

TAE FATAL LOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

He opened the door with one of a bunch of keys which he carried, and noiselessly entered. The gas was turned down low, but a mellow radiance filled the place.

"Do not let him kill me!" Sharp laid a rough hand on her shoulder, and put a knife at her throat.

Simultaneously, Arch sprang upon him like a tiger.

"Release that girl," he hissed. "Dare to touch her with the tips of your fingers, and by Heaven I will murder you."

Sharp sprang back with an oath, and at the same moment a pistol shot rang through the house, and Sharp, hatched in blood, fell to the floor.

"I've killed him," he said, in a cracked voice of intense satisfaction. "He didn't catch old Trevlyn napping. I knew well enough they'd be after my diamonds, and I gave up the journey. Margie, child, are the jewels safe?"

She had fallen back on the pillows, pale as death, her white night dress spattered with the blood of the dead robber.

Arch lifted a tiny glove from the carpet, thrust it into his bosom, and before old Trevlyn could raise a hand to stop him, he had got clear of the premises.

Such a relief as he felt when the cool, fresh air struck his face. He had been saved from overt criminality. God had not permitted him to thus debauch himself.

Let old Trevlyn go! Let him gloat over his diamonds while yet he had the opportunity. He would not despoil him of his treasures, but he could not give up his scheme of vengeance.

A large reward was offered by Mr. Trevlyn for the apprehension of Sharp's accomplice, but as no description of his person could be given by any one except Margie, who could not or would not be explicit on that point, he was not secured.

Trevlyn recognized and appreciated her noble generosity in suffering him to go free, for in the one look she had given him on that disgraceful occasion he had felt that she recognized him. But she pitied him enough to let him go free.

Well, he would show her that her confidence was not misplaced. He would deserve her forbearance. He was resolved upon a new life.

He left the saloon, and after many rebuffs succeeded in getting employment as errand boy in a large importing house. The salary was a mere pittance, but it kept him in clothes and coarse food, until one day, about a year after his apprenticeship there, he chanced to save the life of Mr. Belgrade, the senior partner. A gas pipe in the private office of the firm exploded, and the place took fire, and Mr. Belgrade, smothered and helpless, would have perished in the flames, had not Arch, with a bravery few would have expected in a bashful, retiring boy, plunged through the smoke and flame, and bore him to a place of safety.

Mr. Belgrade was a man with a conscience, and, grateful for his life, he rewarded his preserver by a clerkship of importance. The duties of this office he discharged faithfully for three years, when the death of the head clerk left a vacancy, and when Arch was nineteen he received the situation.

Through these three years he had been a close student. Far into the night he pored over his books, and, too proud to go to school, he hired a teacher and was taught privately. At twenty he was quite as well educated as nine-tenths of the young men now turned out by our fashionable colleges.

Rumors of Margie Harrison's triumphs reached him constantly, for Margie was a belle and a beauty now. Her parents were dead, and she had been left to the guardianship of Mr. Trevlyn, at whose house she made her home, and where she reigned a very queen. Old Trevlyn's heart at last found something beside his diamonds to worship, and Margie had it all her own way.

She came into the store of Belgrade & Co. one day, and asked to look at some laces. Trevlyn was the only clerk disengaged, and with a very changeable face he came forward to attend to her. He felt that she would recognize him at once—that she would remember where she had seen him the last time—a house breaker! She held his reputation in her keeping.

His hand trembled as he took down the laces—she glanced at his face. A start of surprise—a conscious, painful blush swept over her face. He dropped the box, and the rich laces fell over his feet.

"Pardon me," he said, hurriedly, and, stooping to pick them up, the little glove he had stolen on that night, and which he always wore in his bosom, fell out, and dropped among the laces.

She picked it up with a little cry. "The very glove that I lost four years ago! And you are—" She stopped suddenly.

He paled to the lips, but, lifting his head proudly, said:

"Go on. Finish the sentence. I can bear it."

"No, I will not go on. Let the memory die. I knew you then, but you were so young, and had to bear so much among temptations. And the other was a villain. No, I am silent. You are safe."

He stooped and, lifting the border of her shawl, kissed it reverently.

"If I live," he said solemnly, "you will be glad you have been so merciful. Some time I shall hear you say so."

