

## BY CLARA AUGUSTA

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CHAPTER XIV .- (CONTINUED.)

You will not die, I bore it, and still and it is so much harder for me. of have to bear it all alone. You eve your religion to help you, Margie. ely that will bear you up! I have all you plous people prate enough its service in time of trouble to reember that consolation."

Don't, Alexandrine. It is sinful to ora God's holy religion. Yes, you are whit: it will help me. God himself will help me, if I ask him. He knows much I stand in need of it."

Tam glad you are so likely to be suported," returned the girl, half earnmily, half-contemptuously. "Are you ntished in regard to Mr. Archer Trev-

will not credit it!" erled Margle relocately. "He did not do that He could not! So good, and oble, and pitiful of all suffering humanity! And beside, what motive could her: "Oh, my God, pity and aid me!" he bave?"

The motive was all-powerful. Has set Mr. Trevlyn, by his own confession, loved you from his youth up?"

And Paul Linmere was about to become your bushand. Could there be a more potent reason for Archer Trevlyn desire Mr. Linmere's death? He was an obstacle which could be removed in no other way than by death, because you had promised your father to marry him, and you could not faisify your word. All men are weak and liato sin; is Trevlyn any exception? Margie, I have told you frankly what I row. You can credit it or not. I wave it with you; decide it as you think . It is eight o'clock. I will go for it is time for your lover to come for you."

TO I cannot meet him-not to-night! must have time to think-time to colmet my thoughts! My head whirls so. and everything is so dark! Stay, Alexandrine, and excuse me to him. Say have a headache—anything to quiet I cannot see him now! I should mad! Let me have a night to think

Alexandrine gut her hand on the soft air of the bowed head.

My poor Margle! It is hard for you. arkf there is the bell. He has come. will you not go down?"

No. no! Do what you judge best. ad leave me to myself and my God." Alexandrine went out, and Margle, seking the door after her, flung herdown on the carpet and buried her nee in the pillows of the sofa,

Miss Lee swept cown the staircase, dark, bright face respiendent, her caring haughty as that of an empress, Arch was in the parlor. He looked up marriy as the door opened, but his countenance fell when he saw that it was only Miss Lee. She greeted him cordially.

"Good evening, Mr. Trevlyn, I wm deputized to receive you, and my good intentions must be accepted in place of ore fervent demonstrations."

m happy to see you, Miss Lee here is Margie?"

She begged me to ask you to course cannot have the re of going with you to the opera. "Blok? Margie sick!" he exclaimed "What can be the matter" the was well enough three hours ago. O do not be uneasy. It is nothing A headache, I think, he well after a night's rest. Can-Enrevail on you to sit down?"

Think not, to-night, thank you, will call to-morrow. Give Margle my here, and tell her how sorry I am Best who to Ill."

Alexandrine promised, and Mr. Trevhowed himself out. She put her and to her forehead, which seemed alt bursting with the strange weight

"Culty or not guilty." she muttered what does it matter to me? I love and that is enough!"

> CHAPTER XV. nights. long and dark they

> > Margie had not had paced her chamber until longafter midnight, utterly disregarding Alexan-

overcome by she had sunk down in a the nurple heavens, and its glory sparkling stars.

at times been tortured doubts. From the first once, and to Lightfield she decided to morally sure whose lips go. her hand that night in the she knew that no other prosthat of Archer Treviyn had to inflyence her as she had

She knew that he had

h she had not see

one had he been in she had asked

last; her heart sinking like lead in her bosom as she came to acknowledge it. in a moment of terrible temptation, Arch Trevlyn had stained his hand with blood! And for her sake!

There was a violent warfare in her heart. Her love for Archer Trevlyn had not sprung up to a day; its growth had been slow, and it had taken deep of leaving their beds, she was being root. Oh, how hard it was to give up the blissful dream! She thought of bis early life-how it had been full of temptation-how his noble nature had her. been warped and perverted by the evil influences that had surrounded him, and for a while the temptation was strong upon her soul to forgive him everything—to ignore all the past, and take him into her life as though the fearful story she had just listened to

had been untold. Marry a murderer! "Oh, God!" she cried in horror, as the whole extent of the truth burst upon

She sank down on her knees, and though her lips attered no sound, her heart prayed as only hearts can pray when wrung with mortal auffering. Archer Trevlyn must be given up; from that there could be no appeal. Henceforth he must be to her as though he had never been. She must put him entirely out of her life-out of her thoughts-out of her sleeping and waking dreams.

