

TAE T FATAL LOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AR into the night Margie sat reading the closely written sheets, penned by the hand now pulseless in death. All was made clear; Archer Trevlyn was fully exculpated. He was innocent of the crime which she had been influenced to believe he had committed. She fell on her knees and thanked God for that. Though lost to her it was a consolation ineffable to know that he had not taken the life of a fellow-mortal.

Her resolution was taken before morning. She had deeply wronged Archer Trevlyn, and she must go to him with a full confession, confess her fault, and plead for his forgiveness.

Castrani, who came in the morning, approved her decision, and Nurse Day, who was told the whole story, and listened with moist eyes, agreed with them both. So it happened that on the ensuing morning Margie bade farewell to the quiet home which had sheltered her through her bitterest sorrow, and accompanied by Castrani set forth for New York.

She went to her own home first. Her aunt was in the country, but the servants gave her a warm welcome, and after resting for an hour, she took her way to the residence of Archer Trevlyn, but a few squares distant.

A strange silence seemed to hang over the palatial mansion. The blinds were closed—there was no sign of life about the premises. A thrill of unexplained dread ran through her frame as she touched the silver-handled bell. The servant who answered her summons seemed to partake of the strange, solemn quiet pervading everything.

"Is Mr. Trevlyn in?" she asked, trembling in spite of herself.

"I believe Mr. Trevlyn has left the country, madam."

"Left the country? When did he go?"

"Some days ago."

"Mrs. Trevlyn—take me to her! She was an old friend of mine."

The man looked at her curiously, hesitated a moment, and motioning her to enter, indicated the closed door of the parlor.

"You can go in, I presume, as you are a friend of the family."

A feeling of solemnity, which was almost awe, stole over Margie as she turned the handle of the door and stepped inside the parlor. It was shrouded in the gloom of almost utter darkness.

Margie stopped by the door until her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and then she saw that the center of the room was occupied by a table, on which lay some rigid object—strangely long and still and angular—covered with a drapery of black velvet, looped up by dying water lilies.

Still controlled by that feeling of strange awe, Margie stole along to the table and lifted the massive cover. She saw beneath it the pale, dead face of Alexandrine Trevlyn. She dropped the pall, uttered a cry of horror, and sank upon a chair. The door unclosed noiselessly, and Mrs. Lee, the mother of the dead woman, came in.

"Oh, Margie! Margie!" she cried, "pity me! My heart is broken! My darling! My only child is taken from me!"

It was long before she grew composed enough to give any explanation of the tragedy—for tragedy Margie felt sure it was.

The story can be told in a few brief words. Alexandrine and her husband had had some difficulty. Mrs. Lee could not tell in relation to what, but she knew that Alexandrine blamed herself for the part she had taken. Mr. Trevlyn left her in anger to go to Philadelphia on business. He was expected to be absent about four days. Meanwhile his wife suffered agonies of remorse, and counted the hours until his return should give her the privilege of throwing herself at his feet and begging his forgiveness.

But he did not return. A week, ten days passed, and still no tidings. Alexandrine was almost frantic. On the eleventh day came a telegraphic dispatch, brief and cruel, as these heartless things invariably are, informing her that Mr. Trevlyn had closed his business in Philadelphia and was on the eve of leaving the country for an indefinite period. His destination was not mentioned, and his unhappy wife, feeling that if he left Philadelphia without her seeing him, all trace of him would be lost, hurried to the depot and set out for that city.

There had been an accident about half way between New York and Philadelphia and Alexandrine had been brought back to her splendid home—a corpse! That was all.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE summer days fled on and brought the autumn mellowness and splendor. Margie, outwardly calm and quiet, lived at Harrison Park with her staid maiden aunt.

A year passed away thus monotonously, then another, and no tidings

ever came of Archer Trevlyn. Margie thought of him now as we think of one being dead, with tender regret, and love almost reverent. He was dead to her, she said, but it was no sin to cherish his memory.