She did not purchase any laces. She went out forgetful of her errand, and Arch was so awkward for the remainder of the day, and committed so many blunders, that his fellow clerks laughed at him unrebuked, and Mr. Belgrade seriously wondered if Trevlyn had not been taking too much champagne.

CHAPTER IV.

MARGIE HARRISON and her guardian sat at breakfast. Mr. Trevlyn showed his years very plainly. He was nearly seventy-five—he looked eighty.

Margie looked very lovely this morning and it was glanced at her across the table. She had more than fulfilled the promise of her childhood. The golden hair was chestnut now, and pushed behind her ears in heavy, rippling masses of light and shadow. Her eyes had taken a deeper tone—they were like wells whose depth you could not guess at. Her features were delicately irregular, the forehead low, broad and white; her chin was dimpled as an infant's, and her mouth still ripe and red as a damask rosebud. She wore a pink muslin wrap, tied with white ribbons, and in her hair drooped a cluster of apple-blossoms.

"Margie, dear," said Mr. Trevlyn, pausing in his work of buttering a muffin. "I want you to look your prettiest tonight. I am going to bring home a friend of mine—one who was also your father's friend—Mr. Linmere. He arrived from Europe today."

Margie's cheek lost a tinge of its peachy bloom. She toyed with her spoon, but did not reply to his remark.

"Did you understand me, child? Mr. Linmere has returned."

"Yes, sir."

"And is coming here tonight. Remember to take extra pains with yourself, Margie, for he has seen all the European beauties, and I do not want my little American flower to be cast in the shade. Will you remember it?"

"Certainly, if you wish it, Mr. Trevlyn."

"Margie!"

"Sir!"

"You are aware that Mr. Linmere is your affianced husband, are you not?"

"I have been told so."

"And yet in the face of that fact—well, of all things, girls do beat me! Thank heaven, I have none of my own," he added testily.

"Girls are better left alone, sir. It is very hard to feel one's self bound to fulfill a contract of this kind."

"Hard! Well, now, I should think it easy. Mr. Linmere is all that any reasonable woman could wish. Not too old, nor yet too young; about forty-five, which is just the age for a man to marry; good looking, intelligent and wealthy—what more could you ask?"

"You forget that I do not love him—that he does not love me."

"Love! tush! Don't let me hear anything about that. I loathe the name. Margie, love ruined my only son! For love he disobeyed me and I disowned him. I have not spoken his name for years! Your father approved of Mr. Linmere, and while you were yet a child you were betrothed. And when your father died, what did you promise him on his deathbed?"

Margie grew white as the ribbons at her throat.

"I promised him that I would try and fulfill his requirements."

"That you would try! Yes, and that was equal to giving an unqualified assent. You know the conditions of the will, I believe?"

"I do. If I marry without your consent under the age of twenty-one, I forfeit my patrimony. And I am nineteen now. And I shall not marry without your consent."

"Margie, you must marry Mr. Linmere. Do not hope to do differently. It is your duty. He has lived single all these years waiting for you. He will be kind to you, and you will be happy. Prepare to receive him with becoming respect."

Mr. Trevlyn considered his duty performed and went out for his customary walk.

At dinner Mr. Linmere arrived. Margie met him with cold composure. He scanned her fair face and almost faultless form with the eye of a connoisseur and congratulated himself on the fortune which was to give him such a bride without the perplexity of a wooing. She was beautiful and attractive, and he had feared she might be ugly, which would have been a dampener on his satisfaction. True, her wealth would have counterbalanced any degree of

personal deformity; but Mr. Paul Linmere admired beauty, and liked to have pretty things around him.

To tell the truth, he was sadly in need of money. It was fortunate that his old friend, Mr. Harrison, Margie's dead father, had taken it into his head to plight his daughter's troth to him while she was yet a child. Mr. Harrison had been an eccentric man, and from the fact that in many points of religious belief he and Mr. Paul Linmere agreed (for both were miserable skeptics), he valued him above all other men, and thought his daughter's happiness would be secured by the union he had planned.

Linmere had been abroad several years, and he had led a very reckless, dissipated life. Luxurious by nature, lacking in moral rectitude, and having wealth at his command, he indulged himself unrestrained, and when at last he left the gay French capital and returned to America, his whole fortune, with the exception of a few thousands, was dissipated. So he needed a rich wife sorely, and was not disposed to defer his happiness.

He met Margie with empressment, and bowed his tall head to kiss the white hand she extended to him. She drew it away coldly—something about the man made her shrink from him.