But she could give him no explanation of her change of mind. She had passed her word-nay, she had sworn never to reveal aught that Miss Lce Lad told her, and a promise was binding. But he would not need any explanation. His own guilty conscience

would tell him why he was renounced. She took off the rose-colored dress in which she had arrayed herself to meet him, and folded it away in a drawer of her wradrobe, together with every other adornment that she had worn toat night. They would always be her painful reminders of that terrible season of anguish and despair. When all were in, she shut them away from her sight, turned the key upon them, and flung it far out of the window.

Then she opened her writing desk, and took out all the little notes he had written to ber, read them all over, and holding them one by one to the blaze of 'he lamp, watched them with a sort of teny calmness until they shrivelled and fell in ashes, black as her hopes, to the floor. Then his gifts; a few simple things. Those she did not look at she put them hastily in a box, seale! them up, and wrote his address on the

The last task was the bardest. She must write him a note, telling him that all was over between them. The gray ight of a clouded morning found her making the effort. But for a long time her pen refused to move; her hand reemed powerless. She felt weak and helpless as a very infant. But it was done at last, and she read it over, wondering that she was alive to read it:

"Mr. Archer Trevlyn, Slr: Yesterday afternoon, when I last saw you, I did secessity of inditing to you this letter. Henceforth, you and I must be strangers. Not all the wealth and influence of the universe could tempt me to become your wife, now that my eyes are opened. I renounce you utterly and entirely, and no word or argument of yours can change me. Therefore, Jo flot attempt to see me, for with my own consent I will never look apon your face again. I deem no explanation necessary; your own conscience will tell you why I have been forced to make this decision. I return to you with this note everything that can serve to remind me of you, and ask you to do me the favor to burn all that you may have in your possession which once was mine. Farewell, now and forever. "MARGARET HARRISON."

There remained still something more to be done. Margie knew that Archer Trevlyn would seek her out, and demand an explanation from her own lips, and this must never be. She could not see him now; she was not certain that she could ever see him again. She dared not risk the influence his personal presence might have upon 'er. She must leave New York. But where should she go? She had scarcely asked the question before thought answered

Far away in the northern part of New Hampshire, resided old Nellie Day, the woman who had nursed her, and whom she had not seen for twelve years. who had knocked repeatedly at Nellie was a very quiet, discreet person, and had been very warmly attached to the Harrison family. She had married the open window, and sat late in life a worthy farmer, and giving maing blankly out into the night, up her situation in New York, had gone with him to the little out-of-the-way village of Lightfield. Margie had kept hing could have tempted Margie to up a sort of desultory correspondence edited such a story of her lover, with her, and in every letter that the not been for the overwhelming old lady wrote she had urged Margie of her own senses. Ever since to visit her in her country home. It night of Paul Limmere's assassina- had never been convenient to do so, but now this place was suggested to her at

> She consulted her watch. It was 5 o'clock; the train for the north, the first express, left at half past six. There would be time. She would leave all her business affairs in the hands of Mr. Farley, her legal adviser and general manager; and as to the house, the maiden aunt who resided with her ould keep up the establishment until

dresses and some other indispensables. in a trunk, arrayed herself in a dark traveling suit, and rang for Florine. The girl looked at her in silent amaze- IR. ment. Margie steadled her voice, and spoke carelessly enough.

"Florine, I have been obliged to leave home very suddenly. My preparations: are all complete. I thought I would not wake you as I had so little to do. Tell Peter to have the carriage at the door at six precisely, and bring up Leo's breakfast, and a cup of hot coffee for

At six o'clock—having written a note to Mr Farley, and one to her aunt, giving no explanations, but merely saying she had been called away-she put on her bonnet, entered the carriage and was driven to the depot. And before nine-tenths of New York had thought whirled rapidly northward, her only companion Leo, who, watchful and alert, lay curled up on the seat beside

CHAPTER XVI. RCHER TREV.

had not slept that night. Some sense of impending evil, some demon of uneasinéss oppressed him strangely. He tossed about until daybreak, then he rose, dressed him-

self. and went out. Everything was still on the streets except the clatter of the milk carts, and The air was damp and dense, and struck a deadly chill to the very marwalked a few squares, and then returned to his hotel, more oppressed than when he went out.

Did ever time move so slowly before? Would the morning never pass? He wrote some urgent letters, read the damp morning paper, without the slightest notion of contents, and went down to his breakfast, to come away again leaving it untasted. Eight o'clock. The earliest possible hour at which it would be proper to call on Miss Harrison was eleven. Three mortal hours first! How could be ever endure it? She might be very ill. She might even be dying! Archer, with the foolish inconsistency of love, magnified every evil until he was nearly beside himself with dread, lest she might be worse than Miss Lee had represented.

