

TAE TATAL LOVE

BY CLARA AUGUSTA INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued)

But he had not rightfully calculated the extent of his father's hatred. He made himself the evil genius of his disobedient son; and, in consequence, nothing Hubert touched prospered. Mr. Trevlyn destroyed the confidence of his friends in him; he circulated scandalous reports of his wife; he made the public to look with suspicious eyes upon the unfortunate pair, and took the honestly earned bread out of their very mouths. From bad to worse it went on, until, broken in health and spirits, Hubert made an appeal to his father. It was a cold, wet night, and he begged for a little food for his wife and child. They were literally starving! Begged of his own father, and was refused with curses. Not only refused, but kicked like a dog from the door of his childhood's home! There was a fearful storm that night, and Hubert did not come back. All night his young wife sat waiting for him, hushing the feeble cries of the weary infant upon her breast. With the dawn, she muffled herself and child in a shawl and went forth to seek him. Half way from her wretched home to the palatial mansion of Mr. Trevlyn she found her husband, stone dead, and shrouded in the snow—the tender, pitiful snow, that covered him and his wretchedness from sight.

After that, people who knew Mr. Trevlyn said that he grew more fretful and disagreeable. His hair was bleached white as the snow, his hands shook, and his erect frame was bowed and bent like that of a very aged man. His wife, Hubert's mother, pined away to a mere shadow, and before the lapse of a year she was a hopeless idiot.

Heaven Trevlyn took up the burden of her life, refusing to despair because of her child. It was a very hard struggle for her, and she lived on, until, as we have seen, when Archer was nine years of age, she died.

When all this was known to Archer Trevlyn he was almost beside himself with passion. If he had possessed the power, he would have wiped the whole Trevlyn race out of existence. He shut himself up in his desolate garret with the tell-tale letters and papers which had belonged to his mother and there, all alone, he took a fearful oath of vengeance. The wrongs of his parents should yet be visited upon the head of the man who had been so cruelly unyielding. He did not know what form his revenge might take, but, so sure as he lived, it should fall some time!

CHAPTER III.

FIVE years passed. Archer was fourteen years of age. He had left the street sweeping business some time before, at the command of Grandma Rugg, and entered a third-class restaurant as an under waiter. It was not the best school in the world for good morals. The people who frequented the Garden Rooms, as they were called, were mostly of a low class, and all the interests and associations surrounding Archer were bad. But perhaps he was not one to be influenced very largely by his surroundings. So the Garden Rooms, if they did not make him better, did not make him worse.

In all these years he had kept the memory of Margie Harrison fresh and green, though he had not seen her since the day his mother died. The remembrance of her beauty and purity kept him oftentimes from sin; and when he felt tempted to give utterance to oaths, her soft eyes seemed to come between him and temptation.

One day he was going across the street to make change for a customer, when a stylish carriage came dashing along. The horses shied at some object, and the pole of the carriage struck Archer and knocked him down. The driver drew in the horses with an imprecation.

Archer picked himself up, and stood recovering his cattered senses, leaning against a lamppost.

"Served ye right!" said the coachman roughly. "You'd no business to be running befront of folks' carriages."

"Stop!" said a clear voice inside the coach. "What has occurred, Peter?"

"Only a ragged boy knocked down; but he's up again all right. Shall I drive on? You will be late to the concert."

"I shall survive it, if I am," said the voice. "Get down and open the door. I must see if the child is hurt."

"It's no child, miss; it is a boy older than yourself," said the man, surlyly obeying the command.

Margie Harrison descended to the pavement. From the sweet voice, Archer had almost expected to see her. A flush of grateful admiration lit up his face. She beamed upon him like a star from the depths of the clouds.

"Are you hurt?" she asked kindly. "It was very careless of Peter to let the carriage strike you. Allow us to take you home."

"Thank you," he said. "I am close to where I work, and I am not hurt. It is only a trifling bruise."

Something familiar about him seemed to strike her; she looked at him with a strangely puzzled face, but he gave her no light.

"Is there nothing we can do for you?" she asked at length.

A great presumption almost took his breath away. He gave it voice on the moment, afraid if he waited he should lose the courage.

"If you will give me the cluster of bluebells in your belt—"

She looked surprised, hesitated a moment, then laid them in his hand. He bowed, and was lost in the crowd.

That night when he got home he found Mat worse. She had been fainting for a long time. She was a large girl now, with great, preternaturally bright eyes, and a spot of crimson in each hollow cheek.

It was more than three months since she had been able to do anything, and Grandma Rugg was very harsh and severe with her in consequence. There were black and blue places on her shoulders now where she had been beaten, but Arch did not know it. Mat never spoke to him about her sufferings, because it distressed him so, and made him very angry with the old woman.

