

FATAL LOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

Alexandrine stood a moment in the door, looking at the lovely picture presented by her young hostess. A pang, vague and unacknowledged, wrung her heart, and she turned away with expressions of admiration.

"You are perfect, Margie—absolutely perfect! Poor gentlemen! how I pity them to-night! How their wretched hearts will ache!"

Margie laughed. "Nonsense, Alex, don't be absurd! Go and dress yourself. I am going to the opera, and you must accompany us."

"Is—who may that plural pronoun embody?"

"Myself—and Mr. Trevlyn."

"Ah! thank you. Mr. Trevlyn may not care for an addition to his nice little arrangement for a tete-a-tete."

"Don't be vexed, Alexandrine. We thought you would pass the evening at your friend's, and Archer only came in to tell me a few hours ago."

"Of course I am not vexed, dear, and the girl kissed Margie's glowing cheek. "Lovers will be lovers the world over. Silly things, always, and never interesting company for other people. How long before Mr. Trevlyn is coming for you?"

Margie consulted her watch.

"At eight. It is now seven. In an hour."

"In an hour! An hour's time! Long enough to change the destiny of empires!"

"How strangely you talk, Alexandrine! What spirit possesses you?" asked Margie, filled, in spite of herself, with a curious premonition of evil.

Alexandrine sat down by the side of her friend, and looked searchingly into her face. Her great black eyes holding Margie with a sort of serpent-like fascination.

"Margie, you love this Archer Trevlyn very dearly, do you not?"

Margie blushed crimson, but she answered, proudly: "Why need I be ashamed to confess it? I do. I love him with my whole soul."

"And you do not think there is in you any possibility of a change?"

"A change! What do you mean. Explain yourself."

"You do not think the time will ever come when you will come to love Mr. Archer Trevlyn?"

"It will never come," Margie replied, indignantly. "never, while I have my reason."

"Do you believe in love's immortality?"

"I believe that all true love is changeless as eternity! I am not a child, Alexandrine, to be blown about by every passing breeze."

"No, you are a woman now, with a woman's capability of suffering. You ought, also, to be possessed of woman's resolution of a woman's strength to endure sorrow and affliction."

"I have never had any great affliction, Alexandrine. The death of Mr. Linmere was horrible to me, but it was not as if I had loved him; and though I loved Mr. Trevlyn, my guardian, he died so peacefully, that I cannot wish him back. And my dear parents—I was so young then, and they were so willing to go! No, I do not think I have ever had any great sorrow, such as blast people's whole lifetimes."

"But you think you will always continue to love Archer Trevlyn?"

"How strangely you harp on that string! What do you mean? There is something behind all this: I see it in your face. You frighten me!"

"Margie, all people are blind sometimes, but more especially women, when they love. Would it be a mercy to open the eyes of one who, in happy ignorance, was walking over a precipice which the flowers hid from her view?"

Margie shuddered, and the beautiful color fled from her cheek.

"I do not comprehend you. Why do you keep me in suspense?"

"Because I dread to break the charm. You will hate me for it always, Margie. We never love those who tell us disagreeable truths, even though it be for our good."

"I do not know what you would tell me, Alexandrine, but I do not think I shall hate you for it."

"Not if I tell you evil of Archer Trevlyn?"

"I will not listen to it!" she cried, indignantly.

"I expected as much. Well, Margie, you shall not. I will hold my peace, but if ever, in the years to come, the terrible secret should be revealed to you—the secret which would then destroy your happiness for all time—remember that I would have saved you, and you refused to listen!"

She drew her shawl around her shoulders, and rose to go.

Margie caught her arm.

"What is it? You shall tell me! Suspense is worse than certainty."

"And if I tell you, you will keep silent? Silent as the grave itself?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

"Very well. You understand me fully? You are never to reveal anything I tell you to-night, unless I give you leave. You swear it?"

"I swear it."

"Listen, then. You remember the night Mr. Linmere was murdered?"

Margie grew pale as death, and clasped her hands convulsively.

"Yes, I remember it."