In the third year Margie's aunt married. It was quite a little romance. An old lover, discarded years before in a fit of girlish obstinacy, came back, after weary wanderings in search of happiness, and seeking out the love of other days, wooed and won her over again.

There was a quiet wedding, and then the happy pair decided on a trip to Europe. And, of course, Margie must accompany them. At first she demurred; she took so little pleasure in anything, she feared her presence might mar their happiness, and she dreaded to leave the place where she had passed so many delightful hours with him. But her aunt and Doctor Elbert refused to give her up, and so, one beautiful September morning, they sailed for Liverpool in the good ship Colossus.

For many days the voyage was prosperous, but in mid-ocean they fell upon stormy weather and the ship was tossed about at the mercy of the winds and waters. It was a terrible storm, and great apprehensions were entertained that the vessel might founder, but she would doubtless have weathered the blast in safety if she had not sprung a leak.

The fearful intelligence was announced just at the closing in of a dark dismal night, and every heart sank and every face was shrouded in gloom. Only for a moment! The men sprang to the pumps and worked with a will—as men will work for their lives—but their efforts were vain. The water increased in the hold, and it soon became evident that the Colossus would hardly keep afloat until morning.

But just when they were most helpless, most despairing, the lights of a strange ship were seen. They succeeded in making their desperate condition known, and by day-dawn all were safe on board the steamer, for the stranger proved to be a steamer on her way to New York.

The decks were crowded; Doctor Elbert was looking after his wife, and Margie, clinging to a rope, stood frightened and alone. Some one came to her, said a few words which the tempest made inaudible, and carried her below. The light of the cabin lamps fell full on her face. She uttered a cry, for in that moment she recognized Archer Trevlyn.

"Margie! Margie!" he cried, his fingers closing tightly over hers. "Margie! Mine! Mine at last! The ocean has given you up to me!"

"Oh, Archer, where have you been? It has been so weary! And I have wanted to see you so much—that I might tell you how I had wronged you—that I might ask you to forgive me. Will you pardon me for believing that you could ever be guilty of that man's death? If you knew all—if you knew how artfully it was represented to me—what overwhelming proofs were presented, you would not wonder—"

"I do know all, Margie; Alexandrine told me. My poor wife! God rest her. She believed me guilty and yet her fatal love for me overlooked the crime. She deceived me in many things, but she is dead, and I will not be unforgiving. She poisoned my mind with suspicions of you and Louis Castrani, and I was fool enough to credit her insinuations. Margie, I want you to pardon me."

"I do, freely, Castrani is a noble soul. I love him as I would a brother."

"Continue to do so, Margie. He deserves it, I think. The night I left home Alexandrine revealed to me the cause of your sudden rejection of me. We quarreled terribly. I remember it with bitter remorse. We parted in anger, Margie, and she died without my forgiveness and blessing. It was very hard, but perhaps at the last she did not suffer. I will believe so."

"If she sinned it was through love of you, Archer, and that should make you very forgiving toward her."

"I have forgiven her long ago. I know the proofs were strong against me. I am not sure but that they were sufficient to have convicted me of murder in a court of law. You were conscious of my presence that night in the graveyard, Margie?"

"Yes. I thought it was you. I knew no other man's presence had the power to thrill and impress me as yours did."

"I meant to impress you, Margie. I brought all the strength of my will to bear on that object. I said to myself, she shall know that I am near her, and yet my visible presence shall not be revealed to her. I had found out which was your window from one of the servants, and I watched its light which burned through the dusky twilight like the evening star. I wonder if you had a thought for me that night, Margie—your wedding night?"

"I did think of you—" she blushed, and hid her face on his shoulder—"I did think of you. I longed inexpressibly to fly to your side and be forever at rest."

"My darling!" he kissed her fondly, and went on: "I saw you leave your room by the window and come down the garden path. I had felt that you would come. I was not surprised that you did. I had expected it. I followed you silently, saw you kneel by the grave

of your parents, heard you call out upon your father for pity. O, how I loved and pitied you, Margie—but my tongue was tied—I had no right to speak—but I did kiss your hand. Did you know it, Margie?"