He went in and sat down on the straw beside Mat, and before he knew it he was telling her about Margie Harrison. He always brought all his joys and sorrows to Mat now, just as he used to carry them to his mother.

The girl listened intently, the spots on her face growing deeper and wider. She looked at the bluebells wistfully, but would not touch them. Arch offered her a spray. She shook her head sadly.

"No," she said, "they are not for me. Keep them, Arch. Some time, I think, you will be rich and happy, and have all the flowers and beautiful things you wish."

"If I ever am, Mat, you shall be my queen, and dress in gold and silver," answered the boy warmly, "and never do any more heavy work to make your hands hard."

"You are very good, Arch," she said. "I thank you, but I shall not be there, you know. I think I am going away—going where I shall see my mother, and your mother, too, Arch, and where all the world will be full of flowers! Then I shall think of you, Arch, and wish I could send you some."

"Mat, dear Mat! don't talk so strangely!" said the boy, clasping her hot hands in his. "You must not think of going away! What should I do without you?"

She smiled, and touched her lips to his hand, which had stolen under her head, and lay so near her cheek.

"You would forget me, Arch. I mean after a time, and I should want you. But I love you better than anything else in all the world. And it is better that I should die. A great deal better! Last night I dreamed it was. Your mother came and told me so. Do you know how jealous I have been of that Margie Harrison? I have watched you closely. I have seen you kiss a dead rose that I knew she gave you. And I longed to see her so much, that I have waited around the splendid house where she lives, and seen her time and again come out to ride, with her beautiful dresses, and the white feather in her hat, and the wild roses on her cheeks. And my heart ached with such a hot, bitter pain. But it's all over now, Arch. I am not jealous now. I love her and you—both of you together. If I do go away, I want you to think kindly of me, and—"

"—good-night, Arch—dear Arch. I am so tired."

He gathered her head to his bosom, and kissed her lips.

Poor little Mat! In the morning, when Arch came down, she had indeed gone away—drifted out with the tide and with the silent night.

After Mat's death the home at Grandma Rugg's became insupportable to Arch. He could not remain there. The old woman was crosser than ever, and though he gave her every penny of his earnings, she was not satisfied.

So Arch took lodgings in another part of the city, quite as poor a place, but there no one had the right to grumble at him. Still, because she was some relation to Mat, he gave Grandma Rugg full half of his money, but he never remained inside her doors longer than necessity demanded.

In his new lodgings he became acquainted with a middle-aged man who represented himself as a retired army officer. His name was John Sharp—a sleek, keen-eyed, smooth-tongued individual, who never boasted or blustered, but who gave people the idea that at some time he had been a person of consequence. This man attached himself particularly to Arch Trevlyn.

With insidious cunning he wormed himself into the boy's confidence, and gained, to a certain degree, his friendship. Arch did not trust him entirely, though. There was something about him from which he shrank—the touch of his white, jeweled hand, made his flesh creep, like the touch of a serpent.

But Mr. Sharp had an object to gain, and set himself resolutely to work to carry his point. He made himself necessary to Arch. He bought him books, and taught him in the evenings, when neither were engaged otherwise. He had been well educated, and in Arch he had an apt scholar. Every spare moment of the boy's life was absorbed in his books.

By and by Sharp learned the whole history of the wrongs inflicted on Arch's parents by old Mr. Trevlyn. He snapped at the story as a dog snaps at a bone.

But he was cautious and patient, and it was a long time before he showed himself to Arch in his true character. And then, when he did, the revelation had been made so much by degrees, that the boy was hardly shocked to find that his friend was a housebreaker and a highway robber.

Long before he had formed a plan to rob the house of Mr. Trevlyn. It was a field that promised well. Mr. Trevlyn, with the idiosyncrasy of age, had invested most of his fortune in diamonds, and these he kept in a chamber in his house. His chief delight consisted in gloating over these precious stones. Night after night he would sit handling his diamonds, chuckling over his wealth, and threatening imaginary plunderers with destruction.

So, his servants said, and Sharp repeated the story to Arch with sundry variations and alterations suited to the case. He had a persuasive tongue, and it is little wonder that the boy, hating his grandfather as he did, and resolved as he was upon revenging his father's wrongs, should fall into the snare. He wanted Mr. Trevlyn to suffer—he did not care how. If the loss of his diamonds would be to him a severer blow than any other, then let it fall.

Sharp used many specious arguments to induce Arch to become his accomplice in robbing the Trevlyn mansion, but the only one which had any weight was that he could thus revenge his father's wrongs.

"Only assist me, and secure your revenge," said the wily schemer, "and I will share the spoils with you. There will be enough to enrich us both for life."

