

TAE TATAL GLOVE. BY CLARA AUGUSTA INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER I.

ARCH Trevlyn had had a good day. Business had been brisk. The rain had fallen steadily since daybreak, and the street crossings in New York were ankle deep in mud. The little street sweeper's arms ached fearfully, but his pocket was full of pennies, interspersed with an occasional half dime.

The clouds were breaking in the west, and a gleam of sunshine gilded the tall tower of St. John's. Arch shouldered his broom, and whistled a merry tune as he took his way homeward. His bright dark eyes sparkled as he thought how the sight of his earnings would cheer his feeble mother. She could have tea now, with real milk and some sugar in it, and an orange, too. Only yesterday she was wishing she had an orange.

Arch's way led past a horticulturist's store, and his eyes wandered longingly over the display of flowers in the window. He must have just one wee white rose, because, only the Sabbath before, while he sat at his mother's feet, she had wept in telling him about the sweet roses that used to grow under the window of the little country cottage where her happy youth had been spent.

The white rose would be like bringing back to her ever so little a bit of the happy past. It could not cost much, and Arch felt wealthy as a prince. He stepped into the store and asked the price of a white rose. The clerk answered him roughly:

"Get out of the store, you young rascal. You want to steal something."

"I am not a thief, sir," said the boy, proudly, his sallow cheeks crimsoning hotly. "I want a rose for my mother. I guess I can pay for it."

"It's half a dollar, if you want it," said the man sneeringly. "Show your money, or take yourself off this minute!"

Arch's countenance fell. He had not half a dollar in all. He turned sadly away, his head drooping, his lip quivering. Oh, how very hard it was to be poor, he thought, looking enviously at the costly carriage with a pair of splendid grays, standing before the door.

"Stop, little boy!" said a sweet voice from somewhere among the roses and heliotropes. "Is your mother sick?"

Arch removed his cap—some inborn spirit of courtesy prompting him to be reverent toward the glorious vision which burst upon him. For a moment he thought he saw an angel, and almost expected that she would unfold her silvery wings, and vanish in a golden cloud from his sight. But after the first glance he saw that she was a little girl about his own age—eight or nine years old, perhaps—with yellow curls, deep hazel eyes, a mouth like a rosebud, and a blue silk frock. She repeated the question:

"Is your mother sick, little boy?"

"No, she is not sick, for she always sits up, and sews. But she is not strong, and her cheeks never have any color in them, like yours."

"And does she love flowers?"

"Yes, she loves them dearly. She kisses them always, when she has any. And that's not often."

"Does she? That's nice. Just like I do!" said the little girl in a pleased voice. "Mr. Burns—to the gruff clerk—'here is a dollar. Give me some real nice roses, and two or three sweet pinks. The lady shall have some flowers. Tell her I sent them.'"

"Who shall I say sent them?"

"Margie Harrison. Will she know me, think?"

"I guess not. But it's all the same. I shall tell her you are one of the angels, any way. She knows about them, for she's told me ever so much about them."

The little girl laughed, and gave him the flowers.

"Don't soil them with your grimy hands," she said a little saucily; "and when you get home—let's see, what's your name?"

"Archer Trevlyn."

who was all the world to him. It was a poor part of the city—an old, tumble down wooden house, swarming with tenants, teeming with misery, filth and crime.

Up a crazy flight of steps, and turning to the right, Arch saw that the door of his mother's room was half open, and the storm had beaten in on the floor. It was all damp and dismal, and such an indescribable air of desolation over everything! Arch's heart beat a little slower as he went in. His mother sat in an arm chair by the window, an uncovered box in her lap, and a miniature locket clasped in her hand.

"Oh, mother! mother dearest!" cried Arch, holding up the flowers, "only look what I have got! An angel gave them to me! A very angel, with hair like the sunshine, and a blue frock, all real silk! And I have got my pocket full of pennies, and you shall have an orange, mother, and ever so many nice little things beside. See, mother dear!"