"Yes."

"You recognized me then? I meant you should. After that I hurried away. I was afraid to trust myself near you longer, lest I might be tempted to what I might repent. I fled away from the place and knew nothing of the fearful deed done there until the papers announced it next day."

"And I suspected you of the crime! O, Archer! Archer! how could I ever have been so blind? How can you ever forgive me?"

"I want forgiveness, Margie. I doubted you. I thought you were false to me, and had fled with Castrani. That unfortunate glove confirmed you, I suppose. I dropped it in my haste to escape without your observation, and afterward I expected to hear of it in connection with the finding of Liner's body. I never knew what became of it until my wife displayed it, that day when she taunted me with my crime. Poor Alexandrine! She had the misfortune to love me, and after your renunciation, and your departure from New York—in those days when I deemed you false and fair—I offered her my hand. I thought perhaps she might be happier as my wife, and I felt that I owed her something for her devoted love. I tried to do my duty by her, but a man never can do that by his wife, unless he loves her."

"You acted for what you thought was best, Archer."

"I did. Heaven knows I did. She died in coming to me to ask my forgiveness for the taunting words she had spoken at our last parting. I was cruel. I went away from her in pride and anger, and left behind me no means by which she could communicate with me. I deserved to suffer, and I have."

"And I also, Archer."

"My poor Margie! Do you know, dear, that it was the knowledge that you wanted me which was sending me home again? A month ago I saw Louis Castrani in Paris. He told me everything. He was delicate enough about it, darling; you need not blush for fear he might have told me you were grieving for me; but he made me understand that my future might not be so dark as I had begun to regard it. He read to me the dying confession of Arabel Vere, and made clear many things regarding which I had previously been in the dark. Is all peace between us, Margie?"

"All is peace, Archer. And God is very good."

"He is. I thank Him for it. And now I want to ask one thing more. I am not quite satisfied."

"Well?"

"Perhaps you will think it ill-timed—now that we are surrounded by strangers, and our very lives perhaps in peril—but I cannot wait. I have spent precious moments enough in waiting. It has been very long, Margie, since I heard you say you loved me, and I want to hear the words again."

She looked up at him shyly.

"Archer, how do I know but you have changed?"

"You know I have not. I have loved but one woman—I shall love no other through time and eternity. And now, at last, after all the distress and the sorrow we have passed through, will you give me your promise to meet whatever else fortune and fate may have in store for us, by my side?"

She put her face up to his, and he kissed her lips.

"Yours always, Archer. I have never had one thought for any other."

So a second time were Archer Trevlyn and Margie Harrison betrothed.

On the ensuing day the storm abated, and the steamer made a swift passage to New York.

Doctor and Mrs. Elbert were a little disappointed at the sudden termination of their bridal tour, but consoled themselves with the thought that they could try it over again in the spring.

Trevlyn remained in the city to adjust some business affairs which had suffered from his long absence, and Margie and her friends went up to her old home. He was to follow them thither on the ensuing day.

And so it happened that once more Margie sat in her old familiar chamber dressing for the coming of Archer Trevlyn. What should she put on? She remembered the rose-colored dress she had laid away that dreadful night so long ago. But now the rose-colored dreams had come back, why not wear the rose-colored dress?

To the unbounded horror of Florine, she arrayed herself in the old-fashioned dress, and waited for her lover. And she had not long to wait. She heard his well-remembered step in the hall, and a moment after she was folded in his arms.

"Yes. I thought it was you. I knew no other man's presence had the power to thrill and impress me as yours did."

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sometimes, of an evening, a quiet,

grave-faced man. A man who Archer Trevlyn and his wife love as a dear brother, and prize above all other earthly friends. And beside Louis Castrani, Leo sits, serene and contemplative, enjoying a green old age in peace and plenty. Castrani will never marry, but sometime in the hereafter, I think he will have his recompense.

(THE END.)

THE BIGGEST POLICEMAN.

He Is Said to Be Philadelphia's Capt Malin.

