

# TAET FATAL LOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA  
INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

### CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"The decree has gone forth. There is from it no appeal. I am to die. I have felt the certainty a long time. O, for one year of existence, to right the wrongs I have done! But they could not be righted. Alas! if I had centuries of time at my command, I could not bring back to life the dear son my cruelty hurled out of the world, or his poor wife, whose fair name I could, in my revenge for her love of my son, have taken from her! O Hubert! Hubert! O my darling! dearer to me than my heart's blood—but so foully wronged!"

His frame shook with emotion, but no tears came to his eyes. His remorse was too deep and bitter for the surface sorrow of tears to relieve.

"Put it out of your mind, grandfather," said Arch, pressing his hand. "Do not think of it, to let it trouble you more. They are all, I trust, in heaven. Let them rest."

"And you tell me this, Archer? You, who hated me so! You, who swore a solemn oath to be revenged on me! Well, I do not blame you. I only wonder that your forbearance was so long-suffering. Once you would have rejoiced to see me suffer as I do now."

"I should, I say it to my shame. God forgive me for my wickedness! But for her"—looking at Margie—"I might have kept the sinful vow I made. She saved me."

"Come here, Margie, and kiss me," said the old man, tenderly. "My dear children! my precious children, both of you! I bless you both—both of you together, do you hear? Once I cursed you, Archer—now I bless you! If there is a God, and I do at last believe there is, he will forgive me that curse; for I have begged it of Him on my bended knees."

"He is merciful, dear guardian," said Margie, gently. "He never refuses the earnest petition of the suffering soul."

"Archer, your grandmother died a little while ago. My cruelty to your father made her, for twenty long years, a martyr. But before her death, all delusion was swept away, and she had me love and forgive our grandson that she might tell your father and mother, when she met them in heaven, that at last all was well here below. I promised her, and since then my soul has gone to peace. But I have longed to be to her—longed inexpressibly. She had been all around me, but so impalpable that when I put out my hands to touch her, they grasped only the air. The hands of mortality may not reach after the hands which have put on immortality."

He lay quiet a moment, and then went on, brokenly:

"Archer, I wronged your parents bitterly, but I have repented it in dust and ashes. Repented it long ago, only I was too proud and stubborn to acknowledge it. Forgive me again, Archer, and kiss me before I die."

"I do forgive you, grandfather; I do forgive you with my whole heart." He stooped, and left a kiss on the withered forehead.

"Margie," said the feeble voice, "pray for me, that peace may come."

She looked at Archer, hesitated a moment, then knelt by the bedside. He stood silent, and then, urged by some uncontrollable impulse, he knelt by her side.

The girlish voice, broken, but sweet as music, went up to heaven in a petition so fervent, so simple, that God heard and answered. The peace she asked for the dying man came.

Her pleading ceased. Mr. Trevlyn lay quiet, his countenance serene and hopeful. His lips moved, they bent over him, and caught the name of "Caroline."

Trevlyn's hand sought Margie's and she did not repulse him. They stood together silently, looking at the white face on the pillows.

"He is dead!" Archer said, softly. "God rest him!"

### CHAPTER XII.

AFTER the funeral of John Trevlyn, his last will and testament was read. It created a great deal of surprise when it was known that all the vast possessions of the old man were bequeathed to his grandson—his sole relative—whom he had despised and denied almost to the day of his death. In fact, not a half dozen persons in the city were aware of the fact that there existed any tie of relationship between John Trevlyn, the miser, and Archer Trevlyn, the head clerk of Belgrade & Company.

Arch's good fortune did not change him a particle. He gave less time to business. It is true, but he spent it in hard study. His early education had been defective, and he was doing his best to remedy the lack.

Early in the autumn following the death of his grandfather, he went to Europe, and after the lapse of a year, returned again to New York. The second day after his arrival, he went out to Harrison Park. Margie had passed the summer there, with an old friend of her mother for company, he was told, and would not come back to the city before December.

It was a cold, stormy night in September, when he knocked at the door of Miss Harrison's residence; but a

cheery light shone from the window, and streamed out of the door which the servant held open.