"You desired us, after we had finished dressing you, to leave you alone. We did so, and you locked the door behind us, stepped from the window, and went to the grave of your parents."

"I did."

"You remained there some little time, and when you turned away, you stopped to look back, and in doing so you laid your hand—this one—she touched Margie's slender left hand, on which shone Archer Trevlyn's betrothal ring—on the gate post. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"And while it rested there—while your eyes were turned away, that hand was touched by something soft, and warm, and sentient—too warm, too passionate, to be the kiss of a disembodied soul. Living human lips, that scorched into your flesh, and thrilled you as nothing else ever had the power to thrill you!"

Margie trembled convulsively, her color came and went, and she clasped and unclasped her hands with nervous agitation.

"Am I not speaking the truth?"

"Yes, yes—go on. I am listening."

"Was there, in all the world, at that time, more than one person whose kiss had the power to thrill you as that kiss thrilled you? Answer me, Margie Harrison!"

"I will not! You have no right to ask me!" she replied, passionately.

"It is useless to attempt disguise, Margie. I can read your very thoughts. At the moment you felt that touch, you knew instinctively who was near you. You felt and acknowledged the presence of one who has no right to be kissing the hand of another man's promised wife. And yet the forbidden sin of that person was sweet to you. You stooped and crossed your lips where his had been! Whose?"

"I do not know—indeed, I do not! Why do you torture me so, Alexandrine?"

"My poor child, I will say no more. Good night, Margie. I trust you will have a pleasant evening with Mr. Trevlyn."

Margie caught the flowing skirt of Miss Lee's dress.

"You shall tell me all! I must know. I have heard too much to be kept in ignorance of the remainder."

"No, no. You shall hear all. You know that Archer Trevlyn was in the graveyard or near it, that night, though you might not see him. Yet you were sure of his presence."

"I was not! I tell you, I was not!" she cried fiercely. "I saw no one; not a person!"

"Then, if you were not sure of his presence, you loved some other; else why did you put your lips where those of a stranger had been? In that case you were doubly false!"

Margie's cheeks were crimson with shame. She covered her face with her hands, and was silent.

"How many can you love at once, Margie Harrison?"

"Alexandrine, you are cruel!—cruel! Is it not enough for you to tell me the truth, without torturing me thus?"

CHAPTER XIV.

FLASH of conscious triumph crossed the cold face of Miss Lee, and then she was as calm as before.

"No, I cannot deny it. You cannot deny that you knew Archer Trevlyn was near you. You will not deny it, Margie. I know what love is—I know something of its keen, subtle instincts. I should recognize the vicinity of the man I loved, though all around me were as black as midnight."

"Well, what then?" asked Margie, defiantly.

"Wait and see. I followed you out that night, with no definite purpose in my mind. Perhaps it was curiosity to see what a romantic woman, about to be married to a man she does not love, would do. I stood outside the hedge of arbutus while you were inside. I saw the tall, shadowy figure which bent its head upon your hand, and I saw you when you put your mouth where his had been. When you went away I did not go. Something kept me behind. A moment afterward, I heard voices inside the hedge—just one exclamation from each person—I could swear to that!—and then—O heaven!"

"What then?"

"A blow! a dull, terrible thud, a smothered groan, a fall—and I stood there powerless to move—stricken dumb and motionless! And while I stood transfixed, some person rushed past me, breathless, panting, reckless of everything save escape! Margie, it was so dark that I could not be positive, but I am morally certain that the person I saw was Archer Trevlyn!"

"My God!" Margie cowered down to the floor, and hid her face in the folds of Alexandrine's dress.

"Hear me through, Miss Lee went on, relentlessly, her face growing colder and harder with every word. "Hear me through, and then decide for yourself. Let no opinion of mine bias your judgment. I stood there a moment longer, and then, when suspended volition came back to me, I fled from the place. Margie, words cannot express to you my distress, my bitter, burning anguish! It was like to madness! But sooner than have divulged my suspicions, I would have killed myself! For I loved Archer Trevlyn with a depth and fervor which your cool nature has no conception of. I love him still, though I feel convinced, from the bottom of my soul, that he is a murderer!"