"I am so happy to meet you again, Margie, and after ten years of separation! I have thought so much and so often of you."

"Thank you, Mr. Linmere."

"Will you not call me Paul?" he asked, in a subdued voice, letting his dangerous eyes, full of light and softness, rest on her.

An expression of haughty surprise swept her face. She drew back a pace.

"I am not accustomed to address gentlemen—mere acquaintances—by their Christian names, sir."

"But in this case, Margie? Surely the relations existing between us will admit of such a familiarity," he said, seating himself, while she remained standing coldly by.

"There are no relations existing between us at present, Mr. Linmere," she answered haughtily; "and if, in obedience to the wishes of the dead, we should ever become connected in name, I beg leave to assure you in the beginning that you will always be Mr. Linmere to me."

A flush of anger mounted to his cheek; he set his teeth, but outwardly he was calm and subdued. Anger, just at present, was impolitic.

"I hope to win your love, Margie; I trust I shall," he answered, sadly enough to have aroused almost any woman's pity; but some subtle instinct told Margie he was false to the core.

But all through the evening he was affable and complaisant and forbearing. She made no attempt to conceal her dislike for him. Concealments were not familiar to Margie's nature. She was frank and open as the day.

Mr. Linmere's fascinations were many and varied. He had a great deal of adaptation, and made himself agreeable to every one. He had traveled extensively, was a close observer, and had a retentive memory. Mr. Trevlyn was charmed with him. So was Alexander Lee, a friend of Margie's, a rival belle, who accidentally (?) dropped in to spend the evening.

Mr. Linmere played and sang with exquisite taste and skill—he was a complete master of the art, and, in spite of himself, Margie listened to him with a delight that was almost fascination, but which subsided the moment the melody ceased.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THIEVES AT THE OPERA.

Immaculately Dressed and Attended by Beautiful Women.

"Strange as it may seem," said one of Chief O'Brien's new detectives, as he lounged against a pillar in front of the Metropolitan opera house, talking to a New York Herald man, "New York thieves of the higher class have a weakness for grand opera, both for business and pleasure. You doubtless remember when Inspector McLaughlin walked down the aisle two years ago and tapped a woman on the shoulder. She was a notorious thief and she followed him without a word. Since then several thieves have been arrested in the lobby and around the entrance and several have even got past us and have sat out the performance. Look at this. It is a sample of the work done by the opera house thieves."

The detective pulled from his pocket a crumpled advertisement. It was as follows:

"If blue jersey overcoat taken from dress circle of Metropolitan opera house Monday night is returned, \$25 will be paid and no questions asked."

"I was one of the men detailed here on the opening night," continued the detective. "Personally, I hustled several thieves away; but as there was no charge against them beyond their general bad character they could not be arrested."

"After the opera was over, I stood just at the door to watch the crowd coming out. What was my surprise to see one of the best-known thieves in New York come out with a beautifully dressed woman on his arm. She wore a long pink and ermine opera cloak and big diamonds and his crush hat was simply immense. He looked at me coolly, handed the woman into a carriage and whirled away."

"I saw him next day in Sixth avenue and called to him. 'What do you want?' he inquired. 'There is nothing against me. Hasn't a man a right to enjoy himself?' I warned him against enjoying himself around the Metropolitan opera house, and let him go. There are very many diamonds around the Metropolitan, and they are a great temptation to the average thief."

Criticism is an effective form of vice.

A WORK OF ART.

The Texas Gateway to Texas and the Southwest.

In the name of a handsome publication recently issued by the Iron Mountain Route, consisting of 224 pages of descriptive matter, interspersed with 600 beautiful half-tone illustrations. It is the most comprehensive and typographically the handsomest work of its kind ever issued on the state of Texas, and is really a commercial and industrial history of the state. Any one reading this will have an excellent idea of the vast resources and great possibilities of the Lone Star State. The book was gotten up by the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway and its connections in the north and east, with the view of attracting immigration, investors, tourists and seekers after health. It is in every way a valuable contribution to the current literature of the day, and is calculated to be of great service to the state of Texas. A copy of this publication will be mailed free on application to any passenger representative of the Missouri Pacific Railway—Iron Mountain Route—or may be had by addressing H. C. Townsend, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

His Science Was a Little off.