He inquired for Miss Harrison, and was shown at once into her presence. She sat in a low chair, her dress of sombre black relieved by a white ribbon at the throat, and by the chestnut light of the shining hair that swept in unbound luxuriance over her shoulders. She rose to meet her guest, scarcely recognizing Archer Trevlyn in the bronzed, bearded man before her.

"Miss Harrison," he said, gently, "it is a cold night; will you not give a warm welcome to an old friend?"

She knew his voice instantly. A bright color leaped to her cheek, an embarrassment which made her a thousand times dearer and more charming to Arch Trevlyn, possessed her. But she held out her hands, and said a few shy words of welcome.

Arch sat down beside her, and the conversation drifted into recollections of their own individual history. They spoke to each other with the freedom of very old friends, forgetful of the fact that this was almost the very first conversation they had ever had together.

After a while, Arch said:

"Miss Harrison, do you remember when you first saw me?"

She looked at him a moment, and hesitated before she answered.

"I may be mistaken, Mr. Trevlyn. If so, excuse me; but I think I saw you first, years and years ago, in a flower store."

"You are correct; and on that occasion your generous kindness made me very happy. I thought it would make my mother happy, also. I ran all the way home, lest the roses might wilt before she saw them."

He stopped and gazed into the fire. "Was she pleased with them?"

"She was dead. We put them in her coffin. They were buried with her."

Margie laid her hand lightly on his. "I am so sorry for you! I, too, have buried my mother."

After a little silence, Arch went on:

"The next time you saw me was when you gave me these." He took out his pocket-book, and displayed to her, folded in white paper, a cluster of faded blue-bells. "Do you remember them?"

"I think I do. You were knocked down by the pole of the carriage?"

"Yes. And the next time? Do you remember the next time?"

"I do."

"I thought so. I want to thank you, now, for your generous forbearance. I want to tell you how your keeping my secret made a different being of me. If you had betrayed me to justice, I might have been now an inmate of a prison cell. Margie Harrison, your silence saved me! Do me the justice to credit my assertion, when I tell you that I did not enter my grandfather's house because I cared for the plunder I should obtain. I had taken a vow to be revenged on him for his cruelty to my parents, and Sharp, the man who was with me, represented to me that there was no surer way of accomplishing my purpose than by taking away the treasures that he prized. For that only I became a house-breaker. I deserved punishment. I do not seek to palliate my guilt, but I thank you again for saving me."

"I could not do otherwise than remain silent. When I would have spoken your name, something kept me from doing it. I think I remembered always the pitiful face of the little street-sweeper, and I could not bear to bring him any more suffering."

"Since those days, Miss Harrison, I have met you frequently—always by accident—but to-night it is no accident. I came here on purpose. For what, do you think?"

"I do not know—how should I?"

"I have come here to tell you what I longed to tell you years ago; what was no less true then than it is now; what was true of me when I was a street-sweeper, what has been true of me ever since, and what will be true of me through time and eternity."

He had drawn a very near to her—his arm stole round her waist, and he sat looking down into her face with his soul in his eyes.

"Margie, I love you! I have loved you since the first moment I saw you. There has never been a shade of wavering; I have been true to you through all. My first love will be my last. Your influence has kept me from the lower depths of sin; the thought of you has been my salvation from ruin. Margie, my darling! I love you! I love you!"

"And yet you kept silent all these years! Oh, Archer!"

"I could not do differently. You were so far above me as the evening star is above the earth it shines upon! It would have been base presumption in the poor saloon-waiter, or the dry goods clerk, to have aspired to the hand of one like you. And although I loved you so, I should never have spoken, had not fate raised me to the position of a fortune equal to your own, and given me the means of offering you a home worthy of you. But I am waiting for my answer. Give it to me, Margie."

Her shy eyes met his, and he read his answer in their clear depths. But he was too exacting to be satisfied thus.

"Do you love me, Margie? I want to hear the words from your lips. Speak, darling. They are for my ear alone, and you need not blush to utter them."

"I do love you Archer. I believe I have loved you ever since the first."

"And you will be mine? All my own?"

She gave him her hands. He drew the head, with its soft, bright hair, to his breast and kissed the sweet lips again and again, almost failing to realize the blessed reality of his happiness.