Arch drew himself up proudly, a fiery red on his cheek, a dangerous gleam in his dark eye.

"I am no thief, sir! I'd scorn to take a cent from that old man to use for my benefit! I would not touch his diamonds if they lay here at my feet. But if I can make him suffer anything like as my poor father suffered through him, then I am ready to turn robber—yes, pickpocket, if you will!" he added savagely.

Sharp appointed the night. His plans were craftily laid. Mr. Trevlyn had ascertained would be absent on Thursday night; he had taken a little journey into the country for his health, and only the servants and his ward would sleep in the house.

Thursday night was dark and rainy. At midnight Sharp and Arch stood before the house they were to plunder. No thought of shame nor sin entered Archer Trevlyn's heart; he did not seem to think he was about to disgrace himself for life; he thought only of Mr. Trevlyn's dismay when he should return and find the bulk of his riches swept away from him at one blow.

"He took all my father had," he said, under his breath; "he would have sullied the fair fame of my mother, and if I could take from him everything but life, I would do it."

Sharp, with a dexterous skill, removed the fastenings of a shutter, and then the window yielded readily to his touch. He stepped inside; Arch followed. All was quiet, save the heavy ticking of the old clock on the hall stairs. Up the thickly carpeted stairway, along the corridor they passed, and Sharp stopped before a closed door.

"We must pass through one room before reaching that where the safe is which contains the treasure," he said, in a whisper. "It is possible that there may be some one sleeping in that room. If so, leave them to me, that is all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AFTER HER GOLDEN LOCKS.

Miss Martha Panzeram Has a Narrow Escape from a Razor.

A razor, a young lady and a covetous man were the cause of a lot of excitement at the Washington house last night about 7:30 o'clock, says the Nebraska State Journal. The young lady was Miss Martha Panzeram. She was in the kitchen attending to some domestic duties, when she heard a rap on the door. She opened it and a man asked her for a drink of water. She turned to get it for him. The minute her back was turned he made a spring and grabbed her by her hair, which she usually wore braided down her back. He made one swift stroke with a razor, but as she turned partly around he only succeeded in cutting off a few locks. She screamed and the man ran out of the door. As he ran another man, who had evidently been watching the rear of the building, joined him and together they made their escape.

A report was sent to the station at once and Sergt. Nash was detailed to look up the man. He got as good a description as was obtainable from a boy who saw the men from a stable back of the hotel and from the young lady. He arrested a young fellow who gave his name as William McCarthy. He had a razor in his clothing, but nothing else to show that he may have been the man who was after Miss Panzeram's golden locks. The boy partly identified McCarthy as the assailant.

Miss Panzeram has a beautiful head of hair remaining. It is golden brown in color and reaches to her waist. The locks which were severed were found outside the door, where they were dropped by the man.

The perpetrator of the deed, if caught, will have to answer to the charge of making an assault with intent to disfigure. The penalty is imprisonment for one year in the penitentiary.

Sugar Coming In.

Treasury officials expect an immense importation of sugar during the next four months, which will add largely to the income of the government. The present stock of raw sugar is the smallest this country has had for years.

THE Fate of Windsor Castle.

The St. James Gazette says that the gold plate of Windsor Castle consists of about 10,000 pieces. It is kept in the gold pantry, which is an iron room situated on the ground floor under the royal apartments. The clerk of the pantry gives it out in iron boxes and receives a receipt for it. It is carried by special train, under escort of a guard of soldiers, and delivered to the butler at Buckingham palace. He gives a receipt for it and is responsible for it while it remains at the palace. The same formalities are observed in taking it back, and all persons concerned are glad when it is once more restored to the safe keeping of the gold pantry. The total value of the plate in this department is nearly £2,000,000. A great deal of it dates from the reign of George IV., but among the antiquities are some pieces which were taken from the Armada.

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half rates for round trip will be made to points in the south by the Louisville & Nashville railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or J. K. Ridgely, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

The North American Review for September opens with a most interesting paper by His Excellency, Sir Alfred Moloney, Governor of British Honduras, entitled "From a Silver to a Gold Standard in British Honduras," wherein is described a financial transaction unique in the history of currency, and the material benefits derived from an establishment of a country upon a gold basis.

Didn't Want to Labor.

Farmer's Wife—Why did you get up and leave that piece of wheat? "Tramp—I didn't ask for work, ma'am; I asked for something to eat."—Comic Cuts.

Hall's Cataract Cure.

Is a constitutional cure. Price, 75c. The nickel cent was authorized February 21, 1857, and its coinage was begun the same year.

STY stopped free and permanently cured.