Her cheeks grew brilliant as red roses, her eyes sparkled like stars. Margie looked into the bewilderingly beautiful face with suspended breath. The woman's passionate presence scorched her; she could not be herself, with those eyes of fire blazing down into hers.

Alexandrine resumed, "I am wasting time. Let me hurry on to the end, or your lover will be here before I finish."

"My lover!" cried Margie, in a dazed sort of way. "my lover? O yes, I remember. Archer Trevlyn was coming. Is it nearly time for him?"

Alexandrine took the shrinking, cowering girl by the shoulders, and lifted her into a seat.

"Rouse yourself, Margie. I have not done. I want you to hear it all."

"Yes, I am hearing."

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"Rouse yourself, Margie. I have not done. I want you to hear it all."

"Yes, I am hearing."

It was pitiful to see how helpless and weak the poor child had become. All sense of joy and sorrow seemed to have died out of her.

"I feared so much that when the body of the murdered man should be discovered, there would be some clue which would point to the guilty party! Such a night as I passed, while they searched for the body! I thought I should go mad! She hid her face in her hand and her figure shook like a leaf in the autumn wind."

"When the dog took us to the graveyard, I thought I would be the first inside—I would see if there was anything left on the ground to point to the real murderer. You remember that I picked up something, do you not?"

"I do. Your glove, was it not?"

"Yes, it was my glove! I defy the whole world to take it from me! I would die before such proof should be brought against the man I love!" she cried wildly. "See here!"

She drew from her bosom a kid glove, stained and stiff with blood.

"Margie, have you ever seen it before? Look here. It has been mended; sewed with blue silk! Do you remember anything about it?"

"Yes, I saw you mend it at Cape May." She answered, the words forced from her, apparently, without her volition.

"You are right. He had torn it while raving me out, one morning. I saw the rent and offered to repair it. He makes his gloves wear well, doesn't he?"

"O don't! don't! how can you? Alexandrine, wake me, for mercy's sake! This is some horrible dream."

"I would to heaven it were! It would be happier for us all. But if you feel any doubt about the identity of the glove, look here." She turned back the wrist, and there on the inside, written in the bold characters, which were a peculiarity of Arch Trevlyn's handwriting, was the name in full—Archer Trevlyn.

Margie shrank back and covered her eyes, as if to shut out the terrible proof. Alexandrine returned the glove to her bosom, and then continued:

"The handkerchief found near Mr. Linmere was marked with the single letter A. Whose name begins with that letter?"

"Stop, I implore you! I shall lose my reason! I am blinded—I cannot see! O, if I could only die, and leave it all!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GROWTH OF THE SILK TRADE.

New York Imports 85 Per Cent of the Silk Coming to This Country.

The growth of the silk industry in this country makes an interesting study, says the Mail and Express. The annual product of the American mills is worth about \$100,000,000. Not only has there been a marked increase in recent years in both the value and amount of production, but the mills have produced classes of goods never before attempted. Silk is now used for such a great number of purposes that its manufacture and importing has grown to be a leading industry. In an interview a New Yorker who is an authority on everything pertaining to the manufacture and importing of silk said recently: "We can make anything in the silk line that can be made in the world and that there is a market for. There are, however, certain high novelties that we do not make. One of the noteworthy features of the trade during the last decade is the decline in the price of raw silk and the great improvement in nearly every department of machinery and appliances. The silk imports at New York comprise fully 95 per cent of the total value of silk imports in this country. The large mills are all represented in New York, so that the metropolis in this industry, as in most others, is the center of distribution for this country."

An Electric Semaphore.

An automatic electrical semaphore has been perfected for trolley road crossings. It is so arranged that a car approaching from either direction will cause danger signals to be displayed at the point of intersection of the two roads while the car is still some distance from the crossing.

So Did He.

Mr. N. Peck—I wonder who really is the greatest man in the world? Mrs. N. Peck—I know who is the greatest one in this house.

CINCINNATI FLYER.

Monon Route & C. H. & D.

