

FATAL LOVE

BY CLARA AUGUSTA INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Mr. Trevlyn had the diamonds, which were the wonder of the city, richly set, and Margarie was to wear them on her bridal night, as a special mark of the old man's favor.

Linmere's gift to his bride was very simple, but in exquisite taste, Mrs. Weldon decided. A set of turquoise, with his initials and hers interwoven.

"Take them away, Florine, instantly, and put them where I shall never see them again!"

The woman looked surprised, but she was a discreet piece, and strongly attached to her mistress, and she put the ornaments away without comment.

The tenth of October arrived. A wet, lowering day, with alternate snatches of rain and sunshine, settling down toward sunset into a steady, uncomfortable drizzle.

The ceremony was to take place at nine o'clock in the evening, and the invited guests were numerous.

Mr. Linmere was expected out from the city in the six o'clock train, and as the stopping place was not more than five minutes' walk from the Park he had left orders that no carriage need be sent.

The long day wore slowly away. The preparations were complete. Mrs. Weldon, in her violet moire-antique and family diamonds, went through the stately parlors once more to assure herself that everything was au fait.

At five o'clock the task of dressing the bride began. The bridesmaids were in ecstasies over the finery, and they took almost as much pains in dressing Margarie as they would in dressing themselves for a like occasion.

Margarie's cheeks were as white as the robes they put on her. One of the girls suggested rouge, but Alexandrine demurred.

"A bride should always be pale," she said. "It looks so interesting, and gives every one the idea that she realizes the responsibility she is taking upon herself—doesn't that veil fall sweetly?"

And then followed a shower of feminine expressions of admiration from the four charming bridesmaids.

"Is everything ready?" asked Margarie, wearily, when at last they paused in their efforts.

"Yes, everything is as perfect as any one could desire," said Alexandrine. "How do you feel, Margarie, dear?"

"Very well, thank you."

"You are so self-possessed. Now I should be all of a tremble! Dear me! I wonder people can be so cold on the eve of such a great change! But then we are so different. Will you not take a glass of wine, Margarie?"

"Thank you, no. I do not take wine, you know."

"I know, but on this occasion, Hush! that was the whistle of the train. Mr. Linmere will be here in a few minutes! Shall I bring him up to see you? It is not etiquette for the groom to see the bride on the day of their marriage, until they meet at the altar; but, you look so charming, dear! I would like him to admire you. He has such exquisite taste."

Margarie's uplifted eyes had a half-frightened look, which Alexandrine did not understand.

"No, no," she said, hurriedly, "do not bring him here! We will follow etiquette for this time, if you please, Miss Lee."

"O well, just as you please, my dear."

"And now, my friends, be kind enough to leave me alone," said Margarie. "I want the last hours of my free life to myself. I will ring when I desire your attendance."

Margarie's manner forbade any objection on the part of the attendants, and they somewhat reluctantly withdrew.

She turned the key upon them, and went to the window. The rain had ceased falling, but the air was damp and dense.

Her room was on the first floor, and the windows, furnished with balconies, opened to the floor. She stood looking out into the night for a moment, then gathered up her flowing drapery, and covering herself with a heavy cloak, stepped from the window.

The damp earth struck a chill to her delicate feet, but she did not notice it. The mist and fog dampened her hair, unheeded. She went swiftly down the shaded path, the dead leaves of the Linden trees rustling mournfully as she swept through them.

Past the garden and its deserted summer-house, and the grapey, where the purple fruit was lavishing its sweets on the air, and climbing a stile, she stood beside a group of shading cypress trees. Just before her was a square enclosure, fenced by a hedge of arbutus vitae, from the midst of which, towering white and spectral up into the silent night, rose a marble shaft, surmounted by the figure of an angel, with drooping head and folded wings.

Margarie passed within the enclosure, and stood beside the grave of her parents. She stood a moment silent, motionless; then, forgetful of her bridal

garment, she flung herself down on the turf.

"Oh, my father! my father!" she cried, "why did you doom me to such a fate? Why did you ask me to give that fatal promise? Oh, look down from heaven and pity your child!"

The wind sighed mournfully in the cypresses, the belated crickets and katydids droned in the hedge, but no sweet voice of sympathy soothed Margarie's strained ear. For, wrought up as she was, she almost listened to hear some response from the lips which death had made mute forever.