See after first day's use of Dr. H. H. Green's New Sty Remedy. Price 25c. Sold by Dr. Kline, 511 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

People acquire a little more pride as they grow older but they are as weak as ever.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething.

No one can go out in what is called society without being somewhat of a cad.

Two bottles of Pilo's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.

Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 25, 1895. The standard dollar weighs 412 1/2 grains; the half-dollar 208.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Chloroform.

The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., S. Haven, Ct.

AN OPEN LETTER.

What Mrs. I. E. Bronson Says to American Women.

Speaks of Her Melancholy Condition After the Birth of Her Child.

"I feel as if I was doing an injustice to my suffering sisters if I did not tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me, and its worth to the world."

"From the birth of my child until he was four years old, I was in poor health, but feeling convinced that half of the ailments of women were imagined or else cultivated, I fought against my bad feelings, until I was obliged to give up. My disease baffled the best doctors."

"I was nervous, hysterical; my head ached with such a terrible burning sensation on the top, and felt as if a band was drawn tightly about my brow; inflammation of the stomach, no appetite, nausea at the sight of food, indigestion, constipation, bladder and kidney troubles, palpitation of the heart, attacks of melancholia would occur without any provocation whatever, numbness of the limbs, threatening paralysis, and loss of memory to such an extent that I feared aberration of the mind."

"A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and spoke in glowing terms of what it had done for her."

"I began its use and gained rapidly. Now I am a living advertisement of its merits. I had not used it a year when I was the envy of the whole town, for my rosy, dimpled, girlish looks and perfect health."

"I recommend it to all women. I find a great advantage in being able to say, it is by a woman's hands this great boon is given to women. All honor to the name of Lydia E. Pinkham; wide success to the Vegetable Compound."

"Yours in Health, Mrs. I. E. Bronson, Herculaneum, Jefferson Co., Mo."

Paroled to Admit It.

When Miss Elizabeth L. Banks, an American correspondent, was granted an interview with Li Hung Chang, in London, the latter opened a rapid fire of questions that rather disconcerted the lady. He asked how much she earned by writing, how old she was, why she wasn't married, etc. When Miss Banks got her innings, finally, the most important inquiry she had to put to the great statesman of the east was what women he considered the most beautiful and clever. At first he assured Miss Banks that all women were lovely. When cornered the old fox admitted, of course, that the American women were unapproachable in beauty, wit and niceness.

Extremely Literal.

No Christian sect, perhaps, is more strict in accepting the bible literally than the dunkards. The Living Church says that the question was once submitted at a dunkard meeting whether it was lawful for the brethren to patronize or establish high schools, and the answer was in the negative, on the ground that the bible tells Christians to mind not high things, but to condescend to men of low estate.

She'll Hit 'Em Hard.

"I suppose, Miss Starleigh, during your stay abroad you secured several new attractions for the theatrical public next season?" "Oh, yes; four of the loveliest gowns ever worn on or off the stage."—Philadelphia North American.

A Sure Sign.

Allice—What makes you think he loves you? Maude—He has never asked me to sacrifice myself by becoming his wife.—Philadelphia North American.

Wine Lines.

Buzzfuzz—Are there any fine lines in Smither's new play? Sizistop—If you refer to the curves of the chorus girls, they were never excelled.—Joker.

A distinguished feature of the September North American Review, is an open letter addressed to Senator John Sherman by the venerable Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, founder of Robert College at Constantinople, in which under the title of "America's Duty to Americans in Turkey," he protests against the lax protection bestowed by the American government on American missionaries in connection with the present troubles in America.

France has more money in circulation in proportion to its population than any other country.

Just a Little Too Thin. Mrs. Weary (reading)—The body of a book agent was found on Stankard this morning. He had evidently been murdered. Mr. Weary (meditating)—"Um—er—really, now, I think that was going most too far."—New York Weekly.

How Long? Crusty—Heavens! Your linen is the dirtiest I ever saw. How long do you wear a shirt? Wigwag—Not quite to my knees.—Philadelphia Record.

Poor Pilgrarlic! there is no need for you to contemplate a wig when you can enjoy the pleasure of sitting again under your own "thatch." You can begin to get your hair back as soon as you begin to use Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Nothing so Clean, so Durable, so Economical, so Elegant as S.H. & M. VELVETEN SKIRT BINDINGS. You have to pay the same price for the "just as good." Why not insist on having what you want—S. H. & M. If your dealer WILL NOT supply you we will.

Columbia Bicycles. YOU SEE THEM EVERYWHERE. POPE MFG. HARTFORD CONN.

Burlington Route HARVEST EXCURSIONS. TO THE FARM LANDS AND PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE West, Northwest and Southwest. VERY LOW ROUND-TRIP RATES. August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29 and October 6, 20.