He displayed a handful of coin, but she did not notice him. He looked at her through the gloom of the twilight, and a feeling of terrible awe stole over him. He crept to her side and touched her cheek with his finger. It was cold as ice. A mortal pallor overspread his face; the pennies and the flowers rolled unheeded to the floor.

"Dead! dead! My mother is dead!" he cried.

He did not display any of the passionate grief which is natural to childhood—there were no tears in his feverish eyes. He took her cold hands in his own, and stood there all night long, smoothing back the beautiful hair and talking to her as one would talk to a sick child.

It was thus that Mat Miller found him the next morning. Mat was a little older than himself—a street sweeper, also. She and Arch had always been good friends; they sympathized with each other when bad luck was on them, and they cheered lustily when fortune smiled.

"Hurrah, Arch!" cried Mat, as she burst into the room; "it rains again, and we shall get a harvest! Good gracious, Arch! is—your—mother—dead?"

"Hush!" said the boy, putting down the cold hand; "I have been trying to warm her all night, but it's no use. Only just feel how like ice my hands are. I wish I was an cold all over, and then they would let me stay with my mother."

"Oh, Arch!" cried the girl, sinking down beside him on the desolate hearth. "It's a hard world to live in. I wonder if, when folks be dead, they have to sweep crossings, and be kicked and be cuffed round by old grandmas when they don't get no pennies? If they don't then I wish I was dead, too, Arch!"

"I suppose it's wicked, Mat. She used to say so. She told me never to get tired of waiting for God's own time—her very words, Mat. Well, now her time has come, and I am all alone—all alone! Oh, mother—mother!" He threw himself down before the dead woman, and his form shook with emotion, but not a tear came to his eyes. Only that hard, stony look of hopeless despair. Mat crept up to him and took his head in her lap, smoothing softly the matted chestnut hair.

"Don't take on so, Arch, don't!" she cried, the tears running down over her sunburnt face. "I'll be a mother to ye, Arch! I will, indeed! I know I'm a little brat, but I love you, Arch, and some time, when we get bigger, I'll marry you, Arch, and we'll live in the country, where there's birds and flowers, and it's just like the park all round. Don't feel so, don't!"

Arch pressed the dirty little hands that fluttered about him—for, next to his mother, he loved Mat.

"I will go out now and call somebody," she said; "there's Mrs. Hill and Peggy Sullivan, if she ain't drunk. Either of them will come!" And a few minutes later the room was filled with the rude neighbors.

They did not think it necessary to call a coroner. She had been ailing for a long time. Heart complaint, the physician said—and she had probably died in one of those spasms to which she was subject. So they robbed her for the grave, and when all was done, Arch stole in and laid the pinks and roses on her breast.

"Oh, mother! mother!" he said, bending over her in agony, "she sent them to you, and you shall have them! I thought they would make you so happy! Well, maybe they will now! Who can tell?"

The funeral was a very poor one. A kind city missionary prayed over the remains, and the hearse was followed to Potter's Field only by Mat and Arch—ragged and tattered, but sincere mourners.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN they came back Mat took Arch's hand and led him into the wretched den she called home.

"You shall stay here, Arch," with Grandma Rugg and me. She said you might if you'd be a good boy, and cat. Grandma's not plague the rough one, but she ain't kicked me since I tore her cap off. I'm too big to be

kicked now. Sit down, Arch; you know you can't stay at home now."

Yes, to be sure he could not stay there any longer. No one knew that any better than Arch. The landlord had warned him out that very morning. A half-quarter's rent was still due, and the meager furniture would hardly suffice to satisfy his claim. Hitherto, Mrs. Trevlyn had managed to pay her own expenses, but now that she was gone, Arch knew that it was more than folly to think of renting a room. But he could not suppress a cry of pain when they came to take away the things, and when they laid their rude hands on the chair in which his mother died, poor Arch could endure no more, but fled out into the street and wandered about till hunger and weariness forced him back to the old haunt.

