

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION. CHAPTER IV .- (CONTINUED).

He judged her by the majority of women he had met, and finding her indifferent, he sought to arouse her jealousy by flirting with Miss Lee, who was by no means adverse to his attentions. But Margie hailed the transfer with relief which was so evident that Mr. Linmere, piqued and irritated, took up his hat to leave, in the midst of one of Miss Lee's most brilliant descriptions of what she had seen in Italy, from whence she had but just returned. He went over to the sofa where Margle was sitting.

"I hope to please you better next time," he said, lifting her hand. "Goodnight, Margie, dear." And before she was aware, he touched his lips to her forehead. She tore the hand away from him, and a flush of anger sprang to her cheek. He surveyed her with admiration. He liked a little spirit in a woman, especially as he intended to be able to subdue it when it pleased him. Her anger made her a thousand times more beautiful. He stood looking at drew.

Margie struck her forehead with her hand, as if she would wipe out the touch he had left there.

Alexandrine came and put her arm around Margie's waist,

"I almost envy you, Margie," she said, in that singularly purring voice of hers. "Ab, Linmere is magnificent! Such eyes, and hair, and such a voice! Well, Margic, you are a fortunate girl."

And Miss Lee sighed, and shook out the heavy folds of her violet silk, with the air of one who has been injured, but is determined to show a proper spirit of resignation.

CHAPTER V.



PAUL LINmere hurried along through an unfrequented street to his suite of rooms at the St. Nicholas. He was very angry with everybody; he felt like an illtreated individual. (He had expected Margie to fall at

once. A man of his attraction to be anubbed as he had been, by a mere chit of a giri, too!

"I will find means to tame her, when once are is mine," he muttered. "By heaven! but it will be rare sport to break that firry spirit! It will make me young again."

Something white and shadowy bound his path. A spectral hand was laid on his arm, chilling like ice, even through his clothing. The ghastly face of a woman-a face framed in jet black hair and lit up by great black eyes bright as stars, glanced through the mirk of the night.

The man gazed into the weird face. and shook like a leaf in the blast. His arm sank nerveless to his side, palsied by that frozen touch, his voice was so ing and so inimitably fascinating. He unnatural that he started at the sound. | knew Europe like a book, sang like a s dead come back!"

seemed to burn into his brain. The plishments which make men popular, cold hand tightened on his arm. A breath like wind freighted with snow crossed his face.

"Speak, for heaven's sake," he cried. "Am I dreaming?"

"Remember the banks of the Seine!" said a singularly sweet voice, which sounded to Mr. Paul Linmere as if it came from leagues and leagues away "When you sit by the side of the living love, remember the dead! Think of the dark rolling river, and of what its day. Margie had hoped he would not waters covered.

He started from the strange presence, and caught at a post for support. His self-possession was gone; he trembied like the most abject coward. Only times, when she thought how intensefor a moment-and then, when he looked again, the apparition had vanished.

hand to his forehead. "Do the deal indeed come back? I saw them take her from the river-Oh, heaven! I saw her when she sank beneath the terrible waters! Is there a hereafter, and does a man sell his soul to damnation who commits what the world calls murder ?"

out his pocketbook, taking therefrom a she scarcely gave her approaching marsofled scrap of paper.

the body of a woman. Her linen was marked with the name of Arabel Vere. Another unfortunate-' No. I will not read the rest. I have read it too often. been dreaming tonight. Old Trevlyn's and had been advised to try sea air wine was too strong for me. Arabel and surf bathing. Mr. Belgrade's busi-Vere, indeed! Pshaw! Paul Linmere, ness would not allow of his absence at you are an idlot!"

he hurried home, and up to his spacious | ing him as his wife's escort. parlor on the second floor.

tude, and he feared company, yet felt the necessity of speaking to some one. His eye lighted on the greyhound dozing on the hearth rug.

Linmere's property, and lived with him. he did not have any attachment for

"Come here, sir!" said Linmere, au-

Still the animal did not stir. Linmere was nervous enough to be excited to unger by the veriest trifle, and the dog's disobedience aroused his rage.

"Curse the brute!" he cried; and putting his foot against him, he sent him spinning across the room. Leo did not growl, or cry out, but his eyes gleamed like coals, and he showed his white teeth with savage but impotent hatred. It was easy to see that if he had been a bull dog instead of a greyhound he would have torn Mr. Paul Linmere limb from limb.