It was late that night before Archer Trevlyn left his betrothed bride, and took his way to the village hotel. But he was too happy, too full of sweet content, to heed the lapse of time. At last the longing of his life was satisfied. He had heard her say that she loved him. And Margie sat and listened to the sound of his retreating footsteps, and then went up to her chamber to pass the night, wakeful, too content to be willing to lose the time in sleep, and so the dawn of morning found her with open eyes.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE ensuing winter was a very gay one. Margaret Harrison returned to New York under the chaperonage of her friend, Mrs. Welton, and mingled more freely in society than she had done since the season she "came out."

She took pleasure in it now, for Archer Trevlyn was welcome everywhere. He was a favored guest in the most aristocratic homes, and people peculiarly exclusive were happy to receive him into their most select gatherings.

His engagement with Margie was made public, and the young people were overwhelmed with the usual compliments of politely expressed hopes and fashionable congratulations.

The gentlemen said Miss Harrison had always been beautiful, but this season she was more than that. Happiness is a rare beautifier. It painted Margie's cheeks and lips with purest rose color, and gave a light to her eyes and a softness to her sweet voice.

Of course she did not mingle in society, even though her engagement was well known, without being surrounded by admirers. They fairly took her away from Arch sometimes; but he tried to be patient. Before the apertures in the green country valleys were rosy with blossoms, she was to be all his own. He could afford to be generous.

Among the train of her admirers was a young Cuban gentleman, Louis Castrani, a man of fascinating presence and great personal beauty. He had been unfortunate in his first love. She had died a few days before they were to have been married—died by the hand of violence, and Castrani had shot the rival who murdered her. Public opinion had favored the avenger, and he had not suffered for the act, but ever since he had been a prey to melancholy. He told Margie his history, and it aroused her pity; but when he asked her love, she refused him gently, telling him that her heart was another's. He had suffered deeply from the disappointment, but he did not give up her society, as most men would have done. He still hovered around her, content if she gave him a smile or a kind word, seeming to find his best happiness in anticipating her every wish before it was uttered.

Toward the end of March Alexander Lee came to pass a few days with Margie. Some singular change had been at work on the girl. She had lost her wonted gaiety of spirits, and was for the most part subdued, almost sad. Her eyes seldom lighted with a smile, and her sweet voice was rarely heard.

She came, from a day spent out, one evening into Margie's dressing room. Miss Harrison was preparing for the opera. There was a new prima donna, and Archer was anxious for her to hear the wonder. Margie had never looked lovelier. Her pink silk dress, with the corsage falling away from the shoulders, and the sleeves leaving the round arms bare, was peculiarly becoming, and the pearl necklace and bracelets—Archer's gift—were no whit or purer than the throat and wrists they encircled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### CARRIED TO GRAVE IN A DRAY.

A Suicide Gambler Who Left Unique Instructions to Be Observed.

Port Scott (Kan.) special: Howard M. Cummins, a gambler of Clinton, Mo., and widely known in Missouri, Kansas, and Texas, committed suicide at his room in the Huntington hotel in this city the other evening by taking morphine. He first attempted to hang himself by suspending a trunk rope from the bedstead. He was discovered by the chambermaid, but took morphine in an hour or so and died shortly afterward. Cummins was a brother-in-law of R. E. Larimer, a tailor of Clinton, Mo., for whom he left a letter. He was a son of Judge J. R. Cummins, department commander of the G. A. R. of Oklahoma territory and the probate judge of Kingsfisher county. He was known as one of the most daring gamblers of the three states, having operated in all the larger cities. He recently came here and won \$4,800 from the gamblers, and then went to Houston, Tex., where he operated a few days ago. He returned here Friday and had been complaining of sickness. He went to his room before noon and was found at supper time. He left a letter giving directions as to the disposition of his body. He asked to be buried here, and that none of his relatives be notified until after the funeral. He demanded that his money be given to his parents, and that he be buried in a pine box in a cheap lot, adding that he did not believe in "giving a \$20 man a \$300 burial." Cummins was recently employed as agent for Pete Golden of Atchison, Kan., at Weir City, Pittsburg, Kansas City, Clinton and other places. He was 28 years old. He ordered no funeral, no parade, no invitations and no display, and ordered his body hauled out in a dray.

### Wonderful Results from Pink Pills.

Mrs. John Tooley relates a remarkable story.