The village clock struck half-past eight, warning Margarie that it was almost time for the ceremony to take place. She started up, drew her cloak around her, and turned to leave the place.

As she did so, she felt a touch on her hand—the hand she laid for a moment on the gate—as she stood giving a last sad look at the mound of earth she was leaving; a touch light and soft as a breath, but which thrilled her through every nerve.

She turned her head quickly, but saw nothing. Something like the sound of receding footsteps met her ear, nothing more, but she was convinced that there had been a human presence near her.

Where? Her heart beat strangely; her blood, a moment before so chilled and stagnant, leaped through her veins like fire. From whence arose the change?

She reached her chamber without meeting any one, and unlocking the door, rang for her attendants. The house was in a strange confusion. Groups were gathered in the corridors, whispering together, and some unexplained trouble seemed to have fallen upon the whole place.

After a little while, Alexandrine came in, pale and haggard. Margarie saw that her white dress was damp, and her hair uncurled, as if by the weather.

"Where have you been, Alexandrine?" she asked, "and what is the matter?"

"The girl turned from white to crimson. 'I have been in my room,' she replied.

"But your clothes are damp, and your hair uncurled."

"The air is wet, and this great house is as moist as an ice-shed," returned the girl, hurriedly. "It is no wonder if my hair is uncurled, Margarie, the—Mr. Linmere has not arrived."

"Not arrived! It must be nine o'clock."

As she spoke, the sonorous strokes of the clock proclaiming the hour, vibrated through the house.

"We have been distracted about him for more than two hours! he should surely have been here by half-past six! Mr. Trevlyn has sent messengers to the depot, to make inquiries, and the office-keeper thinks Mr. Linmere arrived in the six o'clock train, but is not quite positive. Mr. Weldon went, himself, to meet the seven-thirty train, thinking perhaps he might have got detained, and would come on in the succeeding train, but he did not arrive. And there are no more trains to-night! Oh, Margarie, isn't it dreadful!"

CHAPTER IX.

ALEXANDRINE'S manner was greatly flurried and ill at ease, and the hand she laid on Margarie's was cold as ice. Margarie scrutinized her curiously, wondering the while at her own heartless apathy.

Something had occurred to stir the composure of this usually cool, self-possessed woman fearfully. But what it was Margarie could not guess.

Mr. Trevlyn burst into the room, pale and exhausted.

"It is no use," he said, throwing himself into a chair, "no use to try to disguise the truth! There will be no wedding tonight, Margarie! The bridegroom has failed to come! The scoundrel! If I were ten years younger, I would call him out for this insult!"

Margarie laid her hand on his arm, a strange, new feeling of vague relief pervading her. It was as if some great weight, under which her slender strength had wearied and sank, were rolled off from her.

"Compose yourself, dear guardian, he may have been unavoidably detained. Some business—"

"Business on his wedding day! No, Margarie, there is something wrong somewhere. He is either playing us false—confounding him!—or he has met with some accident! By George! who knows but he has been waylaid and murdered! The road from here to the depot, though short, is a lonely one, with woods on either side! And Mr. Linmere carries always about his person enough valuables to tempt a desperate character."

"I beg you not to suppose such a dreadful thing!" exclaimed Margarie, shuddering; "he will come in the morning, and—"

"But Hayes was positive that he saw him leave the six o'clock train. He described him accurately, even saying that he had a bouquet of white camellias in his hand. Margarie, what flowers was he to bring?"

She shook her head.

"Mrs. Weldon knows. I do not," Alexandrine spoke.

"White camellias. I heard Mrs. Weldon ask him to fetch them."

Mr. Trevlyn started up.

"I will have out the whole household, at once, and search the whole estate! For I feel as if some terrible crime may have been done upon our very threshold. Margie, dear, take heart, he may be alive and well!"

He went out to alarm the already excited guests, and in half an hour the place was alive with lanterns, carried by those who sought for the missing bridegroom.

Pale and silent, the women gathered themselves together in the chamber of the bride, and waited. Margie sat among them in her white robes, mute and motionless as a statue.

"It must be terrible to fall by the hand of an assassin!" said Mrs. Weldon, with a shudder. "Good heavens! what a dreadful thing it would be if Mr. Linmere has been murdered!"