One night a young man in Divinity Hall at Yale undertook, with a toy rifle, to hit a lamp. But his aim was poor, and the ball passed through the window of an eminent and venerable professor of science and imbedded itself in the wall. This was the opportunity for the professor and for science. He, too, set to work and computed the curve, and with the exact skill of infallible figures he traced the ball right back to the room of an innocent colleague, who didn't even know the rifle had been fired. The unfledged minister flatly denied all knowledge of the affair. But men, even ministers, have been known to make denials in self-defense, and the professor had the proof with him. There was the bullet, there were the marks of its course and there was the computation worked out. It looked as if a pupil career was to be nipped in the bud. But the guilty student heard what was going on. He called on the professor, confessed the offense, pointed out that the man of science was 200 feet out in his computation, and advised that the matter be dropped right where it was. And that was done.—Hartford Courant.

Correct Human Proportions.

Prof. Boofelt says the head, according to correct proportion, should be one-seventh of the body. The distance between the eyes the length of the eye. The distance from the inner angle of the eye to the dividing line of the lips should measure from two and a quarter to two and a half inches. Also, that a man should weigh twenty-eight pounds to every foot of his height.

Hill's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

The exports of cheese from Canada are about 1,000,000 pounds short of last year's, while those from New York are about 5,500,000 pounds short.

STY stopped free and permanently cured. No more itching, smarting, or soreness. Free 21 trial bottle and treatment. Send to Dr. E. J. Kelly, 211 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The largest bible in the world is the Buddhist tripitaka, or "Three Baskets," which comprises 325 volumes and weighs 1,625 pounds.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

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

Brux, in northern Bohemia, which was partly wrecked by the moving of a quicksand under the town last year, is collapsing again.

Pico's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McCallister, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1893.

Cairo streets are now adorned with trolley cars.

HEEDLESS WOMEN.

They Pay a Sad Penalty for Their Neglect.

If women only heeded first symptoms—nervousness, headache, backache, lassitude, loss of appetite and sleep; palpitation, melancholy, "blues," etc., and at once removed the cause with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, there would be much less suffering. But they are careless, or their physician is to blame, and they drift into some distressing female disease. The Vegetable Compound at once removes all irregularities of the monthly period; inflammation, ulceration and displacement of the womb, and all female troubles. All druggists have it. Write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., if you wish for advice, which she will give you free.

"I should not be alive to-day, if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was suffering greatly from an attack of female weakness, and nothing I had tried could give me relief; when by the advice of a friend I began the Compound. After using it two months I was a different girl, and now at the end of six I am entirely cured."—Mrs. ANNE KIRKLAND, Patchogue, L. I.

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Apples for the Queen.

"Fifteen years ago," says The London Sketch, "an Englishman traveling in Virginia had his attention directed to the Albemarle pippin. When he had tasted the fruit he thought it so excellent that he actually ventured to send a barrel of Albemarles to the queen. A sample was shown to her majesty when the apples duly arrived, and she, too, found them delicious. So every year an order is sent from Windsor to a grower on the Blue Ridge Mountains for six barrels of this particular apple from his orchards. Very carefully are the apples packed in polished barrels, with a small Union Jack and United States flag painted on the top."

An Optical Peculiarity.

The eye is the most movable organ in the face; yet if you hold your head fixed and try to move your eyes while watching their reflection in the mirror you cannot do it—even to the extent of one-thousandth of an inch. Of course, if you look at the reflection of the nose or any other part of your face your eye must move to see it. But the strange thing is that the moment you endeavor to perceive the motion the eye is fixed. This is one of the reasons why a person's expression, as seen by himself in a glass, is quite different from what it is when seen by others.

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.

Horse Meat in Paris.

There are at least 200 horse-butcher shops in Paris. The first one dates from July 1, 1866, since when the consumption has grown continuously. In 1872, 5,934 horses were eaten in Paris; in 1878, 10,000; in 1894, 21,227; in 1895, more than 30,000.

Sarsaparilla Sense.

