

guilty?"

twelve impartial men would have com- crime-imbued Paris. I am so faint and mitted you on the evidence I could have | tired, Louis! Give me a drink from the brought. You were in love with Miss Harrison. She was under a solemn obligation to marry Mr. Linmerevet 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 you all that you will care to know, with dead body a handkerchief bearing the single initial 'A.' Whose name commences with that letter? Could anything be clearer or more conclusive?" [ful than man?"

"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 re-The moment the words were spoken spect-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

bly beautiful pulpit, flanked by equally on the floor of the cage and pours out She went up to her chamber, and decorative chairs. The artistic caken the clear, sweet strains of song from and a shame to me." locking the door, threw herseif, pulpit, hand carved in passion flow- morning until night. "And I shall decline to unsay them. dressed as she was, on the bed. How I dare affirm they are true enough." ers and lilies, and bordered with long must this continue? How long trefoil, is almost the "graven image" "What do you mean, madam ? I Here's a Remarkable Man. would he remain away? His business am, I trust, a man of honor. You are in the eyes of the association of A horse dealer in West Woodstock. would not, probably, keep him more my wife, and I am true to you. I never church women who earned and pur-Vt., has owned 425 horses during his loved but one woman, and she is dead than a few days, and then, surely, he chased the pulpit furnishings when the life and has never told a lie about a would return. And she would throw to me." edifice was built. Recently a new minhorse. One man who dealt with him herself at his feet, acknowledge her ister came into charge of the congre-The allusion to the old love was exwas so impressed with this remarkatremely unfortunate just at this time, fault and plead-yes, beg for his forgation. He was a little fellow, and ble fact that he recently gave him a for Mrs. Trevlyn was just scre enough giveness. Anything, only to have peace one day casually remarked to one of his hatchet. between them once more! to be deeply wounded by it, and angry feminine church members: "Mrs. enough to throw back taunt for taunt. She could not write to him, for he Badger, that pulpit is entirely too high "A man of honor!" she ejacula i had not left his address. The next for me; think it had better be cut down About the Average Age of It. scornfully. "Honor, forsooth! Arch r morning, she went down to the store, a trifle." "Cut down?" the horrified Mr. O. S. Gray, of Hampden, Geauga Trevlyn, do you call yourself that?" but they knew nothing of his destina- woman exclaimed. "Cut that pulpit county, Ohio, has a cake of Maple "I do; and I defy any man living to tion, or his probable time of absence. down? No, indeed; it would ruin it; sugar made in the spring of 1856-just prove the contrary!" answered Archer, So all she could do was to return home it would be much easier to get a taller forty years ago. It is as sweet and good as ever. and wait. preacher." proudly.

moist. There arose before him a picture of the fair young girl he had loved-"When did you make this revelation the gentle-eyed Inez-the confiding young thing he was to have married, "The night before she left New York | had not the hand of a cruel jealousy cut

"You have suffered also, Louis, but not as I have suffered-0, no! 0, the he flattered me! Flattered my foolish "And she-Margaret-believed me pride, until, deserting home and friends, I fled with him across the "Why should she not? Any jury of seas! To Paris-beautiful, frivilous. 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 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 merci-

"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 casuists 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 Right.

In a very handsome little church, not all its life and now, though so infirm 200 miles from Indianapolis, the read- from age that it cannot reach its perching platform is adorned by a remarka- or sit on it when placed there, it sits

Two Kinds of Conrtesy.

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 feaving 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.

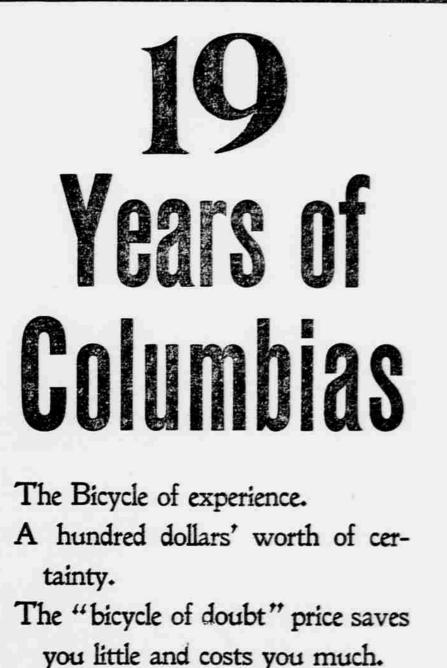
An old woman, shabby and shaky, ame up and asked him how to get to Canal street.

The minute the man became aware he 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 Woodtock, Vt., is the owner of a singing canary 21 years old, which has sung





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