Nine o'clock struck; he was walking the floor in a state of nervous excitement which would have forced him ere long to have broken all rules of etiquette and taken his way to Harrison House, had not fate saved him the necessity.

A waiter entered, and brought in a letter and a package. He snatched them both, and saw they were directed in Margie's handwriting. For a moment his heart stood still with a deadly fear. Great drops of perspiration covered his forehead, and he dropped letter and package to the floor. Why was she writing to him when she must expect to see him in a few hours? And that package! What did it con-

He picked it up, and tore off the wrappings. The betrothal ring rolled out and fell with a hollow sound on the floor. The ring be had put upon her finger-the ring he had seen her kiss not think that before twenty-four hours | more than once! He looked over the contents of the box hurriedly; every little thing he had ever given her was there, even to a bunch of faded violets:

> But the letter? He had almost forgotten it, in pondering over the dread significance of the return of his presents. He took it up and broke the seal with slow deliberation. It would not tell him any news, but it might contain an explanation. His face grew pale as ashes as he read, and he put his hand to his heart, as though be had received a blow there. Twice he read it through and at the last reading he seemed to realize its dread portent.

> > TO BE COSTINGED.

A SOCIAL RECREATION.

Entirely New Method by a Few Friends Tired of Dancing.

Women who are in straits for unique methods of entertaining might do worse than to listen here, says the Philadelphia Press. The scene is laid in Philadelphia and the action in all its detail transpired in the heart of this city, so proverbially far-famed for the slowness of its social galt and limitations of its pleasure-going capacities. There was a certain club of "blase" bachelors whose average age was probably about 18. Those worn-out veterans, who already know all there is to know, determined to give a dinner, which should be distinctly unique, so for weeks the prime movers thereof cast about them for the happy thought which would insure the success of their "feed." At last they found it. Then they bid some choice and favored brother spirits to the feast, demanding of them only one thing-i. e., that each guest should bring with him something he had stolen. The night arrived and with it the company, and then the scheme upon which the novelty of the entertainment depended was put into execution. As each man (?) took his place he was asked to produce his transferred contribution. Immediately forth from every pocket came a spoon. It is safe to say that all the prominent eating-houses of the city were represented in that collection of souvenirs, the favorites being in the lead, of course. One ice-cream soda stand was all unwittingly poorer by six of these donated spoons. And the youths for the time being forgot their ennul and were "boys again."

et friendship creep gently to

THOMAS D. HAWLEY'S STARTLING CLAIM.

thicago Attorney Says He Has Discovered an Infallible System of Logic Which Is Approved by James F Augelt.



HOMAS D. HAW LEY, a Chicago attorney, claims to have discovered a system of infallible logic. He has written a book to this effect which left the press at Lansing. Mich., recently, and is now tefore the public. The exact

minner in which Mr. Hawley has provlied mathematical demonstration the truth, and discovered wlat Aristotle, Plato and other logicims failed in, is not known.

but the work received the commendation of President Angell of the University of Michigan, when in the first stage of preparation, and has come uuder the notice of various professors of the University of Chicago interested in whit becomes of the residue of a circle when reduced to a square, or by what process of logic a square can be made a circle.

These are abstruse propositions, but for centuries the world has labored to discover one process of reasoning by the early drays and buckster wagons, which all men-from the laborer to the astronomer-might reach the same conclusion and be of one mind. Mr. row of this unseasonable wanderer. He Hawley's premise is that he has dis-

tion in the world of thought, which for some thousands of years has been endeavoring to find the true logic of love, religion and political economy. That this logic can be ascertained by mathematical processes will prove a great

The author has lived in Chicago but two years, having come here from Detroit, where at one time he was a democratic politician and lawyer of note. He has a trother living there now who is a prominent lawyer. He graduated from the Upper Canada College of Toronto, and for thirty years has been a close student of philosophical ques-

He is 54 years of age, and the last three years of his life have been given to the preparation of the work which he has now made public. The work as now issued is designed for the use of the clergy, attorneys, professors and others whose life is devoted to worl requiring the higher reasoning. A school edition may be prepared if the volume now out meets with a popular reception.

In preparing the work Mr. Hawley has consuited all of the books of the famous English and German logicians, even going to the trouble of teaching himself G-man, in order to master the arguments of the great thinkers of that nation. His library contains nearly every known work on logic.

MARRIES AN INDIAN.

New York Artist Falls in Love with Her Dusky Model.

New York society is wondering over the marriage which took place a few days ago between Miss Hettie Hashagan and Thunder Cloud, a handsome Sioux warrior. Weddings between In-

surprise to all seekers for the truth.