"An assassin! My God!" cried Margie, a terrible thought stealing across her mind. Who had touched her in the cypress grove? What hand had woke in her a thrill that changed her from ice to fire? What if it were the hand of her betrothed husband's murderer?

Alexandrine started forward at Margie's exclamation. Her cheek was white as marble, her breath came quick and struggling.

"Margie! Margie Harrison!" she cried, "what do you mean?"

"Nothing," answered Margie, recovering herself, and relapsing into her usual self-composure.

They searched all that night, and found nothing. Absolutely nothing. With the early train, both Mr. Trevlyn and Mr. Weldon went to the city. They hurried to Mr. Linmere's room, only to have their worst fears confirmed. Pietro informed them that his master had left there on the six o'clock train; he had seen him to the depot, and into the car, receiving some orders from him relative to his rooms, after he had taken his seat.

There could be no longer any doubt but that there had been foul play somewhere. The proper authorities were notified, and the search began afresh. Harrison Park and its environs were thoroughly ransacked; the river was searched, the pond at the foot of the garden drained, but nothing was discovered.

There was no clue by which the fate of the missing man could be guessed at, ever so vaguely.

Every person about the place was examined and cross-examined, but no one knew anything, and the night shut down, and left the matter in mystery. Pietro, at length, suggested Leo, Mr. Linmere's greyhound.

"His no love his master," said the Italian, "but him seem keen. It will do no hurt to try him."

Accordingly the next morning Pietro brought the dog up to the Park. The animal was sullen, and would accept attentions from no one save Margie, to whom he seemed to take at first sight. And after she had spoken to him kindly, and patted his head, he refused all persuasions and commands to leave her.

Mr. Darby, the detective, whose services had been engaged in the affair, exerted all his powers of entreaty on the dog, but the animal clung to Margie, and would not even look in the direction of the almost frantic detective.

"It's no use, Miss Harrison," said Darby, "the cur won't stir an inch. You will have to come with him! Sorry to ask ye, but this thing must be seen into."

"Very well, I will accompany you," said Margie, rising, and throwing on a shawl, she went out with them, followed by Mrs. Weldon, Alexandrine, and two or three other ladies.

Leo kept close to Margie, trotting along beside her, uttering every now and then a low whine indicative of anticipation and pleasure.

LICENSE TO STEAL.

Success of a Young Lawyer in Proving His Client a Kleptomaniac.

"My first case," said a well-known attorney to a San Francisco Call reporter, "was the defense of a negro preacher for stealing wood from a railroad company. A great deal of fuel had been lost from time to time, so when the culprit was arrested the company was so anxious to make an example of him that it employed special counsel and prosecuted the case vigorously. The evidence against the old man was convincing. He had been sneaking around the woodpile and was arrested while carrying off a load.

"I had subpoenaed about twenty well-known men to testify to the previous good character of the defendant. When the prosecution case was closed I put one on the stand and asked: 'Do you know the defendant's reputation for honesty and integrity?'

"Yes," was the answer. "What is it, good or bad?'

"Bad. He will steal anything he can get his hands on."

"A titter ran through the court-room. It wasn't the answer I had expected, but it was too late, so I put on a bold front and called another. He testified as the other witness had, and the prosecuting attorney rubbed his hands with satisfaction. Before I got through with my witnesses I proved that my client was a notorious thief, who had never been known to neglect an opportunity to steal something, no matter how trifling it might be. Then I called a couple of physicians, proved the existence of a mental disorder known as kleptomania, read some authorities to show that it was a good defense if proved, and submitted my case. The old preacher was acquitted and thereafter stole with impunity, for he considered his acquittal in the face of the facts equivalent to a license to steal."

"A dead level is a hard climb to a good many people."

A REMARKABLE CASE.

ALL SINCE GIRLHOOD, NOW A PICTURE OF HEALTH.

From the Star, Valparaiso, Ind. The attention of the Star has been called to several cases of radical cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, it was determined to investigate some of the more notable of these cases, with a view to disseminating exact information on the subject and benefiting others who were suffering. Prominent among those who had experienced benefits from the use of this remedy was mentioned Mrs. Mary Noren, wife of John Noren, a prosperous farmer, living northeast of Valparaiso, Ind., and to her a reporter was accordingly dispatched.

Mrs. Noren was found busy engaged in household duties, but she found time to read her experience and was willing and ever anxious that the benefits she had felt should be told for the benefit of those who had suffered as she did.