From the Democrat, Charlevoix, Mich.

The Democrat has had its attention called to a remarkable cure, due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the following statement, made to a reporter of this paper, will be read with interest by all similarly afflicted. Mrs. John Tooley, of Dwight, in this county, is the lady benefited by the medicine named, and she makes the following statement:

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF CHARLEVOIX.—

"In the year 1891 I was a great sufferer from extreme nervousness, which finally developed into an aggravated attack of St. Vitus' dance. My health was very poor and I suffered terribly for six months constantly growing worse. Finally I left home and went to my relatives in Canada for a visit, and my people never expected I would return alive. In Canada I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the result was truly marvelous. When I began taking them I weighed but ninety-six pounds, and in nine weeks' time, during which I took four boxes of the medicine, I gained so that I weighed 125 pounds, and the St. Vitus' dance and all nervousness disappeared. I returned home in nine weeks, completely cured and in the best of health, and have continued so to this day. Previous to taking the Pink Pills I had been attended by several physicians, but with no good results. I owe my life to the Pink Pills, and have earnestly recommended them to all my friends, and my mother and three brothers have taken them with good results, my mother for heart trouble. I will be glad to answer any and all inquiries as to what Pink Pills have done for me."

(Signed.) Mrs. John Tooley.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2d day of July, 1896.

Mrs. Tooley is now the picture of health, and the Democrat reporter could hardly realize that she was at one time so near to death. But her testimony is unassailable, and she is very earnest in her desire to spread the good news to other sufferers.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and to 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.

Washer Goes to Date.

Little Polly Michael rode upon her cycle exposing more, alas! than just her toes; and mother came and caught her and whipped her little daughter for wheeling in such shamefully short clothes.

—Washington Times.

### Coughs, Colds, Lungs and Throat Trouble Speedily Cured.

Miss Nellie Penoyer, 1536 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 desire to cough at once. The soreness on my lungs and in my head soon disappeared. It is very pleasant and easy to take and while it does not cause sickness at the stomach, like many cough remedies, it cures quicker than any I have ever tried."

Faithful Contraband.

Mrs. Simmons—"I have absolutely forgotten Willie to go near the water."

Mrs. Twickenham—"What for?"

"I want him to learn how to swim."

—Life.

I shall recommend Fio's Cure for Consumption for and wife.—Mrs. Mulligan, Plumstead, Kent, England, Nov. 8, 1894.

Three hundred thousand tons of vegetables, valued at \$25,000,000, were sold in the city of Paris in 1895.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, and for whooping cough, croup, hoarse and sore throat, inflamed membrane, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Mr. Gladstone says there is not a more musical people than the Welsh to be found in the world.

Regiment's Campaigner Ace with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Lips, Itch, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

It is in the darkest corner of the piazza that love can see best.—Texas Siftings.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

A good many paint the town who should put it on their houses.

No cough so bad that Dr. Kay's Lung Balm will not cure it. See ad.

Many successful fairs are reported in Vermont.

### MY SICK SISTERS.

"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For twenty years I had suffered with loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, palpitation of the heart, headache and pains in nearly all parts of my body. My physician said it was indigestion, but he did not help me. I began the use of the Pinkham's Remedies, particularly Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken four bottles, and now those troubles are cured."

"I cannot praise it enough, and our druggist says the medicine is doing a world of good among his customers."

—Bella S. Thompson, New Bedford, Mass.

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

San Francisco—California Limited. Beginning November 4, the Santa Fe Route will resume its celebrated California Limited train as a semi-weekly service, leaving Chicago Wednesday and Saturday at 6:00 p. m., reaching Los Angeles in 72 hours and San Diego in 74½ hours. Equipment of superb ventilated Pullman palace sleepers, buffet smoking car and dining car. Most luxurious service via any line. Another express train, carrying both palace and tourist sleepers, leaves Chicago 10:35 p. m. daily, for Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. Inquire of G. T. Nicholson, G. P. A., Great Northern Bldg., Chicago.

Paper Floors. At Elmsdale, Germany, paper floors are manufactured. In the form of a pasty mass the paper is spread upon the surface to be covered and submitted to pressure. It behaves like plaster of paris, and is said to be noiseless under the foot, and particularly effective in preserving a uniform temperature. Having no joints, it prevents a perfectly smooth surface.