Philadelphia has cause for civic pride in the possession of the biggest and strongest guardian of the public peace in the country over—Police Captain Edward W. Malin of the Second division, says the Philadelphia Press. There may be heavier wearers of the blue uniform, but mere avoirdupois is not a thing to be proud of.

Capt. Malin measures in height 6 feet 6½ inches. His weight is 200 pounds, which makes him splendidly proportioned. Beside him the 6-foot 200-pounder looks small enough to be coxswain of a university crew.

The labor of growing heavenward so tremendously has not taxed his brain and vitality, for Capt. Malin is strong and hardy, and when he shakes your hand warmly you think of the great steam hammer in the Krupp gun works at Essen. As for a hearty slap on the back, a timid man would prefer a tap from a trolley car.

Capt. Malin will have been connected with the police force of Philadelphia nineteen years on the 26th of next October and has passed through the several grades of duty from that of a "sub" patrolman to the responsible position of one of the five captaincies of the Philadelphia police department—from "sub" to regular patrolman, to sergeant, to lieutenant, and to captain. His record has been an honorable one, and it goes without saying that Capt. Malin has had a comparatively peaceful career, although he has always been courageous and faithful to duty. But the most reckless lawbreaker or a syndicate of him would well hesitate to mix up in a personal encounter with a giant who would be more than likely to tuck the company under his arms and save the patrol wagon the trouble of carrying the victims of misguided confidence to the station.

He has been injured more than once in the performance of his duty, but, as the small boy said after the fight, "You ought to have seen the other chap." It is told of the big captain that when acting as lieutenant in the old police headquarters at Fifth and Chestnut streets, he was one day sitting by the door that led into the cellroom. Capt. Malin was alone and was trying to read a newspaper. In one of the cells a man with a many horse-powered voice was shouting aloud his yearning to get out and whip "anything with brass buttons on it."

"You got me in here when I was drunk and helpless. Now I'm sober and I can eat up any two coppers in the precinct. Only give me a show at them."

Lieut. Malin was patient until he deemed patience was a drug in the market. The bellicose prisoner was spoiling for blood. Nothing else would quiet him. The lieutenant sent for the jailer and told him to open the cell door, and as the hinge grated the fighter flew into the roll-call room with an incandescent glow in his eyes. The lieutenant slowly rose from his chair until he was looking down at the prisoner far below. He said gently:

"Were you looking for something?"

"I—I—I—thought I—"

"Hadn't you better go back and keep quiet?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir. Don't hit me, please," and the war was averted by arbitration.

Capt. Malin was born and "raised" on a farm near Gradyville, in Delaware county. He worked out of doors through his boyhood and didn't know what a cigarette was. Lots of work, sleep, fresh air, and healthful food made a man of him and gave him a famous start in life.

A DANGEROUS BIRD.

What Will Happen Some Day to an Incautious Hunter of Blue Herons.

"Some of these days," said the long-shore hunter, "I expect to open my daily paper and see a headline something like this: 'Killed by a blue heron,' and I'll tell you why. The blue heron is a big, powerful bird which has already disfigured the faces of several men. The men have wounded a bird and then thinking to capture it alive they went up to it. Why I'd as soon try to kiss a wounded grizzly. The birds grow as tall as six feet and have necks like a fish rod and just the kind of muscles to move it the quickest with the most strength. They could drive their bill points through a quarter-inch panel."

The hunter goes up to the bird and sees it lying there looking as innocent as a robin, with only a broken wing. "What a fine pet it would make," the fool hunter thinks. Then he picks the bird up and starts for home in a wagon or a boat, with the bird between his knees. The bird's neck is drawn back like a letter 'S'. All of a sudden the bill shoots up and gives the man a gash alongside the eye three inches long. That is what always has happened. The wounded bird has missed its aim, but sometimes, and you want to remember it, this feathered spearman will drive its bill far into its enemy's eye, and like a steel umbrella stick the point of the bill will penetrate the man's brain. I guess the bird's aim has always been spoiled by the pain of its wounds, and so many a human life has been saved. I don't monkey with wounded bitterns, or cranes—well, scarcely."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

INTERESTING READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"The Ruined Castle"—A Poem by Faraway Moses—A Young Knight—A Lesson in Patience—The Car Wheel Puzzle.