W. C. WHITNEY.

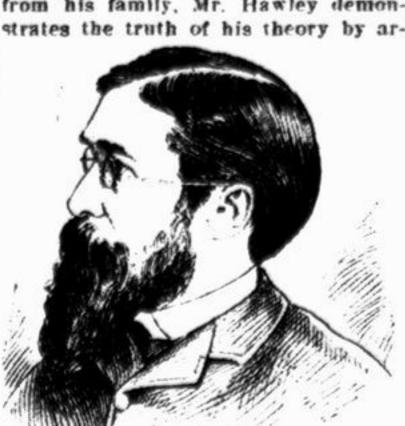


come the wife of ex-Secretary Will- aristocratic British family. The capfam C. Whitney, has been well known tain fell desperately in love with the girls." She was Miss Edith May, and is the daughter of Dr. William May. The captain resigned his commission the well known New York physician. Dr. May is mentioned in history as the man who identified the body of Wilkes ts related to Ogden Mills, "Thuse handsome May girls' were Carrie, who narried William Wright and was diwas educated in Germany, and it was clear complexion. She is devoted to in that country that she met Arthur music. Of recent years she has made Randolph, a captain in the English New York her home.

Mrs. Arthur Randolph, who has be- army and a member of a wealthy and in the army, and he and his wife spent their time between New York, Washington and Lendon. Captain Randolph died in Canada nine years ago of heart disease, leaving his widow and two children. Adelaide, who is now 16, and a brother, who is at school in Boston, woman, a brunette with an unusually

covered the key to that process by | dians and pretty white girls are rare which the truth shall always be known and error refuted under all circumstances.

So far as could be learned yesterday from his family, Mr. Hawley demon-



THOMAS D. HAWLEY.

raving the negative and positive sides of a proposition against each other and then disposing of them in a series of squares arranged like the squares of a "14-15" puzzle. As one block in one certain position was only necessary to solve that puzzie, so Mr. Hawley in his placing of truth and error in his squares has by geometrical demonstration only the truth left when he has finished.

Mr. Hawley's own explanation is more scientific than the above, but less plain to the lay' mind. "My process produces the premises for any required conclusions. It will teach anyone how to frame irrefragible arguments; it will detect fallacies and give the true conclusions instead of the pretended ones." So remarkable a book as this, if with flaw, is certain to work a revolu

occurrences. Miss Hashagan is 22 and an artist. She has black, sparkling eyes, with long lashes, finfly black bair and a lithe figure. Two years ago, when she was graduated from her art school, she attended a water color exhibition and was attracted by some pictures by Otto Wix, in which a magnificent Indian figure appeared. She learned the model was Thunder Cloud and gave her mother no peace till that lady allowed her to paint him. Thunder Cloud was brought to New York twelve years ago by Buffalo Bill. He traveled abroad with the show and was admired wherever he went, as he is remarkably handsome. Afterward he took up the profession of model and equipped himself with all the paraphernalia required by artists in the way of tomahawks, bows and arrows, etc. The acquaintance between him and pretty Miss Hashagan ripened and the Indian was a favored visitor at the Hashagan flat, where he entertained visitors with his tales. He also walked abroad with Miss Hashagan in the parks, to the delight of curious white people. Finally the wedding was announced, and no one was surprised. The couple are living in a pretty flat, happy and contented, and the dusky groom, on being interviewed, said "he did not see why people were making such a fuss about the affair."

A Practical Bride.

An Italian young man and woman were married in Mount Vernon recently, and after the wedding there was joilification at the home of a friend. Every man who wanted to kiss the bride or dance with her was compelled to give her a present of money, and in this way the couple secured funds for their wedding journey,

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Holland's Little Queen. At the close of her sixteenth year, he says. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is a robust, broad-chested girl, of medium stature, symmetrical figure and fair complexion, with the ruddy hue of perfect health glowing in her smooth, plump cheeks. The "dear little lady," as she is affectionately described by her subjects of the middle and lower classes, is passionately fond of horses and dogs; an excellent whip, she drives a pony four-in-hand with unerring judgment and in capital style. Moreover, she is an expert and fearless horsewoman, riding with a light hand, and what is called an "English seat."

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A Case of Sixteen to One.

Queen Victoria has been Queen of Great Britain during the administrations of Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison and Cleveland.

Rev. P. J. Berg, pastor of the Swedish M. E. Church, Des Moines, Iowa, on March 4th, 1836, 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 advertired 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 threat. I was out of the tablets and could not get them in Des Moines, and I sent to the Western Office of Dr. B. 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 does not cause sickness at the stomach like many remedles and is more effertual than any other we know of. Sold by druggists at 25 cts, or sent by mail,

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