Linmere went back to his chair, and sat down with a sullen face, but be could not rest there. He rose, and going into an inner room, brought out an ebony box, which he opened, and from which he took a miniature in a golden case. He hesitated a moment before touching the spring, and when he did her a moment, then turned and with- so the unclosing revealed the face of a young girl-a fair young girl in her early youth not more than eighteen summers could have scattered their roses over her, when that beautiful impression was taken. A ripe southern face, with masses of jet black hair, and dark brilliant eyes. There was a dewy crimson on her lips, and her cheeks were red as damask roses. A bright. happy face, upon which no blight had fallen.

"She was beautiful-beautiful as an houri!" said Mr. Paul Linmere, speaking slowly, half unconsciously, it seemed, his thoughts aloud. "And when I first knew her she was sweet and innocent."

He sprang up and rang the bell violently. Directly his valet, Pietro, a sleepy looking and swarthy Italian, appeared.

"Bring me a glass of brandy. Pletro; and look you, sir. you may sleep tonight on the lounge in my room. I am not feeling quite well, and may have need of you before morning."

The man looked surprised, but made no comment. He brought the stimulant, his master drank it off, and then threw himself, dressed as he was, on

CHAPTER VI.



PPER tendom was ringing with the approaching nuptials of Miss Harrison and Mr. Linmere. The bride was so beautiful and wealthy, and so insensible to her good fortune in se-

eligible man in her set. Half the ladies in the city were in love with Mr Linmere. He was so distingue, carried himself so loftly, and yet was so gallantly condescend-"My God! Arabel Vere! Do the professor, and knew just how to hand a lady her fan, adjust her shawl, and The great unnaturally brilliant eyes take her from her carriage. Accom-

always. Early in July Mr. Trevlyn and Margie, accompanied by a gay party, went down to Cape May. Mr. Trevlyn had long ago forsworn everything of the kind; but since Margle Harrison had come to reside with him he had given up his hermit habits, and been quite like other nice gouty old gentlemen.

The party went down on Thursday-Mr. Paul Linmere following on Saturcome: in his absence she could have enjoyed the sojourn, but his presence destroyed for her all the charms of sea and sky. She grew frightened, somely she hated him. And in October she

was to become his wife. Some way. Margie felt strangely at "Good God!" he cried, putting his ease on the subject. She knew that arrangements were all made, that her wedding trousseau was being gotten up by a fashionable modiste, that Delmonico had received orders for the feast, and that the oranges were budded which, when burst into flowers, were to adorn her forehead on her bridal day. She despised Linmere with her whole He stopped under a lamp and drew | soul, she dreaded him inexpressibly, yet riage with him a single thought. She "Yes, I have it here. Found drowned, wondered that she did not; when she thought of it at all, she was shocked

to find herself so impassive. Her party had been a week at Cape May, when Archer Trevlyn came down. now, for my peace of mind. Yes, she with the wife of his employer, Mr. Belis dead. There is no doubt. I have grade. The lady was in delicate health just that time, and he had shown his Not daring to cast a look behind him | confidence in his head clerk by select-

Introduced into society by so well es-Linmere turned up the gas into a tablished an aristocrat as Mrs. Belflare, and, throwing off his coat, flung grade, Arch might at once have taken himself into an armchair and wiped a prominent place among the fashionthe perspiration from his forehead. He ables; but his singularly handsome looked about the room with half fright- face and high bred manners made him ened, searching eyes. He dreaded soll- an acquisition to any company. But he never forgot that he had been a street sweeper, and he would not submit to be patronized by the very people who had once, perhaps, grudged him the "Leo, Leo," he called, "come here, pennies they had thrown to him as they would have thrown bread to a The dog opened his eyes, but gave no starving dog. So he avoided society, responsive wag of the tail. You saw and attended only on Mrs. Belgrade. It does not vary for a mere snake, sah," at once that though Lee was Mr. Paul But from Alexandrine Lee be could not | - Cincinnati Enquirer

She fastened upon him at once. She had a habit of singling out gentlemen, and giving them the distinction of her attentions, and no one thought of noticing it now. Arch was ill at ease beneath the infliction, but he was a thorough gentleman and could not repulse her rudely.

A few days after the arrival of Mrs. Belgrade, Arch took her down to the beach to bathe. The beach was alive with the gorgeous grotesque figures of the bathers. The air was bracing, the surf splendid.

Mr. Trevlyn's carriage drove down soon after Mrs. Belgrade had finished her morning's "dip:" and Margie and Mr. Linmere, accompanied by Alexandrine Lee, alighted. They were in bathing costume, and Miss Lee, espying Arch, fastened upon him without

"Oh, Mr. Trevlyn," she said animatedly, "I am glad to have come across you. I was just telling Mr. Linmere that two ladies were hardly safe with only one gentleman, in such a surf as there is this morning. I shall have to depend on you to take care of me. Shall

Of course, Arch could not refuse, and apologized to Mrs. Belgrade, who good naturedly urged him forward, he taking charge of Miss Lee.