BUILT a castle in boyhood days, Far, far out on the desert thought. Approached by broad and winding ways, By my imagination wrought. The walls were built of mighty deeds,

The roof a sheet of polished gold, The ground was sown with flower seeds That withered not in heat nor cold.

Ah, such a winding pleasant road I dug around the sloping hills, Where I could carry ev'ry load Brought from Imagination's mills. I had so many, many years To make this castle all complete; There'd be no bitter sighs nor tears, No accidents to bring defeat.

Ah, many a day I sat in school And built this castle, room by room; I measured not by any rule, It simply grew like big mushroom. With open book before my eyes, I saw no letters, nor the page; My thoughts were soaring in the skies Where dwelt my hopes of future age.

Where is that glittering castle now? Its walls have tumbled to the ground; And o'er its ashes I must bow. Where all my boyhood hopes are found.

The winding road around the hills I could not use to draw my load; My burden came from Duty's mills, And Fate had built a narrow road.

This road led straight across the hills Of bitter hardships, want and toil; I passed Imagination's mills, All rusted for the want of oil.

And soon, where my great castle stood, I dug a grave, both wide and deep, And wrote with finger dipped in blood: "Here all my boyhood fancies sleep."

And still there is a winding road Leads far out into misty space; I gaze, while resting with my load, And try the winding way to trace. And yet, I know the path I go Leads over all those hills so steep; And, with my burden bending low, I walk until I fall asleep.

—Faraway Moses.

The Car Wheel Puzzle.

"I had a question put to me the other day that I was unable to answer," said a man who stood watching a cable car go abruptly around the curve at Thirtieth street and Grand avenue.

"Here is what puzzles me: The wheels of the car are firmly fastened to the axles, and the wheels can't turn unless the axles turn. The outer rail of a curve is longer than the inner rail. Does the outer wheel turn faster than the inner wheel, or does the latter slip?"

The other man had once been in the railway business, and he quickly replied: "That's easy. If you'll examine closely you'll see that the wheels, instead of being perfectly flat on the rim, are beveled, making the outer circumference smaller than the inside circumference. When a car turns a curve it has a tendency to go off at a tangent, or in other words, to jump the track, which it would do were it not for the flange on the inside of the outer wheel, which presses closely against the rail. The rail touches the inner wheel quite a distance from the flange. The result is that the diameter of the outer wheel where it rests upon the rail is greater than that of the inner wheel. This difference in diameter equalizes the difference in the length of the curved rails. Both wheels revolve with the same speed at their axles, but the outer wheel traverses a greater distance, because its diameter from the axle to the point of contact with the rail is greater."—Kansas City Star.

A Lesson in Patience.

One of the happiest little boys I ever saw, says the Washington Star, is a cripple, and he will never walk. His lower limbs are paralyzed, and the little fellow is wheeled around in a chair made for his special use. When I first saw him I thought how awful it must be for a 7-year-old boy not to be able to run and play like other children, and, without thinking, I asked: "Isn't it lovely here? Don't you wish you could run and jump?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, "I might like it, but I'm happy where I am, and perhaps I'd get hurt. Little boys do."

Then I felt rebuked, and the little boy, whistling and singing in the chair, playing with whatever is given him, the minutes of the hours by which the days are told like sunbeams lighting and gladdening life's pathway. Has been a lesson to me ever since I first saw him.

A Young Knight.

This story of practical benevolence is told by the Bible Reader:

It was a cold morning in early spring in Chicago. A little old man stood on the corner of Clark and Randolph streets selling newspapers.

He was thinly clad and kept trotting up and down trying to keep warm, and his voice was hoarse from cold, and passers-by could hardly hear him.

Some boys jeered and laughed at him, but one, about 13 years old, rather better dressed than the rest, after looking

at him for a few moments, walked up to him and said:

"I will shout for you."