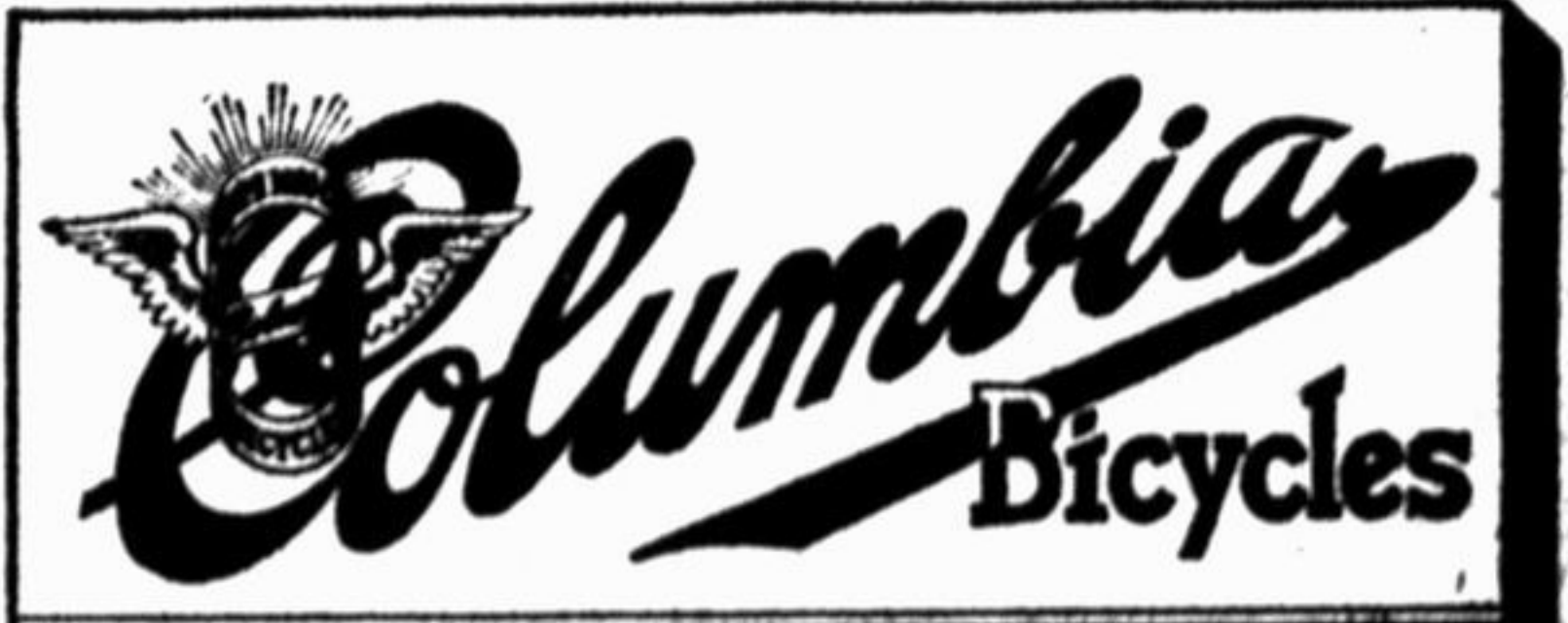
Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you? When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market 50 years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many Sarsaparillas—but only one Ayer's. It cures.

OPIMUM and WHISKY habits cured. Small and Free. Dr. J. C. WOODLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, VOL. XI, NO. 88.

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POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Stores and Agencies in every city and town. If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

All Columbia Bicycles are fitted with HARTFORD SINGLE-THUMB TIRES. WE KNOW NO TIRES SO GOOD AS HARTFORDS.

One Cup One Cent. Less than a cent in fact — and all Cocoa — pure Cocoa — no chemicals. — That describes Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa. WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, - Dorchester, Mass.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm. Coughs, Colds, LA GRIPPE and THROAT TROUBLES SPEEDILY CURED. Mrs. Nettie Pender, 1895 So. Tenth St., Omaha, Neb., writes: "Have used your Dr. Kay's Lung Balm for a severe case of La Grippe. Two doses gave relief. My lungs were very sore and in taking the Dr. Kay's Lung Balm I found that it stopped any further spread of cold. The soreness on my lungs and in my throat soon disappeared. It is so pleasant and easy to take and while it does not cause drowsiness at the stomach, like many cough remedies, it cures quicker than any I have ever used."

EVERY FARMER IN THE NORTH CAN MAKE MORE MONEY IN THE MIDDLE SOUTH. It can be done by growing the "Middle South" crop. We will send you a free copy of our "Middle South" crop book. It contains full information on the "Middle South" crop, and how to grow it. It is a valuable book for every farmer. Write to us for a free copy. Address: W. N. U., Chicago, Ill.