The Monon has put on a fast flyer for Indianapolis and Cincinnati in connection with the C. H. & D. The train leaves Chicago, Dearborn Station, at 11:50 A. M., reaches Indianapolis at 4:37 and Cincinnati at 7:45 P. M., thus making the run, Chicago to Indianapolis, in four hours and forty-seven minutes, and Cincinnati in seven hours and fifty-five minutes. This is the fastest time made between Chicago and Indianapolis and Cincinnati by any line. The "Cincinnati Flyer" is equipped with elegant day coaches, the Monon celebrated high-backed seats, parlor car and dining car. City Ticket Office, 232 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

New York Man Had a Flea in His Ear.

It is a very painful thing to have a flea in one's ear. A small but very active flea crept into the ear of Adolphus Doncourt, of Flushing, L. I., the other day, and almost drove him crazy before it could be dislodged. Its tiny kicks and struggles sounded to him like sledge-hammer blows, and made Doncourt shriek with pain. When water was doused into the ear the flea only became more active. After an hour's work the flea was finally dislodged by a hooked syringe and plenty of hot water.

Santa Fe Route—California Limited.

Beginning November 4, the Santa Fe Route will resume its celebrated California Limited train as a semi-weekly service, leaving Chicago Wednesdays and Saturdays at 6:00 p. m., reaching Los Angeles in 72 hours and San Diego in 76½ hours. Equipment of superb vestibuled Pullman palace sleepers, buffet smoking car and dining car. Another express train, carrying both palace and tourist sleepers, leaves Chicago 10:25 p. m. daily for Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. Inquire of G. T. Nicholson, G. P. A., Great Northern Bldg., Chicago.

Easy.

"I wonder," said the policeman, "who knows more about the local regulations than about biblical history, 'why it was that Joshua made the sun stop?' And the member of the bicycle squad expanded his chest and looked learned and answered: 'That's easy. He probably arrested it for scorching.'"—Washington Star.

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. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 416 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

He Was Deceived.

Spencer—I see that Skingleigh is suing Luckton for obtaining a lot of valuable stock from him under false pretenses.

Ferguson—How did it happen? Spencer—Skingleigh sold it to him under the impression that it was absolutely worthless.

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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.

Why Can't the Earth Have One?

Professor—You are now gazing, sir, on what we call the planet Saturn. "And what is that broad belt running all around it?" Professor (rising to the occasion)—Item! That, sir, is the track of the Saturn bicycle club.—Pick-Me-Up.

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. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Soonest Into the Day.

"What are your hopes for the future?" asked the solemn man. "I have none just now," replied the youth. "To-morrow is my best girl's birthday and I'm worrying about the present."—Illustrated Bits.

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With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time cathartics, and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

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Mrs. H. Sheppard, Room 24 Edling Block, Omaha, Neb., writes: "I have had constipation for a long time and I also had a bad case of internal hemorrhoids (piles) from which I suffered untold pain. Your Dr. Kay's Renovator has entirely cured me." Sold by druggists at 25 cts. and \$1. See advt.

What's de Use?

Say, w'ats de use o' livin' w'en you 'trow yer life away? W'ats de use o' smokin' w'en you blow de smoke away? W'ats de use o' chowin' w'en you spit out all de juice? —Hully Gee.

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

The duke of Westminster gives his private secretary \$5,000 a year and apartments at Grosvenor house.

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

An insurance company for recompensing the damage done by moths has been formed.

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Florida will be in the orange market again this fall with 100,000 boxes.

In this wonderful age of science and invention, there have been many claims for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat's application of steam as a medicinal power, the discovery of the fold powers and possibilities of electricity, and the invention of an anesthetic by which light may be used in art work, are the three great achievements of the present. While, in all time, the present doubtless be prominent as an invention, steam, electricity and photography will probably be remembered the three most remarkable things of the age.

Woman's Writes

Believe in Woman's Wisdom! Of course we do. Who could help it when women write such convincing words as these: "For seven years I suffered with scrofula. I had a good physician. Every means of cure was tried in vain. At last I was told to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which entirely cured me after using seven bottles."—Mrs. JOHN A. GREENE, Post Fairfield, Me., Jan. 26, 1894.

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