The old man thought the boy was making fun of him, but the boy began to call out:

"Times, Herald, Tribune, News," in a clear voice, which attracted so many customers, that in a little while the old man sold his stock.

He offered to pay his youthful partner, but the boy would take nothing, and went off with a smiling face.

He Was an Old Family Friend.

An old man was leading a thin old horse across the common in the northern part of the city, when a passer-by asked him where he was going.

"I'm searching for a bit of green for the poor beast," he answered.

"I'd send him to the boneyard and to the glue factory," said the other, contemptuously.

"Would you?" asked the old man in a trembling voice; "if he had been the best friend you had in the world, and helped you to earn food for your family for nearly twenty-five years? If the children that's gone and the children that's livin' had played with their arms around his neck and their heads on him for a pillow, when they had no other? Sir, he's carried us to mill and to meetin', an', please God, he shall die like a Christian, an' I'll bury him with these old hands. Nobody'll ever abuse old Bill, for if he goes afore me there are those who are paid to look after him."

"I beg your pardon," said the man who had accosted him; "there is a difference in people."

"Ay, and in horses, too," said the old man, as he passed on with his four-footed friend.—Philadelphia Times.

Necessarily Slow.

An 8-year-old San Rafael boy was being lectured on obedience last evening. "I told you that you could play with the Wilson boys till 5 o'clock," said his mother. "Why didn't you come when I told you?"

"I did, mamma."

"Don't tell me a falsehood. Why didn't you come home at 5 o'clock?"

"I started home at five."

"Then you stopped to play on the way."

"No, mamma, sure I didn't."

"Do you expect me to believe that it took you two hours to walk half a mile? I think I shall have to punish you for telling me falsehoods."

"Honestly I started home at 5 o'clock, and came straight home."

The mother led the boy into the kitchen and took down the whip. He turned pale and tears welled up into his eyes.

"Now, sir, will you tell me the truth?"

"Ye-es, mamma; Charlie Wilson gave me a mud turtle—and I was afraid—to carry it—so I led it home."

A New Name for the Drink.

A little girl in Manchester attended a Band of Hope meeting, says the National Temperance Advocate, and, on the speaker remarking that the drink stripped homes of furniture and women and children of their clothes, she excitedly exclaimed:

"That's just what it does at our house."

On reaching home her father insisted upon sending her to the public house for drink. Arrived there, she dashed the money upon the counter and passionately asked for three penny worth of "strip-me-naked."

Flowers as an Advertisement.

A Utah railroad man advertised his road by sending a carload of lilacs to Colorado mining districts. The flowers were gathered by school children, and the car left a trail of joy and fragrance wherever it went.—Chicago Tribune.

A Copper Relic.

Joseph Lang, of Dekorra, Columbia county, Wisconsin, has a copper spear head six inches long and about one inch wide that he found on his farm. The shank end, instead of being pointed to go into a handle, was bent around so as to form a socket for the shaft.

Curious Facts.

Scientific lectures are delivered to prisoners in some English jails.

Pennsylvania's Supreme Court has decided that water consumers are not liable for charges in case impure water is furnished.

Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man is found in the ancient temples of Egypt, in connection with stonework, which is known to be at least four thousand years old. This, the only wood used in the construction of the temple, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stem to another.

A railroad man has compiled statistics which show that there is only one railroad passenger killed out of every 1,985,153 carried on the railways, and that for every 183,822 carried only one likely to be injured. He bases his calculations on the fatalities and casualties on railroads during the last twelve years. His figures further show that a man's chances are such that he would have to travel 4,406,659 miles before getting hurt, and go 47,588,000 miles before being killed.

"They say the biggest fish are never caught," said a fisherman. "There used to be a big striped bass that loafed around the old iron pier at Coney Island. Half a dozen men hooked him one time and another, but they all lost him. One day a man sitting there fishing thought he'd got him sure, but the bass took a turn around a spile, the fisherman broke his line trying to clear it, and he lost him just as all the rest had done. I never heard of this bass being caught, and I dare say he's loafing around there still."