Linmere offered Margie his hand to lead her in, but she declined. He kept close beside her, and when they stood waist deep in the water, and a huge breaker was approaching, he put his arm around her shoulders. With an impatient gesture she tore herself away. He made an effort to retain her, and in the struggle Margie lost her footing. and the receding wave bore her out to

Linmere grew pale as death. He knew if Margie was drowned, he was a ruined man. His pictures and statuary would have to go under the hammer-his creditors were only kept from striking by his prospect of getting a rich wife to pay his debts. He cast an imploring eye on the swimmers around him, but he was too great a coward to risk his life among the swirling break-

Only one man struck bravely out to the rescue. Arch Trevlyn threw off the clinging hand of Miss Lee, and with a strong arm pressed his way through the white-capped billows. He came near to Margie, and saw the chestnut gleam of her hair on the bright treacherous water, and in an instant it was swept under a long line of snowy foam. She rose again at a little distance, and her eyes met his pleadingly. Her lips syllabled the words, "save me!"

He heard them, above all the deafening roar of the waters. They perved him on to fresh exertions. Another stroke, and be caught her arm, drew her to him, held her closely to his breast, and touched her wet hair with his lips. Then he controlled himself, and spoke cootly:

"Take my hand, Miss Harrison, and I think I can tow you safely to the shore. Do not be afraid."

"I am not afraid," she said, quietly. How his heart leaped at the sound of her voice! How happy he was that she was not afraid—that she trusted her life te him! Of how little value he would have reckoned his own existence, if he had purchased hers by its loss!

(TO BE COSTINUED.)

CANADIAN STATESMEN. How They Act While Attending Their Duties in Parliament.

It is a mistake to think that the act which led to the confederation of the various provinces in 1867 has attained ne higher meaning in the life of the Canadian people than that of a constiintional union, says Donahoe's Magazine. It carries with it a meaning of far deeper import-a union of hearts. whose offspring is oneness of patriotic aim and purpose. Of course it would be idle to say that the Canadian people are a unit upon all questions of vital interest to the life and growth of the dominion. The geographical interests of Canada are so varied that there must necessarily be at times some friction and clashing of provincial needs and ambitions. This is the case at Washington; this is the case, too, in so small a confederation as the cantons of

Switzerland. A stranger visiting the gallery of the Canadian house of commons is struck with the dignity and decorum which mark the proceedings and surround even the warmest and keenest of debates. Parliamentary procedure being rigidly adhered to, there is little room for uncalled for personalities in the heat of a discussion. Sometimes, however, when the house has been sitting for hours, wearied with the perplexities and incoherencies of some member from "way back," suddenly, as if through the unity of desperation, the usual dignity of the house is relaxed and grave members from such intel lectual centers as Montreal and Toronto play the schoolboy and outvie one another in "shying" blue books at the heads of slumbering and inoffensive members. Of the 215 members that make up the house of commons, in point of ability and gifts, 20 per cent of them are below mediocrity: 20 per cent of them occupy the plane of mediocrity; 40 per cent possess admitted ability, and the remaining 20 per cent are men of commanding talent.

Whisky for All. "For the life of me, colonel, I don't see why you persist in maintaining that whisky is of any value in the cure of snake bites. Why, all the modern sci-

entists-' "Young man," answered Colonel Bluegrass, turning purple, "it stands to reason, sah, that good whisky, being beneficial in every other complaint, must be of benefit in snake bites. When there is a universal law in nature, sah,

Headache and Neuralgia.

From the Journal, Ottawa, Ill. Fred Haeberlin, a shoe dealer, of Ottawa, Ill., can claim rather a unique distinction. He was the first man in Ottawa, Ill., to buy a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. That was three years ago and Mr. Haeberlin says he has never had cause for regretting that purchase. In a conversation held a few days ago Mr. Haeberlin said:

"My wife, for a long time was greatly troubled with neuralgia, headache and nervousness. About three years ago, a friend of mine, a traveling man told me to get some of Williams' Pink Pills and have my wife try them. Upon looking up the remedy I noticed that cations point to West Baden (and the the Chicago papers contained some pretty strong statements in favor of it

"I went to the drug stores but not a single one of them kept the article. Then I went to Graham & Yentzer's drug store and had George Yentzer send for some of the pills. Well, they came and I took them home to my wife. She started in to use them and the effect was marvelously favorable, and her condition began to improve steadily. It was but a short time until the headaches had almost wholly disappeared and the general state of her health was much helped. My wife kept on using the pills and likewise kept getting better. In a comparatively short time her condition was more healthy than for several years. Is it any wonder that we both became true friends of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? My wife is a well woman now and we both ascribe that fact to Pink Pills.