"I had been ill since girlhood with a complication of complaints," said Mrs. Noren, "never so much as to be confined long in bed, but I suffered intense misery. My chief trouble was with my stomach. I felt a constant gnawing pain that was at times almost distracting, and which had been diagnosed and treated by several different physicians as dyspepsia and indigestion, but was dependent on the condition of the generative organs. I had pains in the back, sometimes so great as to make me unable to work, and frequent bilious attacks. I also suffered greatly from constipation, from which I never could find permanent relief. Then these symptoms were aggravated by rheumatic pains between the shoulder blades, which were most excruciating in damp or cold weather. After my marriage about five years ago, and when my baby was born the trouble seemed to increase, and I was frequently so sick that I could not do my household work. I tried different physicians and used numerous remedies, but all in vain, until one day last fall I happened to read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My husband got three boxes from Mr. C. D. Rushton, the druggist, and I began to use them. From the first I began to feel relief, and before the three boxes were gone I was nearly well. The constipation was cured and the other troubles were so much relieved that I felt better than I had felt for years. As I continued in the use of the pills I grew better and stronger, my appetite was more natural, and my flesh increased, until I am in the condition you see me now."

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 by all druggists, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by mail), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A Wildcat in the Tanbark. Workmen at the Beatty cross-tie and tanbark yards, in Portsmouth, Ohio, had a lively encounter with a large wildcat that they discovered in a wagon load of tanbark. Several of the men were badly bitten before it was killed. The tanbark had been brought in by Richard Greenblatt, from Tygart, Ky., a distance of twenty miles, and he made the greater part of the journey in the night time. He nearly faltered when he discovered what had been his companion during the trip.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost manhood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklets and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Where the Himee Met. A man living in Indiana telegraphed to his mother-in-law in the southern part of the state the following message eleven times in twenty years: "The Lord has seen fit to leave another baby at our home. Wife is doing well." The last time the message came, the mother-in-law telegraphed back: "Don't blame your sins on the Lord. Send my daughter home to get rested or you will have to bury her."

Mrs. C. A. Adams, 6th and Martha streets, Omaha, Neb., writes: "I had a gripe and then malaria, indigestion, a severe headache and blind and dizzy spells. Your Dr. Kay's Renovator has cured me." Sold by druggists at 25 cts. and \$1.

An Expert Shot. Mr. Smyser of Summerville, Ga., although nearly 97 years old, is still a crack shot. At a recent practice shoot he put seven bullets out of ten into a target at sixty feet.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascarets candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Delmar, Md., had a mad dog scare last week, and thirty-eight dogs were killed by the town authorities.

A Warning.

A person, giving the name of Henry B. McFerran, traveling through the southern states as a long distance pedestrian and claiming to represent the Chicago World for the purpose of obtaining credit, is unknown to us. The World has no pedestrian traveling in its behalf.

Old Fete to Hungary. Bulgaria has 3,883 persons who are more than 100 years old. In that country a person is not a privileged character until he gets to bumping his head around the century mark.

For Lung and chest disease, Fisp's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Cameleers enjoy thistles, and menagerie camels, when on tour, will eat every one they can pick up by the roadside.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

The bicycles used in the French army each have an electric light, which can be turned on or off at will.

Hogswallow's Osmother's Ice with Citric Acid. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Tender or Raw Feet, Chills, Piles, etc. C. O. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

Denmark allows every subject, male or female, who is sixty years of age, a small pension.

Dr. Kay's Lung Balm is the safest, surest and pleasantest cure for all coughs.

The Duke of Hamilton's family mausoleum cost upward of \$750,000 to construct.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

The regulation step of the British army is 120 to the minute.

OH! WHAT A RELIEF.

"I suffered with terrible pains in my left ovary and womb. My back ached all the time."

"I had kidney trouble badly. Doctors prescribed for me, and I followed their advice, but found no relief until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Oh! what a relief it is, not to have that tired feeling day after day, in the morning as much as at night after a hard day's work, and to be free from all pains caused by Ovarian and Womb troubles. I cannot express my gratitude. I hope and pray that other suffering women will realize the truth and importance of my statement, and accept the relief that is sure to attend the use of the Pinkham Medicine."

Mrs. JAMES PARKER, 2501 Marshall St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.



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