Letters from Farmers. In South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those States, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting, and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address, on receipt of two cent postage stamp. Apply to Geo. H. Headford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

America's Freight Cars. At the present time there are owned and controlled by the railroads and private companies of America nearly 1,250,000 freight cars, or, in other words, enough cars to make two continuous trains reaching from Boston to San Francisco, with an engine for every forty-five cars.

Get a Farm Value Price Are Low. If you want a farm of your own now is the time to get one in Northern Wisconsin, along the line of the Lake Superior division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, where a sure crop can be raised each year, which can always be sold at good prices in the lumbering towns along the line of this railroad. Low prices; long time. Address C. E. Rollins, 161 La Salle street, Chicago.

Overcomes of Stitticity. "Scribbles and Stubbs don't seem to be as intimate as they once were."

"No; Scribbles angered Stubbs by making fun of some of his jokes."—Puck.

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

A man in politics will lie as surely as a man who hunts and fishes.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c. 5c.

We do not like a man who strokes his whiskers while meditating.

The Women's Club has a new dress for Indianapolis and Cincinnati. The train leaves Chicago, Dearborn at 11:50 a. m., reaching Indianapolis at 4:15 and Cincinnati at 7:00 a. m. This morning the train, Chicago to Indianapolis, in four hours and 50 minutes, and Cincinnati in seven hours and fifty-five minutes. The fastest time made between Chicago and Indianapolis and Cincinnati by the Hoosier. The "Cincinnati" is equipped with elegant day coaches, parlor car and dining car. City office, 323 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Pretty good joke on Smiley. "What was it?" "He sent \$4 to an advertiser for a patent pocket fire escape and received in return a 25-cent copy of the Testament."—Judge.

Attractive Thore. Mr. Hojack—"You are your wife at Surfside-by-the-Sea. Are there any men there?" Mr. Tomdik—"There must be. She writes me that she will stay another fortnight."—Life.

The Bane of Beauty.

Beauty's bane is the fading or falling of the hair. Luxuriant tresses are far more to the matron than to the maid whose comb of charms is yet untried by time. Beautiful women will be glad to be reminded that falling or falling hair is unknown to those who use

**Ayer's Hair Vigor.**

AVOID BUCKET SHOPS. TRADE WITH RESPONSIBLE FIRMS. E. C. MURRAY & CO. BANKERS AND BROKERS.

Members of the Chicago Board of Trade in standing who will furnish you with lists of such statistics and reliable information regarding the markets. Write for it and you'll receive it, with FREE information. All NATIONAL BANKS, CHICAGO.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS.

Examination and Advice as to Possibility of Success. Send for "Inventors' Guide," or "How to Patent." O'FARRELL & SON, Washington, D. C.

W. N. U. CHICAGO, VOL. XI, NO. 48

When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper.

# COLUMBIA Bicycles

## STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

The buyer of a bicycle may have little experience; but nineteen years' experience of the Columbia manufacturers are at his service

### \$100 to all alike.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Branch Houses and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbia are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

Rev. P. J. Berg, Pastor of the Swedish M. E. Church, Des Moines, Iowa, on March 4th, 1896, writes: "Last year I was troubled with a bad cough for about five months. I got medicine from my family physician, and I tried other remedies without relief. When I first saw Dr. Kay's Lung Balm advertised I thought I would try it and I am glad I did. I bought a box and took a tablet now and then without any regularity, and after a few days, to my great surprise, the cough was gone. Ten days ago I had sore throat. I was out of the tablets and could not get them in Des Moines, and I sent to the Western Office of Dr. R. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb., for six boxes and as soon as I took it a few times that soreness and hoarseness all passed away in one night. I believe it is also good for sore throat."

## Dr. Kay's Lung Balm

The pleasantest, safest and most efficient remedy known for every form of cough, laryngitis, influenza, etc. Safe for all ages. Does not irritate or disagree with the stomach. The formula has been used extensively by the most noted physicians in the hospitals of Paris and New York with the very best of success.

Send for free trial bottle. Sold by mail for 25c. Send address for every trial bottle.

Dr. R. J. Kay Medical Co., Omaha, Neb.