He accepted the hospitality of Grandma Rugg, and made his home with her and Mat. The influences which surrounded him were not calculated to develop good principles, and Arch grew rude and boisterous, like the other street boys. He heard the vilest language—oaths were the rule rather than the exception in Grigg Court, and the place was called—and gambling, and drunkenness, and licentiousness abounded. Still, it was singular how much evil Arch shunned.

But there was growing within him a principle of bitter hatred, which one day might embitter his whole existence. Perhaps he had cause for it; he thought he had, and cherished it with jealous care, lest it should be annihilated as the years went on.

From his mother's private papers he had learned much of her history that he had before been ignorant of. She had never spoken to him very freely of the past. She knew how proud and high his temper was, and acted with wisdom in burying the story of her wrongs in her own breast.

Her father, Hubert Trevlyn, had come of a proud family. There was no bluer blood in the land than that which ran in the veins of the Trevlyns. Not very far back they had an earl for their ancestor, and better than that, the whole long lineage had never been tarnished by a breath of dishonor.

Hubert was the sole child of his father, and in him were centered many bright and precious hopes. His father was a kind parent, though a stern one, who would never brook a shade of disobedience in this boy upon whom his fondest hopes and aspirations were fixed.

When Hubert was about twenty-four he went into the country for his health, which was never very robust, and while there he met Helen Crayton. It was a case of love at first sight, but none the less pure and steadfast on that account. Helen was an orphan—a poor seamstress, but beautiful and intelligent beyond any woman he had ever met. They loved, and they would not be cheated out of their happiness by any worldly opposition. Hubert wrote to his father, informing him of his love for Helen, and asking his consent to their union. Such a letter as he received in return! It bade him give up the girl at once and return home. If he ever spoke of her again he was disowned forever! He might consider himself houseless and homeless.

Hubert had some of the proud Trevlyn blood in his composition, and this letter roused it thoroughly. A week afterward he was the husband of Helen Crayton. He took his young wife to the city, and, having something of a talent for painting, he opened a studio, hoping to receive sufficient patronage from his friends to support his family in comfort.

NEW SUBMARINE BOAT.

In Which Three Men Can Live Under Water Twelve Hours.

Yet another submarine boat has been invented, or is it an old friend under an assumed name? Be this as it may, a submarine boat, ordered by the Brazilian government, was to be tried this week on the Seine, and the trials being satisfactory other and larger vessels are to be built, says the Court Journal. The new boat, which is named the Goubet, is some twenty-six feet long, about 5 feet 6 inches in diameter in the center, and has a displacement of about ten tons. The motive power is supplied by electricity, and the screw also serves the purpose of a rudder, the shaft being joined so as to enable it to be turned either to the right or to the left. Three men, the inventor claims, can live under water in the Goubet for twelve hours with the supply of compressed air. This has, of course, to be proved; but in the event of anything going wrong, a lead keel, weighing over a ton will be dropped, and the boat will at once come to the surface like a cork. On account of electricity being used for supplying the propelling power, the sphere of action of the new boat must of necessity be very limited, as compasses cannot be used, but it could do all that is required of it, if taken on board a vessel and launched when the enemy's ships were in sight. The Goubet's mission is to throw torpedoes, and if the arrangement for throwing these projectiles can be relied upon, she will prove a formidable antagonist. To sink the Goubet water is let into compartments in the lower part of the boat, and when it is sunk to any required depth in that position it remains exactly, the arrangement for sinking the vessel being so beautifully and carefully arranged. One ounce of water—more or less—will cause the boat to sink lower or come nearer the surface.

Floods of the Nile are so regular, in their coming that for hundreds of years they have not varied ten days in the date of their arrival at a given point. The Nile mud, which renders Egypt a habitable country, is said to bear a striking resemblance to that which every season is brought down by Missouri.

Good News from South Dakota.

The glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer.