"The remedy did so much for us that I have recommended it to ever so many since I got that first box and, if I do say it, I believe I am largely responsible for starting the large sale of the pills in Ottawa. There is not a drug store in the city now that does not sell Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

John Hardin, who is engaged in the tailoring business in Ottawa, says: "Count me as one who has been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I have used them for several months for stomach troubles and feel that they have aided a slight attack of rheumatism. Since I took them and built up my system my trouble in that respect has been much bettered, as has also my indigestion. They are a great tonic, and I certainly endorse their use most heartily. I always recommend them to my friends."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co. Schenectady, N. Y.

Antiquity of Fosp.

Soap is not a modern invention. It is twice mentioned in the bible, first in Jeremiah and again in Malachi. History tells us that more than 2,000 years ago the Gauls manufactured it by combining beech tree ashes with goat's fat. A few years ago a soapboilers shop was discovered in Pompeil, having been buried beneath the terrible rain of ashes that fell upon that city 79 A. D. The soap found in the shop had not lost all its efficacy, although it had been buried 1,800 years. At the time that Pompeil was destroyed the soap-making business was carried on in several of the Italian cities. Grocer's Review.

One newspaper for each of her birthdays is the odd collection which a young woman of Hiawatha, Mo., owns.

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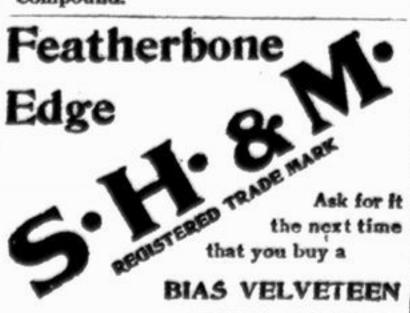
their future, is largely with you. The mysterious change that develops the thoughtful woman from the thoughtless girl, should find you on the watch day and night.

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Cough Syrup Just look the

Summer Resorts on the Monon. The summer resorts on the Monon Route are more than usually popular this year. West Baden and French Lick Springs, in Orange County, are overflowing with visitors, and the hotels have all they can do. Paoli, the county seat, has opened a fine sanitarium, which is well patronized. The waters of the various springs differ materially in their constituents, and are successfully prescribed for a great variety of maladies. The woods in the neighborhood abound in game and al the streams teem with fish, some them having been stocked by the gov

tarium and popular summer resort of the west. Cedar Lake, forty miles from Chicago, is a favorite picnic and outing spot, where the Monon has a fine wooded park of nearly 400 acres. The fish-

neighboring springs) as the great sani-

Brend on the Waters.

ing is first rate.

One of the curious incidents of the world-wide sympathy called into action by the St. Louis cyclone is just reported, in the contribution of \$25 by the little children of a native school in Burmah for the rebuilding of one of the churches wrecked by the cyclone. The church had formerly helped the school, and in its calamity the children remembered their benefactor.

lows farms for sale on crop payments. 10 per cent cash, balance of crop yearly un-til paid for. J. MULHALL, Waukegan, Ili.

A monument to President Carnot, which has cost nearly 75,000 francs, has been unveiled at Chalons-sur-Marne.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy. Mus.

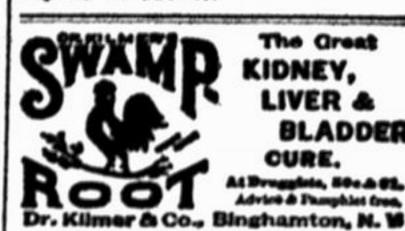
Winslow's Southing Synt'r for Children Teething. The census of Kansas, as taken by the township assessors, show the total population to be 1,336,650.

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Exeuration to Clastmanti and Daytmand On Saturday, Sept. 26th, the Money Route will sell round trip tickets to Cincinnati and Dayton at a rate of Tickets will be good leaving Chie on all trains of Saturday, Sept. 300 and good returning on all trains until Monday, Sept. 28th, inclusive. The Monon has recently put on a flyer" for Cincinnati. It leaves Chicago at 11:50 a. m. and arrived at Cimcinnati 7:45 p. m. The night trains leave Chicago at 8:58 p. m. and 2:45 a. m. Ticket offices, 232 Clark street, Auditorium Hotel and Dearborn Station. ernment fish commission. All indi-

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