South Dakota has thousands of acres of choice farming and ranch land lying east of the Missouri river, and within one day's ride from Chicago or Milwaukee which can now be bought reasonably cheap, but which before the end of another year may be advanced in price.

The stock raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep growing in that state.

Diversified farming, the growing of live stock, and the products of the dairy, are placing South Dakota foremost in the ranks of the successful western states.

Those desiring full information on the subject, and particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., or H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 295 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Borrowing in India.

India is a nation of pawnshops, according to Gen. Booth. The people think the cleverest man is he who devises the largest number of ways by which to borrow money. They put in pledge their lands, oxen, jewelry, themselves, their children and their grandchildren, and cases have even been known where a father, to obtain money to defray the expenses of his daughter's wedding, has pledged as collateral the first child to be born of the union.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Company, printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all responsible druggists.

Too Affectionate.

"How was poor Mr. Wilkes so badly hurt?"

"He was engaged to Miss Berkshire, and she had on a pair of those pneumatic sleeves. When she met him at the station he was so overjoyed that he hugged her a little too hard, and they burst."—Harper's Bazar.

Very low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway for excursions of September 15th and 23rd, to the south for Home-seekers and Harvesters. For particulars apply to the nearest local agent or address:

The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219.

Half's Cataract Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

In what place did the cock crow when all the world heard him? In Noah's Ark.

Every one knows that these hard, close-fitted times will not last forever.

O, friend, as long as I study and practice humility, I know where I am.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the best of all cough cures. —George W. Lutz, Faber, Ia., August 26, 1895.

A hen-pecked husband has very little to crow over.

ANNA IVOR'S REQUEST.

Personal letters reach Mrs. Pinkham by thousands; some asking advice, and others, like the following, telling of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done and will ever continue to do in eradicating those fearful

female complaints so little understood by physicians.

All womb and ovarian troubles, irregularities, whites, bearing-down pains, displacements, tendency to cancer and tumor are cured permanently.

"I feel as if I owed my life to your Vegetable Compound. After the birth of my babe I was very miserable. I had a drawing pain in the lower part of my bowels, no strength, and a terrible headache. Every day I failed. My husband said if I would try a bottle of your Vegetable Compound, he would get it for me. The change was wonderful. After I had taken the first half bottle I began to have great faith in it. When I had taken three bottles I was well and growing stout. It is a pleasure for me to write this to you. I only ask women in any way afflicted with female troubles to try it."—MRS. ANNA IVOR, Pittsford Mills, Rutland Co., Vt.

MORRIS PERFECT WELL POINTS

EVERY FARMER IN THE NORTH CAN MAKE MORE MONEY IN THE MIDDLE SOUTH.

Look Out For Imitations of Walter Baker & Co.'s Premium No. 1 Chocolate. Always ask for, and see that you get, the article made by WALTER BAKER & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

Harvest Excursion.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western states and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other states in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: September 15, 20, and October 6 and 20, at the low rate of two dollars more than one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address Geo. H. Hedford, General Passenger agent, Chicago, Ill.

The volcano at Kilauca, in the Hawaiian Isles, is in brilliant eruption again and has created a great lake of liquid lava.

Blood Pure?

Is it? Then take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and keep it so. One fact is positively established and that is that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will purify the blood more perfectly, more economically and more speedily than any other remedy in the market. There are fifty years of cures behind this statement; a record no other remedy can show. You waste time and money when you take anything to purify the blood except

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Battle Ax & Plug advertisement featuring an illustration of a man with an axe and the text: "I am Bigger than the Biggest; Better than the Best!"

19 Years' Accumulated Science and Skill Columbia Bicycles advertisement featuring the Columbia logo and text: "STANDARD OF THE WORLD"

Look Out For Imitations of Walter Baker & Co.'s Premium No. 1 Chocolate advertisement.

EVERY FARMER IN THE NORTH CAN MAKE MORE MONEY IN THE MIDDLE SOUTH advertisement.